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LITTELL'S



# LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME XL.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CLV.

*OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER,*

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# TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

OF

## THE LIVING AGE, VOLUME CLV.

THE FORTIETH QUARTERLY VOLUME OF THE FIFTH SERIES.

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, 1882.

### EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Shelley and Mary, . . . . .	387
Mozley's Reminiscences, . . . . .	515

### QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Henry Erskine and his Times, . . . . .	451
Ten Years of Italian Progress, . . . . .	643

### WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

The Poetry of Mrs. E. B. Browning, . . . . .	416
--	-----

### BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The Puritan Element in Longfellow, . . . . .	306
--	-----

### CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

Natural Selection and Natural Theology, . . . . .	195
Foreign Birds and English Poets, . . . . .	241
Comets, . . . . .	274

### FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Some Impressions of the United States, . . . . .	3
The Analysis of Humor, . . . . .	111
Personal Reminiscences of General Scho- belleff, . . . . .	291
Mr. Morley's Valedictory, . . . . .	363
Some Aspects of American Public Life, . . . . .	551
Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland, . . . . .	579
Charles Dickens, . . . . .	793

### NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A Glimpse of Mexico, . . . . .	300
Superstition in Arcady, . . . . .	707

### CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Ants, . . . . .	771
-----------------	-----

### MODERN REVIEW.

Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, . . . . .	103
---	-----

### BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Lieut. Col. Patrick Ferguson : a Career of the American Revolution, . . . . .	24
The Ladies Lindores, . . . . .	34, 95, 282, 338, 531, 586, 803
The Lights of "Maga," . . . . .	67
Rachel, . . . . .	156
Urbs Roma Vale ! . . . . .	447
The Story of James Barker, . . . . .	473, 687
False Coin in Sacred Hermeneutics, . . . . .	540

Sketches from the Dutch Seaside, . . . . .	672
Baghdad on the Queen's Birthday, . . . . .	697
Jewish Tales and Jewish Reform, . . . . .	741
Resemblances in Literature, . . . . .	752

### FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

A Venetian Medley, . . . . .	118, 179
Historical Cookery, . . . . .	184
Lost Love : a Lothian Tale, . . . . .	229
English : its Ancestors, its Progeny, . . . . .	345, 427
What makes People to Live, . . . . .	406

### GENTLEMEN'S MAGAZINE.

Egyptian Dervishes, . . . . .	661
-------------------------------	-----

### CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

Moslem Pirates in the Mediterranean, . . . . .	50
No New Thing, . . . . .	81, 203, 564, 628, 654, 780
Great Men's Relatives, . . . . .	88
Whitehall, Past and Future, . . . . .	127
The Literary Restoration, 1790-1830, . . . . .	131
A Visit to Delphi, . . . . .	248
Miss Edgeworth, . . . . .	323, 595
The Decay of Literature, . . . . .	617
Back from the Road, . . . . .	625

### MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

The Baroness Helena von Saarfelf, . . . . .	139
George Eliot's Children, . . . . .	211
The Expansion of England in the Eigh- teenth Century, . . . . .	259
Patriotic Poetry, . . . . .	376

### TEMPLE BAR.

Robin, . . . . .	17, 173, 266, 355
Indian Society, . . . . .	43
Researches in my Pockets, . . . . .	124
Ovid, an Apologia, . . . . .	381
The Last of the Georges, . . . . .	498

### ARGOSY.

The Curé's Sister, . . . . .	219, 608
The Latest Wonder of Antwerp, . . . . .	634

### GOLDEN HOURS.

Six Weeks in Sorrento and Ischia, — before the Earthquake, . . . . .	493
---	-----



## LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Some Points in American Speech and Customs, . . . .	483
A Gossip on Romance, . . . .	682
The Norway Fjords, . . . .	726

## SPECTATOR.

"Fanaticism" in the East, . . . .	187
"Phiz" and "Boz," . . . .	254
Shakespeare on Death, . . . .	369
The French in Madagascar, . . . .	441
What makes Literature Popular? . . . .	505
Rolling-Stone Rambles, . . . .	509
The Unpopularity of Clough, . . . .	764
Professor Clerk Maxwell, . . . .	817
Immortality without God, . . . .	820

## SATURDAY REVIEW.

An American in England Forty Years ago, . . . .	59
The Welcome of an Inn, . . . .	189

## ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

The Heroine of a Fishing Village, . . . .	126
St. Bernards, . . . .	639
George Herbert's Church, . . . .	704

## ATHENÆUM.

Miss Mitford, . . . .	436
-----------------------	-----

## CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

Card-Stories, . . . .	439
-----------------------	-----

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Living Chess, . . . .	507
-----------------------	-----

## NATURE.

The "Eira" Expedition, . . . .	62
--------------------------------	----

## TIMES.

American Novels, . . . .	315, 372
--------------------------	----------

## FIELD.

Snake-Charmers, . . . .	64
-------------------------	----

## QUEEN.

The Vice of Promiscuous Charity, . . . .	767
--	-----



## INDEX TO VOLUME CLV.

AMERICA, Some Impressions of . . . . .	3	FERGUSON, Patrick, Lieut. Col., . . . . .	24
American, An, in England, Forty Years ago, . . . . .	59	"Fanaticism" in the East, . . . . .	187
Adulteration in the Olden Time, . . . . .	256	French, The, in Madagascar, . . . . .	441
American Novels, . . . . .	315, 372	Falkland, Lord . . . . .	579
American Speech and Customs, Some Points in . . . . .	483	GREAT Men's Relatives, . . . . .	88
American Public Life, Some Aspects of . . . . .	551	Gladstone at Home, . . . . .	445
American Perfumes, . . . . .	575	Georges, The Last of the . . . . .	498
Antwerp, The Latest Wonder of . . . . .	634	Gris Lapin, . . . . .	720
Arcady, Superstition in . . . . .	707	HUMOR, Analysis of . . . . .	111
Ants, . . . . .	771	Heroine, The, of a Fishing Village, . . . . .	126
Animal Partnerships, . . . . .	823	Hermeneutics, Sacred, False Coin in . . . . .	540
		Herbert's, George, Church, . . . . .	704
BOHEMIA, Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of . . . . .	103	INDIAN Society, . . . . .	43
Baroness Helena von Saarfelfd, The . . . . .	139	Inn, an, The Welcome of . . . . .	189
Birds, Foreign, and English Poets, . . . . .	241	Ischia and Sorrento, Six Weeks in . . . . .	493
"Boz" and "Phiz," . . . . .	254	Italian Progress, Ten Years of . . . . .	643
Browning, Mrs. E. B., The Poetry of . . . . .	416	Immortality without God, . . . . .	820
Back from the Road, . . . . .	625	JEWISH Tales and Jewish Reform, . . . . .	741
Baghdad on the Queen's Birthday, . . . . .	697		
COLMAN's, Henry, European Life and Manners, . . . . .	59	LADIES Lindores, The 34, 95, 282, 338, 531, 586, 803	
Cookery, Historical . . . . .	184	Lizards, The Voice of . . . . .	128
Curé's Sister, The . . . . .	219, 608	Literary Restoration, The, 1790-1830, . . . . .	131
Comets, . . . . .	274	Lost Love: a Lothian Tale, . . . . .	229
Card-Stories, . . . . .	439	Longfellow, The Puritan Element in . . . . .	306
Chess, Living . . . . .	507	Literature, What makes it Popular, . . . . .	595
Carey, Lucius, Lord Falkland, . . . . .	579	" The Decay of . . . . .	617
Clough, The Unpopularity of . . . . .	764	" Resemblances in . . . . .	752
Charity, Promiscuous, The Vice of . . . . .	767		
DELPHI, A Visit to . . . . .	248	MEDITERRANEAN, Moslem Pirates in the . . . . .	50
Death, Shakespeare on . . . . .	369	"Maga," The Lights of; Hogg, . . . . .	67
Decay of Literature, The . . . . .	617	Moonstruck, . . . . .	192
Dervishes, Egyptian . . . . .	661	Mexico, A Glimpse of . . . . .	300
Dutch Seaside, the, Sketches from . . . . .	672	Morley's Valedictory, . . . . .	363
Dickens, Charles . . . . .	793	Mitford, Miss . . . . .	436
		Madagascar, The French in . . . . .	441
"EIRA" Expedition, The . . . . .	62	Mozley's Reminiscences, . . . . .	515
Eliot's, George, Children, . . . . .	211	Maxwell, Professor Clerk . . . . .	817
England, Expansion of, in the Eighteenth Century, . . . . .	259	"NOCTES," The Heroes of the; Hogg, . . . . .	67
Edgeworth, Miss . . . . .	323, 595	No New Thing, 81, 203, 564, 628, 654, 780	
English: its Ancestors, its Progeny, 345, 427		Natural Selection and Natural Theology, . . . . .	195
Economy, . . . . .	443	Norway Fjords, The . . . . .	726
Erskine, Henry, and his Times, . . . . .	451	OVID, an Apologia, . . . . .	381
Egyptian Dervishes, . . . . .	661		



PIRATES, Moslem, in the Mediterranean, . . . . .	50	Shakespeare on Death, . . . . .	369
"Phiz" and "Boz," . . . . .	254	Shelley and Mary, . . . . .	387
Puritan Element, The, in Longfellow, . . . . .	306	Story, The, of James Barker, . . . . .	473, 687
Patriotic Poetry, . . . . .	376	Sorrento and Ischia, Six Weeks in, . . . . .	493
ROBIN, . . . . .	17, 173, 266, 355	St. Bernards, . . . . .	639
Researches in my Pockets, . . . . .	124	Sliding Mountain, A, in Oregon, . . . . .	640
Rachel, . . . . .	156	Superstition in Arcady, . . . . .	707
Rolling-Stone Rambles, . . . . .	509	THEOLOGY, Natural, and Natural Selec-	
Romance, A Gossip on . . . . .	682	tion, . . . . .	195
Resemblances in Literature, . . . . .	752	UNITED States, Some Impressions of the	3
SNAKE-CHARMERS, . . . . .	64	Urbs Roma Vale ! . . . . .	447
Stuart, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, . . . . .	103	VENETIAN Medley, A . . . . .	118, 179
Selection, Natural, and Natural The-		WHITEHALL, Past and Future, . . . . .	127
ology, . . . . .	195	What Makes People to Live, . . . . .	406
Scobeleff, General, Personal Reminis-			
cences of . . . . .	291		

## POETRY.

AD Musam, . . . . .	194	Midway Milestone, A . . . . .	258
Autumn Morning, An . . . . .	770	Menelaus, . . . . .	642
Adverse Criticism, . . . . .	770	November, . . . . .	706
Bindweed, . . . . .	130	October, In . . . . .	194
Camoens, Three Sonnets of . . . . .	66	October Snowstorm, The, of 1880, . . . . .	642
Conquest, A . . . . .	130	Poppies, . . . . .	130
Dreams, . . . . .	194	Primroses, . . . . .	578
Dirge, The, of the Leaves, . . . . .	706	"Rock of Ages," Gladstone's Latin Ver-	
Eventide, At . . . . .	194	sion of . . . . .	386
Epitaphs, Two . . . . .	386	Songless, . . . . .	322
Epitaph, An, without a Name, . . . . .	450	Sonnet, . . . . .	322
Gladstone's Latin Version of "Rock of		Song, . . . . .	386
Ages," . . . . .	386	Sonnets from the Channel, . . . . .	450
Ghost, A . . . . .	770	Two Years After, . . . . .	2
Hidden, not Lost, . . . . .	578	Tapestry-Worker, The . . . . .	514
Invalid, On an . . . . .	706	Urbs Roma Vale ! . . . . .	447
Love and Vision, . . . . .	66	Virgil, To . . . . .	2
Lift Thine Eyes, . . . . .	194	Vignette, . . . . .	450
Love-Song, . . . . .	322	Waiting, . . . . .	514
Lesson to the British Lion, . . . . .	450		

## TALES.

BARONESS Helena von Saarfelf, The . . . . .	139	Ladies Lindores, The . . . . .	34, 95, 282, 338, 531, 580, 803
Barker, James, The Story of . . . . .	473, 687	Lost Love : a Lothian Tale, . . . . .	229
Curé's Sister, The . . . . .	219, 608	No New Thing, . . . . .	81, 203, 564, 628, 654, 780
Gris Lapin, . . . . .	720	Robin, . . . . .	17, 173, 266, 355



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

241

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From Beginning,  
Vol. CLV.

## CONTENTS.

I. SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES. Part II. By Edward A. Freeman, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . . . .	3
II. ROBIN. By Mrs. Parr, author of "Adam and Eve." Part XVI., . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	17
III. LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PATRICK FERGUSON. A Career of the American Revolution, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	24
IV. THE LADIES LINDORES. Part X., . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	34
V. INDIAN SOCIETY, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	43
VI. MOSLEM PIRATES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . . .	50
VII. AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND FORTY YEARS AGO, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i> . . . . .	59
VIII. THE "EIRA" EXPEDITION, . . . . .	<i>Nature,</i> . . . . .	62
IX. SNAKE-CHARMERS, . . . . .	<i>Field,</i> . . . . .	64

## POETRY.

TO VIRGIL, . . . . .	2	TWO YEARS AFTER, . . . . .	2
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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.



## TO VIRGIL.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE MANTUANS  
FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTENARY OF VIR-  
GIL'S DEATH.

## I.

ROMAN VIRGIL, thou that singest  
Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,  
Ilion falling, Rome arising,  
wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

## II.

Landscape-lover, lord of language  
more than he that sang the Works and  
Days,  
All the chosen coin of fancy  
flashing out from many a golden phrase;

## III.

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,  
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and  
herd;  
All the charm of all the Muses  
often flowering in a lonely word;

## IV.

Poet of the happy Tityrus  
piping underneath his beechen bowers;  
Poet of the poet-satyr  
whom the laughing shepherd bound with  
flowers;

## V.

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying  
in the blissful years again to be,  
Summers of the snakeless meadow,  
unlaborious earth and oarless sea;

## VI.

Thou that seest Universal  
Nature moved by Universal mind;  
Thou majestic in thy sadness  
at the doubtful doom of human kind;

## VII.

Light among the vanish'd ages;  
star that gildest yet this phantom shore;  
Golden branch amid the shadows,  
kings and realms that pass to rise no  
more;

## VIII.

Now thy Forum roars no longer,  
fallen every purple Cæsar's dome —  
Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm  
sound forever of Imperial Rome —

## IX.

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,  
and the Rome of freemen holds her  
place,  
I, from out the Northern Island  
sunder'd once from all the human race,

## X.

I salute thee, Mantovano,  
I that loved thee since my day began,  
Wielder of the stateliest measure  
ever moulded by the lips of man.  
Nineteenth Century. ALFRED TENNYSON.

## TWO YEARS AFTER.

THE winter morning as I write —  
In the grim city's gloomy light,  
Midst fogs that choke street, river, church,  
And the fast-falling flakes besmirsch —

How pure o'er that far country-side  
Must gleam the snow-waste drifted wide;  
In my mind's eye I see it rolled  
O'er stream-gashed glen and brambly wold;

O'er wheat-sown slope and climbing lane,  
And ridge that bounds the battle plain;  
And orchard, lawn, and garden sward —  
That same white raiment of the Lord!

The church stands on the woodland hill,  
The pine-trees fence the churchyard still;  
Eastward it looks, that home of hers,  
The robin whistles in her firs.

All seems the same; but where is she  
Whose name is breathed from brake and tree?  
Where lives and soars that noblest one  
It raised our life to look upon?

Shall spring-tide wake the world again,  
And summer light the eyes of men?  
Shall throstles thrill her oaken glade,  
The primrose star her hazel shade?

This icy mist, these clouds of gray,  
Will they not all be wept away?  
And western airs blow kindly through  
Large lucid skies of tender blue?

And shall no vernal dawn await  
The hopes by death left desolate?  
No shining angel brood above  
The sepulchre of human love?

That brain of strength, that heart of fire,  
That liquid voice, a living lyre —  
Do not these vibrate, throb, and burn  
Where the lost lights of time return?

The aspiration, passion, power,  
That crowd with fate a mortal hour,  
Are these crude seeds no bloom may bless,  
Beginnings bright of emptiness?

Love's shattered dream — shall it not rise  
Re-built for immortal eyes?  
Life's broken song end where round Him  
Still quire the "young-eyed cherubim"?

Macmillan's Magazine. JOSEPH TRUMAN.



From The Fortnightly Review.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

II.

My visit to the United States had partly, but not wholly, the character of a lecturing tour. That is to say, I lectured in a good many places, mainly in the university and college towns, while I visited a good many other places where I did not lecture. Among these last was the federal capital. I was thus mainly thrown among professors and others more or less given to literary or scientific studies; but, without ever finding myself in the very thick of American political life, I also saw a good deal of political men, and heard a good deal of political matters. I saw something of federal affairs at Washington, something of State affairs at Albany, something of municipal affairs at Philadelphia. It must always be borne in mind that State affairs and municipal affairs come under the head of politics no less than the affairs of the Union, and that political divisions affect every detail of all three. My American friends, who naturally wished to learn something back again from me in exchange for all that I learned from them, were now and then somewhat amazed at finding how little I could tell them about English municipal matters. They seemed to find it hard to understand the nature of a man who did not live in a town. They were naturally all the more amazed when I sometimes sportively told them that I actually held a nominal municipal office, one which I suppose that Sir Charles Dilke or some other reformer will before long take from me. It seemed a hard saying when I told them that I had stayed longer in Philadelphia than I had ever stayed in London, longer than I had, since my boyhood, stayed in any town except Rome and Palermo. I have seen, and somewhat attentively studied, an American municipal election; an English municipal election I have never seen or taken any interest in. I am aware that in English municipal boroughs party politics largely affect the choice of councillors; I do not know how far they affect the votes of the councillors when they are once elected.

In America everything seems to go by political divisions, except when men say openly that it is time for the honest men of both sides to join together against the rogues of both sides. On the other hand, I could learn next to nothing on one of the points on which I most wished to learn something, namely the administration of justice and of everything else in the rural districts. My only opportunity was during a sojourn in a rural part of Virginia, where, as far as I could see, nothing of any public interest went on at all. I was reminded of the ancient inhabitants of Laish, who dwelled careless, quiet, and secure, who had no business with any man, and who had no magistrate to put them to shame in anything.\* Yet even here I heard now and then of political differences; only here too, as elsewhere, on most questions of immediate importance, the division did not follow the same lines as the received cleavage into Democrats and Republicans.

I often asked my American friends of both parties what was the difference between them. I told them that I could see none; both sides seemed to me to say exactly the same things. I sometimes got the convenient, but not wholly satisfactory, answer: Yes; but then we mean what we say, while the other party only pretends. Certainly at the present moment the difference between different sections of the Republican party is much clearer to an outsider than the difference between Republicans and Democrats. On intelligible questions like free trade and civil service reform, or again, the local Virginian question of paying or not paying one's lawful debts, the division does not follow the regular cleavage of parties. I certainly found it easier to grasp the difference between a stalwart Republican and one who was not stalwart, than to grasp the immediate difference between a Republican and a Democrat. Questions of this kind are plain enough; the distinction between the two great acknowledged parties is just now much less plain. But it must not be inferred that it is a distinction without a

\* Judges xviii. 7.



difference. The two parties seem to say the same things, because just at the present time no question is stirring which at all strongly forces them to say different things. Their differences have been important in the past; they may be important in the future; but just now questions which would bring out their differences are not uppermost. I am not sure that this is a wholesome state of things. If there must be — and there doubtless must be — parties in a State, it is better that they should be divided on some intelligible difference of principle, than that political warfare should sink into a mere question of ins and outs, of Shanavests and Caravats. But, though the distinction between Republicans and Democrats looks from outside very like a distinction between Shanavests and Caravats, it is only accidentally so. The distinction may easily become as real as the distinction between Tory and Radical, Legitimist and Republican. Should any question ever again arise as to the respective powers of the Union and of the States, it is easy to see which side each party would take. It is simply because there is no such burning question at present stirring that the two parties seem to say exactly the same things, and yet to be as strongly divided as ever.

I may speak on this matter as one who has made the nature of federal government an object of special study. It strikes me that, as the doctrine of State rights was pushed to a mischievous extreme twenty years and more ago, so there is danger now of the opposite doctrine being pushed to a mischievous extreme. The more I look at the American Union, the more convinced I am that so vast a region, taking in lands whose condition differs so widely in everything, can be kept together only by a federal system, leaving large independent powers in the hands of the several States. No single parliament could legislate, no single government could administer, for Maine, Florida, and California. Let these States be left to a great extent independent, and they may remain united on those points on which it is well that they should remain united. To insist on too close an union

is the very way to lead to separation. I know of no immediate reason to fear any attempt at centralization such as might thus lead to separation. But it does seem to be a possible danger; it seems to me that there are tendencies at work which are more likely to lead to that form of error than to its opposite. Nothing can be a plainer matter of history than the fact that whatever powers the Union holds, it holds by the grant of the States. It is equally plain that the grant was irrevocable, except so far as its terms may be modified by a constitutional amendment. And the power of making a constitutional amendment is itself part of the grant of the States, which thus agreed that, in certain cases, a fixed majority of the States should bind the whole. The error of the Secessionists lay in treating an irrevocable grant as if it had been a revocable one. The doctrine of the right of secession, as a constitutional right, was absurd on the face of it. Secession from the Union was as much rebellion, as much a breach of the law in force at the time, as was the original revolt of the colonies against the king. The only question in either case was whether those special circumstances had arisen which can justify breach of the ordinary law. But it is a pity, in avoiding this error, to run into the opposite one, and to hold, not only that the grant made by the States to the Union was irrevocable, but that the grant was really made the other way. I find that it is the received doctrine in some quarters that the States have no rights but such as the Union allows to them. One of the Boston newspapers was angry because I stated in one of my lectures the plain historical fact that the States, as, in theory at least, independent commonwealths, surrendered certain defined powers to the Union, and kept all other powers in their own hands. The Boston paper was yet more angry because a large part of a Boston audience warmly cheered — warmly that is, for Boston — such dangerous doctrines. I was simply ignorant; those who cheered me were something worse.\*

\* I must even cleave to the phrase "sovereign States," though I know it may offend many. A State



Now notions of this kind are not confined to a single newspaper. And they surely may lead to results as dangerous at one end as the doctrine of Secession was at the other. Both alike cut directly at the very nature of a federal system. Connected perhaps with this tendency is one of those changes in ordinary speech which come in imperceptibly, without people in general remarking them, but which always prove a great deal. In England we now universally use the word "government" where in my boyhood everybody said "ministry" or "ministers." Then it was "the Duke of Wellington's *ministry*" or Lord Grey's; now it is "Lord Beaconsfield's *government*" or Mr. Gladstone's. This change, if one comes to think about it, certainly means a great deal. So it means a great deal that, where the word "federal" used to be used up to the time of the Civil War or later, the word "national" is now used all but invariably. It used to be "federal capital," "federal army," "federal revenue," and so forth. Now the word "national" is almost always used instead. I have now and then seen the word "federal" used in the old way, but so rarely that I suspect that it was used of set purpose, as a kind of protest, as I might use it myself. Now there is not the slightest objection to the word "national;" for the union of the States undoubtedly forms, for all political purposes, a nation. The point to notice is not the mere use of the word "national," but the displacement of the word "federal" in its favor. This surely marks a tendency to forget the federal character of the national government, or at least to forget that its federal character is its very essence. The difference between a federal government

is sovereign which has any powers which it holds by inherent right, without control on the part of any other power, without responsibility to any other power. Now every American State has powers of this kind. The thirteen States did not receive their existing powers from the Union; they surrendered to the Union certain powers which were naturally their own, and kept others to themselves. Within this last range the State is sovereign: within the range of the powers surrendered to the Union the Union is sovereign. Of the old States this is historically true in the strictest sense. Of the later States admitted since the Union was formed it is constitutionally true; for they were admitted to all the rights of the old thirteen.

and one not federal is a difference of original structure which runs through everything. It is a far wider difference than the difference between a kingdom and a republic, which may differ only in the form given to the executive. It is perfectly natural that the word "federal" should be in constant use in a federal State, in far more common use than any word implying kingship need be in a kingdom. There is a constant need to distinguish things which come within the range of the federal power from things which come within the range of the State or cantonal power. And for this purpose the word "federal" is more natural than the word "national." The proper range of the latter word surely lies in matters which have to do with other nations. One would speak of the "national honor," but of the "federal revenue." That "national" should have driven out "federal" within a range when the latter word seems so specially at home, does really look as if the federal character of the national power was, to say the least, less strongly present to men's minds than it was twenty years back.

It is rather odd that this emphatic use of the word "national" should have been accompanied by changes which have made the being of the United States less strictly national, in another sense of the word, than it was before. That great land is still essentially an English land. But it is no small witness to the toughness of fibre in the English folk wherever it settles that it is so. A land must be reckoned as English where a great majority of the people are still of English descent, where the speech is still the speech of England, where valuable contributions are constantly made to English literature, where the law is still essentially the law of England, and where valuable contributions are constantly made to English jurisprudence. A land must be reckoned as English where the English kernel is so strong as to draw to itself every foreign element, where the foreign settler is adopted into the English home of an English people, where he or his children exchange the speech of their elder dwell-



ings for the English speech of the land. Nowhere does the assimilating process go on more vigorously than in the United States. Men of various nationalities are easily changed into "good Americans," and the "good American" must be, in every sense that is not strictly geographical or political, a good Englishman. And, as regards a large part of the foreign settlers, no man of real English feeling can give them other than a hearty welcome. The German, and still more the Scandinavian, settlers are simply men of our own race who have lagged behind in the western march, but who have at last made it at a single pull, without tarrying for a thousand years in the isle of Britain. But there are other settlers, other inmates, with whose presence the land, one would think, might be happy to dispense. I must here speak my own mind, at the great risk of offending people on more sides than one. Men better versed in American matters than myself point out to me the fact that the negro vote balances the Irish vote. But one may be allowed to think that a Teutonic land might do better still without any Irish vote, that an Aryan land might do better still without any negro vote. And what I venture to say on the housetops has been whispered in my ear in closets by not a few in America who fully understand the state and the needs of their country. Very many approved when I suggested that the best remedy for whatever was amiss would be if every Irishman should kill a negro and be hanged for it. Those who dissented dissented most commonly on the ground that, if there were no Irish and no negroes, they would not be able to get any domestic servants. The most serious objection came from Rhode Island, where they have no capital punishment, and where they had no wish to keep the Irish at the public expense. Let no one think that I have any ill-feeling towards the Irish people. In their own island I have every sympathy with them. I argued long ago in the pages of this review on behalf of Home Rule or of any form of Irish independence which did not involve, as some schemes then proposed did involve, the dependence of Great Britain. I should indeed be inconsistent if I were to refuse to the Irishman what I have sought to win for the Greek, the Bulgarian, and the Dalmatian. Nor is it wonderful or blameworthy if men who have left their old homes to escape from the wrongs of foreign rule should carry with them into their new homes the

memory of the wrongs which drove them from the old. I share the natural indignation against those who, either in Ireland or in America, make a good cause to be evil spoken of; but, as long as the Irishman seeks to compass his ends only by honorable means, we have no right to blame him because his ends are different from ours. But all this is perfectly consistent with the manifest fact that the Irish element is, in the English lands on both sides of the ocean, a mischievous element. The greatest object of all is for the severed branches of the English folk to live in the fullest measure of friendship and unity that is consistent with their severed state. Now the Irish element in America is the greatest of all hindrances in the way of this happy state of things. It is the worst, and perhaps the strongest, of several causes which help to give a bad name to American politics. Political men in all times and places lie under strong temptations to say and do things which they otherwise would not say and do, in order to gain some party advantage. But on no political men of any time or place has this kind of influence been more strongly brought to bear than it is on political men in the United States who wish to gain the Irish vote. The importance of that vote grows and grows; no party, no leading man, can afford to despise it. Parties and men are therefore driven into courses to which otherwise they would have no temptation to take, and those for the most part courses which are unfriendly to Great Britain. Any ill-feeling which other causes may awaken between the two severed branches of the English people is prolonged and strengthened by the presence of the Irish settlers in America. In some minds they may really plant hostile feelings towards Great Britain which would otherwise find no place there. At any rate they plant in many minds a habit of speaking and acting as if such hostile feelings did find a place, a habit which cannot but lead to bad effects in many ways. The mere rumor, the mere thought, of recalling Mr. Lowell from his post in England in subserviency to Irish clamor is a case in point. That such a thing should even have been dreamed of shows the baleful nature of Irish influence in America, and how specially likely it is to stir up strife and ill-feeling between Great Britain and America even at times when, setting Irish matters aside, there is not the faintest ground of quarrel on either side. In a view of poetical justice it is perhaps not unrea-



sonable that English misrule in Ireland should be punished in this particular shape. It may be just that the wrongs which we have done to our neighbors should be paid off at the hands of members of our own family. But the process is certainly unpleasant to our branch of the family, and it is hard to see how it can be any real gain to the other.

But the Irishman is, after all, in a wide sense, one of ourselves. He is Aryan; he is European; he is capable of being assimilated by other branches of the European stock. There is nothing to be said against this or that Irishman all by himself. In England, in America, in any other land, nothing hinders him from becoming one with the people of the land, or from playing an useful and honorable part among them. All that is needed to this end is that he should come all by himself. It is only when Irishmen gather in such numbers as to form an Irish community capable of concerted action that any mischief is to be looked for from them. The Irish difficulty is troublesome just now; it is likely to be troublesome for some time to come; but it is not likely to last forever. But the negro difficulty must last either till the way has been found out by which the Ethiopian may change his skin, or till either the white man or the black departs out of the land. The United States—and, in their measure other parts of the American continent and islands—have to grapple with a problem such as no other people ever had to grapple with before. Other communities, from the beginning of political society, have been either avowedly or practically founded on distinctions of race. There has been, to say the least, some people or nation or tribe which has given its character to the whole body, and by which other elements have been assimilated. In the United States this part has been played, as far as the white population is concerned, by the original English kernel. Round that kernel the foreign elements have grown; it assimilates them; they do not assimilate it. But beyond that range lies another range where assimilation ceases to be possible. The eternal laws of nature, the eternal distinction of color, forbid the assimilation of the negro. You may give him the rights of citizenship by law; you cannot make him the real equal, the real fellow, of citizens of European descent. Never before in our world, the world of Rome and of all that Rome has influenced, has

such an experiment been tried. And this, though in some ages of the Roman dominion the adoption and assimilation of men of other races was carried to the extremest point that the laws of nature would allow. Long before the seat of empire was moved to Constantinople, the name Roman had ceased to imply even a presumption of descent from the old patricians and plebeians. A walk through any collection of Roman inscriptions will show how, in the later days of the undivided empire, a man was far oftener succeeded by his freedman than by his son. And besides freedmen, strangers of every race within the empire had been freely admitted to citizenship, and were allowed to bear the names of the proudest Roman *gentes*. The Julius, the Claudius, the Cornelius, of those days was for the most part no Roman by lineal descent, but a Greek, a Gaul, a Spaniard, or an Illyrian. But the Gaul, the Spaniard, the Illyrian, could all be assimilated; they could all be made into Romans. They learned to speak and act in everything as men no less truly Roman than the descendants of the first settlers on the Palatine. Such men ceased to be Gauls, Spaniards, or Illyrians. The Greek, representative of a richer and more perfect speech, of a higher and older civilization, could become for many purposes a Roman without ceasing to be a Greek. In all these cases no born physical or intellectual difference parted off the slave from his master, the stranger from the citizen. When the artificial distinction was once taken away, in the next generation at least all real distinction was lost. This cannot be when there is an eternal physical and intellectual difference between master and slave, between citizen and stranger. The Roman Senate was filled with Gauls almost from the first moment of the conquest of Gaul; but for a native Egyptian to find his way there was a rare portent of later times. No edict of Antoninus Caracalla could turn him into a Roman, as the Gauls had been turned long before that edict. The bestowal of citizenship on the negro is one of those cases which show what law can do and what it cannot. The law may declare the negro to be the equal of the white man; it cannot make him his equal. To the old question, Am I not a man and a brother? I venture to answer: No. He may be a man and a brother in some secondary sense; he is not a man and a brother in the same full sense in which every Western Aryan is a man and a brother. He



cannot be assimilated; the laws of nature forbid it. And it is surely a dangerous experiment to have in any commonwealth an inferior race, legally equal to the superior, but which nature keeps down below the level to which law has raised it. It is less dangerous in this particular case, because the negro is on the whole a peaceful and easily satisfied creature. He has no very lofty ambition; he is for the most part contented to imitate the ways of the white man as far as he can. A high-spirited people in the same case would be a very dangerous element indeed. No one now pleads for slavery; no one laments the abolition of slavery; but did the abolition of slavery necessarily imply the admission of the emancipated slave to full citizenship? There is, I allow, difficulty and danger in the position of a class enjoying civil but not political rights, placed under the protection of the law, but having no share in making the law or in choosing its makers. But surely there is greater difficulty and danger in the existence of a class of citizens who at the polling-booth are equal to other citizens, but who are not their equals anywhere else. We are told that education has done and is doing much for the younger members of the once enslaved race. But education cannot wipe out the eternal distinction that has been drawn by the hand of nature. No teaching can turn a black man into a white one. The question which, in days of controversy, the North heard with such wrath from the mouth of South the, "Would you like your daughter to marry a nigger?" lies at the root of the matter. Where the closest of human connections is, in any lawful form, looked on as impossible, there is no real brotherhood, no real fellowship. The artificial tie of citizenship is in such cases a mockery. And I cannot help thinking that those in either hemisphere who were most zealous for the emancipation of the negro must, in their heart of hearts, feel a secret shudder at the thought that, though morally impossible, it is constitutionally possible, that two years hence a black man may be chosen to sit in the seat of Washington and Garfield.

We must however not forget that there are great differences among the so-called colored people, some doubtless owing to their different fates since their forced migration, others owing to older differences in their first African homes. Several writers have pointed out that, under the general head of negroes, blacks,

colored people, we jumble together men of nations differing widely in speech, in original geographical position, in physical qualities, probably in intellectual qualities too, most certainly in different degrees of blackness. I fancy that the case is very much as if the tables had been turned, as if Africa had enslaved Europeans, and as if Greeks, Frenchmen, and Swedes had been jumbled together under the common name of whites. And though education cannot undo the work of nature, though it cannot raise the lower race to the level of the upper, it may do much to improve the lower race within its own range. A negro in New England certainly differs a good deal from a negro in Missouri. For the negro in New England comes very likely of a free father and grandfather, and the fact of a negro being free a generation or two back was a pretty sure sign of his belonging to the more energetic class of his fellows. Such an one has lived with white men, not indeed on equal terms, but on terms which have enabled him to master their language and a good deal of their manners. But the negro in Missouri has very likely been himself a slave, perhaps a plantation slave. To the stranger at least the speech of such negroes is hard to be understood. As far as I heard it, it was not the racy dialect of Uncle Remus; it may have been my fancy, but it certainly struck my ear as the speech, not of foreigners who might find it hard to speak English but who might be eloquent in some other tongue, but of beings to whom the art of speech in any shape was not altogether familiar. No doubt the real fact was that they had, as was not unlikely in their position, lost their own tongue without having fully found ours. If a small vocabulary is enough for the wants of an English laborer, a much smaller vocabulary must have been enough for the wants of a plantation negro. The African languages have, I believe, altogether died out everywhere, and, from all that I could learn, the comic and joyous element of the negro character seems to have died out also. This is an universal rule everywhere. The freeman never has any such light-hearted moments as the Saturnalia of the slave.

Of the true Americans, the "dark Americans" of the hymn, the old inhabitants of the continent, I saw but little. And what little I saw certainly disappointed me. I saw a good many young Indians in the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. To the zeal, energy, and benevo-



lence of all who are concerned in the work there I must bear such witness as I can. And I am told that the children are intelligent and take kindly to the civilized and Christian teaching which is set before them. But, just as in the case of the negroes, I could not keep down my doubts whether mere school-teaching will ever raise the barbarian of any race to the level of Aryan Europe and America. Of the two one is more inclined to hail a man and a brother in the Indian than in the negro. The feeling seems instinctive. While no one willingly owns to the faintest shade of negro descent, every one is proud to claim Pocahontas as a remote grandmother. Such Indians as I saw, the boys and girls, youths and maidens, of the Carlisle school, were certainly less ugly than the negroes. But then they lacked the grotesque air which often makes the negro's ugliness less repulsive. From my preconceived notions of Indians, I had at least expected to see graceful and statuesque forms, the outlines perhaps of nymphs and athletes. But the Carlisle Indians, clothed and, according to all accounts, in their right minds, seemed to me, both in face and figure, the dullest and heaviest-looking of mankind. Not repulsive, like the negro, from the mere lines of the face, they were repulsive from the utter lack of intellectual expression. Besides the younger folk at Carlisle, I was casually shown at Schenectady, N.Y., a man who, I was told, was the last, not of the Mohicans, but of the Mohawks. He was outwardly civilized, so much so indeed that the justice of the State of New York had more than once sent him to prison. The mind, or at least the press, of America was just then very full of an English lecturer whose name was largely placarded on the walls, and whose photographs, in various attitudes, were to be seen in not a few windows. I was not privileged to obtain more than a passing glimpse of either. But it struck me that between the survival of an old type and the prophet of a new there was a certain outward likeness.

During the time of my visit to America neither the negro nor the Indian was the subject of any vexing question. But the position of another class of barbarians—I must be allowed to use the word in a way analogous to its old Greek use—was under the grave consideration of the federal legislature. While I was in America, President Arthur vetoed the first Chinese bill; since I came to England he has

passed the second. Of this latter bill I do not know the terms; the president could hardly have helped vetoing the former one, as its terms were surely inconsistent with that famous amendment which may be summed up in the phrase of "giving everybody everything." Yet I could not keep down a certain feeling of rejoicing over either bill. I saw in them a practical revolt against an impossible theory, a confession of the truth that legislation cannot override natural laws. A constitutional amendment, or any other piece of law-making, may in theory place all races and colors on a level; it cannot do so in practice. An acute American friend pointed out to me the distinctions between the three races which give rise to the difficulties that beset the United States in this matter. The Indian dies out. The negro is very far from dying out; but, if he cannot be assimilated by the white man, he at least imitates him. But the Chinaman does not die out; he is not assimilated; he does not imitate; he is too fully convinced of the superiority of his own ways to have the least thought of copying ours. The Chinese, in short, in the United States belong to one of those classes of settlers who form no part of the people of the land, who contribute nothing, but who swallow up a great deal. Now, at the risk of saying what I suppose is just now the most unpopular thing in the whole world, I must say that every nation has a right to get rid of strangers who prove a nuisance, whether they are Chinese in America or Jews in Russia, Serbia, and Roumania. The parallel may startle some; but it is a real and exact parallel, as far as the objects of the movement in each case are concerned. The only difference, a very important difference certainly, between what has happened in Russia and what has happened in America consists in the means employed in the two cases. What has been done in Russia by mob-violence is at this moment doing in America in a legal way. Now no one can justify or excuse mob-violence in any case, whether aimed at Chinese, Jews, or any other class. But any one who knows the facts will admit that Russian violence against Jews, though in no way to be justified or excused, is in no way to be wondered at; and it is well to remember that, though anti-Chinese action in America is now going on in a perfectly legal way, yet there have been before now anti-Chinese riots in California, as there have been anti-



negro riots in New York. One thing I am certain of, namely that, if the press of England, Germany, and other European countries, were as largely in Chinese hands as it is in Jewish hands, we should have heard much more than we have heard about anti-Chinese action in America and much less about anti-Jewish action in Russia. Just now there are no tales of mob-violence against the Chinamen to record, yet it would be easy for a practised Chinese advocate to make out a very telling story about American dealings with Chinamen. "Frightful Religious Persecution in the United States," "Legislation worthy of the darkest times of the Dark Ages," would make very attractive headings for an article or telegram describing the measure which has lately passed Congress. No one has raised the cry of "religious persecution" in America, because there is no powerful body anywhere whose interest it is to raise it. But it would be just as much in place in America as it is in Russia. Neither the Jew nor the Chinaman is attacked on any grounds of theological belief or unbelief, but simply because the people of the country look on his presence as a nuisance. But the Jew has brethren from one end of the world to the other, ready and able to give his real wrongs a false coloring, and to make the mass of mankind believe that he is, not only the victim of unjustifiable outrage, which he undoubtedly is, but the victim of religious persecution in the strict sense, which he certainly is not. The Chinaman has no such advantage. His case therefore has drawn to itself very little notice out of America, and neither in nor out of America has it been, like the Jewish case, judged on an utterly false issue.

The difference between the position of these questions in America and in England illustrates in an instructive way the difference between a scattered and a continuous dominion. The different classes of British subjects are yet more numerous and varied than the different classes of American citizens and of dwellers on American territory without the rights of citizenship. A black prime minister, a yellow lord chancellor, of Great Britain is in the theory no less possible than a black president of the United States. The real likelihood may be about equal on both sides, but the theoretical possibility is forced on the mind in the United States in a way in which it is not in Great Britain. If a British subject of barbarian

race seeks to take a share in the affairs of the ruling island, he must cross a wider expanse of sea than that which separates America from Britain, he must learn a strange tongue, he must adapt himself to strange manners, and become in everything another man. To the negro citizen in America everything is at least geographically near. He lives, it may be, within sight of the Capitol and the White House; his kinsman under British rule lives far away indeed from the palace of Westminster. To the American negro the tongue and the manners of the ruling race are in no way strange; they have been, from his birth upwards, his own tongue and his own manners, so far as the distinction planted by the hand of nature has enabled him to attain to them. It follows therefore that questions like those of the Indian, the negro, the Chinaman, while they touch the American at his own hearth, in no way touch us at our hearth, deeply and sometimes grievously as they touch us in our colonies and dependencies. The Irish question alone is common to the two branches of the English people. And it is plain that the Irish question takes two different shapes on the two sides of ocean. The United States, happily for them, are not burthened with the hard necessity of providing for the government of a land where it seems impossible to do real justice. On the other hand, the problem of the "Irish vote" and its effects on home politics, though of growing and very unpleasant importance in Great Britain, is certainly not as yet of so great importance as it is in America. The Irish, as an element which can affect and sometimes turn an election, are in England confined to some particular towns and districts: in America they seem to be everywhere. The influence which they obtain in local politics is really amazing. The "bosses," as they are called — a name of which one soon comes to feel the meaning, though it is rather hard to translate into any other phrase — who hold so important and so anomalous a place in the municipal affairs of American cities are largely Irish. On the whole, even setting aside the way in which Irish influence in America bears on us at home, that influence does not seem to be a healthy one. Altogether the position held by the Irish and the negroes made me feel more and more strongly the danger of that hasty and indiscriminate bestowal of citizenship which has become the practice, and rather the pride, of the United States. The ancient and medi-



æval commonwealths, aristocratic and democratic alike, erred in the opposite direction. But one is certainly sometimes tempted to doubt whether their error was not the smaller of the two. There is surely something ennobling in that kind of national family feeling, that cleaving to descent from the old stock, which was as strong at Athens and in Uri as it was at Corinth and at Bern. And surely a mean might be found between the exclusiveness of the elder commonwealths and the excessive lavishness of the younger. Surely some such standard as birth in the land might be set up, to be relaxed only in the case of eminent service to the commonwealth. As for the Irish, it is whispered that they somehow contrive to obtain citizenship yet more easily than the easy terms on which the law gives it. It is a characteristic story how the Irish immigrant was asked, before he had landed, what side in politics he meant to take — how his first question was, "Have you a government here?" — how, being assured that the United States had a government, he at once answered, "Then set me down agin it."

I said before that it is a witness to the life and strength of the true English kernel in the United States that, notwithstanding the lavish admission of men of all kinds to citizenship, that English kernel still remains the kernel round which everything grows and to which everything else assimilates itself. There is that kind of difference between the English in Britain and the English in America which could not fail to be under the different circumstances of the two branches. Each of them is the common forefather of earlier times modified as the several positions of his several descendants could not fail to modify him. In constitutional matters the closeness with which the daughter has, wherever it was possible, reproduced the parent is shown perhaps in the most remarkable way in the prevalence alike in the Union, in the States, and in many at least of the cities, of the system of two houses in a legislative body. We are so familiar with that system from its repetition in countless later constitutions that we are apt to forget that, when the federal constitution of the United States was drawn up, that system was by no means the rule, and that its adoption in the United States was a very remarkable instance of cleaving to the institutions of the mother country. Though the United States Senate, the

representative of the separate being and the political equality of the States, has some functions quite different from those of the House of Lords, yet it would hardly have come into the heads of constitution-makers who were not familiar with the House of Lords. I may here quote the remark of an acute American friend that the Senate is as superior to the House of Lords as the House of Representatives is inferior to the House of Commons. A neat epigram of this kind is seldom literally true; but this one undoubtedly has some truth in it. It follows almost necessarily from the difference between the British and American constitutions that in the American Congress the upper house should be, in character and public estimation, really the upper house. In Great Britain no statesman of the first rank and in the vigor of life has any temptation to exchange the House of Commons for the House of Lords. By so doing he would leave an assembly of greater practical authority for one of much less. But in the United States such a statesman has every temptation to leave the House of Representatives for the Senate as soon as he can. As neither House can directly overthrow a government in the way that the House of Commons can in England, while the Senate has a share in various acts of the executive power with which the House of Representatives has nothing to do, the Senate is really the assembly of greater authority. Its members, chosen for six years by the State legislatures, while the representatives are chosen by the people for two years, have every advantage as to the tenure of their seats, and it is not wonderful to find that re-election is far more the rule in the Senate than in the House. I had to explain more than once that it was a rare thing in England for a member of Parliament to lose his seat, unless he had given some offence to his own party or unless the other party had grown strong enough to bring in a man of its own. In America, it seems, it is not uncommon for a representative to be dismissed by his constituents of his own party, simply because it is thought that he has sat long enough and because another man would like the place. Here the difference between paid and unpaid members comes in: where members are paid, there will naturally be a larger stock of candidates to choose from. I was present at sittings of both houses, and there was certainly a most marked difference in point of order and decorum be-



tween the two. The Senate seemed to be truly a senate; the House of Representatives struck me as a scene of mere hubbub rather than of real debate. One incident specially struck me as illustrating the constitutional provision which shuts out the ministers of the president from Congress. One representative made a fierce attack on the secretary of the navy, and the secretary of the navy was not there to defend himself. Generally I should say, the House of Representatives and the legislative bodies which answer to it in the several States, illustrate Lord Macaulay's saying about the necessity of a ministry to keep a Parliament in order. One result is the far larger powers which in these assemblies are given to the speaker. And these are again attended by the danger of turning the speaker himself into the instrument of a party.

The differences of procedure between our Houses of Parliament and the American assemblies, federal and State, are very curious and interesting, specially just now when the question of parliamentary procedure has taken to itself so much attention. But I must hasten on to give my impression of other matters, rather than attempt to enlarge on a point which I cannot say that I have specially studied. The State legislatures are the features of American political life which are most distinctive of the federal system, and to which there cannot be anything exactly answering among ourselves. It must always be remembered that a State legislature does not answer to a town council or a court of quarter sessions. It is essentially a parliament, though a parliament with limited functions and which can never be called on to deal with the highest questions of all. Still the range of the State legislatures is positively very wide, and takes in most things which concern the daily affairs of mankind. A large part of their business seems commonly to consist in the passing of private bills, acts of incorporation and the like. Some States seem to have found that constant legislation on such matters was not needed, and have therefore thought good that their legislatures should meet only every other year. In Pennsylvania, therefore, where I had good opportunities of studying some other matters, I had no opportunity of studying the working of a State legislature. When I was there, municipal life was in full vigor in Philadelphia, but State life was dead at Harrisburg. But I came in for a sight of the legislature of New

York at the time of the "dead lock" early this year. For week after week the lower house found it impossible to elect a speaker. And this was not the result of absolute equality between the two great parties. It was because a very small body of men, who had no chance of carrying a candidate from among themselves, thought fit, in ballot after ballot, to hinder the election of the acknowledged candidate of either side. This illustrates the result of the rule which requires an absolute majority. I pointed out to several friends on the spot that no such dead lock could have happened in the British House of Commons. I know not how far the existence of a regular ministry and opposition would hinder the possibility of this particular kind of scandal; but it is hard to conceive the existence of a ministry in our sense in a State constitution. Even in our still dependent colonies the reproduction of our system of ministries going in and out in consequence of a parliamentary vote, may be thought to be somewhat out of place. Still the governor, named by an external power, has much of the position of a king, and his relations to his ministry and his parliament can in a manner reproduce those of the sovereign in the mother country. But it is hard to conceive an elective governor, above all the governor of such a State as Rhode Island or Delaware, working through the conventionalities of a responsible ministry. Indeed even in such a State as New York there is still something patriarchal about the office of governor. While I was in the Capitol at Albany, the friends of a condemned criminal came to plead with the governor in person for the exercise of his prerogative of mercy. Now the population of the State of New York, swelled by one overgrown city, is greater than that of Ireland; even in its natural state, it would be much greater than that of Scotland. I thought of the days when the king did sit in the gate.

The personal heads of the Union, the State, and the city, the president, the governor, the mayor, all come from English tradition. If we study the commonwealths of other ages and countries, we shall see that this great position given to a single man, though by no means without precedent, is by no means the rule. The title of governor especially is directly handed on from the days before independence. It would hardly have suggested itself to the founders of commonwealths which had not been used to the governor



sent by the king. The powers of the governor and the duration of his office differ widely in different States, even in neighboring and closely kindred States. The governor of Massachusetts still keeps up a good deal of dignity, while the governor of Connecticut is a much smaller person. Yet the governor of Connecticut holds office for a longer time than his brother of Massachusetts. The mayor too does not hold exactly the same place in every city. At Brooklyn, when I was there, a great point in the way of reform was held to have been won by greatly enlarging the powers of the mayor. Men who could well judge held that purity of administration was best attained by vesting large powers in single persons, elective, responsible, acting under the eye of the public. And I was told that, even in the worst cases, better results come from the election of single officers than from the election of larger numbers. The popular election of judges, which has been introduced into many States, is one of the things which British opinion would be most united in condemning. We should all agree in wishing that both the federal courts and the courts of those States which, like Massachusetts, cleave to older modes of appointment may stay as they are. But, from what I could hear both in New York and in other States which have adopted the elective system, the results are better than might have been expected. Each party, it is said, makes it a point of honor to name fairly competent candidates for the judicial office. So again the municipal administration of New York city was for years a by-word, and the name of alderman was anything but a name of honor. But even in the worst times, the post of mayor was almost always respectably filled. Even, so I was told, in one case where the previous record of the elected mayor was notoriously bad, his conduct in office was not to be blamed.

The prevalence of corruption in various shapes in various branches of the administration of the United States is an ugly subject, on which I have no special facts to reveal. The mere fact of corruption cannot be fairly laid to the charge of any particular form of government, though particular forms of government will doubtless cause corruption to take different shapes. It is absurd to infer that a democratic or a federal form of government has a necessary and special tendency to corruption, when it is certain that corruption has been and is just as rife under

governments of other kinds. One great source of corruption in America is doubtless owing to the system of "spoils" in the administration of federal patronage. This system at once opens the way for a vast deal of corruption in various shapes and sets the example for a vast deal of corruption in other branches. I was most struck by the way in which, in discussing matters of almost every kind, corruption seemed to be taken for granted as a matter of course. This often came out in discussing local matters, sometimes matters which seemed to have nothing whatever to do with politics. This struck me specially in the State of New York, and sometimes with reference to very small matters indeed. Strictly electoral corruption seems to take different shapes on the two sides of ocean. In America I heard something of bribery of the electors, but certainly very much less than we are used to in England. The danger which, at Philadelphia at least, seemed most to be feared was fraudulent returns. These, I think, are never heard of among us. I never remember to have heard of any mayor or sheriff being suspected of wilfully making other than a true return of the votes actually given, by whatever means those votes might have been obtained. With us the returning officer and his agents are held to be at least officially impartial; it is their business to put their party politics in their pockets for the time. I know not how things are done in those Parliamentary boroughs which have no corporations; but in an ordinary county or borough, the sheriff or mayor has the advantage of not being appointed with any direct reference to the election; he is appointed for other purposes also, and an election may or may not happen during his term of office. But when election inspectors are elected as such, that is, when the official person represents the party dominant in the place, it is clear that the temptations to unfairness are greatly increased.

I was greatly interested in the municipal election which I saw at Philadelphia early this year. The municipal administration of that city has, like that of New York, long had a bad name. Corruption, jobbery, the rule of rings and "bosses," and above all, what to us sounds odd, the corrupt administration of the Gas Trust, were loudly complained of. And I certainly am greatly deceived if what I saw and studied was anything but a vigorous and honest effort to bring in a better state of things. Republicans and Democrats



brought themselves to forget their party differences, or rather party names, and to work together for the welfare and honor of their common city. The movement was described to me in a way at which I have already hinted, as an union of the honest men of both parties against the rogues of both parties. And such, as far as I could judge, it really was. I did indeed hear it whispered that such fits of virtue were not uncommon, both in Philadelphia and elsewhere, that they wrought some small measure of reform for a year or two, but that in order to keep the ground that had been gained, a continuous effort was needed which men were not willing to make, and that things fell back into their old corrupt state. And it is certainly plain that the man who gains by maintaining corruption is likely to make great habitual efforts to keep up a corrupt system, while the man who opposes it, who gains nothing by opposing it, but who gives up his time, his quiet, and his ordinary business, for the public good, is tempted at every moment to relax his efforts. This failure of continued energy is just what Demosthenes complains of in the Athenians of his day; and experience does seem to show that here is a weak side of democratic government. To keep up under a popular system an administration at once pure and vigorous does call for constant efforts on the part of each citizen which it needs some self-sacrifice to make. The old saying that what is everybody's business is nobody's business becomes true as regards the sounder part of the community. But it follows next that what is everybody's business becomes specially the business of those whose business one would least wish it to be. Yet my Philadelphian friends assured me that they had been steadily at work for ten years, that they had made some way every year, but that this year they had made more way than they had ever made before. The immediate business was to dislodge "bosses" and other corrupt persons from the municipal councils, and to put in their stead men of character and ability, whether Republican or Democratic in politics. And this object, surely one much to be sought for, was, as far as I could see, largely accomplished. I did indeed hear the murmurs of one or two stern Republicans, who could not understand supporting a list which contained any Democratic names. But the other view seemed to be the popular one. I read much of the fugitive election literature, and attended one

of the chief ward-meetings. I was greatly struck by the general hearty enthusiasm in what was not a party struggle, but an honest effort for something above party. The speaking was vigorous, straightforward, often in its way eloquent. It was somewhat more personal than we are used to in England, even at an election. But here again my comparison is perhaps not a fair one. As I before said, I know nothing of English municipal elections, and the Philadelphian reformers had to deal with evils which have no parallel in the broader walks of English political life. Whatever may be our side in politics, we have no reason to suspect our opponents of directly filling their pockets at the public cost.

A municipal election is of more importance in America than it is in England, because of the large powers, amounting to powers of local legislation, which are vested in the cities. This would seem to be the natural tendency of a federal system. It would indeed be inaccurate to say that the city is to the State what the State is to the Union. For the powers of the city may of course be modified by an act of the State legislature, just as the powers of an English municipal corporation may be modified by an act of Parliament, while no mere act of Congress, nothing short of a constitutional amendment, can touch the powers of a sovereign State. But it is natural for a member of an Union, keeping independent powers by right, to allow to the members of its own body a large amount of local independence, held not of right but of grant. An American city is more thoroughly a commonwealth, it has more of the feelings of a commonwealth, than an English city has. As for the use of the name, we must remember that in the United States every corporate town is called a "city," while, in some States at least, what we should call a market-town bears the legal style of "village." In New England the cities are interlopers. They have largely obscured the older constitution of the *towns*. The word *town* in New England does not, as with us, mean a collection of houses, perhaps forming a political community, perhaps not. It means a certain space of the earth's surface, which may or may not contain a town in our sense, but whose inhabitants form a political community in either case. Its assembly is the town-meeting, the survival, or rather revival, of the old Teutonic assembly on the soil of the third England. This primitive insti-



tution best keeps its ancient character in the country districts and among the smaller towns in our sense of the word. Where a "city" has been incorporated, the ancient constitution has lost much of its importance. It has not been abolished. In some cases at least the two constitutions, of town and city, the Teutonic primary assembly and the later system of representative bodies, go on side by side in the same place. Each has its own range of subjects; but it is the tendency of the newer institution to overshadow the older. I deeply regret that I left America without seeing a New England town-meeting with my own eyes. It was a thing which I had specially wished to see, if only in order to compare it with what I had seen in past years in Uri and Appenzell. But when I was first in New England, it was the wrong time of the year, and my second visit was very short. I thus unavoidably lost a very favorable chance of seeing what I conceive that the English parish vestry ought to be but is not. And I am not sure that some of my New England friends did not look a little black at me, because the immediate cause of my failure was an old-standing engagement to a gentleman of New York of Democratic principles.

Of "society," in the technical sense, the sense which gives rise to the odd New York phrases of "society woman" and "society girl," I do not suppose that I saw much. I received a great deal of very kind hospitality, and I made many acquaintances which I hope to keep; but at dinners and other receptions, often got up specially for a stranger, you can judge but imperfectly of the way in which people live among themselves. But I seemed to remark, and I have heard the remark from others, that immediate national politics do not form so constant a subject of discourse in America as they do in England. This, I suppose, has something to do with the same set of causes which have given the word "politics" the special and not altogether pleasant meaning which it bears in America. When I reached America the immediate mourning for the late President was hardly over; before I came away, the natural reaction had begun; some newspapers had begun to speak against his memory. Yet the general conviction seemed very deep that the loss was a real and heavy one, and that the great work of purifying the federal administration had undergone a great check. I always heard Garfield's posi-

tion in the House of Representatives spoken of as something quite exceptional, as an instance of the direct influence of an upright and noble personal character. I heard part of the trial of his murderer, and a strange scene it was. From all that I saw and heard and read on the matter, I was led to the conclusion that, though some other judges on both sides of the ocean might, simply as being stronger men, have managed the trial better, yet that the judge who tried it was not technically to blame. I gathered that he really had no power to stop Guiteau's interruptions. The constitution provides only that the prisoner shall have the "assistance of counsel." Now English counsel, and American counsel too of the higher class, would have thrown up their briefs when the prisoner insisted on talking himself. But Guiteau's counsel were not of the higher class; and — I speak as a layman with trembling — it may be doubted whether the English usage depends on anything more than an honorable understanding. The truth seems to be that no lawgiver in any time or place ever foresaw the possibility of such a prisoner as Guiteau, and that therefore there was no law ready made which exactly suited his case. Again, though the proceedings in the American courts are, in all essential points — for wigs and gowns are not essential points — so like our own, yet the arrangements for the distribution of judicial action are very different. In England such a case would have been tried before a judge — perhaps more than one judge — of the highest class. And till I reached Washington, I took for granted that the judge to whom so important a duty was intrusted was one of the sages of the Supreme Court. I soon found however that Guiteau was being tried before a magistrate of greatly inferior rank, answering rather to a recorder or a county court judge among ourselves. The indictment, it may be remarked, did not specify the murder of a president as differing at all from the murder of another man. The slain man was simply "one James Abram Garfield, being in the peace of God and of the United States." From the pleadings of Guiteau's counsel I carried away one of the choicest fallacies that I ever heard. The prisoner must be mad, because he had shot a president of the United States. Sane people might kill an European king, for European kings were not the choice of their people, and were often their oppressors. But no sane man could wish to harm a president of the



United States, the choice of the people. The advocate must have underrated the intelligence even of the black member of the jury, who must surely have remembered that the liberator of his race died by the hands of a murderer whom no one looked on as mad. And it would be strange if no one of the twelve could go on to argue that a hereditary king, who comes to his crown by no fault, indeed by no act, of his own, need not offend any one by the mere fact of his accession, while the accession of an elective magistrate must disappoint somebody and commonly offends a powerful party.

To the "spoils system" I have already referred. I suppose it has no advocates in England, and it seems to be condemned by the general right feeling of America, though we may fear that it will be a hard work to get rid of a system in which so many are interested, and in which so many more fancy that they some time may be. I must confess that the love of office, in the shape which it often takes in America, is to me rather hard to understand. I can understand a man taking a great post, say a foreign legation or a seat in the Cabinet, even with the certainty that it must be resigned at the end of four years. I do not understand any one wishing for smaller offices, which carry no special dignity or authority, and which must be an interruption to a man's ordinary career, whatever that may be. I can understand a man entering the post-office, or any other branch of the public service, as the work of his life; I cannot understand a man wishing to be a local postmaster for four years and no longer. Yet the number of office-seekers—the word has becomingly followed the thing—in America is very wonderful.

One of the points on which I have always tried to insist most strongly is the true historic connection between the constitutions of England and of the United States. It might be a good test of those who have and those who have not made comparative politics a scientific study, to see whether they are most struck by the likenesses or the unlikenesses in the two systems. The close analogy in the apportionment of power among the elements of the State is a point of likeness of far more moment even than the difference in the form of the executive, much more than that of the different constitution of the upper house. The American constitution, as I have rather made it my business to preach, is the English consti-

tution with such changes—very great and important changes beyond doubt—as change of circumstances made needful. But as those circumstances have certainly not been changed back again, it is at least not likely that the constitution of America will ever be brought nearer than it now is to the constitution of England, however likely it may be that the constitution of England may some day be brought nearer to the constitution of America. It was therefore with unfeigned wonder that I read the reflections of an English member of Parliament who lately gave the world his impressions of American travel. He too was struck with the likeness between the two systems; but the practical inference which he drew from the likeness was that the American system might easily be brought into complete conformity with the English model. The president was so like a king that it would be easy to change him into one; the Senate was so like a House of Lords that it would be easy to change it into one. It only needed to bring the hereditary principle into both institutions, and the thing would be done at once. Yes; only how could the hereditary principle be brought in? Where are the hereditary king and the hereditary lords to be found? This ingenious political projector forgot that you cannot call hereditary kings and hereditary lords into being by a constitutional amendment. If one could ever be tempted to use the ugly and outlandish word *prestige*, it would be to explain the position of such hereditary elements in a free State. Where they exist, they certainly have a kind of effect on the mind which can hardly be accounted for by any rational principle, and which does savor of something like sleight-of-hand. Where they exist, their existence is the best argument in their favor, and by virtue of that argument they may go on existing for ages. But you cannot create them at will. A profound truth was uttered by the genealogist who lamented the hard fate of Adam in that he could not possibly employ himself with his own favorite study. And in no time or place would an attempt at creating hereditary offices of any kind seem to be more hopeless than in the United States at the present day. Genealogy is a favorite American study; but it is not studied with any political object. The destiny of the country has gone steadily against the growth of any hereditary traditions. There has been no opportunity, such as there often has been in other commonwealths, for the



growth of ascendancy in particular families which might form the kernel of an aristocratic body. The first president and nearly all his most eminent successors left no direct male descendants or no descendants at all. It is only in the family of the second president that anything like hereditary eminence has been prominent, and the two Adamses were just those among the earlier and greater presidents, who failed to obtain re-election. Since their days everything has tended more and more in the opposite direction; every year that the Union has lasted has made such dreams as those of our English legislator more and more utterly vain. When a thing is said to lie "beyond the range of practical politics," it commonly means that it will become the most immediately practical of all questions a few months hence. But one might really use the phrase in safety when dealing with such a scheme as that of changing the elective president into a hereditary king and the elective Senate into a hereditary House of Lords.

I might go on into endless detail in smaller matters, matters many of them of no small interest, on points of language, manners, and the like. But I have perhaps put on record all that is best worth preserving in my impressions of some of the most important points which come home to a traveller in the great English land beyond the ocean. I naturally look at things from my own point of view; let others look at them and speak of them from theirs. To me the past history and present condition of the United States is, before all things, a part of the general history of the Teutonic race, and specially of its English branch. Of that history the destiny, as far as it has already been worked out, of the American commonwealths forms no unimportant part. And their future destiny is undoubtedly the greatest problem in the long story of our race. The union on American soil of so much that is new and so much that is old, above all the unwitting preservation in the new land of so much that is really of the hoariest antiquity in the older world, the transfer of an old people with old institutions to an altogether new world, and that practically a boundless world, supply subjects for speculation deeper perhaps than any earlier stage of the history of our race could have supplied. Like all other human institutions, the political and social condition of the United States has its fair and its dark

side; the Union, like all other human communities, must look for its trials, its ups and downs, in the course of its historic life. It has indeed had its full share of them already. The other members of the great family may well be proud that the newest, and in extent the vastest, among the independent settlements of their race, has borne, as it has borne, a strain as hard as any community of men was ever called on to go through. And we of the motherland may watch with special interest the fortunes of that branch of our own people on whom so great a calling has been laid. And truly we may rejoice that, with so much to draw them in other ways, that great people still remains in all essential points an English people, more English very often than they themselves know, more English, it may be, sometimes than the kinsfolk whom they left behind in their older home.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From Temple Bar.

ROBIN.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "ADAM AND EVE."

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

THOSE who, with eyes open, stand lingering on the edge of a precipice, are often surprised at the slight touch which sends them over. Some unexpected drift — some passing gust for a moment draws them nearer, and, already dizzy, they lose their footing before they realize their danger.

Such a whirlwind had overtaken Jack and Robin, urging them to a step which, even before parting, they began to repent of making. Alas! how few of us dare measure strength with temptation! Secure, as we may think, at every point, there is yet some vulnerable spot by which we may be taken.

Robin, hurrying through the thicket, over the now dried-up brook, and back by the way she had been first led in coming, felt as if flying from something she could not escape. Certain words went sounding in her ears, repeating themselves in her mind, while their meaning eluded her, —

"Go away — away with Jack — away from Christopher."

She rang the changes on these three sentences without feeling much affected by either. The numbness which follows



on great emotional strain had overtaken her; and everything she did, she did mechanically.

In the house, coming out from the dining-room, she met the butler.

"Mr. Blunt's ordered his dinner in his own room, ma'am," said the man, with a perfect knowledge of the family fracas. "I don't know if Mr. Christopher's in or not; I saw him in the garden, but that was some time ago."

Robin continued on her way up-stairs to her own room. She did not possess much that of a right she could lay claim to; but there were a few relics, trifles, souvenirs of her father, which, if she could not carry away, she must destroy. An old case in which, at the time of his death, letters were put to be read hereafter. Robin had never found heart to look at it since, but now necessity obliged her, and at haphazard she took out one of the letters and opened it. It was from her mother, written, before her marriage, to her father. She kissed it reverently, put it down, and drew out another. This time about herself. The mother away, wrote telling the father into what a sweet companion their child — their little Robin — had grown. And then, in all the fullness of maternal love, and with prophetic certainty that her end was drawing near, she entrusted the child to the father's care, trying to foreshadow the woman she would have her grown up into. A sudden gust of tears streamed from Robin's eyes. Underneath, in her father's writing, was written, "Her last letter, to be kept for Robin to read when she is a woman;" prefixed was the date, just after the death, in the very midst of his great sorrow. Robin turned it over, examining it carefully. Had it ever been read or looked at since? she wondered; and her thoughts went back to the stricken husband laying it aside for his child, and then at a leap she saw the child grown up — herself. She — Robin — was the little Robin spoken of in that letter. Involuntarily her head bowed down until her cheek lay pressed against the faded, faintly scented paper, the contact with which seemed to bring a sense of soothing to her.

Taking no count of time, Robin did not know how long she had remained resting, when a tapping at the door roused her.

"Yes," she said; "who is it?" and while speaking she had gone to the glass to mend the disarray of her dress and get her hair back into order. "Come in!"

It was Christopher; a glance told him

what was going on. There had not been time to put away the case; Robin had left it with the letters on the table.

"I am afraid you thought me rather harsh this afternoon," he began; and to afford her time to further recover, he went back and drew the bolt of the door before taking a chair near her. "I have come to ask your pardon."

Robin strove to speak, but words would not come.

"It is very terrible," continued Christopher, "having to speak so at all to one's father; and to say the things I had to say before you would be too humiliating — too bitter. Happily, Robin, experience has not taught you to feel for me there."

"Oh! but yes," she murmured, his voice making her look at his face, drawn, pinched with traces of suffering, the sight of which stabbed her. If a contest with his father so told upon Christopher, how would he live through what he would have now to endure?

"I often think of your father," he continued, sighing, "and how you must compare the two. What a light heart he had! What a gay spirit!" — the tears welled up into Robin's eyes. "I am glad I knew him — glad I was able to be of some little service to him — that he took a liking to me — trusted me — trusted me with you, Robin, his great treasure!"

He was looking at her now sadly — solemnly.

"We used to have many talks together, he and I. He told me how sorely the thought had pressed on him of having to leave you so young, surrounded by so much temptation. The world looked very different to him then; things he had scoffed at, made light of before, he listened to then with pleasure; he would say, 'Tell it to Robin — talk to her about that.'"

"About what?" said Robin huskily.

"About our life here — how we have to struggle — make a constant warfare; if we would be united again hereafter — and we hope to be, don't we? — with those we love — your father, mother, and her sister, whose dear name you bear. Long, long before I ever saw you, I used to join in her prayer that God would bless and watch over little Robin Veriker."

The tears rained down from Robin's eyes; but Christopher, usually so ready to offer comfort, paid no heed to her.

Suddenly his attention seemed attracted to the letter-case.

"Have you been looking over that?"



he asked. "What do you mean to do with the letters — leave them in it, or burn them?"

Robin, guilty as she felt, dared not look up to see if Christopher spoke with meaning. How should he though? it was not possible — the question must be put by mere accident only.

"I have not decided yet," she said. "I have only read two or three of them."

"And the reading has upset you? I thought it would, when I laid them aside for you. Do you remember that day? In the evening we started for Spezzia. When, I wonder, shall we ever see Spezzia again, and the little garden — for it was a garden, full of gay blossoms, was it not, when we left him there, lying side by side with your mother?"

Unseen by Robin, Christopher had passed his hand over his brow; the effort he was making was almost too much for him.

"Do you ever wonder, Robin, whether it is possible that those taken from us are permitted to look down on us below? It is a fancy which has a great hold on me. I should like to think your father and our other dear ones could see us sometimes here together — you and me."

Robin could no longer keep down the sobs which mastered her control; the hand of an unseen influence seemed laid upon her. Wholly occupied with herself, and what she was about to do, it did not occur to her to ask why Christopher spoke to her thus. She only knew that each word he said awoke an echo in her breast — each stuck a separate thorn into her heart.

A dozen times his name, "Christopher," had risen to her lips; but, courage failing, before she had found voice to give it sound, she had snatched it back again. She wanted to tell him that she meant to go away — that she must leave him — could not stay with him any more — that she was going with Jack — that she ought not to have married him, because, though she did not know it, Jack had loved her all the time — and, though she had not said so, she had always loved him too. Confessions easy to make, until she tried to shape them into words; and Christopher, sitting there silent, rapt in thought, had never before seemed so difficult to approach by her.

The wall of separation which had sprung up between them during the past months was suddenly visible to Robin's eyes, and on the threshold of the confessional she stood afraid to enter in.

"That is the bell," said Christopher, rising.

What! could he find heart to go down to dinner?

Robin shook her head.

"No," she said; "I could not eat anything if I went."

Without a remonstrance, he turned to go — to go! He — Christopher — went to beg and implore, was leaving her without a word!

Robin sat aghast. Did he not care? Was he not well?

"Christopher," she said, as he was going out at the door, "you will come up again?"

"If you wish it; yes, certainly I will."

And without turning round, he went down, to go through the poor pretence of that mockery of dinner, sat out and partaken of for fear of remarks being made — of what the servants might say; for how was it possible that he could feel certain that Robin might not have been watched? — prying eyes might have dogged her steps with observation.

The thought gave him strength to assume more than his usual air of unconcern. He spoke of some matters going on in the village to the servant waiting; asked questions and made remarks on the weather; and every now and again his eyes fell on the vacant chair, and it was filled by her once wont to bear him constant company. They were back in Venice eating that first dinner, during which his heart had, unbidden, strayed from him — made captive by that grace of girlish gaiety. There was a dinner at Florence, he remembered; and one brought about by a chapter of accidents at Sestri Levante, every disaster of which she had turned into fun and laughter.

Oh, how cruel at times is memory! Christopher's heart sickened while recalling that happy past. Unconsciously he pushed back his chair, and then recollection seizing him, he stretched himself back as if only cramped by the way he was sitting.

"There's somebody outside waiting to speak to you, sir," said the servant. "I asked for his message, but he says he was told to see you."

Christopher was in the hall in a moment. A man standing there advanced, holding in his hand a letter.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but I was ordered not to give this to anybody but you; and will you be so good as to send a line in return, to say it reached you safe?"



Christopher took the letter, and went into the morning-room; his hands were trembling, so that he could hardly break the seal. At one glance his eyes drank in the contents, and then his strength seemed to give way; his knees knocked together, so that he had to sit down and make an effort to recover breath. Could it be true? He read the words over again,—

“As soon as I know that this has reached you, I shall leave for Monkswell, so as to catch the midnight up-train. Get the enclosed safely delivered. I have said nothing about having seen you.”

Over and over he went through that letter, as if to try and fix it in his mind; and then hastily rising, he wrote back,—

“I thank you for what you have done. Your secret is safe in my keeping.”

“Take that!” he said to the man; and he walked with him out of the house, and watched him through the plantation; and then he stood undecided what he should do next. The good tidings that had just reached him ought to lift half the load of care from his breast, instead of which a fresh smart was added to it.

The enclosure Jack had sent was a letter to be given to Robin. Looking at it, Christopher wondered, how was it worded? had he dealt gently, tenderly with her?

“Poor child! poor child!” he murmured. Already the flood of pity had set in—for great love is very strong in compassion.

Towards Jack, Christopher felt all the rising of bitterness; it was the old story of the one ewe lamb desired by him who had all the world to choose from. Up to the present point his thoughts had been centred on how best he should act so as to guard Robin against herself, and take her out of her tempter’s power. This necessity no longer existed. Jack gone away, so far Robin was safe. The sigh of discontent told the sting of bitterness. Safe, because her husband, instead of a companion, would be henceforth turned into a spy, a gaoler.

If she would but trust him—tell him all! The thought of Robin believing herself deserted, cast down with shame, humiliated, was only in its measure less painful to Christopher than seeing her stand disgraced before the world.

O pity! generous dole of tender love!

Unable to decide how best to have the letter delivered so that no suspicion of

his knowledge should be conveyed, Christopher put it safely into his pocket, and after a while directed his steps back to the house, and then to Robin’s room.

“What a long time you have been gone, Christopher! I thought you did not mean to come back again.”

Robin spoke in that tone of half-querulous reproach never adopted by those we are indifferent to.

“Is it late?” he said, looking at the clock. “The days are so long now. You would like some tea, wouldn’t you?”

“No, not now.”

While he had been absent, Robin had been striving to gather up her courage; but the waiting had strained her highly-strung nerves and filled her with an irritability she was hardly mistress of.

With an air of weariness Christopher took possession of an easy-chair, leaned back in it, and closed his eyes. How thin his face had gone—how drawn—how ill he looked!

“You don’t seem well, Christopher: are you feeling ill?”

What a poisoner of content is suspicion! It was because she was going to leave him, believed that she was going away, that she assumed this anxious tone of inquiry.

“I have not felt very well for some time,” he answered coldly.

What should she do? Robin felt a prey to despair. Oh for a kind word, a look to encourage her! Then she could tell him that she had set herself to say; as it was, it seemed impossible.

Oddly enough, for the time all thought of Jack seemed driven from her mind, swallowed up in the more immediate necessity of speaking to Christopher. Why did she wish to tell him? She could not say—she did not know. All that she was aware of was an infinite pressure laid on her—a feeling which impelled her to say something by way of reparation. How much, how little—all that was left; only he must not entirely misjudge her. Influenced still by the glamor cast over her by Jack, she could not endure to stab to death the love of Christopher.

And so she moved about the room, changing her seat, lingering, hovering about him, he all the while perfectly aware of her near presence, although seemingly paying no attention to it. “It is because of her going away,” he kept repeating; “she wants to feel she has bidden me good-bye.” Goaded by the thought, which more and more pained



him, he suddenly got up, feeling he could endure it no longer.

"Christopher, don't go — you mustn't. I — have something to tell you."

A great writer has said that we should not lift the veil from the sanctuary of married life. With sobs, tears, and reiterations such as no pen could give force to Robin told her tale, and, led on by Christopher, she laid her early love bare before him, hiding nothing, excusing nothing. And the daylight faded away, and dusk became darkness, obscuring all around; still on the ground, at her husband's feet, Robin sat. It was she who was silent now, he who talked, who pleaded, entreated, urged, until the dew of his speech moistened all that was good in the girl's heart, and rising up she said, —

"I will write a letter to Jack and give it to you to send to him; and you must take me away so that I never — never see him again."

Oh, blessed tears! let them flow, Robin. And Christopher, fold her in your arms, strain her to your heart; for the battle is yours, the victory is won!

That night Christopher locked up the two letters — the one from Robin, the other from Jack — together, unopened. Not a word had he said, not a hint had he given of the knowledge he was in possession of.

Believing that Jack would remain at Wadpole, Robin had made Christopher promise to take her away by an early train the following morning; and he, desirous that there should be no meeting with his father — from whom, according to his promise to Jack, he intended at once separating her — assented readily. Further arrangements could be made hereafter, but in the same house they must no longer live together.

As the key turned in the desk, a sigh escaped from Christopher; he leaned his head on his hands and stayed standing there. Did a vision foreshadow a time to come — perhaps near, perhaps far away — when those letters should be given each to its right owner?

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

AMONG a small community trifling events make a great stir. The sudden departure of the squire, followed by the unexpected exodus of Christopher and Robin, furnished Wadpole with a nine days' wonder.

Why had they gone? Where had they

gone? Had they gone together? Questions which everybody asked, and nobody could answer.

Old Blunt said his son was a fool. Mrs. Temple did not believe another woman living had such a daughter. Speculation was rife — opinions varied. And then, the excitement over, the disturbance began to settle down; and very soon, except to the few concerned, the whole matter became stagnant.

"Here we are as we were," said Georgy Temple to Mr. Cameron.

She had been spending the morning at the schoolhouse, and was walking home by a strangely circuitous route with the curate; in order, so they said, to fully discuss an impending treat got up for the children between them.

"And I, for one, am not sorry," said Mr. Cameron, with that gratulatory hug of himself together; "somehow, Georgy, I never felt altogether secure while that cousin Jack of yours was hanging about you forever."

"Didn't you?" she said, with a little indulgent laugh at him. "Oh, you need not have had any fear — there were two insuperable obstacles in the way; but if there had not been, I don't know that Jack and I would ever have given a thought to one another."

"Two obstacles — insuperable! What were they?"

"Well, on the one part — my part, you know — there was — *you*."

"Oh!"

"Ah it is 'Oh!' and it was 'Oh!' on Jack's part, too; for his obstacle was Mrs. Christopher Blunt."

"Hush, Georgy! don't speak of it in that way. I don't like to hear you."

"But the mischief's over now, dear boy. I was very angry with Jack for a time; however, it's come all right. At heart, he's a thoroughly good fellow — oh, you'll see it when you've got over being jealous of him — and in the end he listened to what I had to say, and made a clean cut and run of it altogether."

"It was strange his going, and then their going the next day."

"Yes; I've never made that out — never quite fathomed it. I should like to feel certain why Mrs. Christopher went away."

"Christopher told me — and I feel sure he would not tell me an untruth — that he had had a great fall-out with his father."

"Well, then, I wish they had done their falling out the day before; then Jack need not have gone, you know."



"No?" Mr. Cameron still spoke half-heartedly. "I wonder if he knows where they are?"

"I don't think so," said Georgy; "I don't see how he should. You had not heard from Christopher when I answered Jack's letter; and, by the way, it would be as well to caution you against telling me anything you fancy they would not like him to know, because I gave him my solemn word to tell him every scrap I heard about them — good, bad, or indifferent."

"So I told Christopher."

"Told Christopher! what for?"

"Because I didn't want him to say anything to me that I might not say to you. It might have slipped out unawares," he added in explanation, "when we were talking; because I just let my tongue run when I am with you. That's the beauty of it; you can't do that, can you, with any other person?"

Georgy smiled approvingly.

"Now about our engagement," began Mr. Cameron; "you know it's high time we made that known, because I've spoken to your father already."

"I know you have; but what about mother — have you said anything to her yet?" and she showed two rows of little pearly teeth mockingly.

Mrs. Temple's acts of aggression towards Mr. Cameron were known to everybody. From the first day of his arrival she had commenced hostilities with him — hostilities which he had suffered and borne so meekly, that she was encouraged to step over the threshold of her own domain, and enter into the region of his duties. But at the first onset the curate met her. Thus far and no farther was written on his face; and somehow Mrs. Temple found herself not only repulsed but very much worsted in the encounter. Similar attacks met with similar defeats.

"Mother finds that Tommy Puss has claws," said Georgy, who hadn't fallen in love then; and honoring the courage of the hitherto shy, quiet new-comer, she had combined with her father to protect him; and the cudgels taken up in his defence did not improve Mr. Cameron's position with her mother.

"Well, no," he said, rubbing his chin, "I haven't; but I mean to, though. I was wondering when would be the best time to speak."

"If you ask me, the time I should choose would be whenever we saw some prospect of getting married."

Mr. Cameron turned a little more round, and looked at her.

"Oh, yes, I know," she said, singing "When will that be? say the bells of Stepney."

"Why, my dear girl, a great deal sooner than you think. I'm the most lucky fellow in the world — ah, you may laugh, Georgy, but I am. Well, now, only see! When I was ordained first, I thought I was certain to go to Kensington; it seemed settled there was nothing else for it, when all at once — nobody could tell how — the appointment came for me to go to Wapping! That's only one instance; but I could give you a dozen more. When the fever was raging at Homerton, I didn't see a chance of going there; I wanted above all things to be sent to that hospital — but how? Suddenly dear old Nicholls falls sick; there's a vacancy, and into it they pop me. And then, above all else, there's you, Georgy. Who, in the name of fate, would ever have supposed I should have a chance with you? — and yet you accept me! Oh, talk of luck, I should think I was lucky, rather! 'Pon my word, if anything, I'm almost afraid to wish for things — they're so certain to come to me."

"Then, if you don't begin, from this very instant, to wish as hard and fast as ever you can for a living to be given you, don't expect anything from me."

"And so I will;" and he joined Georgy in laughing heartily. "What shall it be? Where shall we say? I'll tell you — Bethnal Green, eh? or better still, there's a little iron church in a street close by New Square, in the Minories. I've often had my eye on that: and it mightn't be so difficult to get, either."

Georgy shook with laughter.

"Upon my word," she said, "that's pretty well: a choice between blind beggars' daughters, and old clothes-selling Jews."

"Well, wouldn't you like it?"

"No, most certainly I shouldn't. I thought you meant some place that was — well, at least respectable."

"Respectable!" — he gave a shrug of horror. "Oh no, Georgy, don't let us go in for that. I've had as much as I can stand of respectability here. The other is so much nicer — so much pleasanter: life is a different thing there;" and in his enthusiasm he seemed to sniff its air afar. "You have work to do from morning till night, and something fresh always turning up."



"But I don't like the thought of the place any more than of the people."

"Don't you?" he said disconsolately.

"You forget that I am country born and bred. I should miss the sight of the fields and all the beasts and cattle about dreadfully."

"H'm! what is to be done, I wonder?"

"Isn't there anything to be done here?" she asked. "They don't all seem to be so tremendously good, somehow."

"It isn't that they're by any means good, but they're offended if you tell them so. They would think it presumptuous to feel secure of heaven, but you insult them by the mere suggestion of hell. Hell is a place for those who outrage society — who break the laws — are sent to prison. The outcasts at Uplands are those whom you should speak to about hell, not to Wadpole and its respectable inhabitants — isn't it true, now?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it is; but then Uplands isn't a separate parish, you know."

"It might be made so at any time. All you want is somebody to rebuild the church, and give something to further endow it — with the consent of the rector, of course — that you know."

"And where's that somebody to come from, pray?"

"Ah, that's the question;" and he shook his head.

"Very well, then," said Georgy, by way of teasing him; they had come to the end of the cross-roads, the spot where they intended parting. "Then *there's* a thing for you to wish for; only bring that to pass, and I'll believe in you."

"And marry me at once, and work with me? All right; then you'll see."

"It will be all right when I do see," she said disbelievingly; and then, after a few words of good-bye, they turned away from each other — Mr. Cameron to make some sick-calls, Georgy to return home and listen to those never-ending jeremiads and jobations, of which she was daily growing more and more weary.

Her mother let her have no peace. Jack's sudden departure served for the continual dripping on the stone. Unless it had been to propose, why, the morning of his departure, had he come up to seek Georgy? and if she had not refused him, what reason was there for his going away? With the view of securing the sympathy of her neighbors, Mrs. Temple, when before them, pointed all her lamentations with certainty; but in presence of her husband and daughter she

felt much less secure. The rector had either no satisfaction to give, or he was determined not to give it to her; and as for Georgy, she could get nothing from her but a continual "No, no."

It was quite refreshing to meet old Blunt, and together rail out against their two children.

Christopher and Robin had been gone nearly a month. They had left Seven-oaks, where they had first stopped, and were now at Whitby, hoping that Robin might be benefited by the sea.

"Into which she might fall, for all I should care," said Mr. Blunt candidly. "By that marriage, ma'am" — he was imparting this information to Mrs. Temple — "I've lost a son and I haven't gained a daughter. Indeed, to tell the truth, what I have gained would be hard to say. She hadn't got no money; didn't come of, as you may say, anybody in particular; and there's no sign o' family — no likelihoods of it neither, so far as I can see." Mrs. Temple agreed there was reason for his dissatisfaction. "They've taken themselves off from here, and I'm left all alone by myself, high and dry, with nobody to see and nobody to speak to."

"Oh, that is really very hard on you, Mr. Blunt."

"Hard — it is indeed! it's more than I can go on putting up with, too. I haven't been used to live without company. I've had two wives already, and if they don't mind their p's and q's I shall be drove into taking another; and then Mrs. Christopher had better look out for herself, for matters might take a turn which 'ud end in putting her husband's nose out o' joint."

"Oh, it's terrible," said Mrs. Temple sympathetically, "the way children behave! You know, Mr. Blunt, I have a daughter."

"I know you have, ma'am; and all I can say is, I wish your daughter was mine — that I do."

"Oh, it's very kind of you!" and Mrs. Temple tried not to speak too condescendingly; "but my daughter is so very peculiar, that I am not at all sure, if the Prince of Wales had made her an offer, whether she would not have said no. Young ladies who can refuse to make such a marriage as she might have made, I don't know what one may not expect of them."

"You don't think it's got in no way to do with your curate, Mr. Cameron, do you?"



"No, I don't," said Mrs. Temple sharply.

Mr. Blunt felt he had made a mistake, and hastened to say, —

"Where might the squire be gone to?"

"To Norway."

"Norway! h'm! There it is, you see; another man drove from his home. Oh, it's a very serious matter, I can tell you; for unless things can be arranged, and I can bring my son to his senses, I shan't be able to go on staying here neither.

Mr. Blunt's mode of bringing his son to his senses rested entirely on the power he possessed of withholding the necessary supplies of money. Brought up in the certainty that whatever he wanted he could have, Christopher's expenditure had only been limited by his very simple tastes and habits. His father made it a matter of reproach that he wouldn't spend money like a gentleman, and it was with a certain degree of satisfaction, that Mr. Blunt had noticed how greatly since his marriage Christopher's ideas had expanded.

So long as they remained where their neighbors could be dazzled by it, nothing was too costly for them to have, to do, to wear; but away from Wadpole, Mr. Blunt in one place, Christopher and Robin in another, the whole circumstances were changed. Not only did he derive no satisfaction from the money they were spending, but he had the knowledge that they enjoyed it the more because he had no share in it.

In a letter written on their departure, Christopher had firmly but most considerately told him, how impossible it was that they all should remain living under one roof together. On the score of his health he expressed the wish to leave England for the winter, and he implored his father to allow further arrangements to stand over until they came back; then they would meet and come to some final decision together.

But of late years, Mr. Blunt had not been a man to listen to reason. He who had made his fortune; who, by his own energy, had climbed rung by rung until he found himself standing on the top step of the ladder, be dictated to by his son, put down and set at naught by that Veriker's daughter — he no longer thought of Robin as his daughter-in-law — never! It was she who had dictated this; she who had put Christopher up to defying his father; and it was she who should be paid out for it.

"I won't take no notice of that," he

said, regarding the letter wrathfully; "if they choose to chalk out their own way, let 'em take it. I shan't interfere."

So the letter remained unanswered. Later on, before going to Whitby, Christopher wrote again. No reply came. Only through Mr. Cameron they heard that Mr. Blunt had shut up the house and left for London.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PATRICK FERGUSON.

##### A CAREER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

"HAD Cleopatra's nose been but a trifle shorter, how different might have been the destiny of the world!" is a well-known remark of Pascal's; and at least one incident in the experience of the almost forgotten individual whose name heads this article might afford food for somewhat similar reflections. The sword that menaced Damocles hung on a hair, and on the fate of comparatively obscure persons have sometimes turned the fortunes of nations. Some years ago, the pages of "Maga" contained a sketch of Sir Banastre Tarleton, the famous partisan, whose exploits furnished the negro nurses of the Carolinas with a name of terror, as effective for quieting troublesome children as that of Richard Cœur-de-Lion was found to be by the Saracen women of the days of the Crusaders, or the Black Douglas's by English mothers of the northern marches. That notice of Tarleton we now propose to supplement by a short survey of the career of his equally dashing companion, Colonel Ferguson, who, unlike him, laid down his life on the scene of their combined efforts and achievements. The story is an interesting one, for it gives a picture of the life which might be led by a younger son of a Scottish family in the eighteenth century, and shows that even in what we are accustomed to consider as the artificial age and jaded generation on which there shortly burst the deluge of the French Revolution, it was possible to illustrate the truth so well expressed by Lord Beaconsfield, that "to believe in the heroic makes heroes."

Patrick Ferguson, who was born in 1744, was the second son of an Aberdeenshire laird, James Ferguson of Pitfour, and Anne Murray, a daughter of the fourth Lord Elibank. His elder brother became in later years an attached sup-



porter and boon companion of the younger Pitt, representing his native county in the Tory interest for thirty years. Their father had followed the legal profession, and after being for some time dean of the Faculty of Advocates, was in 1764 raised to the Scottish bench as Lord Pitfour. A good story is told of him, which manifests the same readiness of resource as was in widely different circumstances displayed by his son. When the unfortunate followers of Prince Charles Edward were put on their trial at Carlisle before an English jury, Ferguson and his friend Lockhart went up from Edinburgh for the defence. The panic in England had been great, and the severity of the jurors was commensurate. The tartan was a sure passport to conviction, and those who wore it got but short trial. The two advocates determined on a bold stroke,—dressed up one of their servants in Highland dress, and sent him in with the next batch of prisoners. The case for the Crown went on as satisfactorily as in the other instances, but they were of course able to prove conclusively that the man had been attending to his duties with his master during the whole rising, and could not possibly have been "out." The artifice is said to have had a very salutary result in influencing all concerned to be more discriminating and merciful.

There is in existence a brief but interesting biographical sketch of Colonel Ferguson, written by Dr. Adam Ferguson, the eminent historian of the Roman republic. It was originally intended for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," but the editor thought it too long, the author would not curtail it, and it was not inserted. A few copies were printed in 1817, and it is from one of them that we take most of the incidents we are about to narrate.

An interesting glimpse into the influences which helped to form his character, is afforded by a letter printed by Dr. Fraser in his work on the Earls of Cromarty. It is from a brother of his mother, Brigadier-General James Murray, who was known in after years as "old Minorca," from his gallant defence of that island against the combined forces of France and Spain, and who at this time had just succeeded the gallant Wolfe in command of the army which had triumphed on the Heights of Abraham. He dates from "Quebec, Oct. 11, 1759," and after observing that he had too great a share in the battle to condescend to particulars, says:

"I left orders to send Petty Ferguson to the accadamy at Wolich: I hope it was done. I mean to push him in my own profession. I am sure, if I live, I shall have it in my power; and if I die, it will not be the worse for him that I had the care of him." The auspices were good; and the time—that *annus mirabilis* in which the imperial policy of Chatham was illustrated by victories and conquests in every quarter of the globe—was an inspiring one for a young soldier entering on his career.

Young Ferguson, according to his biographer, "having early chosen the life of a soldier, was sent to finish his education at a military academy in London, where he acquired the elements of fortification, gunnery, and other arts subservient to his intended profession. Of these he afterwards pursued the study in real situations in action as well as on paper; and was sagacious, original, and inventive in the application of expedients to actual service. . . . Those who associate ferocity with the military character will hardly believe in what degree a person so fond of of the military life was humane and compassionate to his enemies, as well as affectionate and generous in his friendships." He certainly proved himself in later life to be a scientific soldier as well as a brave officer; but one would scarcely think that he could have obtained much practical knowledge at this academy, as he was only fourteen years old when he got his first commission in the Royal North British Dragoons—the famous Scots Greys. With them he served through some of the German campaigns, and two episodes are recorded which illustrate his spirit. The first occurred in Germany before he had completed his sixteenth year. He and another young officer were out on horseback a few miles in front of the army, when they fell in with a party of the enemy's hussars, who gave chase. In passing a ditch, Ferguson dropped one of his pistols; "but thinking it improper for an officer to return to camp with the loss of any of his arms, he leaped the ditch in the face of the enemy, and recovered his pistol." They halted, and he completed his retreat in safety and with honor. The next occurred at Paris some years after. An officer in the French service "spoke reproachfully in his presence of the British nation. The insult he not only resented on the spot, but surprised his antagonist next morning with a visit before he was out of bed. 'This is well, young man,' said the other;



'I have paid such visits—seldom received them: but it is fair to tell you that I am reputed one of the best swordsmen in France.' 'That is not the question now,' said Ferguson; 'you are in my debt—let us find a fit place to settle our accounts.' They accordingly went to the Boulevards together; Ferguson considering how he might deprive this swordsman of the advantage of his superior skill, and the other regarding with security and contempt so young an antagonist. As soon as they had drawn, Ferguson rushed within his adversary's point, seized the hilt of his sword, and in the scuffle was so fortunate as to get possession of it. 'You are a brave fellow,' said the other; 'and I shall certainly do you justice whenever our affair is mentioned.'

As, however, has been the case with more than one naval and military hero, Ferguson had to struggle with the disadvantages of a delicate constitution, and he had scarcely finished his first campaign when he was disabled by sickness, and after being some time in hospital, was sent home when in a state to be removed. He did not himself take so serious a view of his condition, and was anything but resigned to circumstances. Writing to a friend, he said: "I am now entirely recovered, and might serve the next campaign with ease, had not the fears of my parents prompted them to apply for an order for my joining the light troop; by which means I am deprived for these many years to come of the only chance of getting a little insight into my profession." But though not in the field, he was by no means idle. "Being much at home," we are told, "from the year 1762 to the year 1768, he entered warmly into the question which was then agitated, relating to the extension of the militia laws to Scotland. He saw no difficulty in combining the character of a soldier with that of a citizen, so far as was necessary for the defence of a country in which citizens enjoy such invaluable privileges; and some of the ablest and most intelligent publications which appeared in the public prints of the time were of his writing."

In 1768, a company was purchased for him in the 70th Regiment, and he joined his detachment at Tobago, where "he was of great service in quelling very formidable insurrections of the negroes." In the West Indies, however, he suffered much from bad health, and after a short visit to North America, returned to Britain in 1774.

Always on the outlook for opportuni-

ties of action, he regarded with attention the aspect of affairs; and the outbreak of war with the revolted colonies found him intent on the invention of a new species of rifle, with which to counteract the superiority as marksmen of the American backwoodsmen. Curious, that a century ago a breech-loading rifle, which enabled those armed with it to seize every advantage of cover, should have been invented, brought into use, and then lost sight of. American writers note that, during the Revolution war, Ferguson's rifle "was used with effect by his corps;" and the biographer of Washington says of its inventor: "The British extolled him as superior to the American Indians in the use of the rifle—in short, as being the best marksman living." An account of its exhibition before Lord Townsend, then master-general of the ordnance, is to be found in the "Annual Register" of 1st June, 1776. "Some experiments were tried at Woolwich before Lord Viscount Townsend, Lord Amherst, Generals Hervey and Desaguliers, and a number of other officers, with a rifle-gun, upon a new construction, by Captain Ferguson of the 70th Regiment; when that gentleman, under the disadvantages of a heavy rain and a high wind, performed the following four things, none of which had ever before been accomplished with any other small arm: 1st, he fired during four or five minutes at a target, at two hundred yards' distance, at the rate of four shots each minute; 2d, he fired six shots in one minute; 3d, he fired four times per minute, advancing at the same time at the rate of four miles in the hour; 4th, he poured a bottle of water into the pan and barrel of the piece when loaded, so as to wet every grain of powder, and in less than half a minute fired with her as well as ever without extracting the ball. He also hit the bull's-eye at one hundred yards, lying with his back on the ground; and notwithstanding the unequalness of the wind and wetness of the weather, he only missed the target three times during the whole course of the experiments. The captain has since taken out a patent for the said improvements."

The invention attracted a good deal of attention, and before long was exhibited before the king at Windsor by some private men of the Guards. But in the presence of majesty the marksmen were shy, and shot wild. "They would not," said the captain, "be so embarrassed in the presence of your Majesty's enemies." Ferguson "then took a rifle himself; and



of nine shots which he fired at the distance of a hundred yards, put five balls into the bull's-eye of the target, and four within as many inches of it. Three of these shots were fired as he lay on his back, the other six standing erect. Being asked how often he could load and fire in a minute, he said seven times ; but added, pleasantly, that he could not undertake in that time to knock down above five of his Majesty's enemies."

Now, however, he was to enter upon that scene of action where his greenest laurels were gathered, and where, in course of time, his life was to be laid down. He volunteered for service in America, and obtained special instructions to the commander-in-chief to have a corps of volunteers drafted from the various regiments, armed in his own way, and put under his command. He thus had an opportunity of independent action, so dear to every aspiring spirit, and particularly prized by the soldier, who, in ordinary circumstances, would see nothing before him for a long time to come but the weary routine of regimental duty. "He gave," it is said, "a signal specimen of the services of his corps at the battle of Brandywine, when, being advanced in the front of the column commanded by General Knyphausen, and supported by the Rangers under Colonel Wemyss, he scoured the ground so effectually that there was not a shot to annoy the column in its march." His practical genius and scientific study of the art of war led him to excel in these very branches of military skill on which most stress is laid nowadays in the changed condition of modern warfare. But although his "spirited conduct" was acknowledged in a special letter from the commander-in-chief, Sir William Howe was jealous of the rifle corps having been formed without his being previously consulted, and took advantage of Ferguson's being wounded, to reduce it and return the rifles to store. When, on receipt of the *London Gazette*, it appeared that Sir William Howe had, in his official despatch, ignored the services for which he had sent the letter of thanks, Ferguson immediately forwarded a copy of that document to the secretary of state.

But before leaving the battle of Brandywine, an episode of peculiar interest must be noted, which more than justifies the observation made at the outset. Ferguson, in a letter home, thus narrates an incident which took place while he lay with some of his riflemen on the skirts of a

wood in front of General Knyphausen's division.

"We had not lain long," he says, "when a rebel officer, remarkable by a hussar dress, passed towards our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another dressed in dark green or blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkably large cocked-hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them, and fire at them ; but the idea disgusted me. I recalled the order. The hussar in returning made a circuit, but the other passed again within a few hundred yards of us, upon which I advanced from the wood towards him. On my calling he stopped, but after looking at me proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, levelling my piece at him, but he slowly continued his way. As I was within that distance at which I could in the quickest firing have lodged half-a-dozen of balls in or about him before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine : but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty ; so I let him alone. The day after, I had been telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, when one of our surgeons, who had been dressing the wounded rebel officers, came in, and told us they had been informing him that General Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a hussar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point as above described. I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was. Further this deponent sayeth not, as his bones were broke a few minutes after."

What might have been the course of American and European history, had this captain of riflemen been less chivalrous or more practical, it is impossible to imagine ; but the story is a romantic one, and the legal phrase which concludes Ferguson's narrative of it, is suggestive of old Edinburgh associations, and his father's conversation, who had died at Gilmerton scarcely three months before.

He had "received a ball in the right arm, which so shattered the joint of the elbow as to render it doubtful whether amputation would not be necessary. He was for some months disabled from service, and although he preserved his arm, never recovered the use of that joint ; but with a spirit peculiar to himself, so assiduously practised the use of the sword and



the pen with his left, that he scarcely seemed to have incurred any change but a difference in his handwriting."

In consequence of the reduction of the rifle corps, Ferguson, whose regiment was then in Nova Scotia, found himself on his recovery with no recognized post in the army, and it depended upon the commander-in-chief's inclination whether he should see any service at all. He was, however, very popular among his brother officers, and it is recorded that he showed "an ardor for distinction and eminence without exciting proportional envy." He "was the friend of every man's merit, and had no enemy to his own;" and one of his comrades, who kept a journal of the war, mentions that although "careless of his own life to a fault, he was ever attentive to the means of preserving these under his command."

In the autumn of 1778, he had command of the land portion of a combined military and naval force, which was despatched from New York to root out a nest of rebel privateers, which preyed upon the trade of that city from Little Egg Harbor in the Jerseys. His troops only amounted to three hundred men; and as the armament was delayed by contrary winds, the enemy managed to get away with some of their larger vessels. The remainder, however, were burnt, to the number of ten or twelve, by the sailors; while the soldiers destroyed the haunts and storehouses of their crews on shore. Meanwhile a deserter brought intelligence that Pulaski, a Polish adventurer in the service of the Congress, lay up the country with three companies of foot, three troops of horse, a detachment of artillery, and one field-piece, and that he had neglected to occupy a narrow bridge over a gully or creek about half a mile in his front. This news immediately decided Ferguson to attempt a surprise, though the enterprise was beyond the scope of his instructions. In his report—in forwarding which Sir Henry Clinton described him as "that very zealous and active officer"—he says, that although an immediate return had been ordered, "as the wind still detained us," and so tempting a prize lay near, "I prevailed upon Captain Collins to enter into my design, and employ an idle day in an attempt that was to be made with safety, and with a probability of success. Accordingly, at eleven last night, two hundred and fifty men were embarked, and after rowing ten miles, landed at four this morning within a mile of the defile, which we happily secured, and leaving

fifty men for its defence, pushed forward upon the infantry of this legion, cantoned in three different houses, who we almost entirely cut to pieces. We numbered among their dead about fifty, and several officers, among whom, we learn, are a lieutenant-colonel, a captain, and an adjutant. It being a night attack, little quarter could of course be given, so that there are only five prisoners. As a rebel colonel, Proctor, was within two miles, with a corps of artillery, two brass twelve-pounders, one three-pounder, and the militia of the country, I thought it hazardous, with two hundred men, without artillery or support, to attempt anything further, particularly after Admiral Gambier's letter.

"The rebels attempted to harass us in our retreat, but with great modesty, so that we returned at our leisure, and re-embarked in security.

"The captain who has come over to us is a Frenchman named Bromville. He and the deserters inform us that Mr. Pulaski has, in public orders, lately directed no quarter to be given; and it was, therefore, with particular satisfaction that the detachment marched against a man, capable of issuing an order so unworthy of a gentleman and a soldier. . . . We had an opportunity of destroying part of the baggage and equipage of Pulaski's legion by burning their quarters; but as the houses belonged to some inoffensive Quakers, who, I am afraid, may have sufficiently suffered already in the confusion of a night's scramble, I know, sir, you will think with us that the injury to be thereby done to the enemy would not have compensated for the sufferings of these innocent people." An American historian, in treating of this expedition, declares that the British, "cumbering themselves with no prisoners, killed all they could," but takes no notice of the consideration shown by troops flushed with success for the votaries of the unpopular doctrine of peace-at-any-price.

When Sir Henry Clinton advanced in the following spring to dislodge the enemy from the posts of Stony point and Ver Planks Neck, Captain Ferguson was detached with a special command before the army, and became a busy actor in the subsequent operations. Stony point was more than once taken and retaken, being apparently easy to carry, but difficult to hold; and as it appeared that these vicissitudes in its fortunes were due to a defect in the works, the charge of reforming or supplying that defect was intrusted



to Ferguson, — “an appointment unusual, as he did not belong to the corps of engineers, who, nevertheless, do not seem to have taken umbrage at it.”

He was now major; and that he might erect what works he thought proper, “it was proposed that he should remain in the defence of the place. Flattered with this opportunity to execute what he had often been meditating, he proceeded to realize some of his favorite ideas; and while he looked for an attack with all the anxiety of a person who waits the result of an interesting experiment, he had the mortification to receive an order to evacuate Stony point and join the army at New York, now destined to carry the war into a different quarter of the continent. In a letter to a friend on that occasion, full of regret, he says: “Never did a fond mother leave her favorite child with more reluctance than I did that place.” He had, however, the consolation of promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in America, and the prospect of employment elsewhere. Although his engineering activity was put a stop to, his energies were to find another and even more congenial field for exercise.

South Carolina had been decided on as the sphere of the principal operations of 1780, and a powerful army was despatched from New York by sea for the reduction of Charleston. A small force, under Major-General Paterson, was landed at Tybee, in Georgia, with orders to penetrate into South Carolina, it being desired that his advance should receive the attention of the enemy, while the rest of the army again put to sea, and suddenly appeared before the city, which was the objective of their operations. Paterson's route lay through a very difficult country, and on his flanks moved Major Ferguson with a corps of riflemen, and Major Cochrane with the infantry of the British legion. Their duties were to reconnoitre the districts round, clear them of enemies, and collect boats and wagons for the use of the main body. One incident of this advance indicates how it was that Ferguson contrived to obtain such an ascendancy over the hearts of those with whom fortune brought him into contact, and testifies to his courage and composure. He and Cochrane had taken different routes, when they heard that one Macpherson was in command of a large body of rebels at his own plantation on the road to Charleston. Both determined simultaneously to surprise the place; but Ferguson reached it first, found it evacuated, and

took up his quarters there. In the night Cochrane arrived, and immediately attacked, while Ferguson's detachment prepared to repulse what they believed to be an attempt of the Americans to retake the post. “Ferguson—as usual at the head of his men—attempting to parry a bayonet with his sword, received a thrust in the only arm of which he had any use; but while he raised his voice to encourage his men, he was known to his friend Major Cochrane, who put a stop to the conflict. Ferguson called for the man who had wounded him, and giving him a piece of money, commended his alacrity, saying: ‘We should have known our friends sooner from their mode of attack.’”

This wound, in the climate of the Southern States, for some time threatened him with the loss of his other arm. But he continued his march, riding between two orderlies, and often obliged, to have the command of his horse, to hold the reins in his teeth; and as soon as the wound improved, he again took the field. During the siege of Charleston, he was employed, along with Colonel Tarleton, in clearing the country of parties of the enemy, who endeavored to harass the besieging army; and on one occasion, falling in with an American convoy, he took two hundred horses, forty wagons, all their baggage, spare arms, and accoutrements, with fifty prisoners, without the loss of a man. It was owing to their association at this time that Ferguson and Tarleton have frequently had their names coupled as the most dashing leaders of light troops and irregulars that the contest with the revolted colonies produced. Tarleton was unequalled as a wielder of cavalry, Ferguson unrivalled as a commander of riflemen; and by the rapidity of their movements and the valor of their attack they became a terror to the disaffected. “Ferguson,” observes Washington Irving in his “Life of Washington,” “was a fit associate for Tarleton in hardy scrambling partisan enterprise: equally intrepid and determined, but cooler, and more open to impulses of humanity.”

The American generals had established a chain of posts to keep up the connection between the beleaguered city of Charleston and the districts in which they were supreme, to enable them to communicate with the garrison, and to afford supplies and reinforcements. These the British commander determined to destroy; and the surprise of the strongest and most distant of them, that commanded by Gen-



eral Hager at Monk's Corner, was entrusted to Tarleton and Ferguson. It was completely successful; large captures were made, and the rebel force put to the sword, made prisoners, or dispersed. In the course of the marauding, some dragoons of the British legion broke into a house and insulted some ladies residing there. The ladies were rescued, and despatched in a carriage to a place of safety, and the dragoons apprehended. "Major Ferguson, we are told, was for putting the dragoons to instant death;" but Colonel Webster, a superior officer, who had by this time arrived, did not think his powers went that length, and they were sent to headquarters and flogged. "We gladly record one instance," says Washington Irving, who narrates the incident, "in which the atrocities which disgraced this invasion met with some degree of punishment; and we honor the rough soldier Ferguson for the fiat of 'instant death,' with which he would have requited the most infamous and dastardly outrage that brutalizes warfare."

After the surrender of Charleston, dispositions were made to consolidate and organize the recovered province, and Ferguson was chosen for a service for which he had peculiar qualifications, and which gave a curious practical illustration of the views he had expressed in early years on the militia question. Under widely different conditions, and in a far-distant scene, he was to exhibit some of those qualities which, more than a century before, had enabled the great Montrose to achieve such astonishing results with materials previously neglected or regarded with contempt. Among the inhabitants of the Carolinas, where not a few Scottish Highlanders had settled, there were many loyalists or "Tories;" for, by a strange coincidence, the old English party names had been applied to the two great sections into which American society was then divided. Ferguson's genius inspired him to utilize the military force which here lay dormant; and when the scheme of "arming the well-affected in their own defence" took shape, he was appointed major to the 71st Regiment (Frazer's Highlanders) on the British establishment, and with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in America, intrusted with the duty of marshalling the militia over a large tract of country. In the proclamations he issued in his new character of administrator, he called upon the people of South Carolina to restore the civil government of their country under the favorable conditions

then offered by the king and Parliament of Great Britain. A numerous militia was soon enrolled, who "followed Ferguson with the utmost spirit and confidence." They were allowed to name their own officers, who also acted as civil magistrates; and every endeavor was made to secure that these appointments should only be given to fit and proper persons.

"Ferguson," says his biographer, "exercised his genius in devising a summary of the ordinary tactics for the use of this militia; and had them divided in every district into two classes — one of the young men, the single and unmarried, who should be ready to join the king's troops, to repel any enemy that might infest the province; another of the aged and heads of families, who should be ready to unite in defending their own townships, habitations, and farms. In his progress among them he soon gained on their confidence, by the attention he paid to the interests of the well-affected, and by his humanity to the families of those who were in arms against him."

"The precise point," remarks Lord Bolingbroke in a striking passage, "at which the scales of power turn, like that of the solstice in either tropic, is imperceptible to common observation; and in one case as in the other, some progress must be made in the new direction before the change is perceived." But when in after years events are traced back to their causes, and the period of equilibrium between the opposing forces is narrowed by diligent investigation, the interest heightens as the crisis is approached. It is emphatically so in the case of the events we are about to trace; for competent judges have expressed the opinion, that on the success of the Southern campaign of 1780 depended the integrity of the British empire. "We are come," says Bancroft, the American historian, in dealing with this phase of the great struggle, "to the series of events which closed the American contest, and restored peace to the world. In Europe the sovereigns of Prussia, of Austria, of Russia, were offering their mediation; the United Netherlands were struggling to preserve their neutrality; France was straining every nerve to cope with her rival in the four quarters of the globe; Spain was exhausting her resources for the conquest of Gibraltar; but the incidents which overthrew the ministry of North, and reconciled Great Britain to America, had their springs in South Carolina."

In the second week of September Lord



Cornwallis commenced his march towards North Carolina, having detached Ferguson to the western confines of South Carolina. The latter had with him his own corps of light infantry, and a body of royalist militia, his force being variously estimated at from four hundred to twelve hundred men. "His orders were," says Washington Irving, "to skirr the mountain country between the Catawba and the Yadkin, harass the Whigs, inspirit the Tories, and embody the militia under the royal banner. . . . He had been chosen for this military tour as being calculated to gain friends by his conciliating disposition and manners, and his address to the people of the country was in that spirit: 'We come, not to make war upon women and children, but to give them money and relieve their distresses.'" From other sources we learn that he added, "he hoped they would excuse him, if meeting with their husbands or brothers in the field, he should use them a little more roughly." "Ferguson, however," continues the American author, "had a loyal hatred of Whigs, and to his standard flocked many rancorous Tories, besides outlaws and other desperadoes; so that, with all his conciliating intentions, his progress through the country was attended by many exasperating excesses."

Moving on Cornwallis's left, he had advanced to Ninety-Six, "acting with vigor and success against different bodies of the rebels," when he was informed by Colonel Brown, who commanded the royal forces at Augusta in Georgia, that a body of rebels under one Clark, who had been repulsed in an attack on that post, were retreating by the back settlements of Carolina. Brown added that he was going to hang on their rear, and if Ferguson would cut across their route, they might be intercepted and dispersed. As this was consistent with his general duty, he "gave way to his usual ardor," and pushed on into Tryon County. He was more adventurous than his comrade, and meanwhile the clouds were gathering thick about him. Near the Broad River his party encountered a body of Americans, "pursued them to the foot of the mountains, and left them no chance of safety but by fleeing beyond the Alleghanies." They spread the account in these regions of Ferguson's force, its distance from its supports, and the possibility of overwhelming it before succor could arrive. Numerous bodies of backwoodsmen and others were already in arms, with the intention of seizing presents intended for

the Cherokees, which were understood to be but slightly guarded at Augusta. The leaders of this "western army" sent expresses to their friends in south-western Virginia and North Carolina, who soon joined them. This formidable gathering made Brown discontinue his pursuit of Clark, and return to his station at Augusta; but of this Ferguson at first had no intelligence, and continued his advance into the lion's jaws. When he became aware of the state of affairs, he halted, and began to fall back towards Cornwallis. "Threatened," says Washington Irving, "by a force so superior in numbers and fierce in hostility, Ferguson issued an address to rouse the Tories. 'The Backwater men,' said he, 'have crossed the mountain; Macdowell, Hampton, Shelby, and Cleveland are at their head. If you choose to be trodden upon forever and ever by a set of mongrels, say so at once, and let women look out for real men to protect them. If you desire to live and bear the name of men, grasp your arms in a moment and run to camp.'" He at once determined what course to pursue. Of the parties opposed to him he wrote thus to Cornwallis:—

"They are become an object of consequence. I should hope for success against them myself; but, numbers compared, that must be doubtful. Three or four hundred good soldiers, part dragoons, would finish the business. Something must be done soon. This is their last push in this quarter." On receipt of this letter, Cornwallis at once set Tarleton in motion with the light infantry, the British legion, and a three-pounder; and it is easy to imagine with what alacrity that dashing officer would press forward to the succor of his friend. But unfortunately a previous despatch, in which Ferguson had "earnestly expressed his wish to cover a country in which there were so many well-affected inhabitants," and for that purpose announced his intention to make a stand on King's Mountain—the name ought to have been a good omen—fell into the enemy's hands, and they hastened to overwhelm him. At Cowpens, on Broad River, the western army was joined by Williams, another American leader, who with four hundred and fifty horsemen had been acting against Ferguson. The combined force has been described as "a swarm of backwoodsmen, the wild and fierce inhabitants of Kentucky, and other settlements westwards of the mountains, under the Colonels Camp-



bell and Boon; with those of Helston, Powell's Valley, Barclay, Bottetourt, Augusta, and Fincastle, under the Colonels Cleveland, Shelby, Sivier, Williams, Brand, and Lacy." They mounted a large proportion of their force on fleet horses, and hurried on in hot haste. King's Mountain was a strong position; but it had the fatal defect of Majuba Hill, for the sides were clothed with wood, which afforded cover to the assailants, and specially favored their style of fighting. The trees were lofty forest ones, and among them were strewn large boulders and rocks. "As the Americans drew nearer, they could occasionally, through openings of the woodland, descry the glittering of arms along a level ridge forming the crest of King's Mountain. This Ferguson had made his stronghold boasting that 'if all the rebels in hell should attack him, they would not drive him from it.'" The Americans formed themselves into four columns, and proceeded to attack from all the points of the compass. For ten minutes "a furious and bloody battle" was kept up, with the two central columns alone; then the others chimed in, and for fifty-five minutes more there was an almost incessant fire, while "the regulars with their bayonets could make only a momentary impression." Ramsay, the American historian of the Revolution in Carolina, who was himself a member of Congress, and wrote soon after the events he describes, and before the passions of the great struggle had subsided, but who yet speaks with the highest respect of the British commander, relates how, when the picket was driven in on the main body, "Colonel Ferguson with the greatest bravery ordered his men to charge;" how that charge had no sooner been successful than another body of Americans, "from an unexpected quarter, poured in a well-directed fire;" how "the British bayonet was again successful, and caused them also to fall back;" and how, when another relay of adversaries "ascended the mountain, and renewed the attack from that eminence, Colonel Ferguson, whose conduct was equal to his courage, presented a new front, and was again successful; but all his exertions were unavailing." He is said to have encouraged his men with a silver whistle, "which was heard sounding everywhere through the din of the conflict." But Washington Irving's description is so graphic that we cannot resist quoting it: "Ferguson, exasperated at being thus hunted into his mountain fastness, had been chafing in

his rocky lair, and meditating a furious sally. He now rushed out with his regulars, made an impetuous charge with the bayonet, and dislodging his assailants from their coverts, began to drive them down the mountain, they not having a bayonet among them. He had not proceeded far when a flanking fire was opened by one of the other divisions: facing about and attacking this, he was again successful, when a third fire was opened from another quarter. Thus as fast as one division gave way before the bayonet, another came to its relief; while those who had given way, rallied and returned to the charge. . . . Ferguson found that he was completely in the hunter's toils — beset on every side; but he stood bravely at bay, until the ground around him was strewed with the killed and wounded, picked off by the fatal rifle. His men were at length broken, and retreated in confusion along the ridge. He galloped from place to place, endeavoring to rally them, when a rifle-ball brought him to the ground, and his white horse was seen careering down the mountain without a rider."

"Resistance," remarks Ramsay, "on the part of Colonel Ferguson was in vain, but his unconquerable spirit refused to surrender. After repulsing a succession of adversaries pouring in their fire from new directions, this distinguished officer received a mortal wound."

"He had," says Dr. Adam Fergusson, "two horses killed under him, while he remained untouched himself; but he afterwards received a number of wounds, of which it is said any one was mortal, and dropping from his horse, expired while his foot yet hung in the stirrup. The spirit which thus refused to be subdued, being now no more, the officer on whom the command devolved, though brave and equal to the trust, was compelled to accept of quarter for himself and the few men that remained under his command."

Poetic fantasy might find a subject for meditation in the fact that the device of the house of Hanover, the riderless white horse, should have been the emblem of victory to the rebel host on this well-contested field! "The army of mountaineers," observes Washington Irving, "were little aware of the importance of the achievement. The battle of King's Mountain, inconsiderable as it was in the numbers engaged, turned the tide of Southern warfare. . . . It changed the aspect of the war. Cornwallis had hoped to step with ease from one Carolina to



the other, and from these to the conquest of Virginia: he had now no choice but to retreat."

Ferguson's famous companion, the redoubted Tarleton, has left a narrative of the campaigns of 1780 and 1781; and as he was in command of the force sent too late to Ferguson's relief, and had special opportunities of investigating "the mortifying news" of his "melancholy fate," it is important to notice that he substantially corroborates the hostile annalists in their account of the battle, and wholly in their estimate of its importance. "Ferguson occupied the most favorable position he could find, and waited the attack. The action commenced at four o'clock in the afternoon on the 7th of October, and was disputed with great bravery near an hour, when the death of the gallant Ferguson threw his whole corps into total confusion. No effort was made after this event to resist the enemy's barbarity, or revenge the fall of their leader. . . . The mountaineers, it is reported, used every insult and indignity after the action towards the dead body of Major Ferguson, and exercised horrid cruelties on the prisoners. . . . The destruction of Ferguson and his corps marked the period and the extent of the first expedition into North Carolina."

Dr. Fergusson corroborates Tarleton's statement as to the conduct of the victors. "The body lay stripped on the ground, while the men lately under his command, now prisoners of war, desired leave to bury his remains with what they termed the honors of a soldier's grave; but this request, addressed to the recent feelings of a ferocity which resented the opposition even of the most generous enemy, was refused. This token of respect and affection, however, was paid to the deceased by the inhabitants of a neighboring village, who, having experienced his humanity, gave the body a decent interment in their own burying-ground." And we have come on a curious confirmation of these accounts in the far-back pages of an American magazine (*Harper's Monthly*, xxiv., 1862), in an article on "American Historical Trees." The writer is describing a visit to King's Mountain in 1849, and says: "I arrived near the battle-ground in the afternoon when the clouds were breaking, and on horseback, attended by a resident in the neighborhood, ascended the pleasant wooded hills to the memorable spot. . . . In a little dell at the northern foot of the hill, where on most of the battle was fought, was a

clear brook laving the roots of an enormous tulip-tree, whose branches were widespread. 'That,' said Mr. Leslie, my companion, 'we call the Tory tulip-tree, because after the battle here ten Tories were hung upon these two lower branches.' 'Were they not prisoners of war?' I asked. 'They were taken in battle,' he replied, 'but they were too wicked to live.' . . . Near that tree in the lonely hollow of the solitary mountains is a humble monument to mark the spot where American officers and Ferguson the leader of the Tories were buried. One inscription reads: 'Col. Ferguson, an officer belonging to his Britannic Majesty, was here defeated and killed.'"

The death of Ferguson was fatal to the scheme into which he had thrown himself so heartily; for the loyalists, deprived of the leader whom they trusted, dared no longer rise, and the republicans were everywhere inspired by the event, and their intercepted letters showed them as exulting over the fall of "the famous Ferguson." The tone of jubilation which naturally enough pervades the American despatches shows that the significance of the victory was appreciated by their generals, if not by those who won it; and some of the expressions in official documents are more suggestive of the delight than dignity of those who wrote them. General Davison thus notifies the event to General Sumner:—

"*Camp Rocky River, Oct. 10.* — SIR, — I have the pleasure of handing you very agreeable intelligence from the West. Ferguson, the great partisan, has miscarried. That we are assured by Mr. Tate, brigade-major in General Sumpter's late command. The particulars from that gentleman's mouth stand thus." Then follows an account of the action, after which the general continues: "This blow will certainly affect the British very considerably. The brigade-major who gives this was in the action. The above is true. The blow is great. I give you joy upon the occasion."

General Gates, in enclosing Davison and Sumner's despatches, wrote of "the great and glorious news" they contained, and observed as to the effect of the battle, "We are now more than even with the enemy."

When the report of Ferguson's death reached his friends they were not surprised, and scarcely required confirmation. "If not now," they said, "it must be soon, in the continual danger to which he exposes himself." "He had estimated



the part which became him to act as the leader of such parties as were hitherto put under his charge: in such services he conceived that he was not only to project what should be done, but to lead in the execution of it. His courage was considerate and calm. He says in a letter to a friend, 'I thank God more for this than for all his other blessings, that in every call of danger or honor I have felt myself collected and equal to the occasion.'" And replying to some expostulations of his parents, he wrote: "The length of our lives is not at our own command, however much the manner of them may be. If our Creator enables us to act the part of men of honor, and to conduct ourselves with spirit, probity, and humanity, the change to another world, whether now or fifty years hence, will not be for the worse."

Montaigne, writing of his friend De la Boétie, says, in his quaint but expressive manner, "His was a full soul indeed, and that had every way a beautiful aspect: a soul of the old stamp, and that had produced great effects had fortune been so pleased;" and that the observation is not inapplicable to the subject of our sketch is perhaps borne out by the following estimates of his character. One of his brother officers wrote of him in after years: "In private life his humanity and benevolence were conspicuous, his friendship steady and sincere. To a distinguished capacity for planning the greatest designs, he added the ardor necessary to carry them into execution: his talent for enterprise attracted the notice of the whole army. Military tactics had been his early and favorite study: considered as a scholar, his genius was solid, his comprehension clear, and his erudition extensive." ("Mackenzie's Strictures.") And General Stewart of Garth, in his book on the Highlanders and the Highland Regiments, quotes thus from Dr. Jackson: "He possessed original genius, was ardent and enthusiastic, and considered as visionary by the disciples of the mechanical school of war. By zeal, animation, and a liberal spirit, he gained the confidence of the mass of the people, and laid foundations on which the loyally disposed, who were numerous in the southern provinces, would have been organized and disciplined, and greatly outnumbered the disaffected. No man in that army was better qualified for such a task; his ardor was not to be checked by common difficulties. Directing the conduct of men unaccustomed to strict discipline;

instead of commanding obedience, silence, and close attention to the routine of duty, he, with an address which none but a man who studies and applies the principle which regulates the actions of the human mind could be supposed to possess, led them step by step to accomplish the duties of experienced soldiers. At King's Mountain he was overwhelmed by numbers, and fought and fell like a Spartan."

In all his utterances it seems as if we hear "the ringing of the Roman tread." Yet in his character classic fortitude was blended with the softer spirit of mediæval chivalry, science co-operated with valor, and study came to the aid of genius. If Tarleton — *si parvos licet componere magnis* — might be called the Claverhouse of the Carolinas, Ferguson was the Montrose of the American Revolution. Had his life been spared, he might have been of great service to his country at a time when she was sorely in want of military genius, for there was a long series of failures at the outset of the great war, before a capable commander arose. But he was

snatched in manhood's prime,  
Though not before the goal of honor won;  
Swift was the course but short the time to run!  
Oh narrow circle, but of power divine!  
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!

The Washington episode at Brandywine, and the decisiveness of the action at King's Mountain, open a wide field for reflection. Had the events been different, would the opportunities vouchsafed have been met by the policy of North or the policy of the Pitts? But what a foundation might have been laid of that great scheme of imperial federation, which has been the dream of the best of British statesmen! Such musings, however, are far beyond the scope of this sketch, and we bid farewell to one whose life once promised to be more than an eddy in the stream, and who, from his first display of boyish spirit on the plains of Germany, down to the mournful but not inglorious close in the shade of the Tory tulip-tree on the slope of King's Mountain, maintained the character of a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE LADIES LINDORES.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

THE party at Tinto was increased by Dr. Stirling and his wife, which made six,



instead of four as the master of the house had intended. His meaning, so far as it was a meaning at all and not a mere impulse, was to get John Erskine by himself, and with skilful art to worm himself into the confidence of that open-hearted young man. Torrance had a great opinion of his own skill in this way. He thought he could find out from any man the inmost thoughts of his mind; and John seemed an easy victim, a young fellow without suspicion, who might without difficulty be led into betraying himself. Torrance had been overawed by the presence of Edith, and forced into conviction when his wife appealed to her sister on the subject of John; but he was without any confidence in the truth of others, and after a time he began to persuade himself that Lady Car's denial was not final, and that probably he should find out from John himself something that would modify her tale. When he heard that his wife had added to the party, he was furious. "I never said I wanted more people asked," he said. "If I had wanted people asked, I should have let you know. What do I want with a country parson, or minister, or whatever you call him? When I'm ill you can send for the minister. I've got nothing to say to him at present. It is for yourself, of course, you want him. When there's nobody better, he does to try your arts on, Lady Car."

"Yes," said Lady Car, with a faint smile, "I allow that I like to talk to him — for lack of a better, as you say." Sometimes she had spirit enough to be what he called aggravating, and Torrance grew red with a sense of scorn implied. He was not stupid enough, seeing that he was so little clever. He knew so much as to be constantly conscious that he was below the mark.

"Confound it!" he said, "if you were to talk to your husband, it would show more sense; but of course that would not answer your purpose." Why it would not answer her purpose he had not any idea; but it is not always necessary, especially in controversy, to know what you yourself mean, and Carry did not inquire. Sometimes she was aggravating, but sometimes she showed the better part of valor, and held her peace. That was always the wise way. And accordingly there were six people who sat down to the banquet at Tinto. It was truly a banquet though the party was so small. The table was covered with plate, huge silver epergnes, and loads of old-fashioned metal, — not old-fashioned, it must be recol-

lected, in the right way, but in the wrong way — monstrosities of the age of William IV. or of the last George. Lady Caroline's taste had been quite inoperative so far as these ornaments were concerned. Her husband knew that she made light of them, and this usually influenced him in the long run. But he knew also what they had cost, and would not yield a hair's-breadth. The table groaned under them as on the greatest feast-days; and Mrs. Stirling, if nobody else, was always deeply impressed. "I tell the doctor it's as good as reading a book upon the East to see that grand camel and the silver palm-trees," this excellent lady said. She thought it became a minister's wife to show a special interest in the East.

"Well, it's not often they're seen in the east — of Scotland, Mrs. Stirling," said Tinto, with his large laugh. He had made the joke before.

"Oh fie, Mr. Torrance! ye must not be profane," Mrs. Stirling said: and they both laughed with a certain zest. Very few of Lady Car's guests admired the palm-trees; but Mrs. Stirling, by a blessed dispensation of Providence, was always capable of this effort. "I hear they are not much in the way of art," Torrance said — "people are ill to please nowadays; but they're pure metal, and if they were only valued at so much an ounce —"

"You may well say they're ill to please. Bless me, Mr. Torrance! one of them would be a fortune — just a fortune at that rate. When my little Jeanie is of an age to be married you must lock up these fine things, or there's no saying what I might be tempted to; but you never would miss one when there's so many," Mrs. Stirling said. It was a dispensation of Providence. The doctor himself devoutly wished he had his wife's faculty of admiration, when, after keeping her host in good humor all the evening, she withdrew with Lady Car, giving him a warning glance. All three of the ladies addressed warning glances to the gentlemen left behind. Even Nora, who had not spoken three words to John, and had, as she said almost spitefully to herself, nothing whatever to do with him, could not help warning him with her eyes to keep the peace.

Now this was the time which Torrance had looked forward to, when he should cross-examine the new-comer, and get to the rights of the story respecting John's previous acquaintance with his wife. He was balked and he was angry, and all at



once it became apparent to him that this was Lady Car's design, and that she had done it to screen herself. "Doctor, you like a good glass of wine," he said; "all parsons do, whatever be the cut of the cloth. Here's some stuff that will soon lay you under the table — unless you're seasoned like Erskine here, and me."

"I must take care, then, to give that stuff a wide berth," the doctor said gravely, yet with a smile.

"Ay, ay, but you must drink fair. We'll be having you take shelter with the ladies. I don't mean to let Erskine off so easy. This is his first dinner in my house. It ought to have been a state dinner, you know — all the big-wigs in the county; but Erskine and Lady Car are old friends. I think you knew the family intimately at — where was the place?"

"I met Miss Lindores, as she was then, in Switzerland," said John curtly. "It was to you that I was to apply, Dr. Stirling, for particulars about the asylum Lord Lindores is so much interested in."

"And a most important work," said Dr. Stirling. "It is a strange thing to think of in a country so well gifted as this by Providence, and with so much intelligence, what a balance we have on the other side! You'll have noticed almost every village has a 'natural' as the people call them, — a half-witted innocent creature like Davie Gellatley in 'Waverley.'"

"What did you say was the name of the place?" said Torrance. "I'm bent on making notes of all the places Lady Car's been in. She's a poet, you know. Some time or other they will be wanted for her biography, don't you see?"

"I have observed," said John, answering Torrance only with a little bow — "I have noticed already one or two. Could nothing be done for them?"

"But you don't answer me," said Torrance, "and when I tell you my motive! That's my father-in-law's last fad. What is he so anxious about the daft folk for, Dr. Stirling? Is it a fellow-feeling?" he stopped to laugh, making the table ring. "He was at me for my support, and to write to the convener. Not I! I told him they had done well enough up to my time, and they would do well enough after my time. What are we to put ourselves about for? can you tell me that?"

"It is a disgrace to the county," said Dr. Stirling. "No wonder the earl was horrified, that has seen things managed so differently. Mr. Erskine, if you will

come and see me, I will tell you all about it. Sir John stands out, just because the idea is new to him, not from any real objection — for he's a good man and a charitable man at heart."

"You don't wonder at me, doctor," said Torrance. "Do you think I'm not a good man or a charitable? I'm standing out too. I'm saying, what should we put ourselves about for? It's not us that makes them daft. And what's done for the county up to our time may do now. Little Tam, he can see to that: let him have the paying of it; it is not an amusement I'm fond of —"

"And yet, Mr. Torrance," said the doctor, — "and yet — you'll excuse me — here's what would almost build the place —"

This was an exaggeration. It was founded upon his wife's *naïve* admiration of the Tinto plate; but it did not displease the proud owner of all those pounds of silver. He laughed.

"You may take your word, it will never build the place, nor any such place," he said. "No, doctor, that's not my line — nor the earl's either, trust me. If you think he would strip his table or empty his purse for all the idiots in Scotland, you're mistaken. You think it's all benevolence and public spirit. Not a bit! He means to run Rintoul for the county, and it's popularity he's wanting. There's always wheels within wheels. My father-in-law thinks he's a very clever man, — and so he is, I suppose. They're a clever family; but I can see through them, though they don't think much of me."

Torrance had already consumed a good deal of wine. He had been crossed in his purpose, and his temper roused. His dark face was flushed, and his light eyes staring. Both his companions were men entirely out of sympathy with him, who were there because they could not help it, and who listened rather with angry shame that they should be parties to such discourse, than with any amiable desire to cover his shortcomings. They did not look at each other, but a slight uneasy movement on the part of both was as good as a mutual confidence, and both began to speak at once, with an anxious attempt to put an end to these unseemly revelations.

"What fine weather we've been having for the crops!" said Dr. Stirling. And, "I wish you'd tell me what flies you use about here. I have had no luck at all on the river," cried John.

But their host was on his mettle, and



felt himself a match for them both. "As for the weather, I've no land in my own hands — not such a fool! and I don't care a — that for the crops! Flies! you may have the finest in the world, but without sense you'll make nothing of them. Come with me, and I'll let you see how to make them bite. But as I was saying," Torrance went on, elevating his voice, "if you think his lordship is bent on the good of the county, you're mistaken, I can tell you. He means to get the seat for Rintoul. And who's Rintoul, to represent a county like this? A boy, in the first place — not fledged yet; what I call fledging. And knows nothing about what we want. How should he? He never was in the county in his life till four or five years ago. You would have thought a man like old Lindores, that has been about the world, would have had more sense. That's just it; a man knocks about these little foreign places, and he thinks he knows the world. Now there's me. I would not take the trouble of Parliament, not for any inducement. It's no object to me. I prefer quiet and my own way. There's nothing that any ministry could give me, neither office nor rise in life. I'm content to be Torrance of Tinto, as my father was before me; but at all events, I am one that knows the county and its ways. I could tell them what's wanted for Scotland. But no! a boy like Rintoul that knows nothing — without sense or experience, — he's the man. My father-in-law, for so clever as he is, has awful little sense."

"There is no seat vacant as yet," said Dr. Stirling; "we might leave that question, Tinto, till the time comes."

"That's your old-fashioned way," said Torrance; "but his lordship is a man of his century, as they call it. He'll not wait till the last moment. He'll get himself known as the friend of Liberal measures, and all that. All his tools are in the fire now; and when the time comes to use them, they'll be hot and handy." Then he laughed, turning his eyes from one to another. "You're his tools," he said.

It was not possible for either of the listeners to conceal the irritation with which they received this sudden shot. They looked at each other this time with a sudden angry consultation. Dr. Stirling touched his empty glass significantly with the forefinger of one hand, and held up the other as a warning. "It seems to me," he said, "that it would be an excellent thing about this time of the night to

join the ladies. It will very soon be time for my wife and me to go."

"He is afraid of his wife, you see, Ers- kine," said Torrance, with his laugh. "We're all that. Keep out of the noose as long as you can, my lad. You may be very thankful for what you've missed, as well as what you've got."

"I suppose you mean something by what you are saying, Mr. Torrance," said John, "but I do not understand what it is."

Upon this Torrance laughed louder than before. "He's confounded sly — confounded sly. He'll not let on he knows — that's because you're here, doctor. Join the ladies, as you say — that is far the best thing you can do — and Ers- kine and I will have a glass more."

"A great deal better not, Tinto," said the doctor; "you know it's not the fashion now; and Lady Caroline will wonder what's become of us. It's a little dark down the avenue, and my wife is nervous. You must come and shake hands with her before she goes."

Both the guests rose, but the master of the house kept his seat. "Come, Ers- kine, stay a bit, and tell me about — about — what was the name of the place? Let the doctor go. He has his sermon to write, no doubt, and his wife to please. Go away, doctor, we'll join you presently," Torrance said, giving him a jocular push towards the door. "Come, Ers- kine, here's a new bottle I want your opinion of. If you ever drank a glass of claret like it, it will be a wonder to me."

John stood hesitating for a moment. Then he took his seat again. If he was to quarrel with this fellow, better, he thought, to have it out.

"You want to question me," he said; "then do so simply, and you shall have my answer. I am unaware what the point is; but whatever it is, speak out — I do not understand hints. I am quite at your service if I can furnish you with any information."

"Go away, doctor," said Torrance, with another push. "Tell them we're coming. I'll be in time to shake hands with Mrs. Stirling: join the ladies — that's the right thing to do."

The minister was in a great strait. He stood looking from one to another. Then he went out slowly, closing the door softly behind him, but lingering in the anteroom, that if any conflict of voices arose, he might be at hand to interfere. Torrance himself was sobered by the gravity of the proceeding. He did not



speaking immediately, but sat and stared at the companion with whom he was thus left *tête-à-tête*. He had not expected that John would have courage to meet this interrogation; and notwithstanding his pertinacity, he was disconcerted. Erskine met his gaze calmly, and said, "You wanted to ask me some questions. I am quite at your disposal now."

"Question? — no, not so much a question," faltered the other, coming to himself. "I'm sure — I beg your pardon — no offence was meant. I asked — for information."

"And I shall be glad to give you any I possess."

Torrance made a pause again; then he burst out suddenly — "Hang it, man, I didn't mean to give you any offence! I asked you — there couldn't be a simpler question — what was the name of the place where — you met my — you met the Lindores —"

"The place was a mountain inn on the way to Zermatt — a very secluded place. We were there only about six weeks. Mr. Lindores (then) and his family were very friendly to us because of my name, which he knew. I suppose you have some ulterior meaning in these questions. What is it? I will answer you in all respects, but I ought to know what it means first."

Torrance was entirely cowed. "It means nothing at all," he said. "I dare say I am an idiot. I wanted to know —"

"We were there six weeks," repeated John — "an idle set of young men, far better pleased with mountain expeditions than with our books. We did little or nothing; but we were always delighted to meet a family party so pleasant and friendly. There we parted, not knowing if we should meet again. I did not even know that Mr. Lindores had come to the title. When I found them here it was the greatest surprise to me. I had never even heard —"

"Erskine," cried Torrance — by this time he had drank several more glasses of wine, and was inclined to emotion — "Erskine, you're an honest fellow! Whoever likes may take my word for it. You're an honest fellow! Now my mind's at rest. I might have gone on suspecting and doubting, and — well, you know a man never can be sure: but when another fellow stands up to him honest and straightforward" — he said, getting up to his feet with a slight lurch towards John, as if he would have thrown himself upon his shoulder; and then he laughed with a gurgle in his breath, and thrust his arm

through that of his reluctant guest. "We're friends for life," said Torrance; "you're an honest fellow! I always had a fancy for you, John Erskine. Let's join the ladies, as that old foggy of a doctor said."

The old foggy of a doctor, who had been hanging about in alarm lest he might be called upon to stop a quarrel, had no more than time to hurry on before them and get inside the drawing-room door, before the master of the house pushed in, still holding John by the arm. "Here," Torrance cried, depositing his unwilling companion suddenly with some force in a chair by Lady Caroline's side — "here, talk to her! You can talk to her as much as you please. An honest fellow — an honest fellow, Lady Car!"

Then he made a somewhat doubtful step to Mrs. Stirling, and stood over her diffusing an atmosphere of wine around him. Poor ladies! in the drawing-room, even in this temperate age, how often will a man approach them, and sicken the air in their clean presence with fumes of wine! The minister's wife was tolerant of the sins of the squires; but she coughed, poor soul, as she was enveloped in these powerful odors.

"Well, Mrs. Stirling," Torrance said, with cumbrous liveliness, "your husband here, we could not get him away from his wine. We've been doing nothing but talk of coming up-stairs this quarter of an hour; but get the doctor to budge from his wine — no! that was more than we could do," and he ended with a loud guffaw. The doctor's wife coughed, and smiled a sickly smile upon the great man, and shook her head with a "Fie, William!" at her husband. "Dear me, dear me!" Mrs. Stirling said after, as she walked down the avenue with her Shetland shawl over her head, holding close by her husband's arm, "when I think of poor Lady Caroline my heart's sore. That muckle man! and oh, the smell of him, William! You're not so particular as you should be in that respect, the best of ye — but I thought I would have fainted with him hanging over me. And that fragile, delicate bit woman!" "She should not have married him," the doctor said curtly. But his wife was a merciful woman; and she did not feel sure how far a girl would have been justified in refusing such a marriage. She shook her head, and said, "Poor thing!" from the bottom of her heart.

"I am glad I have met with Mr. Torrance's approval," John said; but Carry



gave him so wistful a deprecating look, that he was silent. And he had not yet escaped from his uncomfortable host. When Mrs. Stirling went away with her husband, Torrance, whose sole idea of making himself agreeable to a woman was by rough banter, transferred himself with another lurch to Nora. "And how's the old soldier?" he said. "I suppose he's going over all the men within fifty miles to see who will make the best husband, eh? It was all I could do to keep out of their hands when I was a bachelor. If they had had their will, Lady Car would never have had the chance of me: no great harm in that perhaps, you will say. But you must not be saucy, Miss Nora. Men are not so easy to get when all's said."

"No, indeed," said Nora — "men like you, Mr. Torrance. I could not hope, you know, to be so lucky as Lady Car."

Upon this, though his head was not very clear, the uneasy laird grew red, fearing satire. It was perfectly true, to his own thinking; but he was enlightened enough to know that Nora had another meaning. He would have liked to punish the little saucy chit, who held up (he thought) her little face to his so disdainfully in his own house. As lucky as Lady Car, indeed! She should have no luck at all, with that impudence of hers. It would serve her right if she never got the offer of any man. But he dared not say exactly what he thought. Conventional restraints, in such a case, were too much for the free-born wit even of Pat Torrance of Tinto.

"That's a great compliment to me, no doubt," he said; "but never be down-hearted. There is as good fish in the sea as ever came out of the net. There's our neighbor here, for instance," he said, stooping to speak confidentially, and jerking his thumb over his shoulder at John, with one of his usual bursts of laughter. "Now, what do you think of him, Miss Nora? A real honest fellow, I can testify, and a nice little property. What do you think of him?"

The tone was meant to be confidential, but it was loud enough to have reached any ear in the room; and it was Nora's turn to redden with anger intolerable. She jumped up while he stood and laughed, shaking his sides. "I've given her a poser there," he said. "I've given her her answer there." He could not help returning to it, as, much against Nora's will, he accompanied her to the door and put her into the little pony-car-

riage which had come for her. "You must think of what I say, Miss Nora. You would be very comfortable. You'll see that's what the old soldier is driving at. And I don't think you could do better, if you'll take my advice."

John, who had followed down-stairs, not wishing to have any more than he could avoid of his host's society, saw the indignant countenance of Nora looking out wrathfully upon himself as the carriage turned from the door. What had he done to deserve the angry look? But the other, standing somewhat unsteadily on the steps, greeted the departure with a laugh that was loud and long.

"One good turn deserves another," he said. "I've put her against you, Erskine, and that's the best thing I could do. Mind what you're about, my fine fellow, or you'll fall into some snare or other. I would not marry, if I were you. You have enough for one, but it wouldn't be enough for two. If you manage Dalrulzian well, you may be very comfortable as an unmarried man. Take my advice. Of course they will all be setting their caps at you. There's Aggie Sempill — she thought she had got me: but no, I knew better. Truly in vain is the snare set in the sight of any bird. There! you've Scripture for it. And now here's Nora Barrington —"

John grasped his arm violently. "Be silent!" he cried in his ear. The butler stood on the steps behind laughing decorously under his breath, as in duty bound, at his master's joke. John's new groom at his horse's head grinned respondent. What he would have given to take the big clown by the collar and fling him into the midst of the bushes! But this was not to be thought of. Such violent impulses have to be repressed nowadays.

"Well, well, we'll name no names," said Tinto. "They'll all be after you; no need to name names. And I'll tell them all you're an honest fellow. Don't you be led away by his lordship, no more than the women. Keep your vote to yourself, and your heart to yourself, that's my advice. Good night to you, John — you're a very decent fellow," cried the big voice in the darkness. Torrance had found out that this epithet annoyed young Erskine, and he liked it all the better in consequence. He shouted it after him into the night, as with another great laugh he went back into his house to Lady Car. Alas, poor Carry! The others went away, shook off the disagreeable presence, got out of the atmosphere of his



wine and the roar of his laugh; but Carry, than whom there was no more fastidious, delicately nurtured woman — Carry sat helpless, scared, awaiting him. Whatever happened, she could not run away.

As for John, he flew down the avenue in the dark, taking that turn on the top of the scaur, which was allowed by everybody to be so dangerous, without knowing anything about it, guided by instinct and rage; for he had never been there before. When they had passed the danger, Peter, the groom, drew a long breath. "That's past, the Lord be thankit!" he said. It was natural that Peter should suspect his master of sitting long after dinner, and sharing the excitement of his host.

"What's past?" said John angrily: he had nearly taken an inner gate, dogcart and all, as if it had been a fence. His horse was fresh, and his mind ablaze with irritation and impatience. "What's past?" he repeated angrily, when the man clambered up again to his side.

"That corner, sir, they call the scaur. There used to be a paling, but it fell to pieces, and this laird — I beg your pardon, sir — young Tinto, that is a perfect deevil when he's on a horse, would never let it be mended. It's a' cleared away, and there's a grand view when there's daylight to see it, and doun-bye the sound o' the river roaring. If it werena for the horse's feet and the rate we're going, you would hear it now."

"You think we're going too fast —"

"Na — no me," said the groom cautiously, "now that I see, sir, you ken what's what. But it's a fickle corner in the dark. Not to know it may be the best way. When you ken, you're apt to be ower cautious or ower bold — one's as bad as the ither. A wrang step, a bit swing out on the open, and there would be no help for ye. Neither you nor me, sir, would have seen a freend belonging to us again."

"It is unpardonable," said John, "if this is so, to leave it without protection or notice."

"Well, sir, you see it's no just the richt road. It's a short cut. You take the left hand at thae lily-oaks. I thought you bid to ken, as you took it so bold, without a moment's thought. I wouldna advise you to do it again. Tinto, he's a perfect deevil on horseback, as I was saying. He's aye riding that way. They say he'll break his neck some time or other, he's so wild and reckless — ower that scaur —"

"And no such great loss either," cried John, in his indignation. He hoped the words were not audible, in the rush of his horse's hoofs and jingle of the harness, the moment they had left his lips; and he was annoyed by the confidential tone of Peter's reply.

"Maybe no, sir. There's plenty is of that opinion. There was mair tint at Shirramuir."

John felt as if he had condescended to gossip with his servant about his neighbor, and was ashamed of himself. But as he reviewed the events of the evening his pulses beat higher and higher. That he should have pleased this big bully, and received the offer of his friendship, was something half humiliating, half ridiculous. But what could he do? The bonds of neighborhood are stringent: that you must not, if possible, quarrel with, or markedly avoid, or put any slight upon, the man whose lands march with your own, is a self-evident proposition. And the husband of Carry Lindores! When John thought of this part of it, there escaped from him an almost groan of horror and pity. The rest of the party had dispersed, and were free of the big laugh, the rude jests, the fierce staring eyes; but Carry remained behind.

Peter the groom did not feel so sure that his new master had partaken too freely of the wine at Tinto, which everybody knew to be better and stronger than wine anywhere else, by the time they got to Dalrulzian. But he announced that he was "just one of Tinto's kind, a deevil when he's behind a horse," as he took his supper. This, however, was a suggestion which brought down upon his head the indignant displeasure of Bauby, who regretted audibly that she had kept the potatoes hot for such an ill-speaking loon — and of Rolls, who, accepting the praise implied, put down the superficial judgment of this new-comer as it deserved. "There will no man beat an Erskine for clear head and steady hands," he said, "if that's what you ca' being of Tinto's kind; but you'll observe, my lad, that we're a' of a reasonable age, and I'll have nane o' your your rash opinions here."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

"OH yes, that's true — I'm an old Tory. I'm proud of the name," said Sir James, with his genial countenance. "If you'll believe me, my young friend, most changes are for the worse. When I remember, before I went to India, what a



cheery world it was — none of those new-fangled notions were so much as thought of — we were all kindly one with another, as country neighbors should be. The parish school — that was good enough for me. I got the most of my schooling there. We had a grand dominie — there was not a more learned man out of St. Andrews or Aberdeen. Old Robert Beatoun the blacksmith was at the school with me. We've been great friends ever since, but I cannot say that he ever took anything upon him in consequence. That's one of your new-fangled notions too — to part all the world into classes, and then, when their habits are formed and their ways of living settled, to proclaim they're all equal. No, no — they're not all equal; you may take my word for it, though I'm no Solomon."

"I don't think so, either, Sir James; but pardon me, if you found no evil in going to the same school as the old blacksmith —"

"Not a pin, sir — not a pin!" cried the old general. "We respected each other. We were great friends, but not associates. I had my own cronies, and he had his; but we always respected each other. And do you think to sit on the same bench with a wholesome country lad in corduroy breeks was worse for me than being packed up with a set of little dandies, taking care of their books and keeping their hands clean, and sent out of their own country till they're made strangers to it, as comes to pass with your Eton, and the rest of them — I ask your pardon, Erskine. I forgot you were there yourself —"

"There is no offence," said John. "I think I agree with you so far; but, Sir James, your theory is far more democratic, far more levelling —"

"Me democratic and levelling!" said Sir James. "That will be news. No, no; that was all in the course of nature. When a lad was to be pushed in the world, his friends pushed him. You cannot do that now. When you saw your friend with a houseful of children, you would say to him, 'What are you going to do with those fine lads of yours?' and if you knew a director, or had influence to hear of a writership, or a set of colors. Now, ye cannot help on your friend's boys, and ye cease to think of them. What little ye might do, ye forget to do it. Robert Beatoun's grandson, you'll tell me, got in high on the list for those competition-wallahs, as they call them. Well, I say

nothing against it. The lad is a good lad, though he was never brought up in the way of having men under him, and he'll feel the want of that when he gets to India. The like of me — we were poor enough, but we had always been used to be of the officer kind. That makes a great difference; and if you think we did our work worse for having no bother about examinations —"

"That has proved itself, Sir James. Nobody pretends to say it did not work well."

"Then why change it?" said the old man. "And about your hospitals and things. When there was a poor natural, as they call it, in a village, everybody was good to the creature; and do you think the honest folk that had known it all its life would not put up with it, and feel for it, more than servants in a hospital? When we had a burden to bear, we bore it in those days, and did the best we could for our own. We didn't shuffle them off on the first person's shoulders that would take them up."

All this John had brought upon himself by his reference to Lord Lindores's scheme. Whatever might be well with respect to the election, he had felt that there could be but one voice in respect to a hospital; but John had soon been convinced that in that respect also there certainly was more than one voice.

"But I suppose," he said, feeling somewhat confused by this style of reasoning, for it was not a subject upon which the young man had thought for himself, — "I suppose, for the suffering and miserable — for those out of the common line of humanity, more badly off, less capable than their neighbors — hospitals are necessary."

"Let those that belong to them care for them, sir," cried Sir James. "I'm saying it in no hard-hearted way. Do you not think that when a trouble is sent upon a family, it's far better for the family to make a sacrifice — to draw close together, to bear it, and take care of their own? That's always been my opinion — that was the practice long syne. If ye had a thorn in the flesh, ye supported it. When one was ill, the rest took care of him. There were no hired sick-nurses in those days. When ye had a fever, your mother nursed you. If you were blind or lame, every one would give you a little, and nobody grudged your meat or your drink. And that was how Scotland was kept so independent, and the poor folk hated debt



and beggary. Once you give your own duty over to other folks, you sacrifice that," the old soldier said, with conviction. Sir James was of the class of men who are never more entirely at home than when they are exercising the beauties of beneficence — the sort of men who manage hospitals and establish charities by nature. Had the county hospital been existing, he it was, and not Lord Lindores, who would have given time and trouble to it; but Sir James was as full of prejudices as a hearty, healthy old gentleman has a right to be. He would not give in to the new thing; and his arguments were shrewd, although he himself would have been the last to be bound by them. He would have taken the burden off a poor man's shoulders and carried it himself without a compunction. Saying is one thing and doing another, all the world over; only it is usual that people profess not less, but more, benevolent sentiments than are natural to them. Sir James took the other way.

"You must excuse me saying," the old general went on, "that you must not trust too much to Lord Lindores. Part of it is political, there is no doubt about that. He's wanting to get a character for being public-spirited and a useful member of his party. They tell me he's thinking of bringing in his son in the case of an election, but that would never do — that is to say, from my point of view," said Sir James, laughing; "you're on the other side? — ah, to be sure, I had forgotten that. Well, I suppose we're all meaning the same thing, — the good of the country; but depend upon it, that's not to be procured in this way. The Lindores family are very excellent people — very worthy people; but they're new-fangled — they have lived abroad, and they have got foreign notions into their heads."

"Benevolent institutions are, above all others, English notions — or so, at least, I have always heard," John said.

This brought a slight flush on the old man's cheek. "Well, I believe you are right — I think you are right. I will not go against that. Still it is a great pity to bring foreign notions into a quiet country place."

They were walking up and down the lawn at Chiefswood, where a party of country neighbors were about to assemble. It was a kind of gathering which had scarcely been acclimatized in the north; and the pleasure of sitting out, though the seats were comfortably ar-

ranged in the most sheltered spot, was at the best an equivocal one; but fortunately the drawing-room, with its large, bright windows overlooking the scene of the gentle gaieties provided for, was behind, and there already some groups had collected. John Erskine, without being aware of it, was the hero of the feast. He was the new-comer, and everybody was willing to do him honor. It was expected that he was to be the chief performer in those outdoor games which were not yet very well known to the young people. And it was somewhat disconcerting that he should have chosen this moment to discourse with old Sir James upon the county hospital, and the poor lunatics and imbeciles of the district, for whose benefit Lord Lindores was so anxious to legislate. Had it been any other subject, the old general would have dismissed the young man to his peers, for Sir James had a great notion that the young people should be left to entertain each other. But as it happened, the theme was one which had disturbed his genial mind. He was vexed at once in his prejudices, and in his honest conviction that the county, to which he was so glad to get back after his long exile, was the best managed and most happy of districts. He had found nothing amiss in it when he came home. It had been welcome to him in every detail of the old life which he remembered so well. There were too many changes, he thought, already. He would have liked to preserve everything. And to have it suggested by a new gingerbread, half-English, half-foreign intruder, with all the light-minded ways that belonged to the unknown races on the Continent, that the beloved county wanted reorganization, almost betrayed the old man into ill-humor. The guests kept arriving while he talked, but he talked on, giving forth his views loosely upon general questions. "We're going the wrong road," he said, "aye seeking after something that's new. The old way was the best. Communistic plans are bad things, whatever ye may say for them; and shuffling off your sick and your poor on other folk's hands, and leaving them to the public to provide for, what's that but communism? You'll never get me to consent to it," Sir James said.

"Where is the general?" Lady Montgomery was saying in the drawing-room. "Bless me! has nobody seen Sir James? He cannot expect me to go out without



From Temple Bar.

## INDIAN SOCIETY.

my bonnet, and get my death of cold setting all the young people agoing. No, no, I told him that. I said to him, you may put out the chairs, but if you think Barbara Erskine and me, and other sensible women, are going to sit there in a May day and get back all our winter rheumatism, you are mistaken, Sir James. But now, where is the general? Nora, you must just go and look for him, and say I'm surprised that he should neglect his duty. When I yielded to this kind of party, which is not my notion of pleasure, I told him plainly he must take the lawn part of it upon his own hands."

"And where's my nephew John?" said Miss Barbara Erskine, who sat in one of the seats of honor, within pleasant reach of a bright fire. "Nora, when you look for Sir James, you'll look for him too. I'm affronted, tell him, that he was not the first to find me out."

"I hear Mr. Erskine is a great friend of the Lindores," said Mrs. Sempill. "Having no son at home, I have not had it in my power, Miss Barbara, to show him any attention, but I hoped to make his acquaintance to-day. They tell me he knew the Lindores well in their former circumstances. That is, no doubt, a fine introduction for him to the county."

"If an Erskine of Dalrulzian wanted any introduction," said Miss Barbara, "it would be a very ill one, in my opinion. For there are as many that think ill of them as there are that think well of them, and they're not our kind of people. But John Erskine wants nobody to introduce him, I hope. His father's son, and my father's great-grandson, should have well-wishers enough."

"And a well-looking, well-spoken young man. He minds me of your uncle Walter, the one that went abroad," said old Mrs. Methven of the Broomlees. She was older than Miss Barbara, older than the imagination could conceive. Her memory slipped all the recent generation, and went back to heights of antiquity unknown. Miss Barbara Erskine was still a young person to this old lady, and Sir James a frisky young soldier. "Walter Erskine was the first person I ever saw that wore his own hair without so much as a ribbon. It had a terrible naked look, but you soon got used to it. This one is like him. But you'll scarcely mind him. He was young when he left the county. I cannot remember if you were born."

"He's like his father, which is not so far back," Miss Barbara said.

WHEN looking at any view in India, one is particularly struck by the vast extent of the country spread out before the eye, whether the contemplated scene lie amongst the hills or plains. There is such ample space, such entire absence of all crowding in either case, and moreover an atmosphere so clear and fine, that comparatively small objects may be seen distinctly at great distances, and things stand forward with a well-defined outline which attracts the beholder's eye, and obliges him, whether he care about it or no, to be conscious of their existence.

These remarks apply also to Indian society—a very curious and unique compound, capable of being easily resolved into its component parts and put together again in slightly altered form, with all the precision and simplicity of a Chinese puzzle when one knows the relation of one piece to another.

Thus, given the population and character of a native town in the Punjab, to which an English station is attached, where the civil element alone is represented, and that by a deputy commissioner, there is but little imagination needed to portray the daily life of the station. There will be one or more assistant commissioners of the "covenanted" branch of the civil service, military officers of the civil department of the Staff Corps; a police officer and a doctor; and if the station be an important one, you will add an engineer, and an English assistant commissioner belonging to the "uncovenanted" or inferior branch of the civil service, and known by the euphonic designation of extra assistant commissioner. That gives you from four to six men, and out of these it is pretty sure that three will be married, and equally certain that the wife of one of them will be in England; total European population of Janjlabad, from six to nine. You also know that these good people will devote many evenings of the week to the delights of Badminton; that the ladies will be dear friends or bitter foes, for slight acquaintance and polite indifference are impossible between Englishwomen in India, when they are shut up together in a tiny station. The men, of course, will each want to talk in his own particular "shop" when they are together, but, belonging all to the same branch of the service, with clearly defined positions and duties, and a well-marked official grade,



will probably work well together and be excellent friends. Men get on better than women do in these out-of-the-way places, on account of having so much business to which their days must be devoted. A lady has not very much to do in her house if she have learnt the happy art of managing her servants, and her children are still too young to need teaching. Books are expensive, working materials must be had out from home; and it is not every one who has sufficient energy and perseverance to master enough of the language to make her a useful visitor to native women.

Hence gossip finds itself at home and in a kindly soil, and blooms and flourishes in Indian society, ripening not unfrequently its bitter fruits, until the casual observer runs the chance of never finding out the undergrowth of better things which is hidden by its flaunting leaves. But gossip wants a large amount of nourishment to keep it going, and from this arises another peculiarity of Indian society, and that is, its extreme inquisitiveness. You are passing perhaps through a large station, and some friend there kindly asks you to break your long journey by a few days' visit at his house. Some of his neighbors come to dine; but, as the place is large, he has not mentioned who you are to any but the few friends who will be interested in meeting you, so you find yourself a little stared at during dinner, and liable, whenever you take a look at the guests, to catch some inquiring gaze riveted upon your unknown features. By-and-by when, following the frequent custom in India, ladies and gentlemen return together to the drawing-room in the same order in which they left it, an inquisitive guest who has not been introduced to you, seizes his opportunity, and dropping into the chair beside you, asks, without preface, —

"Have you been here long?"

"Since yesterday."

"Ah! — oh! — ah! — where did you come from?"

You gasp, naturally, with something of the same sensation as though you had inadvertently pulled the string of a shower-bath, and felt the dash of cold water on your face, and you are half inclined to resent the impertinence; but none was intended. The inquirer is probably an old Indian who thinks it due to himself to know all about everybody. Like an ardent botanist who carefully preserves and classifies the plants he meets with, the old Indian has in his mind a complete collec-

tion of facts concerning all the other members of his own service. If a military man, he has the Army List by heart; can tell you where any regiment has been stationed at any given date for the last twenty years at least; when Jones of the —th got his last step; when Smith of the —th may look for promotion; and expresses himself so strongly as to the propriety of old Brown's retiring, that you are surprised to find these men are not his most intimate associates, but are, many of them, personally unknown to him. The old civilian is just the same, and knows exactly where every other civilian in his own province has ever been stationed, and when he came out; when the inexorable "fifty-five years' rule" will drive home his superiors; and who is likely to get the next "good thing" that falls vacant. The ladies, needless to tell, are as well informed on these matters as their husbands, and quite as ready to discuss them, so that to all these good people the arrival of a new face, not to be in any way accounted for in their scheme of society, is as perplexing and interesting as a new specimen to the botanist, and must be pulled to pieces and anxiously dissected, in order that it may be classified and fitted into its proper place in the collection.

I said that the character of Indian scenery is rather like that of Indian society, and it is so in this way: that English people being comparatively few, are seen there with more prominent distinctness than they are at home. Instead of squares, and terraces, and rows of houses, you have in India detached buildings, each standing in its own ground or compound. You can, if you are so inclined, walk round each house and take note of every side of it; and it is much the same with people. Each has his definite post, you know exactly what that post is, the amount of importance to which it entitles him, the character of his work, and the income he receives for doing it; and you know also, and not unfrequently mention to your friends, the exact amount of that income which *you* consider him justified in spending on stable or table, or on his wife's costume. He stands, as it were, a little removed from all his neighbors, on a small raised platform of his own, where his friends can note his good or ill qualities, his every little weakness, and where also he has room to develop his own idiosyncrasies to any extent he pleases. Like an isolated tree, he is free to shoot his branches in whatsoever direc-



tion he will, but should those branches twist, crook, or grow unhealthy, or should they spring from one side only of the tree, no friendly screen is interposed to hide the deformity from gazing eyes.

You get thus in India a much clearer knowledge of your neighbors than is at all possible or desirable at home: and knowing so much about them has sometimes the sad effect of making people wish to know still more, and of leading them to talk of what they think may, or ought to be the case, and so, many amusing stories begun in no unkindly spirit get circulated about a station, unconsciously exaggerated as they pass from lip to lip, until at last they have developed into something positively cruel. It is wonderful what mischief may be done by "idle" tongues and minds, that look for novelty and amusement, with no thought of the harm their reckless chattering may do. Of course it is very nice to have something fresh to talk about to the set of people whom you meet day after day at Badminton, and night after night at ball or dinner-party, for months together, and piquant little anecdotes of your acquaintances in the early stage before the sting of the story has grown, are so extremely funny that you feel as though you *must* repeat them to the next person you meet, and so the propensity to gossip once indulged grows hard to check, and fastens itself upon one almost insensibly.

It is most unfair to fancy, as so many people do, that because a woman's lot is cast in India, she must necessarily lead a gossiping, frivolous existence: many women certainly do so, but would they have done any better in England? Of course in India there is not the same variety of interests and occupations as there is at home: the climate undoubtedly lessens one's energy, decreases those powers of physical exercise which help to keep both mind and body sound, and compels one to pass many hours of the day indoors; but those who will lead useful lives, do lead them in India as elsewhere, and healthful occupation during the time of enforced quiet is the best preparation for that spent in society, the true preservative against gossip, and the means by which the amusements of afternoon and evening may be made innocent relaxation and refreshment instead of dissipation. It is a pity that ladies who are conversant with some of the languages of Continental Europe, do not more frequently apply themselves to the real study of Hindostani. They might then be acceptable and

useful visitors to many a poor brown woman shut up all her life in a dull zenana with hardly anything to occupy her mind or time; or, if unable to make personal visits to these native homes, an Englishwoman of sufficient ability may bestow an inestimable boon upon the inmates by translating into their language such books as they would be likely to read with interest, or by writing original tales and verses for their perusal. A large field of work lies too among the families of soldiers, of poor English clerks, and those of the unhappy Eurasians who seem to belong to neither of the races from which they spring, while inheriting the weaknesses of both. Children to be taught and clothed, women to be cheered and strengthened by a word of sympathy, and struggling poverty to be relieved, may all be found by those who seek them, besides the thousand and one good offices towards her own associates in which the Anglo-Indian is never wanting. The drawback to these employments is the short time which most people spend in one place. In India nobody is really "at home;" even if the husband have a settled post which keeps him in the plains, the wife and children must enjoy, if possible, the coolness of the hills in summer, and so the family oscillates perpetually between the two. Military men and civilians are alike liable to be moved on short notice, and neither of them when he goes on leave to England, knows where he will be stationed on his return, and thus the years of service spent in this distant country are indeed a pilgrimage. This certainty of a speedy removal is a great hindrance to beginning work which one cannot hope to carry on for more than a short time; it seems hardly worth while to take things up and have to leave them presently; but if the work became more general, such an objection would be very much weakened, because there would then be the reasonable hope that your successor would be able and willing to carry on that which you had begun.

In these days when the central Asian question is brought so prominently forward, the study of Indian history, and the relations of our empire to other Eastern countries, become doubly attractive, and absolutely necessary to those who desire to take an intelligent interest in affairs there: while the many races over whom we rule, their past, present and future well-beings; with their differing characters, religions, industries, costumes, and customs; the wondrous architectural re-



mains scattered throughout India, its products, scenery and natural history, offer wide fields of research to those who care to tread them.

So much for the antidotes to gossip; let us look now at some of its results. Perhaps a young bride comes out knowing nothing of Indian life, and very little beyond that of an English schoolroom. She may be the wife of an assistant commissioner in a large station where there are cantonments, who is busy all day long in his Katcherry, and feels more disposed for rest and quiet when office hours are over, than for gaieties. The bride has not very much to occupy her time; from twelve to two, the orthodox hours for calling, she has plenty of visitors to entertain. She is bright and attractive, accustomed to brothers at home, and welcomes gladly some young officer who has also a superabundance of leisure, and proves to have been at school with some of her brothers. It seems a pity Mrs. Smith should go for a quiet walk or drive with her husband evening after evening, when everybody else is at Badminton and she would enjoy a game. Will she let her visitor escort her to a Badminton party to-morrow? or, the days are cooler now, may he come and take her for a ride at an earlier hour than her husband can leave work? Mr. Smith is glad she should be amused, and is glad to be let off from parties himself, and so, day after day, some other man escorts his wife, until the unfortunate couple suddenly find that station gossip is aroused about them. Mrs. Smith is stigmatized as an inveterate flirt, and kind-hearted apologists, while they admit the fact, declare it to be all the fault of Mr. Smith, "who evidently cares nothing for his wife, never goes out with her, and lets her always be about with that young Jones."

To sensitive people, who, unwarned by any friendly hint, find they have unintentionally given rise to such remarks, the pain is great; but to others — tougher-natured — it will sometimes prove a stimulus to fresh flirtations. There are husbands who take a pride in all the attentions which their wives receive, and married women who prefer to be seen incessantly with an aide-de-camp to going out with their husbands; whose "door is shut" to lady visitors, while they are gaily chattering with more congenial admirers; but it is not the very young brides who offend in this way. It requires some years of experience to have brought the art of flirting to this happy

culmination, and that with a tact and propriety so perfect that no breath of scandal has murmured any hint of a husband's disapproval, and even the most censorious are obliged to allow that after all it is only "Mrs. Biffins's way."

People tell you that the real "old Indian" is dying out, that his death-blow was struck with the cessation of the Company's rule, and certainly the race of thin, parchmenty, curry-eating, hookah-smoking men, with half-caste wives, and "Chee chee" families reared in India, and speaking English with an impure pronunciation, and three lakhs of rupees of debt, is almost extinct; but the real cause of his disappearance is simply the improved facilities of communication with England, and the establishment of hill sanatoria. The lady who will spend a whole morning in her verandah, turning over the contents of every bundle in a box-wallah's pack, and then dismiss the unfortunate trader without buying anything of him, or making the least return for the many hours she has wasted for him, is indeed still to be met with, but not so frequently as of yore. Ladies on a march can get supplies of food, and even tinned English provisions at dak bungalows, and need not now to emulate their valiant countrywoman, who, on being told by the head-man that there were positively no eggs, no chicken, and no milk in his village, drew from her pocket a newly invented lucifer-match-box, and suddenly striking a light, and holding it to the nose of the astonished native, commanded him to produce instantly all that she required.

The head-man, concluding that such an effect could have been produced only by a very powerful evil spirit, hurried off in much alarm, and eggs, chicken, milk, grain, fruit, and vegetables, poured in upon the imperious lady. These things belong more or less to the past, but there are a few traits of the "old Indian" character that linger still. Witness the almost daily arrival of a folded paper, with a long list of names on its outer cover, headed with, "Please write soon." This paper almost invariably contains a list of things to be sold: furniture, crockery, carriages, harness, clothes, etc.; but I must do the present race of Anglo-Indians the justice to say that it is their superfluous new, and not their old garments, with which they wish to part, and this again is one of the many windows through which you overlook your neighbor's dwelling. By seeing the prices affixed to the various articles for sale, you gain an excellent idea



of the rate at which the seller is in the habit of spending upon those articles, and if you have only been long enough in India to appreciate this advantage, you have the greatest pleasure in shaking your head over the extravagance of "poor So-and-So, who had bought a much more expensive carriage than he could afford, had it out out from England in fact:" or over his wife's reckless expenditure in dress. "She sent round a French mantle for sale at twenty guineas, and you know she has no business, with their income, to buy an expensive thing like that." Ah! we are all very human, and never more so than when we talk about the follies or the weaknesses of friends, and India does not necessarily tend to raise our tone of mind, or to give us higher and more charitable thoughts; rather the reverse. Society is in many ways more lax and easy-going than at home: and the fact that beyond an infinitesimally small sprinkling of outsiders, everybody belongs to one branch or other of the service, makes it unlike anything one can ever expect to meet in England. The purely official standard by which everybody's position is assigned, brings often into prominent places those who are quite unfitted to be leaders of society, either from their antecedents, or, in the case of ladies, sometimes from their extreme youth. Then there are no really old people to give weight and sobriety—those who are elderly for India, would be scarcely more than middle-aged at home: and thirdly, the want of a good coinage has a singularly bad effect upon financial morality. Rupees are too heavy to be carried about, so instead of paying ready money for small articles at the English shops, most people have a bill; then they forget how this is mounting up, and rush into some extravagance, new costumes, it may be, for a fancy ball, which are always expensive, and which result in other and still longer bills. A dead weight of debt is not cheerful or ennobling when hanging round the neck of man or woman, but they get used to it after a while. Husband and wife are both popular in society, they must go to this or that ball, they must take part in these or those theatricals, all involving further outlay, until as years go on the tone of their minds has insensibly lowered and they have become capable of an amount of shabbiness in all money matters to which in earlier days it seemed impossible for them to sink. It is not uncommon to hear people say as high praise, "I like to have money deal-

ings with the So-and-Sos — they are such good paymasters," as though prompt payment of debts were the exception, not the rule, in India. And money does not go so far there as it does at home. You may give less wages to your servants, but you have to keep ten times the number; and though a horse, or a leg of mutton, may cost very much less than in England, a quire of paper or a pair of gloves, any of the modern luxuries which are in fact necessities, are twice as dear as in Europe, and are a perpetual heavy drain upon small incomes.

Of all the subjects which annoy and worry housekeepers in India, none gives rise to more domestic disturbances than what we used to call the Great Jáhran Question. It seems impossible at first sight that so humble an article, for the Jáhran is merely a duster, should cause so much heartburning, yet such is its universal result. The ayahs want jáhrans, the sweepers want jáhrans, the bearers want jáhrans, the tailor wants jáhrans, the kitchen department is omnivorous in its consumption of the article, and so is the stable department; and when on Monday morning a great pile of unsavory dusters is collected and counted over to the Mem Sahib before they are taken away by the dobhi to be washed, some of those given out on the preceding Monday are invariably missing; and as each member of your establishment is absolutely certain that he or she has brought back exactly the right number, disputes and chattering are rife in the compound, the poor ayah who has to seek the missing articles is almost at her wits' end, and the lady herself must stand her ground manfully, and insist firmly that they must be found without delay, before the lost dusters can be produced. Then in the buying them, she may offend a dozen friends at least. The hemming of jáhrans is a branch of industry much encouraged by charitable ladies, amongst poor English or Eurasian widows, children in schools, and any other dependent persons they may wish to assist; but the jáhrans, when hemmed, must be sold, and many of these kind-hearted people, quite unable to believe that any other lady's *protégées* may be as worthy and necessitous as their own, are prepared to force their dusters on their friends at the point of the bayonet. When Mrs. Smith looks reproachfully in your face and says, sweetly smiling, "Dear Mrs. Jones, you have not bought any of my old women's dusters for such a long time; I am sure



you must be wanting some new ones, do let me send you a few dozen to-morrow," you know she will be hurt if you decline them on the plea of having obtained yesterday a supply hemmed by Mrs. Brown's schoolchildren; while if you have the temerity to say that you prefer to buy always in the bazaar because the *jáhrans* there are so much cheaper than anything your friends can offer, and with your many children you are obliged to consider expense, you may be sure that Mrs. Smith will never think so well of you again after manifesting what she considers so lamentable a want of anything like proper feeling.

Your servants sometimes involve you in amusing little difficulties, either by lending your property to your friends, or by borrowing theirs for you. You are going to give a large entertainment, and desire your *khansamah* to hire for you in the bazaar such extra crockery as will be required. You are charged so much for the use of the china, and pay the money, thinking the sum asked by no means unreasonable for such nice plates as you had, especially those white ones with a blue crest upon them, a lion rampant, with a motto curling round him. It just occurs to you whether it would be worth while to buy those plates, and to wonder what they would cost; but other things put them out of your head, and by the time you go out to dinner the next evening you have forgotten the china. Then, when a plate of soup is put before you, you see the blue lion again: there he is too on all the other plates round the table, with the same motto, word for word, just as it was upon the plates you hired. This rather surprises you. Has your hostess really so few soup-plates of her own that she must borrow of your Parsee friend, and that for small dinner-parties? You have spied a most unexpected leanness in this land of Egypt, you think. But then the fish comes round, and there is the lion again—and there he is on every piece of ware for every course of the dinner. At last you speak.

"I had some plates like this, with just the same blue lion on them, from the bazaar, for my ball supper."

Your hostess brightens visibly. "Then that explains it," she cries. "We could not think what was the matter that night, for we had barely enough plates to eat our dinner off."

The mystery is solved: your *khansamah* borrows Mrs. A.'s plates of her *khansamah*, and charges you at the same

rate as though he hired them in the bazaar. Mrs. A. is not enlightened on the subject, and what money transactions pass between the two worthies does not transpire.

The etiquette of calls in India is, that they should be paid by the last comer between the hours of twelve and two, and any one is at liberty to call on all the people who have arrived at a station before him. Everybody in society, on going to the chief town of a province, leaves a card at Government House, and receives an invitation to a dinner or ball with "R. S. V. P. to So-and-so," in the corner. These mysterious letters have been known to cause some difficulty to India-born officials of the "uncovenanted" class, who, by obtaining the wished-for distinction of a gazetted appointment, find themselves admitted to a society above the level of their earlier days. There is a story, said to be wholly true, of a worthy couple who were anxious, before going to a new station, to part from their old neighbors with every graceful and appropriate form of farewell; and long and sadly they pondered over the cards they were to leave. "I know the ladies do write something in the corner of their cards when they are going away," said the wife, "but I don't like to ask anybody what it is, because that would show we did not know ourselves." She had better have asked, poor lady, or else put nothing at all, for her husband, who was familiar with no combination of letters without words save *£ s. d.* and *T. O.*, suggested she should look through all the cards she had received. She did so; there was none with *P. P. C.*, but there was a card of invitation to an entertainment at Government House; that must be right surely—the mysterious initials good enough for high officials must be good enough for her, and so the station was convulsed with laughter when in every house appeared a farewell card from

MR. AND MRS. DA COSTA,  
*R. S. V. P.*

It is rather amusing to watch the arrival on horseback of a visitor who wisely wears an ugly and unbecoming *sola topee* (cork helmet) to screen his head from the fierce sunshine, while a *sais* runs behind carrying the tall glossy hat which his master brings into your drawing room and strokes during his visit. It is always hopeless to give one's name to a native servant, its mangled remains would be long past recognition by the time they reached his



mistress ; so the proper thing to do after ascertaining that a lady is at home, is to send in your card, or "ticket," and wait until the servant returns to give you her "salaam." Ladies get very much perplexed sometimes as to the personal identity of their visitors. Thus, when a pair of friends go round together to make calls during their holiday in the hills, how is a hostess, who never saw either of them before, to discover from their occasionally rather bashful conversation which gentleman is Mr. Jones, and which is Mr. Smith? If she ask them to dinner afterwards for different evenings, she is sure to find the man she took for Smith responds to Jones's invitation, and *vice versa*.

In the wholesale system of calling pursued in the hills it often happens that you have to entertain at dinner guests whose personal appearance is entirely unknown to you. These ladies, whose husbands are unable to get leave from work in the plains, have called upon your wife without seeing her, and she has returned the visit with the same result ; so you are both dependent on the quickness of your own faculties to discover from their preliminary talk which is the most important lady whom you must take in to dinner ; you know her name of course, and probably all about her, but you have no idea which of your guests she is. As the first visitor is seen approaching, a servant enters and announces, "A lady comes." So you go out and receive on your threshold an utter stranger, to whom you offer your arm to the drawing-room, and make yourself as charming as circumstances permit, until the announcement of another lady, whom you must receive in the same manner, and so on until all the party is assembled.

Amongst the peculiarities which strike the visitor in India are what are called "acting appointments." Official No. 1 goes to England, and his place is temporarily supplied by Official No. 2, who enjoys a larger salary for the time ; then No. 3 is moved up to "act" for No. 2, and so on downwards, until to the outsider it really seems sometimes as though no one were doing his own, but everybody some other man's work.

In writing of society in India, and exploring its obvious faults and shortcomings, one turns with grateful pleasure to record its almost universal and thorough kindness. It sounds paradoxical to say that India is *the* country of the world in which the kindest deeds are done, and the

unkindest words spoken, but it is very true ; and true too that while the hard and bitter words are born of idle want of thought, the good deeds spring from tenderness of heart, and from consideration and sympathy for the wants of others. Nowhere else, probably, does one form such close and intimate friendships, destined sometimes, as long years of absence weaken the old links with home, to grow stronger even than the ties of blood. It is a melancholy fact that a long sojourn in India does and must cut off the exile from his own family ; they have forgotten the old early days whose memory he cherishes so fondly, while he has acquired new tastes and interests of which they know but little, and feel very seldom an inclination to learn more, and so when the first novelty of his return has worn off, the old Indian begins to feel himself an outsider in the family circle, and to wish sometimes for more congenial society, until he ends by settling down amongst the tried friends of his exile, feeling that however delightful it is to be able to see his relations when he will, his true home is with his own compeers.

People say the character of Indian society has altered greatly in the last twenty years. Before the introduction of croquet, when everybody rode or drove at sunset on the Mall, it was an important thing to have your carriage appointments perfect of their kind, and your horses such as should challenge the admiration of your friends. Now, though croquet has been killed by Badminton and tennis, the Mall is almost deserted, and the few people who hasten through it are on their way to garden parties of one kind or another, utterly reckless as to the appearance of the vehicle in which they sit, and preferring an inexpensive tum-tum, or even a hired gharry, to the elegant conveyances of the good old times.

The lavish hospitality which was needful before the days of dak bungalows and hotels, is so no longer ; but in no other country of the world are you sure to receive from people upon whom you have not the slightest claim, help such as you would hardly dare to hope for from your nearest relatives : nowhere else will you, as an utter stranger, be taken in and nursed with untiring tenderness and kindness, and this too where nearly all the fatigue of nursing falls upon your entertainers themselves, and not upon some old trustworthy servant, as it would do in an English house. And all this is done as a matter of course : you are ill and



alone, therefore you must be taken home by some motherly soul who, be she young or old, will treat you as her own and only child all through the period of your illness, and be your fast friend ever afterwards if you have only the common courtesy to say "thank you" to her for her goodness.

We may laugh at Indian society, suffer perhaps from its faults, and be irritated or disgusted by its weaknesses and follies, but never let us deny the generous kindness for which it is still remarkable, the good qualities which come to light when any passing breeze is strong enough to blow aside the foliage of that noxious plant of gossip which does its best to stifle and to overshadow them.

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#### MOSLEM PIRATES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

ACROSS the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea two irreconcilable enemies, Moslem and Christian, have glared at each other for centuries: to the north Spain, France, Italy; to the south, Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli. The waves that wash those shores have many a time been dyed with the blood of the valiant and the helpless, the strong soldier and the trembling child. They have been the liquid battle-plain for belted knight and turbaned Turk during many troubled years, and along the coasts of Italy from Villafranca to Sicily there are few miles of territory which have not at one time or another been scorched and ravaged by African fire and sword.

There are no pages of European history more full of wild romance and stirring adventure than those which record the deeds of the Moslem pirates in the Mediterranean; and of all these pages those which embrace the period from 1500 to 1560 are by far the most important and interesting. Not that a fierce maritime warfare between the Turks and Christians did not exist long before; but during this period piracy on the part of the former took a more powerful development, by reason of the protection afforded to these lawless marauders by the sultans of Turkey, who invested sundry of them with important dignities, and even with sovereignty. Within those sixty years the Ottoman emperors made use of the pirate chiefs to forward their own ambitious aims in northern Africa, and to drive out the

native Arab dynasties. But they proved to be implements which as often cut the hand that wielded them as those against whom they were directed.

Perhaps not the least singular circumstance connected with the piratical wars of the Mediterranean is the fact that their latest and ablest historian is a Roman Dominican monk. Padre Alberto Guglielmotti, of the Order of Preachers, is the author of a series of valuable works all dealing with marine matters, and especially and peculiarly with the Papal navy. Perhaps to the general reader the very phrase "Papal navy" may appear almost incongruous. Yet a Papal navy once existed, and its captains and sailors were amongst the most valiant and skilful of all those who manned and navigated the fleets of the Mediterranean. Still more incongruous does it appear to think of a cowed friar in his cell inditing treatises and narratives about naval doings, which not only manifest the most complete mastery of technical details, but have as breezy a salt savor of the sea in them as Dibdin's songs! The phenomenon is partly accounted for when we learn that Padre Guglielmotti is a native of Civit  Vecchia, and that his boyish reminiscences include listening with eager delight to the yarns of an old sailor who was wont to sit on the quay on holiday afternoons and recount his adventures. But Padre Guglielmotti's natural bent and aptitude for maritime things have been cultivated by assiduous and intelligent study. On navigation, gunnery, and fortification, on marine topography and meteorology (especially as regards the phenomena to be observed in the Mediterranean), this Dominican monk speaks with science and authority. One is tempted to exclaim, "What a fine sailor wasted!" But it must be remembered that for thousands of stout fellows able to take part in doughty deeds afloat, all the seaports in Italy could perhaps not furnish one other able to chronicle them as the Padre Alberto has done for us. He brings to the performance of his task some valuable elements which are supplied by the learned leisure of a cloistered life; and a mass of very varied erudition is fused, so to speak, into homogeneity by the glow of a strong and steady enthusiasm.

The leading incidents of the piratical warfare waged by the Mussulmen against the Christians in the Mediterranean are to be met with scattered throughout the pages of many chroniclers and historians. Jacopo Bosio in his well-known history of



the Order of St. John of Jerusalem,\*—known later as the Knights of Malta—records many of them; as does Agostino Giustiniani in his "Annals of Genoa," Pietro Bembo in his "*Rerum Venetarum Historia*," Guerrazzi in his "Life of Andrea Doria" (the latter, despite its power and elequence, not always to be relied on in detail), and many others. But Padre Guglielmotti has for the first time collected and co-ordinated these scattered records into a historic whole, and has added to them much valuable original thought, and many hitherto inedited documents, the fruit of his diligent researches. The work we are now alluding to is entitled "*La Guerra dei Pirati, e la Marina Pontificia, dal 1500 al 1560.*" It is rare to meet with a book so interesting at once in matter and manner. The author's character and tone of mind might furnish as valuable a study to the psychologist as his facts afford to the historian. He is endowed with a freshness and vigor of imagination which enables him to realize to his own mind the events he chronicles, almost as forcibly as if he had witnessed them. One result of this power is that he writes of distant incidents with a lively personal interest, which the majority of mankind are unable to feel even for the passing life around them. Three hundred and fifty years have not fossilized the men of the Cinque Cento for Padre Guglielmotti. He loves and hates them with a heartiness worthy of Doctor Johnson. As a counterpoise, he has a genuine love of truth, and would not willingly misrepresent even a Barbary pirate! But his manifestations of impartiality are such as an honest man might display towards his neighbor and contemporary in the flesh; and they neither have, nor affect to have, any Jove-like air of serene tolerance, or scientific imperturbability. For him humanity is still warm and palpitating in parchment chronicles of three centuries ago.

The year 1500 of our era was the Jubilee year. Rome was full of pilgrims from all parts of Europe. Her hostelries were overflowing; the ports of her maritime territory were populous with foreign vessels; the sea in those days was a more frequented highway than the land; and the concourse of travellers arriving from the different coasts and islands of the Mediterranean accumulated a mass of testimony as to the vexations, injuries, and

alarms inflicted on their respective countries by the Mussulmen pirates. At the same time, the traditions of the ancient crusades against the infidel were revived and warmed by all the religious exercises, the public preachings, and the visits to famous sanctuaries, which belonged to the Jubilee year. The Borgia pope, Alexander VI., who then sat on the throne of St. Peter's, proposed an alliance of Christian princes and peoples against the Turk. Almost every European nation had vital cause to desire the overthrow of the Mussulman power. The shores of France and Spain were constantly exposed to piratical ravages. Venice waged a fierce war in the waters of the Levant to defend her possessions. Even the inland countries of Hungary and Poland were engaged in a struggle against the hordes of Bajazet. Italy, from Genoa to Reggio on the Mediterranean, and from Venice to Taranto on the Adriatic, had suffered by the fire and sword of the barbarians. The most sanguine hopes were excited in the public mind by the announcement that the sovereigns of France and Spain (at that date Louis XII. and Ferdinand V., surnamed the Catholic) were about to put out all their strength against the common foe. Matters went so far in the councils of Rome, that the pope nominated as captain-general of the Christian armies Pierre d'Aubusson, grand master of Rhodes; and the Papal master of the ceremonies composed the formula of prayers to be recited on the distribution of the crosses, and the blessing of the common standard of the league.

At the same time active preparations went on to provide the contingent of twenty galleys which the pope had promised as his contribution to the Mediterranean fleet. The captain of the Papal navy at this time was Lodovico del Mosca, of a noble Roman family, now extinct. For a long period it had been customary for the Papal government to keep a squadron of war galleys cruising along the coast of the Roman and Tuscan Maremma, and a considerable way to the south towards Naples, for the protection of Italian commerce against the pirates. The number of these vessels was, in 1500, increased from three to twelve; namely, three galleys, three brigantines, three low coasting barges, two galleons, and a vessel called *balniere* or *baloniere*, which was a long rowing boat, something like the canoes used by the natives in Siam. Thanks to the seamanship and vigilance of Captain del Mosca, and his

\* Storia della sacra religione et illustrissima milizia di San Giovanni Gerosolimitano. In fol. Roma, 1594-1602.



colleague, Lorenzo Mutino (also a Roman), the great mass of pilgrims who came by sea reached Rome without accident or spoliation; and there was abundance of provisions in the ports of the State and the hostleries of the city. During the whole time of the Jubilee, Mosca's little squadron was incessantly cruising along the coast from Cape Argentaro to the Circæan Promontory, and amongst the little islands off the Tuscan and Neapolitan shores. The name of Mosca was a word of fear to the pirates, who prudently kept out of his way, and left the seas free to peaceable folks bent on piety or profit. Besides fulfilling these, his normal duties, Lodovico del Mosca busied himself in preparations for the great allied campaign against the Turk, which was then in prospect. Under his supervision six new galleys were at once put on the stocks in Cività Vecchia. Moreover, he was quick and vigilant enough to make an excellent bargain for his sovereign the pope by buying, at a very low price, all the artillery which King Frederick of Naples, then flying from his kingdom, had collected at Ischia. It is said to have been worth fifty thousand ducats, and was purchased for thirteen thousand!

The two captains, Mosca and Mutino, shipped the guns and munitions at Ischia, and brought them up the Tiber to the Ripa, whence they were conveyed by land through the Campo di Fiori to the Castle of St. Angelo. The procession greatly excited the public interest and curiosity, and the line of march was crowded with spectators. "There were thirty-six great bombards, with eighty carts pertaining to them; some drawn by horses, some by buffaloes, harnessed singly, or two, four, and even six together; two wagons laden with arquebusses for ship's boats; nine with about forty smaller bombards (*bombardelle*) placed three, four, or six on each wagon; twelve with ordinary pieces of artillery; as many more for the service of twelve big guns; thirty-seven carts with iron balls; three with gunpowder; and, finally, five laden with nitre, darts, and bullets. Splendid artillery of excellent workmanship and great power, escorted by two thousand men under arms, without mentioning the companies who marched before and after each wagon." Thus Padre Guglielmotti. He points out that, according to this irrefragable evidence, the ancient bombards were still highly valued at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and that this was about their latest period. Thenceforward, cannon

bored in proportion to the weight of the balls came into use. And whilst on the subject of mediæval artillery, we may mention a curious etymology maintained by our author. In a previous work he mentions the first example of the use of the word *mitraille*—in Italian *metraglia*—to express a quantity of projectiles fired off together, in the year 1453. Guerrazzi writes it in Italian with an *i*, and it is precisely this orthography which has blinded him to the true etymology of the word. In his "Life of Andrea Doria" Guerrazzi writes: "Cartouches filled with ball received the name of *mitraglia*, the etymology of which word is unknown to us." Had he written *metraglia* he would more easily have perceived the derivation of the word from the Italian verb *mettere*, to send, to emit. Of course its ancestor a little further removed is the Latin *mittere*. But, as Padre Guglielmotti well observes, the desinence in *aglia* is not Latin, but belongs to the idiosyncrasy of the Italian language, which has other examples of it; as *pedonaglia*, foot-soldiery, *nuvolaglia*, a mass of clouds, expressing the agglomeration of a number of similar objects.

With all these preparations, and others on a great scale made by Louis XII., king of France and seigneur of Genoa, and by Ferdinand the Catholic king of Spain, mighty results were expected from the Christian alliance against the Turk. The French king had prepared a fine fleet and army under the command of Count Philip of Cleves Ravenstein; whilst the troops of his most Catholic Majesty were led by the famous Gonsalvo of Cordova, surnamed the Great Captain. But these Christian princes were more intent on their own aggrandizement than on effectually protecting their peaceable subjects from piracy and rapine. Both looked with greedy eyes on Naples; and both used the war against the Turks as a pretext for collecting sea and land forces, and taking Frederick of Naples by surprise. In fact, Count Philip of Cleves Ravenstein, without taking counsel either with the Venetians, or with the grand master of Rhodes, entered the Archipelago, making a mere pretence of waging war on the Ottoman government. He assaulted Mitylene, bombarded it without effect, put about to the westward, and lost on the voyage the flagship on which he himself was, and soon afterwards another of his biggest ships with nearly all her crew. Similarly the army of the Spanish king, under the command of Gonsalvo,



having united itself with the Venetians off Cephalonia, disembarked, and made a great show of besieging the chief fortress of the island; but always half-heartedly, and in readiness to weigh anchor and make off at a moment's notice, according to the secret instructions of the Spanish Court. The flight of King Frederick from Naples, and the quarrel between France and Spain as to the division of the spoil, are well known, and form no part of our present subject, except in so far as they offer irrefragable proof of the real ends covered by the pretext of war against the Turks and the pirates. Even Cæsar Borgia used the same pretence to cloak for a moment his ambitious aims in Tuscany. He gave out that he was about to collect forces, by land and sea, against the Moslems; and he was the more readily believed because all the littoral populations knew by bitter experience how needful such an enterprise was. But, instead of succoring the dwellers on the Maremman coast, Cæsar Borgia, Duke of Valentino, and commander-in-chief of the Papal armies, used both men and ships to despoil the lord of Piombino of his territories, including the island of Elba. In June, 1501, the squadron under the command of Mosca was summoned from Cività Vecchia to blockade Piombino; and in the following August, Giacopo d'Appiano, lord of Piombino, fled to France, and the garrison surrendered to Borgia.

And, meanwhile, what were the foes to whose tender mercies the commerce, the property, the liberties, and the lives of inoffensive populations were left almost defenceless? It has been stated that the special characteristic of the period from A.D. 1500 to 1560 was the elevation of pirate chiefs by the Porte to positions of great power and dignity. They were made rulers over Tunis, Tripoli, Tangiers, Alexandria, and over the larger islands from the Ionian Sea to Jerba; and were, moreover, appointed admirals, or commanders of squadrons, of the Ottoman Empire. These men were almost without exception the most truculent ruffians imaginable, recruited from the scum of the galleys. Some of them were renegades, and all were treacherous and rapacious, to the injury of Moslem as well as Christian, when it suited their purpose. The names by which many of them were known in the Mediterranean, and whose very sound struck the inhabitants of its smiling shores with panic terror, are curious and suggestive. Among them

were *Barbarossa*, or Redbeard; *Il Giudeo*, the Jew; *Scirocco*, Southeaster (a stormy wind in those waters, the *creber procellis Africus* of Virgil); *Il Moro*, the Moor; *Cacciadiavoli*, Hunt-the-devils, etc. Except when these names describe personal qualities or peculiarities — as in the case of *Il Giudeo* and *Barbarossa* — they were corruptions of Moslem appellations. Thus *Camalì* was the Italian version of *Kamâl-raïs*; *Curtogalì* was Kurdogly; the terrible title of *Cacciadiavoli* was, thinks De Hammer, partly corrupted from *Cassim* or *Quâsim*; *Oruccio* was *Oürudje*; *Ariadeno* (*Barbarossa*) a transformation of *Kair-ed-Din*; *Dragut* was *Torghûd*; *Luccialì*, *Uluge-Aly*, etc.

That these desperadoes should for more than half a century have infested the waters and desolated the shores of the Mediterranean, Adriatic, and Ionian seas, is only to be explained by the discords and jealousies which divided Christian princes and rulers. France and Spain played off the Turk against one another in their struggle for supremacy in the peninsula. Meanwhile ruin and misery befell the littoral populations, and thousands of Christian men, women, and children languished in cruel captivity. Their "most Christian" and "most Catholic" Majesties were, indirectly, purveyors of slaves to the Sublime Porte and to all the petty tyrants of northern Africa. A brief notice of the *facta et gesta* of some of the leading pirates will be the best means, compatible with the space at our command, of illustrating what an intolerable scourge Moslem piracy had become in the sixteenth century.

*Kamâl-raïs*, called by the Italians *Camalì*, in the year 1502, ruled over *Santa-maura* or *Leucadia*, one of the most important of the Ionian Islands, and from that centre, with a powerful fleet, devastated the neighboring shores, and crippled maritime commerce. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the metropolis of the island (to which it gives its name, *Santa Maura*) was a strongly fortified place. It was surrounded by a strong wall, flanked by massive turrets, furnished with a large quantity of artillery, and strengthened besides by a rectangular castle of oblong shape, protected by five large round towers, and four smaller square ones. At the foot of the escarpments were deep moats filled with sea-water. Between the island and the coast of *Acarania* there is only a very narrow canal, over which, by means of sundry little islets and rocks, a bridge was carried,



connecting it with the mainland. A curious memorial of the condition of the fortress of Santamaura in those days exists in the church of the Frari at Venice, where, on the monument to Benedetto Capello, a view of it is sculptured in bas-relief. In the same church, too, the commandant of the Papal fleet who directed the expedition against Camall, which we are about to describe, lives again on the canvas of Titian. The commandant, or commissary, as was his official title, was no other than Giacompo Pesaro, Bishop of Pafo; and he is represented in Titian's magnificent picture as kneeling before St. Peter, who regards him benevolently for his services to Christendom against the Turks. The custom of employing ecclesiastics in military enterprises was not peculiar to the Papal court. As late as the days of Louis XIV., bishops and cardinals commanded French ships of war.

Bishop Pesaro, then, having joined his forces with those of the Venetian republic, proceeded to the Ionian Sea for the purpose of attacking Camall. The general of the Venetian forces was Benedetto Pesaro, the bishop's brother. It was desired to surround the island of Santamaura by the combined fleets; but this being impossible by reason of the bridge already described, the two commanders agreed that the Roman vessels should hold the channel between the island and the mainland, cutting off all communication on that side, and that the Venetians should invest the place from the side of the open sea as far as the port of Demata. On August 23, 1502, the Roman commissary, with twelve galleys, favored by a south wind, glided in rapidly between the island and mainland, until they came to the shallow water at the extremity of the narrow canal. Here twelve pirate galleys awaited them, hoping either to take them by surprise, or at least to conquer them singly as they issued into the narrow channel. But the Romans, prudent as well as valorous, came on cautiously, taking frequent soundings, and keeping close together in a double line. As soon as they came in sight of the enemy, they pushed forward with such vigor of oars and such a furious fire from their big guns, that the Turkish galleys fled precipitately towards the shore; the pirates, throwing themselves into the water, escaped by swimming or wading; and their twelve ships were abandoned as a prey to the victors. On the other side the Venetians came up and landed their infantry and several pieces of artillery of large calibre;

whilst the Romans, who had also landed after securing the pirate galleys, attacked the castle and cut the water conduits. The garrison, consisting of four hundred Spahis, one hundred Janissaries, and two thousand natives, nearly all pirates, made a desperate resistance. On the mainland, on the side of the Epirus, appeared one thousand cavalry soldiers with a handful of infantry, sent to the assistance of the garrison by the Turkish governor. But no sooner did they show themselves at the head of the bridge across the canal, than they were assailed by such a tremendous fire of grape-shot from the Roman ships as compelled them to make off precipitately, and they were seen no more. This circumstance discouraged the garrison, and after a seven days' siege, and the making of an important breach in the fortress, they came out to the gate to discuss the terms of capitulation. The place could no longer be defended, and must be yielded up; but they demanded to go out with their lives and property. The Venetian general was willing to give fair terms to the regular soldiery of the fortress; but considering the pirates to be outside the pale of honorable warfare, he desired they should be left to be dealt with at his discretion. The pirates, being almost as furious against the regular Turkish soldiers as against the enemy, began to make a tumult, and threatened to proceed to violent excesses; whereupon, exasperated by their insolence, the Christian soldiery rushed past the gate and took the place by storm. A number of Christian prisoners — natives of Puglia, Sicily, and Calabria — found within it were released from their chains, and the leading pirates were hanged by the neck from the battlements; amongst them was Kamal-raïs, called by the Italians Camall. "So much for the first!" says Padre Guglielmotti.

But poetical justice of this striking sort by no means overtook all the Moslem corsairs. Curtogalì (Kurd-ogly), for example, met with a different fate."

In 1516 there reigned over the country called by the Romans Byzacena (part of Tunis) from Algiers to the confines of Tripoli, Abu-Abd-Allah-Mohammed, of the dynasty of the Hafsit, a Moslem of Berber race, and entirely independent of the Ottoman Empire. This prince was on friendly terms with the Genoese. He had signed treaties of friendship and commerce with them, and favored their trade, their coral-fisheries, their storehouses, because they brought important revenues



to his exchequer, and helped to supply his markets to the great satisfaction of the native population. Things being thus, Curtogall, with a piratical squadron, appears on Abdallah's coasts, and demands hospitality. Now Curtogall was a notorious pirate; but he was also, none the less for that, in favor with the sultan of Turkey, by whom he was subsequently advanced to high honors. Abdallah received him very willingly for several reasons: because he was a Mussulman, because he was welcomed by the populace, and because, according to the precepts of the Koran, the pirate delivered up to him, as ruler of the country, a clear fifth part of the spoil wrested from Christian vessels. Curtogall was soon established at Biserta (the ancient Hippo-Zarythus, called by the Arabs Benzert) almost as an independent prince, with thirty ships and a horde of nearly six thousand robbers at his command. Benzert is situated on a promontory of the Tunisian coast just opposite the mouth of the Tyrrhene Sea. From this point Curtogall could strike with his right hand at Trapani in Sicily, with his left at Cagliari in Sardinia, and swoop straight forward upon the Tiber, Rome, Naples, Tuscany, and Liguria. Within three months he had already seized upon a Genoese guardship, devastated a part of the Ligurian coast, taken eighteen Sicilian vessels laden with corn, and threatened the Tuscan Maremma with an ever-increasing swarm of galleys manned by the most formidable and desperate corsairs. Pope Leo X. issued stringent orders to the governors of all the Papal provinces to raise troops, occupy roads and bridges, patrol the shore, keep up a constant correspondence by day and night between the points most open to attack, and, in short, take the most active measures for the defence of the country against their dreaded foes. Dreaded in the fullest sense of the word they were. The mere menace of their coming sufficed to keep whole provinces in agitation. The city of Rome itself was alarmed; prayers were put up in all the churches, and the pontiff with his court, and a large body of secular and regular clergy carrying the most sacred relics, went on foot in public processions from church to church to implore the divine protection against the pirates.

Meanwhile, however, Abdallah, ruler of Tunis, continued to harbor and favor Curtogall. Padre Guglielmotti has an amusing description of Abdallah's conduct and

state of mind. "He desired," says our author, "peace with all, and prosperity for his own interests. Friendly to the merchants with their commerce, friendly to the pirates with their spoils. Let all hold firmly by the law: the former contentedly paying the custom dues, the latter cheerfully handing over a fifth part of their robberies, and Abdallah, their common friend, would ever continue in peace with them all. Outside of his ports the merchants and the pirates might fall together by the ears if they would; that was no reason for him to trouble his head. On the contrary, he would joyfully await them on their return either with custom dues, or tribute of the fifth, as the case might be." A delightful programme; only that the Genoese, with whom, as has been said, Abdallah had made solemn treaties, did not wholly appreciate this lofty impartiality to the detriment of their commerce. They consequently resolved to assail Curtogall under cover of the Papal banner, and so as not openly to manifest hostility against the ruler of Tunis. Their ships, together with those of the pope and a strong contingent belonging to the Knights of St. John, attacked Biserta on August 4, 1516, set free a number of Christian prisoners, and gained a rich booty from the pirate ships, which were found laid up in the port, the crews having taken themselves off at the approach of the allied fleet. Thence the latter cruised along the African coast as far as Jerba; and having burnt many of the enemies' vessels, taken a large share of spoil, and captured three brigantines, they returned triumphantly at the end of the month to the Italian harbors.

The result of these exploits was that Abdallah, perceiving that his policy of "each of you for yourselves, and all of you for me," was no longer tenable, made fresh treaties with the Genoese, promising to favor their commerce, and to protect their merchant vessels against all and sundry, along the coasts of Tunis. And so Genoa gained some advantage from her spirited effort. Not so Rome. Curtogall, finding that Abdallah's interests were seriously involved in keeping faith with the Genoese, relinquished all present hope of attacking their vessels from Tunisian ports. But all the more ferociously did he direct his projects of vengeance against Rome. To this end he conceived a plan of singular audacity, and one which, if carried out, might strangely have changed several pages of European history. This plan was noth-



ing less than to kidnap the pope, and carry him off prisoner! And it was, moreover, within an ace of succeeding. Here is Padre Guglielmotti's account of the matter, founded on contemporary documents:—

"Pope Leo, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and still a young man, was accustomed every autumn to leave Rome with a few familiar friends and followers, and to put aside grave thoughts, and give rest to his weary mind, by the pleasures of hunting and fishing, which he pursued throughout the country and on the shore. One of his favorite resorts for this purpose was the Castle of the Magliana, five miles distant from Rome on the banks of the Tiber. It is now a squalid and deserted ruin. . . . But in the days of Pope Leo it was a sumptuous edifice, as I have seen for myself in the designs of Sangallo, and as all may read in the documents of that time. . . . From thence the pope was wont to ride out privately to Porto, Ostia, Ardea, or Laurento, to descend to the shore, and embark in a little fishing-boat, and to divert himself, now at sea with net or hook, now on land with hound and hawk. In this year (1516) he left Rome on the eighteenth of September, and remained out of it two months, visiting the cities of the Maremma and hawking and fishing in various places." (Roscoe in his "Life of Leo X." falls into some inaccuracies respecting this excursion. In the first place he says that the pope, after hearing of the death of his brother, Giuliano de' Medici, at Florence, "retired to Civit  Lavinia," as though seeking privacy in his grief; and secondly he asserts that the pope left Rome "a few days after he had received intelligence of this event," which occurred in March. Now we have the irrefragable testimony of Paris de Grassis in his diary that the pope left Rome on September 18.) Padre Guglielmotti goes on: "Leo proceeded to Palo, and along the shores near the mouth of the Tiber, and to the suburban cities, as far as the Laurentian coast below Civit  Lavinia. At this latter place Curtogall lay in ambush awaiting him, with eighteen ships, and his men partly on board, and partly ashore, to catch the pope between them. By good fortune some one got scent of the plot, and the whole company drew bridle in time, turned about, and fled at full gallop to Rome, which they reached in safety on October 28. Paris de Grassis, who knew all, although he was not of the hunting party, says no explicit word of this adventure. He merely

writes of hunting, fishing, and a sudden return to the city. This was then a cowardly and vile plot. Such it is proved to be by the testimony of sundry historians, and by the conspiracy discovered six months later." \*

There seems to be no doubt that Curtogall had a secret understanding with some traitor or traitors in the Papal court. Nor is this at all inconceivable to those who know how, as Padre Guglielmotti says, the most ardent passions, the fiercest struggles between France and Spain, independence and servitude, nobles and populace, Sienna and Florence, and many more, all were focussed, so to speak, around the "fatal house of Medici." Curtogall, disappointed in his enterprise of kidnapping the pope, vented his fury on the surrounding country.

Six years later we find this pirate chief commanding a division of the Turkish fleet which was sent against Rhodes, then the seat and stronghold of the Knights of Jerusalem. Guglielmotti's account of that famous siege — although necessarily much compressed — is very interesting. But we have not space to do more than allude to it here. Our present business is with Curtogall. On December 20, 1522, the place capitulated, on the 24th the Turks made a triumphal entry into Rhodes. The sultan Soliman rode a magnificent courser, and was surrounded by a brilliant staff with all imaginable "pride, pomp, and circumstance." But the Moslem sovereign was not insensible to the sorrowful position of his vanquished adversaries. As he rode on to take possession of the fortress which the grand master, Prince Philippe Villiers l'Isle Adam, had so long ruled over and so valiantly defended, Soliman said in a low voice to those nearest to him, "It weighs upon me somewhat that I should be coming hither to-day to chase this aged Christian warrior from his house." The two great antagonists desired to see each other. They met, Philip surrounded by his knights, and Soliman by a guard of Janissaries. The old Christian and the young Turkish warrior were so struck and impressed by each other's aspect, and doubtless by the rush of thoughts which their meeting under such circumstances gave rise to, that for a few moments they remained silent, gazing at each other without uttering a word. The first to

\* The conspiracy of Cardinal Petrucci and others of the Roman Curia to poison Leo, and for which Petrucci and some subordinate instruments of his attempted crime suffered death.



break this singular and impressive pause was our acquaintance Curtogali, and thereupon ensued the usual speeches, and compliments, and ceremonies between the Turkish and Christian leaders. But although cloaked with some chivalric courtesy, the defeat of the knights was none the less hard and bitter to endure. At the commencement of the following year, they left the island, never to return. The last to embark was the old Prince Philippe Villiers. He was closely followed by his herald, who, at a sign from the grand master, raised his trumpet to his mouth and blew the strain familiar to the knights called "Salute and Farewell." That very same trumpet of the last adieu is still preserved in the museum at Malta, mute forevermore. Of Curtogali we here take leave. Our last view of him is as prince or governor of Rhodes, triumphant over his Christian enemies, and high in power among his Moslem countrymen.

The story of *Il Giudeo*, the Jew, contains some touches of humanity rare in these bloody chronicles, and the end of it is strangely pathetic. This man was, as his name implies, a Jewish renegade. He was born at Smyrna, and acquired great riches by his piracies. The Arabs called him Sinàm, the Turks Ciefut Pasha, and the Italians *Il Giudeo*. After the conquest of Rhodes, the pirates infested the Mediterranean like a pack of hungry wolves; and *Il Giudeo* surpassed them all in astuteness and in an intimate knowledge of every creek and hiding-place along the coasts and among the islands. Monte Argentaro, Elba, Ponza, he knew them all, and could play at hide-and-seek among them with his swift, treacherous galleys. He had a fleet of thirty-four of them, and ravaged the coasts of Sicily, Naples, and the Roman States. For the most part he was successful and almost unmolested in his marauding expeditions. But once three ships belonging to the Knights of Rhodes, and commanded by Captain Paolo Vettori, made a raid upon the robbers and captured some pirate galleys off Gianutri, a tiny islet of the Tuscan Archipelago. But this was a comparatively unimportant check to *Il Giudeo*. None the less for it did he scour the Mediterranean to his own great profit and the terror of the littoral populations. In 1533 we find him triumphantly carrying off from near Messina three vessels belonging to Andrea Doria, laden with silk — a very rich prize. In 1535 he defended La Goletta with a body of six thousand picked Turkish troops against the Chris-

tian armies commanded by Charles V. in person. The Moslems made a valorous defence, but were overpowered and compelled to fly to Tunis, where Barbarossa was then reigning, having forcibly seized that kingdom from the descendant of the ancient Berber dynasty of the Hafsîs. Within the city of Tunis at that time were upwards of ten thousand Christian slaves taken by the pirates. These were Spaniards, French, Germans, and, more numerous than all, Italians; people of both sexes and all ages and conditions, merchants, soldiers, knights, sailors, priests. These unfortunates, on the first approach of the Christian army, had been huddled into some underground caverns called the *gune*, originally intended for storing grain. Barbarossa, seeing the fortune of war go against him, absolutely proposed to massacre all these helpless wretches, and was with difficulty dissuaded from his atrocious intention. *Il Giudeo* chiefly opposed it, and it was mainly owing to his intercession that the prisoners' lives were saved. This of La Goletta was a great and important victory for the Christian arms. Besides putting the enemy to flight and confusion, the Christians captured all the Moslem ships, without losing one on their side. Amongst the prisoners taken was *Il Giudeo's* favorite child, a boy of ten years old, who is stated to have been serving as a sort of cabin-boy on board one of the captured Moorish vessels. The child fell to the share of the prince of Piombino, who caused him to be baptized, had him educated in all the accomplishments of a gentleman of that day, and brought him up in his own house, "where he lived honored and beloved by all."

Meanwhile *Il Giudeo* was advanced to even greater honors by the sultan. Escaped from the disaster of La Goletta and of Tunis, he was nominated admiral of the fleet of the Red Sea; the principal scope of which was to harass and oppose the Portuguese, whose progress in the Indies was giving umbrage to Soliman. *Il Giudeo's* headquarters were at Suez. He was enormously wealthy, powerful, and honored. But the terrible pirate had a heart. It is evident that his apostasy had not cancelled the strong parental affection so characteristic of his race, and of the teachings of the Hebrew religion; and he never ceased to lament the loss of his son. Nearly ten years after the disaster of Tunis, Barbarossa — another celebrated and especially truculent Moslem pirate — attacked the island of Elba,



which was a possession of the prince of Piombino. Barbarossa threatened to ravage the island with fire and sword, if Il Giudeo's son were not given up to him. This act appears to have been dictated less by friendship for his comrade in piracy than by greed of gain. There is little doubt that he expected the prince to pay a heavy ransom for the youth to whom he had become attached. Only a short time previous, the republic of Genova had been compelled to the humiliation of buying him off from destroying Savona. However, the young man at once declared himself willing to go and see his father, as was right and dutiful, but stipulated spontaneously that the dominions of his benefactor, the prince of Piombino, should be respected. Accordingly the baptized son of Il Giudeo set out for Egypt where his father anxiously awaited him. But when one day he appeared before him, a handsome, elegant cavalier, richly attired, and surrounded by a train of servants and attendants, the old man embraced his long-lost son in such a paroxysm and transport of joy, that "his heart burst and he fell dead." The circumstance is well attested by Bosio, Mambrino, Jovius, etc. And, as Padre Guglielmotti remarks, Il Giudeo was probably the only one of the dreaded company of Moorish pirates to whom it could possibly have happened.

Barbarossa's adventures were perhaps more varied and startling than those of any of his compeers, or at least more of them have been chronicled and particularized. But he was also superior to the majority of his compeers in intelligence as well as daring. The son of a renegade Greek of Mitylene, he and his brother Oürudje early embarked in the career of piracy, beginning in great poverty — so much so that their first attempts were made in a wretched little cockle-shell of a boat, armed at the expense of some speculator (perhaps we should now say "contractor") in that line of business; they speedily amassed riches, and made themselves feared and famous. Kair-ed-Din, corrupted by the Italian *cinquacentisti* into Ariadeno, and nicknamed from the color of his hair Barbarossa, was the leading spirit of the two. He was of middle height and herculean strength, with a red and very thick beard. His lower lip hung down and made him lisp in his speech. He was proud, vindictive, and treacherous. Nevertheless, he could on occasion assume considerable affability of manner, and his smile is said to have been peculiarly sweet. He spoke several lan-

guages with fluency, and Spanish by preference. At once courageous and cautious, he had a penetrating eye for the choice of his subordinates, amongst whom were numbered at various times such ornaments of the piratical profession as Cacciadiavoli, Il Giudeo, Hassan Aga (a Sardinian renegade), etc. He made a careful and fruitful study of the naval constructions of his time, and greatly improved the build and armament of the corsair vessels, making them lighter and fleetier than heretofore; for, as he was accustomed to remark to his lieutenants, a greyhound is better for the chase than a mastiff. In short, he was evidently no vulgar desperado, intent on petty plunder, but a leader of men, endowed with keen perceptions, cool daring, and Napoleonic unscrupulousness. It does not appear, however, that he made any pretence of carrying Mussulman "civilization" into Christian countries. He simply robbed and ravaged because he wanted booty and slaves. But the world has progressed since A.D. 1530, or so. We have seen that the republic of *Genova la Superba* was induced to buy him off on one occasion. He plundered Calabria, Campania, and Nice; and in 1536 (*regnante* Pope Paul III. Farnese) he caused such a panic along the whole of the Italian Mediterranean coast, that the pontiff made a journey in person to hasten the armaments and defences of the Maremma, to visit the citadels, to comfort the people, and to encourage the troops and their leaders. In twenty-seven days he visited Nepi, Viterbo, Montefiascone, Orvieto, Gradoli, Capodimonte, Acquapendente, Toscanella, Corneto, Civit  Vecchia, and Cere. And then he turned his attention to the walls of Rome. Guglielmotti maintains that the modern fortifications of Rome and the works of Sangallo and Castriotto, in the part of the city called the Borgo, and at the Vatican, had their origin in the necessity for being prepared against the Turks, and especially against the terrible Barbarossa. One of Barbarossa's exploits was to disembark in the island of Procida, in the Gulf of Naples, and from thence to burn, harry, and ravage the mainland in all directions. He bombarded Ga ta, he destroyed Sperlonga, he seized Fondi, a town in the present province of Caserta in the kingdom of Naples. And at this latter place he nearly succeeded in a pet plan of his, which was to carry off Giulia Gonzaga, widow of Vespasian Colonna, and reputed the most beautiful woman in Italy, and make a present of



her to Sultan Soliman! The lady had the narrowest escape possible, being one of the first persons in the town to be aroused from sleep by the approach of the pirates, and hurrying away half-dressed. The town was sacked, and later the pirates burned Terracina, and finally they appeared on the Roman shores at the mouth of the Tiber. Such was the terror of the populations that contemporary writers are almost unanimously of opinion that Barbarossa might have captured Rome itself had he made the attempt. This, however, was not in his schemes. Having taken in stores of fresh water, and wood from the neighboring forests, he made off straight for Tunis. Here Muley-Hassan, the legitimate sovereign, was very far from suspecting what awaited him. But Barbarossa, with perfect frankness and absence of any diplomatic fashions whatsoever, turned the Tunisian monarch out of his dominions, and installed himself as ruler instead! After twelve years more of a brilliant and prosperous career, this remarkable personage died in his bed at Constantinople, and was buried (July, 1546) on the shores of the Bosphorus at Therapia. To this day the ruins of his tomb are to be seen there, picturesquely overgrown with moss and ivy.

The above are only a few brief pages from the varied chronicles of Mediterranean piracy, which are curiously and intimately connected with the history of European politics throughout the sixteenth century. And in our own times the geographical position of that famous Barbary coast has again made it important in the councils of Europe. Nay, to go further back by many centuries, the Italians of to-day discover that Cato's warning about Carthage is not yet obsolete; and that the fresh figs from Tunis are more quickly transported to their coasts by steam navies nowadays than they could be carried in the Roman galleys a hundred and fifty years before Christ.

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From The Saturday Review.

AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND FORTY YEARS AGO.

A DESCRIPTION of English life in town and country, written forty years ago by a cultivated American gentleman who was an honored guest in England, has in these days a considerable interest, which is per-

haps increased by the fact stated in the preface to Henry Colman's "European Life and Manners," published in 1849, that the letters of which the book is made up were not originally intended for publication. In the same preface the author exhibited a right feeling which it could be wished were more common amongst authors nowadays. "The greatest difficulty," he wrote, "in the publication of these letters has been that they might be deemed too personal; and my anxiety has been lest they should be thought to approach a violation of private confidence. I know few things that could give me more pain than to be justly obnoxious to such a charge. I hope it will not in any degree be found so." In accordance with this feeling the author at first resolved not to publish a single name, but he found this an idle attempt, as "individuals would be traced by circumstances as certainly as if distinctly announced." He goes on, however, to say: "I have reported no conversations, and passed no free opinions, upon any persons or characters except public characters, and upon these only in their public relations and acts; and though in speaking of private individuals I have spoken in the language of respect or praise, I can only say that the terms are most general; I had constantly to restrain the grateful utterance of my convictions, and it is not a tithe of the eulogy which I might have honestly pronounced." Further, Mr. Colman was careful to state that all the particulars published as to the style of living in the houses at which he was a guest had been placed in his hands "with a full and expressed liberty to use them as I pleased. . . . I know my English friends will smile at the simplicity with which I have detailed some small matters; but they must live in a condition and organization of society totally different from their own in order to understand the interest which is taken on this side of the water in these minute details."

As to Mr. Colman's more general views, and especially as to his first impressions of London, people who are compelled or who choose to stay in town at this time of year may get some gratification from being reminded by the American traveller of the magnificent nature of their abiding-place. Having described some of the narrow city streets, he goes on to speak of London's "broad and magnificent passages, of a width a third greater than Broadway in New York in its widest parts, running for miles with



stores and shops of almost unimaginable splendor, and in their richness and magnificence realizing the brightest fictions of poetry." As to the extent of London, the author found it impossible to communicate any idea of it to those who had not seen it for themselves. He had gone eighteen miles, from Brentford to Stratford, through an uninterrupted succession of thickly-planted houses. He had walked until he had to sit down on a doorstep out of pure weariness, and yet had not got at all out of the moving tide of population. He rode on the driver's seat on omnibuses, and was astonished at the constant succession of squares, parks, terraces, and long lines of single houses for miles, and continuous blocks and single palaces in the very heart of London, occupying acres of ground. This, he added, was the impression produced, without taking into account the large parks, —

which for their trees, their verdure, their neatness, their embellishments, their lakes and cascades, their waters swarming with fish, and covered with a great variety of water-fowl which they have been able to domesticate, and their grazing flocks of sheep and cattle, and their national monuments, and the multitudes of well-dressed pedestrians, and of elegantly-mounted horsemen and horsewomen, and of carriages and equipages as splendid as gold and silver can make them, are beautiful beyond even my most romantic dreams. I do not exaggerate; I cannot go beyond the reality.

The same impression is more than once repeated in different words, the inference of course being that the writer was in correspondence with several friends, and preferred to leave the letters as they were rather than go to work to make a set book of them — a preference which is perhaps justified by the air of spontaneousness thus retained. One point, as in contrast to the magnificence above referred to, he touches upon in a passage which speaks of "the most melancholy sight in London and Liverpool," and it is to be feared that if Mr. Colman could return to London now he would find that but little had been done towards removing this disgrace to certain of our streets at night-time. In a passage following not long after this, he writes: —

Tell — I have little chance of obtaining for her a King Charles poodle. The lady of —, who had a well-educated one, told me the price was thirty guineas; and it had no doubt been stolen from her, a very common trick, by *the man who sold it to her*, and she had to pay him eight guineas more for *finding it*.

Before leaving London to pay some visits at great houses, the writer described how he was struck by "the neatness of the better class of women," most of whom wore white cotton stockings "without those dirty pantalets which you see hobbling about the ankles of our women;" while they had too much good sense to let their clothes draggle in the mud under an affected modesty. "I wish our ladies at home could take some lessons from them." Another thing he admired was their wearing, when walking, pattens or thick-soled shoes as thick as cork shoes, or else goloshes. "India-rubbers are not seen." What is the difference between goloshes and India-rubbers? He was further pleased at finding that

they seldom wear false curls; but women whose hair is grey wear it grey, and seem to take as much pains with, and as much pride in their silver locks as the younger ones do in their auburn tresses. . . . Manners are certainly much more a study than with us; and upon the whole make society much more agreeable; for they are not put on for the occasion, but grow up with them as matter of course. Everything in society proceeds much more quietly than with us.

Of the country houses to which he was invited Mr. Colman had, as he warned readers in his preface, a good deal to say as to matters of detail, but in one letter he gives a kind of general summary of his experiences, and some of the impressions given in this may be referred to: —

In a Scotch family you are expected to shake hands on retiring with all the party, and on meeting in the morning. The English are a little more reserved, though, in general, the master of the house shakes hands with you. . . . In the morning you come down in undress, with boots, trowsers of any color, frock-coat, etc. At dinner you are always expected to be in full dress; straight coat, black satin or white waistcoat, silk stockings and pumps, but not gloves. . . . The gentleman is expected to sit near the lady whom he hands in.

After dessert there

is put upon the table a small bottle of Constantia wine, which is deemed very precious, and handed round in small wine-glasses, or Noyeau, or some other cordial. . . . No cigars or pipes are ever offered, and soon after the removal of the cloth the ladies retire to the drawing-room, the gentlemen close up at the table, and, after sitting as long as you please, you go into the drawing-room to have coffee and then tea. The wines at table are generally of the most expensive quality; port, sherry, claret, seldom madeira; but I have never heard any discussion about the character of the wines,



excepting that I have been repeatedly asked what wine we usually drank in America.

In a foot-note the writer states that during his long residence in England, even in the freest conversation in parties of gentlemen, he never heard an obscene story or indecent allusion; "nor even," he adds, using a vile mongrel phrase which custom has made current — "*a double entendre*." Shortly after the date of this letter Mr. Colman was fortunate enough to be present at the queen's visit to Cambridge on the occasion of the degree of LL.D. being conferred on the prince consort; and in reference to this, after dwelling on the blessing to her subjects of the queen's "exemplary and beautiful character," he makes the quaint statement that "this is remarkable, for some of their monarchs have been a disgrace to human nature, and their celebrated Queen Elizabeth was an odious character." On a second visit to Cambridge, the writer attended the University Sermon, and found the preaching "almost the best that I have heard in England. It was a highly devout, practical, and useful sermon, and written with great elegance, delivered in a simple, earnest, and unaffected manner." In the afternoon he went to chapel, first at King's, and afterwards to the organ-loft at Trinity, where there was "a very grand display. The room is not elegant; it is a good deal larger than King's Chapel in Boston, with seats running lengthwise, and rising from the centre aisle. The room was lighted by about two hundred wax candles, and the whole assembly below were dressed in white surplices with their black square caps in their hands. . . . I have never witnessed a sight so splendid and august." Further on he states that "no student is allowed to go without his university dress, at any time, out of his own room" — a vexation which Cambridge men may be heartily glad to have got rid of.

On his return to London towards the end of 1843 Mr. Colman found himself for a time comparatively solitary, and took occasion to walk about and investigate the condition of the streets of all kinds, in which, much to his surprise, he seldom saw a quarrel. He saw carriages, again and again, by hundreds, passing each other in the narrowest passages, often hindered when they were most anxious to get on, and yet (this is surprising enough) he saw no passion displayed and heard no harsh language uttered. He had, he wrote, heard more profane swearing in one hour among the boatmen on

the New York Canal than he heard altogether during his seven months' residence in England. At the beginning of 1844 the traveller took to going out to evening parties, when he observed that elderly ladies wore their gowns very low in front, while young ladies wore them rather high in front but very low behind. Short kid mittens or gloves were worn up to the wrist; then the arm was bare to the elbow, with short sleeves, and a good deal of lace round the elbows and bosom. The gowns were worn very long, with white kid shoes. Society, in its political aspects, was in a peculiar condition, calculated to cause anxiety: —

It is quite plain to me that the Government is at present maintained mainly by military force. The disturbances in Ireland, the divisions in the Church in Scotland, the condition of the poor throughout the country, the agitation on the subject of the Corn-laws, the movements of the High Church party, the Pusey controversy, the hatred of the Established Church not uncommon amongst Dissenters — all these things seemed to make a jumble of noxious elements.

The reputation of America was at a very low ebb, and Mr. Colman could scarcely go into any company without being obliged to do battle for his country. "The mere suggestion of repudiation, which, I believe, has never been contemplated by any but the State of Mississippi, has done us an immense injury." The tone of the American papers the writer found to be in many respects inexcusable, and especially in their efforts to kindle a war spirit: —

America seems really to be cursed with some selfish, mean politicians, who, to gross ignorance and entire recklessness of moral principle, add only views of the most narrow and sordid character, and are incapable of acting upon any large and comprehensive principles of right and justice, and of regarding with a single eye the great interests of humanity.

As to the Irish agitation it seemed portentous of destruction and outrage, but the government had no serious apprehensions: —

The refractory child will cry itself to sleep. I have no confidence in the patriotism of O'Connell. With him it seems a mere matter of religious bigotry and personal emolument. . . . Nothing has surprised me more than to learn from one of the late American papers that Governor S — has recently made a speech at one of the repeal meetings. What can he have to do with Irish politics?

With but slight changes beyond those



of names much of this would not seem out of date nowadays. Of the theatres Mr. Colman had little to say except as to the ballets at the Opera House, which he found got up in a style of surpassing magnificence and splendor. "The music is of the most *recherché* description, and the dancing as elastic and sylph-like as can be imagined. I cannot speak of it with unqualified approval. Within certain limits it presents all the charms of the most wonderful cultivation and grace; but beyond certain limits, the passing of which every modest mind at once recognizes, it becomes offensive and immoral." He went on, however, to admit with his usual fairness that every allowance must be made for the effect of habit and established customs, and with this admission we may for the present take leave of our ingenuous and ingenious writer.

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From Nature.

#### THE "EIRA" EXPEDITION.

ON June 14, 1881, the "Eira" left Peterhead. The ice reached very far south, and no opening could be found to enable her to get north until the middle of July. Franz Josef's Land was reached on July 23, and the "Eira" steamed along the coast to within fifteen miles of Cape Ludlow. The ice was closely packed to the north, so it was decided to return to Gray Bay and wait till a more favorable opportunity should present itself to proceed. On August 7 the "Eira" was made fast to the land-floe near Bell Island, and a storehouse was erected of materials taken out in the ship. On August 15 she left Bell Island, and, being unable to pass to the eastward of Barents Hook, she was made fast to the land-floe off Cape Flora. The next few days were spent in collecting plants and fossils, which unfortunately were lost with the vessel. On August 21 the "Eira" was heavily nipped by the ice, and about 10 A.M. a leak was discovered, and barely two hours elapsed till the vessel had to be abandoned. All the boats were saved, and most of the men saved some clothes and bedding.

The tent was ultimately erected on Cape Flora, and here the expedition spent the winter, making the best of their circumstances. But little food had been saved, and the party had therefore to keep a sharp look-out for walruses, bears, and other native game, on which they lived, and on which, along with a daily

drop of rum, they maintained their health, according to the report of the surgeon. There were one or two cases of illness, but no trace of scurvy, though 70° of frost were at times experienced. In June the ice was cleared away, and on the 21st four boats were started from Cape Flora, with twenty-five men and provisions for six months. The "Eira" men were more fortunate than the discoverers of Franz Josef Land in their escape; for although they had sometimes to drag their boats over the ice, they reached Novaya Zemlya, at Matotschkin Schar, on August 2. Next day they were sighted by the "William Barents," and as Sir Allen Young, in the "Hope," was only a mile away, Mr. Leigh Smith and his men were soon welcomed on board the steamer sent to rescue them.

When Mr. Smith publishes his detailed narrative, we may find that he has been able to make some addition to a knowledge of the geography and natural history of the region where he has wintered, though we fear it cannot be much. All his collections went down with the "Eira," so that science cannot be a great gainer by his expedition. Until details are to hand, it is impossible to say whether the catastrophe to the vessel could have been avoided, or whether it was one of those accidents for which all Arctic explorers must be prepared. The ice seems to have been in motion very early this year for that region, and we know that it has come down unusually far south; any information concerning the movements of the ice in high latitudes during the past spring and summer would be welcome.

The following is an interesting extract from the journal report upon Cape Flora (obtained by the *Times* Aberdeen correspondent), giving an account of the birds, bears, and walrus seen during the winter spent there:—

"On July 25, 1881, we reached Gray Bay, at Cape Grant and Cape Crowther. There are large loomeries a short distance up the bay on the water side. Many rotgees had their young among the basaltic columns of the lofty cliffs. Other birds were also seen, including the snow-bird, the molly, the boatswain, the Arctic lern, dovebies, the eider duck, the burgo-master and the kittiwake. At the east side, near the head of Gray Bay, there were a good number of snow-birds and dovebies building, but too high up for one to obtain the eggs. At Cape Stephen there was a large loomery, and at Cape Forbes there were a few looms, a good number of rotgees and dovebies, and



some snow-birds. At Bell Island the same species of birds were seen, and on the south side there was a large loomery and nests of kittiwakes, dovebies, rotgees, snow-birds, and burgomasters. Rein-geese and brent-geese were seen and shot on the cliffs seven hundred feet high, but no nests were seen. At Cape Flora there was a very large loomery, and also many rotgees, dovebies, kittiwakes, and snow-birds. On the lowland several snow buntings and sandlings were seen, but no nests were found. The looms lay their eggs on the bare rock, and the dovebies and rotgees lay them in the crevices of the rocks. The kittiwake makes a nest of mud and moss. The snow-bird makes a rudimentary nest of moss and feathers, but of no definite shape. Each species seems to occupy a separate part of the cliff. The rotgees and dovebies left about the first week in September. Looms were very scarce after September 10. On September 22 a few burgomasters, snow-birds, mollies, kittiwakes, eider ducks, and brent-geese were seen, but getting very scarce. One or two snow buntings still remained on the land on October 13. Three or four snow-birds, and occasionally a burgomaster or molly were seen hovering around outside the hut which had been erected, and on October 28, while we were killing some walrus, two snow-birds, two or three mollies, and burgomasters were seen, and remained for two or three days eating the refuse of the carcasses. On February 8 a snow owl was seen. This was the first bird to arrive. On February 18 two or three flocks of dovebies were seen following to the north-west, and on the 20th there were a great number seen in the water. On March 2 a lane of water was made close to the land-floe, and it was filled with rotgees and dovebies. On March 9 the first loom was seen, but it was not until the end of March that they began to settle on the rocks, and then they would only stop on the cliffs for a few hours and go away for four or five days. We were not able to get up the hill to shoot any until April 16. On April 20 the first snow-bird was seen. A falcon hawk appeared on April 22, on which day two burgomasters were also seen. On April 24 the molly was seen. On May 6 the kittiwakes came. It was not until about June 10 that the looms remained on the rocks for more than two or three days at a time, but after that date the females began to take their places ready for laying the eggs, and on June 20 three eggs were

obtained. Foxes were constantly troubling us during the winter, coming right up to the door after blubber, and would only run a few yards away when anybody went out to drive them off. We were obliged to shoot some at last as they became almost tame. Bears were more numerous while we had the water close outside the land ice. They would come walking along the edge of the land ice, and when they got scent of the house would walk right up to it. During the dark we killed four or five every month, except November, but we saw on an average two a week. One moonlight night in November there were five or six bears within four hundred yards of the house, but we could not get a shot at any of them unless we kept very still until the bear came up to the house. We never shot a female bear from October to March 13. This is an important fact. They were always very large male bears. Several times on examining the contents of the stomach we found them full of nothing but grass; but in the spring they generally had been feeding on seals, and more than once we obtained a good bucketful of oil for cooking purposes out of the bear's stomach. Once a bear had eaten a large piece of greasy canvas which had been thrown away and had been blown some two or three hundred yards from the house. He then came up to the house and commenced to eat our blubber, but was immediately shot. On February 20 a bear was seen about three hundred and fifty feet above the hill at the back of the house. Some hands went up with a rifle and found that the bear had a hole there, out of which they could not get it — fortunately for them, as they had only one rifle with them, and that would not go off, the lock having been frozen. We never saw any young bear with it. The last time the bear was seen at its hole was on March 1. No track of a bear could be traced up the hill, but the footmarks of an old bear and a cub were seen on the low land, about three hundred yards to the eastward of the house. No old she-bears with young cubs were seen before we left the land in June. In July, 1881, on nearing Cape Crowther, walrus were seen lying on loose pieces of ice in great numbers. Sometimes twenty or more were counted huddled up in a heap on a small piece of ice. By going quietly in a boat you could get within twenty or thirty yards of them before they took much notice of you, but after the first shot was fired they tumbled into the



water, and would go swimming about and barking round the boat, but never attacked us. In September they were very numerous on the loose ice round Bell Island, and also in the water off Cape Flora. On October 28 five were shot lying on the ice edge. When the daylight returned in February, walrus were constantly seen swimming about in the water. A land floe began to form in March, and no water remained within seven or eight miles of the land, but frequently on looking with the glass from the hill, walrus could be seen in the water, and on June 13 the land ice broke away, and on June 15 the five walrus were shot. A boat that went over to Bell Island reported that walrus were lying in scores on the loose ice round about Bell Island. Mr. Leigh Smith thinks that the walrus leave the country during the winter, but seem to remain in the water, especially if it is shallow. They never saw any signs of their taking the land and lying up for the winter. White whales and narwhal were seen in great numbers in September and October travelling to the south-east, and in June one or two large shoals were seen travelling west and west-north-west."

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From The Field.

#### SNAKE-CHARMERS.

SOME years ago, when Cairo was the Cairo of the "Arabian Nights," and not the disreputable-looking second-rate French country town it is now, we inquired for any possible successor to the old snake-charmer whom old Anglo-Indians may remember to have seen playing with his cobras before Shepherd's Hotel. After some trouble we lighted on a furtive Arab catiff, in the usual long blue shirt, girded about the waist to form the upper part into a species of spleuchan or sporran. In this he seems to keep his dirty pipe, his packet of frousty tobacco, and whatever small portable property he had acquired more or less honestly. With him we resorted to divers ancient stables and outbuildings in the suburbs, and conjured him to find a snake. Placing a small wooden pipe between his lips he tootled quaintly an old Arab air, now low,

but hardly soft, and now high and loud. Thus he wandered, tootling and furtive, and we following and expectant. At last, arriving at an old, half-dark, evil-smelling stable he appeared to get excited, gave vent to still wilder squeaks and squeals, circled round and round under a big palm-tree beam, and at last, with an ear-splitting note, he squatted suddenly down, dashed his hand apparently upward, and clutched a big cobra, which he evidently intended us to believe had been charmed from above. I say apparently, for I am certain that he lost the brute out of the "bosom" of his blouse. Now this was very pretty, but hardly satisfactory; so instead of giving our charmer "back-sheesh" (having a man in authority among us), we promised him bastinado if he did not capture a snake in the open. Very limp about the loins and very yellow did that Arab catiff show through his brown skin, but we were relentless. "Cobro or Toko!" and so he searched with the greatest care—not to find what, in fact, he did not want to find. At last one of us spied the tail of a good-sized snake protruding from some unnamable rubbish. "Now, my friend, catch us that snake or"—he tootled not—the "or" had taken the music out of him—and, overcoming with a visible effort his shuddering horror, he caught the tail in one hand and rapidly ran the other up the body till he reached the neck. Pinning this between his finger and thumb, he caught up the tail of his blouse, and forcing the brute to close his jaws upon it, tore it out rapidly, again and again, evidently with the intention of tearing out the poison fangs, which he did at last, to a certain extent, to his own satisfaction; but he was wary to the end, and, instead of putting it into his pouch with his old friend, he knotted it up in a rag. And so he went his way and we went ours, with a gentle feeling that if we had been "done" we were to a certain extent aware of the fact. By the way, unless my memory has utterly given way to my imagination, I distinctly remember seeing in 1851 the cobras striking and drawing blood from the arms of the old Arab snake-charmer and his clever boy. Many wonderful things he did, such as producing a cataleptic rigidity in the snake, as easily removed as produced—things I should like to see again.



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
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From Beginning,  
Vol. CLV.

## CONTENTS.

I. THE LIGHTS OF "MAGA." Part III., . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . .	67
II. NO NEW THING. Part VI., . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . .	81
III. GREAT MEN'S RELATIVES, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . .	88
IV. THE LADIES LINDORES. Part XI., . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . .	95
V. ELIZABETH STUART, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA. Part II., . . .	<i>Modern Review,</i> . . .	103
VI. THE ANALYSIS OF HUMOR, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . .	111
VII. A VENETIAN MEDLEY, . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i> . . .	118
VIII. RESEARCHES IN MY POCKETS, . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . .	124
IX. THE HEROINE OF A FISHING VILLAGE, . . .	<i>St. James's Gazette,</i> . . .	126
X. WHITEHALL, PAST AND FUTURE, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . .	127

## POETRY.

THREE SONNETS OF CAMOENS, . . .	66	LOVE AND VISION, . . .	66
MISCELLANY, . . .			128

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## THREE SONNETS OF CAMOENS.

*Eu cantarei de amor tao docemente, etc.*

(A Proëmium to the love-songs: Petrarch, No. 101.)

My song of Love I will so sweetly sing,  
 In such fair concord of concerted phrase,  
 That twice a thousand chances Love dis-  
 plays

Shall breasts unmoved with emotion wring.

I'll so do Love new Life to all shall bring,  
 Limning nice secrets in a thousand ways,  
 Soft angers, sighs that yearn for bygone  
 days,

Foolhardy daring, Absence and her sting.

Yet, Ladye, of that honest open scorn  
 Shown by your aspect, rigorously bland,  
 I must content me saying minim part :

To sing the graces which your gest adorn,  
 Your lofty composition marvel-plan'd,  
 Here lack me Genius, Lere, and Poet-art.

*Na metade do Ceo subido ardia, etc.*

(The first mention of "Natercia.")

FLAMED on the midway firmamental hill  
 The Shepherd genial-clear, what time 'gan  
 stray

The Goats from greeny meads, and sought  
 the way  
 To grateful freshness of a coolly rill.

Under the treën leaves and shadows chill  
 The Birds took shelter from the burning ray ;  
 Their modulate psalmody they fain must stay  
 And air heard nothing save hoarse chirp of  
 gyll.

When Shepherd Liso, lone on grass-grown lea,  
 Sought where his cruel Nymph, Natercia,  
 wone'd,  
 Wailing with thousand weary sighs his  
 lot ;

"Why flee the lover who fares lost for thee  
 To one who loves thee not?" (This wise  
 he moan'd) ;  
 And Echo answered (moaning) *loves thee*  
*not.*

*Que levas, cruel morte? Hum claro dia, etc.*

What takest thou, cruel Death? A day all-  
 splendid.

At what hour diddest take it? At dawn of  
 day.

Dost thou intend thy prize? Intend it?  
 Nay!

Who willed thou take it? HE that it in-  
 tended.

Who 'joys her body? Clay-cold Earth that  
 pen'd it,

How quenched was her light? Night o'er  
 it lay,

What saith our Lusia? She must say her  
 say.

What say? Great Mary my deserts tran-  
 scended.

Slewst him that saw her? He lay dead before.  
 What now saith Love? He durst no word  
 let fall.

And who doth silence him! My will be  
 done.

What to the Court remained? Love-longings  
 sore.

What there remains to see? No thing at all.  
 What glory failed it? This lovely One.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

## LOVE AND VISION.

My love is more than life to me,  
 And you look on and wonder  
 In what can that enchantment be  
 You think I labor under.

Yet you, too, have you never gone  
 Some wet and yellow even  
 Where russet moors reach on and on  
 Beneath a windy heaven?—

Brown moors which at the western edge  
 A watery sunset brushes  
 With misty rays yon sullen ledge  
 Of cloud casts down on the rushes.

You see no more; but shade your eyes,  
 Forget the showery weather,  
 Forget the wet, tempestuous skies,  
 And look upon the heather.

Oh, fairyland, fairyland!  
 It sparkles, lives, and dances;  
 By every gust swayed down and fanned;  
 And every raindrop glances.

Never in jewel or wine the light  
 Burned like the purple heather;  
 And some is the palest pink, some white,  
 Swaying and dancing together.

Every stem is sharp and clear,  
 Every bell is ringing,  
 No doubt, some tune we do not hear  
 For the thrushes' sleepy singing.

Over all, like the bloom on a grape,  
 The lilac seeding-grasses  
 Have made a haze, vague, without shape,  
 For the wind to change as it passes.

Under all is the budding ling  
 Grey-green with scarlet notches,  
 Bossed with many a mossy thing,  
 And gold with lichen-blotches.

Here and there slim rushes stand  
 Aslant like carried lances.  
 I saw it and called it fairyland;  
 You never saw it, the chance is.

Brown moors and stormy skies that kiss  
 At eve in rainy weather—  
 Pronounce on that—what the heather is  
 I know, for I saw the heather.  
 Athenæum. A. MARY F. ROBINSON.



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE LIGHTS OF "MAGA."

## THE HEROES OF THE "NOCTES."

*Hogg.*

OF the men who are the subjects of our three articles, Hogg was undoubtedly the most remarkable. For his was an untaught and self-educated genius, which shone with rare though fitful lustre in spite of all disadvantages, and surmounted obstacles that were seemingly insuperable. Even a hundred years ago, the Scottish system of parochial education had brought its benefits generally within reach of the poor. And Hogg's parents were not only "decent folk," but his father had raised himself from the station of a shepherd to be a farmer and sheep-salesman of considerable substance. Had things continued to go well with the family, "Jamie" would doubtless have been sent regularly to school, since his mother was a woman of unusual intelligence. As it happened, however, the elder Hogg was ruined, and reduced to his originally humble condition, when his eldest boy was a child of five. Not only beggared, but burdened with debt, his little household was hard pushed to make the two ends meet. Each trifle saved or gained became of consequence; and "wee Jamie," at the age of seven, was hired out as a herd. His keep was of course in the contract, but otherwise his wages were not extravagant, for he tells us that they were fixed for the half-year at a ewe-lamb and a pair of shoes. Hogg was always inclined to exaggerate. But we think we may believe him when he assures us that from first to last he had little more than six months' "schooling," since the parochial schoolmaster of Ettrick was careless enough to forget that he had the honor of teaching his letters to the future celebrity. He did teach him his letters, according to Hogg; and in the first spell of scholarship, the child stumbled into the Shorter Catechism, which was then a common primer in the Scottish rural districts. It was a year or two later that he had another quarter, when he mastered just as much of writing as enabled him to scrawl detached letters in the form of

hieroglyphics. Otherwise the small herd-boy was thrown entirely on his own resources. The life was a rough one, though not unhappy in the fine seasons. Out upon the hills from dawn to dusk, tending a handful of sheep or cattle, he amused himself like a little savage. We hear of him running races against time, stripping himself of his ragged garments one after another, and neglecting to go in search of them afterwards, till at length either the indecency or the recklessness scandalized his employers, and some of his elder fellow-servants went to recover the missing clothes. We are always doubtful whether the shepherd is drawing on fancy or memory in his vivid reminiscences, but that touch of early heedlessness seems characteristic. For in later life James Hogg might have been a man of substance had he managed his worldly affairs with ordinary prudence. But though he roved the hills after his beasts like a savage, he was not altogether solitary. He is believed to have altered the date of his birthday so as to establish a parallel with that of Burns; but we imagine he did not invent the incident of a childish love-affair as precocious as Byron's. His first passion was for a pretty little herd-girl rather younger than himself. His master had charged him not to lose sight of little Betty; and "never were instructions better obeyed." As he says himself in one of his retrospective musings in after years, he had "always liked the women better than the men." But if he indulged in the rustic courtships which meant little, though they inspired some of the sweetest passages in his songs, he married well and happily, and was a faithful and devoted husband; and if it was his ambition to rival Burns as a bard, he had few of the greater poet's frailties to reproach himself with.

We can imagine that the hill-life of the lonely herd was an unconscious education for his future. He had always a vague feeling for the beautiful: he loved nature dearly, though the sources of his emotions were veiled to him; and he merely knew that he was happy in sunshine and in storm, and in the changing aspects of the bleak pastoral scenery. Moreover, though



he had not an atom of book-lore, his mind was not unstored with matter for romantic meditation. Like many other distinguished men, Hogg, as we have said, had a remarkable mother. She had more than the sound good sense, which, unfortunately, he did not inherit. It was to her side of the house that he seems to have been indebted for his poetic fancy. She delighted in the Border legends and ballads which had fixed themselves in a tenacious memory; and she could recite and relate with such animation and spirit, that the neighbors would gather in of an evening round her hearth. We can picture little James, who had his mother's gift of memory, sitting open-mouthed at her knee, and gulping down the marvels which held her audience entranced. Then he would muse upon them among his ruminating sheep, in scenery that was associated with their incidents, or suggestive of them. What is remarkable is, that in such circumstances, with such associations and suggestions, the sparks of his poetic fires were never kindled. We need not be surprised, perhaps, that thoughts did not seek expression with a boy who could barely read or write. But it is strange that he should have been absolutely insensible to any poetical emotion; and the bard of the forest was eminently prosaic till he had arrived at manhood, and something more. So much so, that, as he relates, "it was in the eighteenth year of my age that I first got a perusal of the 'Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace,' and of the 'Gentle Shepherd;'" and though immoderately fond of them, yet (what you will think remarkable in one who hath since dabbled so much in verse) I could not help regretting deeply that they were not in prose, that everybody might have understood them; or I thought if they had been in the same kind of metre with the Psalms, I could have borne with them." The quaint criticism of that concluding sentence carries irresistible conviction of his practical frame of mind. For the doggerel of the metrical version of the Psalms is only made endurable to Presbyterians of taste by solemn youthful associations. The fact being that in those days he cared for

nothing but a story and the sensational episodes that agreeably excited him. As he grew in years and strength, his life became none the smoother, and scarcely changed its character till he was advanced to be a regular shepherd. He merely changed one master for another, obtaining some slight increase in the trifling wages which he carried home to his parents, who supplied him with his clothes. He had few holidays, and no pleasures except such as he could find in his communings with nature. He did not even beguile his leisure with many books, and the art of reading tolerably easily came to him only towards middle age; although he never was much of a student, since Wilson, as we remember, makes him say in the "Noctes" that there were but few "byucks" in the cupboard at Mount Benger.

He made no attempt at writing verses till the year 1796. We believe that he was then in his twenty-fifth year; but, as we remarked, he has very characteristically thrown a doubt on the year of his birth. If we are to credit the parish register, where the date is set down in black and white, he was born in December 1770. He always asserted himself that his birthday was on the 25th of January 1772; but as he prided himself on having been born on the same day of the month as Burns, it is little lack of charity to assume that the fixing on that particular date was simply a poetical license. Why he should have advanced the year is not so clear. Whatever be the explanation, he was probably twenty-six before he composed a single couplet. But from the first, his effusions met with encouragement, and he became the popular laureate of the farm-servants and country folk. His manner of composition was original; and never perhaps, since writing became a common accomplishment, had a poet arrived at years of discretion to contend with more serious material difficulties.

But then the writing of them!—that was a job. I had no method of learning to write, save by following the Italian alphabet; and though I always stripped myself of coat and vest when I began to pen a song, yet my wrist took cramp, so that I could rarely make above



four or six lines at a sitting. Whether my manner of writing it out was new, I know not, but it was not without singularity. Having very little spare time from my flock, which was unruly enough, I folded and stitched a few sheets of paper, which I carried in my pocket. I had no inkhorn; but in place of it I borrowed a small phial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waistcoat; and having a cork fastened by a piece of twine, it answered the purpose fully as well. Thus equipped, whenever a leisure minute or two offered, I sat down and wrote out my thoughts as I found them.

And these scrambling habits of offhand composition stuck by him to the last. In his poems especially, he trusted almost everything to a retentive memory, which he had exercised when paper and leisure were scarce. He says: "Let the piece be of what length it will, I compose and correct it wholly in my mind or on a slate, ere ever I put pen to paper; and then I write it down as fast as the ABC;" though as "Kilmeny" or "Queen Hynde" could hardly have been condensed on a slate, we presume that he threw off his longer works in sections. But it is certain that, unfortunately for his fame as a poet, and still more injuriously for his credit as a novelist, he never could be persuaded to revise his work, and would scarcely condescend to correct it. "When once it is written, it remains in that state; it being, as you very well know, with the utmost difficulty that I can be brought to alter one syllable, which, I think, is partly owing to the above practice." So the Shepherd's works, with their faults and their beauties, were essentially the crude and capricious inspirations of spontaneous genius, as his publishers sometimes found to their cost, and his numerous admirers to their disappointment.

But when it had dawned upon him that nature had meant him for a poet, overweening self-confidence rapidly grew upon him. The vanity and self-satisfaction he never cared to conceal, no doubt contributed largely to his success; for among the Shepherd's many admirers, few were so enthusiastic as himself. The circumstances considered, the first day dreams of his possible destiny are as strange an instance of

audacious ambition as we remember; and even after the wonders he achieved, they seem less sublime than ridiculous. The year 1797 was an epoch to the illiterate herd, who had only a few months before begun to throw off rhymes for the rustics. "One day during that summer, a half-daft man named John Scott came to me on the hill, and to amuse me repeated 'Tam O'Shanter.' I was delighted. I was far more than delighted; I was ravished. I cannot describe my feelings; but in short, before Jock Scott left me, I could repeat the poem from beginning to end, and it has been my favorite poem ever since. He told me that it was made by one Robert Burns, the sweetest poet that ever was born; but that he was now dead, and that his place would never be supplied." Hogg was by no means sure of that. "What is to hinder me from succeeding Burns?" he asked himself. The arguments by which he encouraged himself were peculiar and characteristic. He was born on the same day as the immortal lyricist, — though that, as we have seen, was questionable. As a shepherd he had more time upon his hands than any possible ploughman, and his memory was richly stored with songs composed by other people. Equally characteristic was it, that in place of making any mystery of his high-flown hopes, he babbled them out to all and sundry. Maliciously enough, one of his friends betrayed him, "as a bitter jest," for the amusement of a supper-party. Whereupon his stanch patron, Mr. Grieve, with a kindly sagacity which did him honor, came good-naturedly to the rescue. He let the mortified shepherd down gently with a happy piece of prophetic flattery: "After what he has done, there is no man can say *what* he may do."

The first poem which Hogg published was as good as anything of the kind he ever wrote. In "Donald M'Donald," which went off merrily to the lively old lilt of "Woo'd an' married an' a'," there was a martial clang, and a soft echo of pathos as well, which alternately excited the spirits and subdued them. Thoroughly national, stirringly patriotic, with its fiery appeals by epithets to the muster-



roll of the clans, it hit happily the temper of the times, when the war fever was at its height and the Corsican was threatening invasion. In its fire, in its rough yet not ungraceful abruptness, even in such faults as the occasional trivialities of expression, the writer reminds us of the best of the old Border ballad-makers. Take this stanza by way of example, in which, if the first couplet rings somewhat ridiculously, the second, when sung with power and feeling, almost changes the passing smile into tears : —

Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Garry,  
We'd rattle him off frae our shore ;  
Or lull him asleep in a cairny,  
An' sing him — Lochaber no more.

The astonishing success of Donald M'Donald" was a case of *sic vos non vobis*, so far as the anonymous author was concerned. He neither got solid reward nor even empty fame by it. Its popularity, as he assures us, was unbounded, yet no one asked the name of the writer. While, to make matters worse, a man of less jealous disposition might well have been irritated at the honors and profit carried off by others who merely sang his war-song with spirit. He relates with natural indignation how Lord Moira, at a banquet in Edinburgh thanked a certain Mr. Oliver for his rendering of a song which must be of public benefit at such a national crisis, — proceeding to back up his thanks with an offer to the singer of all his lordship's interest in Scotland. Indeed the credit of the lay, which seemed to be going begging, did Hogg harm rather than otherwise ; for it induced him to come before the public prematurely in his proper person, with a random collection of specimen pieces which he would afterwards have gladly suppressed. The circumstances of the publication are perhaps as singular as anything else among the literary curiosities of his life. Here we have a rough shepherd who has driven a flock of sheep from Selkirkshire to the Edinburgh market. Having penned his charge, he has nothing to do for a couple of days. Happily he never cared much for drinking, except under the irresistible seductions of good-fellowship ; and he stands hesitating as to how to kill the time. Whereupon it occurs to him that he might turn it to profit by writing out some of his poems for the printer. No sooner said than done ; but he has to trust entirely to his memory. So he scratches down the poems he remembers best, — not those of

which he had most reason to think favorably, — and leaves them with a friend to have them published. He never dreams of bargaining for a price, or asks whether there is a chance of their selling. A thousand copies are thrown off ; and some of the copies are sent to him in the country. No man would have been more delighted to admire himself in type ; but never perhaps was a novice more disgusted with a literary *début*, or with better reason. For on comparing the little volume with his original scraps of manuscript, he saw that the inevitable emendations and alterations were all for the worse ; that stanzas had been dropped out of their places ; and finally, that the unrevised pages were over-crowded with ludicrous blunders.

Except costing him much mortification, and some money he could ill afford, that first publication did nothing for him one way or another. It was never read till many years later, when the author having become famous, it was maliciously reprinted. But the story is highly typical of the manner in which too many of his works were brought before a critical public. They were thrown off in hasty bursts of inspiration, or hurriedly scribbled against time under pressure of stern necessity. We have no intention of following out Hogg's literary history in detail, though an unusual amount of references to biographical incidents is essential to any illustration of his genius. But as the "Queen's Wake" is undoubtedly his masterpiece, his own account of its origin and publication is worth noting. So far as it can be said to have any comprehensive design, the design was merely to turn literary waste to profit. The Shepherd's fast friend, Mr. Grieve, had been greatly pleased with some poems which had appeared in the *Spy* ; and "nothing would serve him but that I should take the field once more as a poet, and try my fate with others. I promised ; and having some ballads or metrical tales by me which I did not like to lose, I planned the 'Queen's Wake,' in order that I might take these all in, and had it ready in a few months after it was first proposed." His interview with Constable, as he relates it with the frankest *naïveté*, might be a Scotticized scene from one of Molière's comedies. Knowing the circumstances in which sundry fugitive pieces had been hurriedly linked together, it might have been supposed that the author must have felt a certain diffidence in offering his wares to the autocrat of the northern



book-trade. Not a bit of it! "I next went to my friend Mr. Constable, and told him my plan of publication (!); but he received me coldly, and told me to call again. I did so — when he said he would do nothing until he had seen the manuscript. I refused to give it, saying, 'What skill have you about the merits of a book?' 'It may be so, Hogg,' said he, 'but I know how to sell a book as well as any man, which should be some concern of yours; and I know how to buy one too.'" The Shepherd's behavior, when it was a question of being launched on the world of literature under favorable auspices, speaks volumes for those defects in his character which were continually betraying him into follies. He had as little worldly wisdom or self-control as worldly knowledge, and never practised the simplest rudiments of diplomacy. He was governed by his impulses in every-day life, as he followed the caprices of his fancy in the composition of his poetry. Warm-hearted and simple-minded, he won powerful friends; and when they chanced to cross his will, he would cast them off regardless of consequences. It speaks volumes for his winning qualities and his sterling worth, that the illustrious men he grossly insulted were always so willing to forgive him. The occasion of his memorable quarrel with Scott was a case in point. It had struck the Shepherd that a collection of poems by all the living authors of any celebrity in Britain must "make his fortune." The idea might well have occurred to anybody, though few would have the face to act upon it. Hogg sent out his applications right and left; and strange to say, almost all were successful. He actually received various poems, with many promises of others. "Mr. Walter Scott," however, refused, which Hogg "took exceedingly ill;" but he nevertheless persisted in the modest request, urging, with superb poetical license, that "I had done as much for him, and would do ten times more if he required it." But Scott stood firm; and Hogg, forgetting that the "great magician" of the "Chaldee Manuscript" had been his stanch patron since the day when they made acquaintance among the Border hills, sent him a grossly abusive letter. Their intercourse was naturally suspended, till the Shepherd's heart was touched by Scott's forgiving kindness when he lay stretched on a sick-bed. Recognizing the other's magnanimity, all his sullenness melted; his penitence was as deep as his passion had been unrea-

sonable; he confessed his fault with effusive self-humiliation, and thenceforth put a more generous construction on motives he should have understood and respected from the first.

In fact, an odder compound of genius, simplicity, conceit, and candid egotism, never lived, than the peasant who became the associate, and frequently the butt, of all the men of talent who knew him. As unreserved as James Boswell, to know the Shepherd to the core, we have only, as he might have said, "to hearken to himself." "I like to write about myself; in fact, there are few things I like better," is the opening sentence of his inimitable piece of autobiography. And we come upon the following passage in the first of his letters, which he quotes: "I must again apprise you, that whenever I have occasion to speak of myself and my performances, I find it impossible to divest myself of an inherent vanity." We have seen how he carried himself with Constable when declining even to submit the manuscript of "Kilmeny" for approval; and when Mrs. Izett of Kinnaird suggested to him the theme of his "Mador," he observed complacently, "Well, though I consider myself exquisite at descriptions of nature and mountain scenery in particular, yet I am afraid that a poem wholly descriptive will prove dull and heavy." A literary friend, on whose judgment he relied, gave him some highly injudicious advice as to the publication of the "Pilgrims of the Sun." "This advice . . . I am convinced was wrong; but I had faith in every one that commended any of my works, and laughed at those who did otherwise, thinking and asserting that they had not sufficient discernment." He had undoubtedly reason to be offended with Wordsworth for the sneer at his remark on "the meeting of the poets" under the rainbow-arch thrown over Windermere. But sublimer examples of his self-appreciation are to be found scattered over his articles *passim*; and one of them we chance to call to mind is in the "Anecdotes of the Shepherd's Dog," contributed to "Maga" of March, 1818. A sheep-farmer had questioned his ability to drive a stray sheep in the darkness through the flocks scattered over the hills. "I said I would try to do it." "Then let me tell you," said he, "that you may as well try to travel to yon sun." "The man did not know," is Hogg's comment, "that I was destined to do both the one and the other." And for a practical illustration of his opinion



of the most halting of his performances, we may turn to his explanations of the failure of his "Brownie of Bodsbeck," — a failure which was unmistakable even to his fatherly partiality. He relates how Scott had got the start of him with "Old Mortality" owing to an unfortunate combination of circumstances; how the author of "Waverley" had preoccupied much of the ground, and especially anticipated him in taking Balfour of Burleigh for a hero. He confesses that his story had suffered from the consequent hacking about and remodelling. But he consoles himself for running a bad second to Walter Scott with the reflection, "A better instance could not be given of the good luck attached to one person, and the bad luck which attended the efforts of another." And Scott, by the way, supplies another example in one of his letters, when, so far as we remember, the greater and the lesser Border bards had met at a London dinner-party. "The honest grunter opines with a delightful *naïveté* that *Miur's* verses are far ower sweet — answered by Thompson that Moore's ear or notes, I forget which, were finely strung." "They are far ower finely strung," replied he of the forest, "for mine are just right." Hogg was a merciless critic, too, of the efforts of others when they had trenched upon his own favorite fields. "On the appearance of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,'" he writes, "I was much dissatisfied with the imitations of the ancient ballads contained in it," though these imitations, be it remembered, embraced the most brilliant of the lays by Scott and Leyden; so "I immediately set about imitating the ancient ballads myself."

Such was the man who came, like Burns, to Edinburgh to be lionized in its literary society, and who sat to Wilson for the hero of the "Noctes," which are adorned by many of his most sparkling gems of song. He was bound to Blackwood in the first place, by the handsome way in which that gentleman behaved to him when the Shepherd was liquidating his affairs in one of his periodical insolvencies. The story of the beginning of his friendship with Wilson is better known. He wrote a note to the author of the "Isle of Palms," expressing an earnest desire for his acquaintance, and inviting him to "pot-luck" at his lodgings in Gabriel's Road. The invitation was accepted as heartily as it was given; and that "meeting of the poets" was so mutually satisfactory, that the acquaintance

ripened into life-long intimacy. In our first article we adverted to the Shepherd's share in originating the idea of the magazine. When "Maga" had changed her crew, and was fairly floated, the Shepherd was thrown into social as well as literary relations with the inner coterie of contributors. Gillies, in the "Reminiscences of a Literary Veteran," as well as Hogg himself, gives us glimpses at his life in Edinburgh in those halcyon days, when he was fed, *fêted*, and flattered, and had to pay for little but a bedroom. The genius who had for the nonce exchanged homespun for broadcloth, with his fine fancies and his flashes of natural eloquence, with his audacious ignorance of the world and his seductive gullability, was a godsend to wits like Wilson and Lockhart. They loved the man and liked his company — Lockhart in special, — laughing at him and with him. Looking back upon these happy days, and speaking feelingly of his "warm and disinterested friendship," which is confirmed by many private letters in our possession, Hogg describes Lockhart as "a mischievous Oxford puppy, for whom I was terrified." Mystifying the Shepherd in all manner of ways was a standing joke with him; and especially did he delight in confusing the countryman as to the contributors to the magazine and the authorship of the articles. "I never parted company with him that my judgment was not entirely jumbled with regard to characters, books, and literary articles of every description." All that, however, merely shows the grotesque side of their converse. The fanciful Shepherd of the "Noctes," who occasionally sinks into the buffoon, more often holds the society spellbound by his eloquence; and the Wilsons and Lockharts would never have welcomed Hogg to their intimacy had they not admired even more than they liked him. For a presentation of him at one of the proudest moments of his life — for a serious picture of him exactly as he seemed, uncouth of aspect but radiant in soul — we must go again to Lockhart in "Peter's Letters." Dr. Morris is assisting at the memorial banquet to Burns, from which we have already borrowed the doctor's sketch of Wilson. Wilson had risen to propose Hogg's health: —

The effect which Mr. Wilson's speech produced on Hogg himself, was to my mind by far the most delightful thing that happened during the whole of the night. The Shepherd was one of the stewards, and in every point of view he must have expected some particular



notice to be taken of his name : but either he had not been prepared for being spoken of at so early an hour, or was entirely thrown off his balance by the extraordinary flood of eloquence which Mr. Wilson poured out to do honor to his genius ; for nothing could be more visibly unaffected than the air of utter, blank amazement with which he rose to return his thanks. He rose, by the way, long before the time came. He had listened to Mr. Wilson for some minutes, without comprehending the drift of his discourse ; but when once he fairly discovered that he himself was the theme, he started to his feet, and with a face flushed all over deeper than scarlet, and eyes brimful of tears, devoured the words of the speaker,

Like hungry Jew in wilderness,  
Rejoicing o'er his manna.

His voice, when he essayed to address the company, seemed at first entirely to fail him ; but he found means to make us hear a very few words, which told better than any speech could have done. "I've aye been vera proud, gentlemen," said he, "to be a Scots poet, and I was never sae proud o't as I am just noo." I believe there was no one there who did not sympathize heartily with this honest pride. For my part, I began to be quite in love with the Ettrick Shepherd.

It would have tended very much to disturb my notions of propriety had I found Hogg drinking Hock. It would have been a sin against *keeping* with such a face as he has. Although for some time past he has spent a considerable portion of every year in excellent, even in refined society, the external appearance of the man can have undergone but very little change since he was a "herd on Yarrow." His hands and face are still as brown as if he lived entirely *sub dio*. His very hair has a coarse stringiness about it, which proves beyond dispute its utter ignorance of all the arts of the *friseur* ; and hangs in playful whips and cords about his ears, in a style of the most perfect innocence imaginable. His mouth, which when he smiles nearly cuts the totality of his face in twain, is an object that would make the Chevalier Ruspini die with indignation ; for his teeth have been allowed to grow where they listed and as they listed, presenting more resemblance in arrangement (and color too) to a body of crouching sharpshooters, than to any more regular species of array. The effect of a forehead towering with a true poetic grandeur above such features as those, and of an eye that illuminates their surface with the genuine lightnings of genius, —

An eye, that under brows  
Shaggy and deep, has meanings which are brought  
From years of youth,

these are things which I cannot so easily transfer to my paper. Upon the whole, his exterior reminded me very much of some of Wordsworth's descriptions of his Pedlar : —

Plain his garb,  
Such as might suit a rustic sire prepared

For Sabbath duties ; yet he is a man  
Whom no one could have passed without remark.  
Active and nervous is his gait. His limbs  
And his whole figure breathe intelligence.

In estimating Hogg's works, it is but fair to remember that they were written only too often under a load of cares ; that he was following *tant bien que mal* his occupation of a sheep-farmer, with insufficient capital, and bills falling due ; and that he was not merely wasting time as a welcome guest in many quarters, but that in his lodges in the wilderness at Altrive or Mount Benger, he was exercising a hospitality he could ill afford. In Edinburgh he could hardly call his time his own ; and the atmosphere of the garrets, which were his only places of seclusion, was scarcely favorable to sustained literary labor. While in the country, tourists on the Borders made his home in Ettrickdale an object of pilgrimage, and Hogg was not the man to shut his doors in their faces. They brought him incense that gratified his vanity, and in return he spread his table with hotch-potch and salmon, mutton and muir-fowl — *vide* his bills of fair as given in the "Noctes" — and indulged in "cracks" far into the small hours, with spirits congenial and uncongenial, over steaming tumblers of toddy. Bed and breakfast were offered in due course ; and the Shepherd, who could not deny his hospitality even to the Cockneys he ridiculed in the Blue Parlor, was all the poorer in leisure, in health, and in money. Then he was compounding periodically with creditors who harassed him ; or raising money for immediate wants, either by turning out a tale of pages for the booksellers, or by kite-flying. He had no capacity for business of any kind, and suffered by having two sets of irons in the fire. His attention was distracted between his sheep and his literary works, though it was the sheep who were generally driven to the wall. And he was unfortunate as well as careless ; from the days when, at the outset of his literary career, two publishers broke successively in his debt, to the later speculations in which he threw away the solid profits of his *magna opera*. Taking all these circumstances into account, the work he accomplished is the more wonderful ; and he could never possibly have achieved the half of what he did, had it not been for his happy and *insouciant* nature. Next to that nature he was indebted to the generosity of his landlords of the house of Buccleuch, who, giving him his farm either rent-free or on



moderate terms, never pressed him for inconvenient payment on settling days.

So, to judge the Shepherd's writings fairly, we must carry these biographical facts in our memory, and then we shall find ourselves regarding him with ever-growing admiration. With ever-growing admiration in a double sense, because the progress of his self-education was steady and rapid. Eager for knowledge of congenial kinds, and quickly and very tenaciously receptive, although scarcely a student and never a bookworm, he must have skimmed various works in his middle age; and above all, he profited by familiar intercourse with companions of genius and the highest culture. When he began contributing to the magazine, his prose style may be said to have been formed; but it is always fresh, racy and original. We should be ungrateful indeed did we not direct attention to the merits of those articles; for undoubtedly they did much to assure our early popularity. So conscious of that were Blackwood and Wilson, that subsequently, after one of Hogg's causeless quarrels with them, they arranged that a certain number of articles should be annually paid for, whether published or not. They merely stipulated that they should have a voice in the selection of subjects, though "he might be allowed a wide latitude." The fact being, that while he not unnaturally failed with his *Spy*, in which he wrote *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, he scarcely ever failed to succeed when his foot was on the Border pasture-land. In his sketches of shepherd life and Border manners, characters, and superstitions; in reminiscences of his early years; in notes of wild field-sports; in recalling traits of the sagacity of sheep-dogs, etc., he is inimitable. When writing on such topics, the effect is only heightened by quaint turns of common though not vulgar speech, by characteristic comments, and by homely idioms. He paints the scenery, not as the summer tourist, but as one who had been bred to keep the hill in all weathers, and who, like the Great Shepherd, "had risked his life for the sheep," in the stifling drifts of blinding snowstorms. He paints the hill-folk as one of themselves, showing them up from within rather than from without. He who has been called the poet-laureate of the "Court of Faery" is not ashamed to own the sensible influences of superstition, which made him imagine the neighborhood of the beings of an invisible world, who might nevertheless be made

visible in the mirk of the gloaming in these eerie solitudes. Yet there is nothing morbid or mystical in his dreams. On the contrary, each sentence of every article gives the conviction of vigorous life — of the cheery and sunny soul that animates the stalwart body. They may be unsigned or undated from Altrive or Mount Benger, but there is no mistaking the Shepherd's masculine hand, whatever may be the matter of the articles.

His first contribution appears in our opening number, — the first of a short series on the "Tales and Anecdotes of the Pastoral Life." We may imagine that the editor had begged him to "feel his feet" for the first time on his own familiar ground. And the Shepherd, untroubled by literary nerves, had plunged straightforward in his usual slap-dash manner — without standing hesitating on the brink of what he might have felt to be a momentous venture, or losing himself, after the manner of timid novices, in an involved preface of stilted phrases. "Last autumn, while I was staying a few weeks with my friend Mr. Grumple, minister of the extensive and celebrated parish of *Woolenhorn*, an incident occurred which hath afforded me a great deal of amusement; and as I think it may divert some of your readers, I shall, without further preface, begin the relation." He had not to go far to find his leading characters in what was a comedy of rural manners founded upon facts. Any minister of those parts might have sat for the morose Mr. Grumple, though there are sly touches in the description which some individual might undoubtedly have appreciated. But Peter Plash, who comes to ask the minister to marry him, and bids the minister's friend to the frolics at the wedding, is a Border shepherd in flesh and blood. And Hogg, with much of the intuitive art of the romance-writer, which he generally shows in the details if not in the plots of his fictions, arrests his readers with a strong sensation at once, in place of letting the interest drag through a languid prelude before landing them among the humors of Mr. Plash's nuptials. Mr. Plash has brought a lordly salmon by way of gift-offering to the priest; so it is only natural that he should diverge into the story of a night's "leistering." "Oh, man, I wish ye had been there! I'll lay a plack ye wad hae said ye never saw sic sport sin' ever ye war born." We dare say the minister never did, though Hogg must, many and many a time. The fun is broader and the episode almost as pic-



turesque as the similar scene with Dandie Dinmont near Charlie's Hope. No less animated, and far more original, are the time-honored rites and ceremonies, the rough Border racing, the rude horse-play, the feasting, the drinking, and the rural flirtations, at this Border wedding, as described in the articles that follow. Then Hogg, as we have said, is great upon sheep-dogs; and some of his stories are so curious and interesting, that we have some idea of reprinting them. Very appropriately, in the statue erected to him near St. Mary's Loch he is represented with one of those faithful companions crouching fondly at his feet. The love of the Shepherd for some of these friends of his solitude, has not a touch of the cynicism expressed in Byron's famous epitaph on the monument to "Boatswain" in the grounds at Newstead. The Shepherd's gratitude and affection to the humble followers whose devotion and obedience were as wonderful as their intelligence, — that seemed, as their wistful looks met his, to have souls that were craving for the faculty of expression, — have inspired some of Wilson's finest passages in the "Noctes." So the Shepherd's grateful reminiscences are often strikingly pathetic. We must advert to one of them, not only for that reason, but because it shows the condition of Hogg as a peasant "constantly on poortith's brink," and something more. He had bought a ragged, half-starved young collie; and though he had paid a guinea he could ill afford, he never invested money to better purpose. Sirrah was somewhat cross-grained in the temper, even towards his master, but his services proved invaluable as his loyalty was boundless. But Sirrah grew old, and his master had to replace him with a younger animal; while he could hardly command the means to pay the tax for both. Very reluctantly he parted with Sirrah to a neighboring sheep-farmer. The old dog refused to work in his new quarters; but time after time he would come back to Hogg's sheiling, in the hope that he might be reinstated in his old duties. When it became clear to his sagacity that he had been shelved for good, he ceased to pay these disheartening visits. Yet day after day he would find his way to a spot on the hills whence he could see his former master driving out the sheep, to their pastures, though he never approached near enough to provoke a repulse. We can hardly conceive a more affecting incident, and it is very touchingly told. No wonder that Hogg

takes care to set himself right with his readers by explaining that, although he could not afford the double tax, he nevertheless declined to accept the price which had been agreed upon for his faithful dog.

The most important of his prose works which appeared in the magazine was "The Shepherd's Calendar;" and it was prefaced by the dedication to Lady Anne Scott, which is perhaps the most graceful of his poetical effusions. The title of "Shepherd's Calendar" is deceptive, inasmuch as the work was made up in great measure of detached tales, which are loosely knit together by the most slender links, and some of which have nothing to do with the shepherd's occupation. Many abound in quaint drollery — the "Laird of Wineholm," for example — in which the "ghost" of the laird, who is supposed to have been snugly deposited in the family vault, comes back to haunt his perturbed dependants; or "Window Watt's Courtship," where a rustic lover jockeys the false confidant who would have tricked him out of the affections of his *innamorata*. Others again, like the "Witches of Traquair," are founded upon superstitious traditions and wild folk-lore. Most of them bear more or less the stamp of a fantastic originality. But without any doubt, the most powerful chapters are those that embody his pastoral experiences. In a thrilling narrative of facts, told in simply impressive language, although the impression may be colored and heightened by his instinctive literary genius, we know nothing in his writings to equal his "Notes upon Memorable Storms." Consequently we cannot resist making some extracts, though it must be remembered that the passages suffer materially by being read apart from the context. In the first, tradition has gone abroad as to dates, although it can hardly have greatly exaggerated the circumstances, otherwise they would have been forgotten or confounded in more recent calamities: —

"Mar's year," and "that year the Hielanders rade," are but secondary mementoes to *the year nine* and *the year forty*: these stand in bloody capitals in the annals of the pastoral life, as well as many more that shall hereafter be mentioned. The most dismal of all those on record is *the thirteen drifty days*. This extraordinary storm, as near as I have been able to trace, must have occurred in the year 1620. . . . It is said that for thirteen days and nights the snowdrift never once abated. The ground was covered with frozen snow when it commenced, and during all that time the sheep



never broke their fast. The cold was intense to a degree never before remembered. . . . About the ninth and tenth days the shepherds began to build up huge semicircular walls of their dead, in order to afford some shelter to the remainder of the living; but they availed little, for about the same time they were frequently seen tearing at one another's wool with their teeth. When the storm abated on the fourteenth day from its commencement, there was on many a high-lying farm not a living sheep to be seen. Large misshapen walls of dead, surrounding a small prostrate flock, likewise all dead, and frozen stiff in their lairs, were all that remained to cheer the forlorn shepherd and his master. . . . And the final consequence was, that about nine-tenths of all the sheep in the south of Scotland were destroyed.

Untaught or self-taught as he was, there is a nervous simplicity in Hogg's style when he describes events which he thoroughly understands, and which come strongly home to his feelings and sympathies, that leaves nothing to be desired. He seizes instinctively on the most dramatic features of the incidents, and throws some halo of romance over the whole of the expressions or allusions that come naturally to him. Thus he evokes in a lurid grandeur of gloom this catastrophe that may have occurred in James VI.'s days, when the Border reivers were being hung to their own "covin trees" by rough-and-ready Jedburgh justice. Narratives of the kind came in with their spirit and their freshness as agreeable interludes to the political and literary articles of Wilson and Lockhart. And if he could reproduce traditions with such vivid realism, he naturally becomes still more impressive and effective when he relates his personal adventures and hair-breadth escapes in circumstances that were very similar to those which we have quoted above. For the disastrous storms that will live in the memories of unborn generations, still burst upon those pastoral solitudes from time to time, and the youthful herd had experienced one of the worst of them on the 24th of January, 1794. Nothing can be more vivid than his reminiscences of the portents that foreboded that fierce outbreak of the elements; nothing more graphic than his sombre pictures of the grimmest aspects of the pastoral life. Incidents that left indelible impressions on his mind are recorded with the touch of a master; there is a delicate undercurrent of unconscious poetry in the narrative: feeble man, bowing before the force of the storm-blasts, is appalled, when his benumbed faculties

can bestir themselves, by the sense of his absolute impotence; and the Shepherd's deep-seated feelings of religion are quickened by his reliance on "the everlasting arms" that enfold him. So much of superstitious awe is blended with religious emotion, and the contrasts with the death which is brooding over the blinding snow-drifts without doors are brightened by glimpses at the interior of the lonely farmstead, where the blazing peats cast their glow on the buxom maidens crowded round the ingle-neuk, who tend the "sair forfoughten" shepherds like ministering angels.

"The Shepherd's Calendar," like all Hogg's prose writings, is an odd jumble of the good, bad, and indifferent. It is the most favorable specimen we could have selected for notice; and the others we may pass over lightly. Of the "Three Perils of Man—Wine, Women, and Witchcraft," the idea was good and the execution deplorable. As he piteously remarks himself, "What a medley I made of it!" Like the "Three Perils of Woman," which followed, it had been hurriedly planned on the spur of the moment to fend off pressing liabilities, and it is conspicuous for talent uncorrected by taste; while there are evidences of bookmaking in every chapter. There is far more character in the "Confessions of a Fanatic;" yet the whole conception is wild to extravagance. In very different vein and style are the "Lay Sermons," a series of discourses rather ethical than religious, which Wilson highly commends in the "Noctes." They are plain and to the point if not profound, and many country folk must have found them profitable reading. The "Altrive Tales," illustrated by Cruikshank, promised well: they professed to have been collected among the Scottish peasantry and from foreign adventures, and those that were intended to commence a series were circulated freely. But Hogg was again pursued on that occasion by his persistent ill-luck, and the "Altrive Tales" were stopped by the insolvency of their publisher. Of the "Brownie of Bodsbeck" we have already said something. We may only add that Hogg never had a happier thought or missed a nobler opportunity. The sufferings, the hair-breadth escapes, and enthusiastic piety of the persecuted "hill-folk," recommended themselves alike to the fervent religious sympathies of the peasant and the fancy of the poet. His imagination might well have been warmed by the local traditions that had fondly consecrated the



memory of martyrs, and become household tales by many a cottage hearth; and the locality of the plot was in the wildest scenery anywhere between Cheviot Fell and the Lammermuirs. We delight to dip in the book in spite of its absurdities; but the author, while aiming at the sublime, is always stumbling into the ridiculous. The incidents are wilder, more ghastly, and more grotesque than anything even in the "Confessions of a Fanatic;" improbabilities face us at every turn; and even the faith of the persecuted remnant, though treated in a solemn spirit, often provokes a smile, so strangely does it seem travestied by the context. What is most noteworthy, perhaps, is the peasant's conception of Claverhouse, as contrasted with the picture in "Old Mortality" given by the chivalrous Scott. The man whose sympathies are all with the proscribed, revenges himself for the cruelties of the "bluidy Claver'se" by landing the gallant though steel-hearted soldier in a situation contemptibly ludicrous; and our notions of historical probabilities are shocked by seeing the future hero of Killiecrankie shaking in the grip of a stalwart Whig, like the muir-fowl quivering in the singles of a falcon.

Hogg's name is nearly associated with the "Chaldee Manuscript." Of course he claimed credit for having written the skit, and undoubtedly he originated the idea. The rough draft came from his pen, and we cannot speak with certainty as to how it was subsequently manipulated. But there is every reason to believe that Wilson and Lockhart, probably assisted by Sir William Hamilton, went to work upon it, and so altered it that Hogg's original offspring was changed out of all knowledge. We may imagine that in the first outburst of pious indignation on the part of the public, Hogg might have plausibly repudiated all responsibility for a production which had so shocked propriety, and which had been changed materially since leaving his hands; but that, when "the Chaldee" brought its authors more enviable notoriety, he again revived his claim. That at least is the only plausible theory to account for many jesting allusions in the "Noctes," which would otherwise be wholly unintelligible. The first chapter, with fragments of the second and third, and the conclusion of the last, may safely be assigned to the Shepherd; and that opinion is generally confirmed by a passage in the autobiography.

It might seem at first sight that there can be but slight connection between the "Chaldee Manuscript" and Hogg's poetry. In reality the success of the one indicates the characteristics or the shortcomings of the other. Hogg was a marvellously facile imitator, but his best poems want individuality. First, as we have seen, he was fired with the ambition of succeeding to Burns: hence the earlier songs and lyrics that originally brought him into notice. Next and chiefly, as was very natural, he owned the influence of the "great magician who dwelt in the old fastness, hard by the river Jordan;" and seeking to rival Scott in popularity, he imitated the romances of the author of the "Lay." When the scheme to which we have alluded, of laying all the great living poets under contribution, had practically failed, the irrepressible Shepherd by no means lost heart. He set to work, and did for himself what some of his brother bards had declined to do for him; and the reflection of their several styles in his "Poetic Mirror" showed something more than a happy knack of parody. He seems to strike chords that resound in sympathy with their souls, and sometimes he appears almost to have penetrated the minds of thinkers, deeply philosophical as Coleridge or Wordsworth. But such a gift of adaptability, as we have said, is fatal to individuality; and so his poetry, though of a higher order than much of his prose, is for the most part less original. Many of his more pretentious works, like his novels and prose tales, were hurriedly composed and ill considered; and the facility of composition was even more injurious to them than the facility of imitation. There are highly poetical and most original fancies; there are striking and impressive episodes; there are melodious passages of rare sweetness; but a languor steals over us with the feeling of monotony; and the pleasing expectations which had been awakened are apt to die away in listlessness or disappointment. He has an extraordinary richness and fertility of fancy, which too commonly run into extravagance: not unfrequently he soars near the border-land of the very loftiest poetry; but as often as not he hangs in his flight, or comes fluttering towards the earth again like a crippled eagle. "Kilmeny," as Wilson observes in the "Noctes" to its author, may be "one poem that will not die." But then "Kilmeny" is, after all, but a fragment from the "Queen's Wake," which is weighted



with a mass of inferior workmanship. And it seems to us significant as to Hogg's poetry, as making him out to be more commonplace than his admirers would willingly acknowledge, that by general consent some half-dozen of passages have been singled out as his masterpieces. To that general judgment we readily assent. We submit that in any wide range of poetry of the highest order, there must be much that recommends itself to the infinite variety of minds. According to the unanimous verdict of a generation or two, the gems of Hogg's more elaborate poems are all to be found in the "Queen's Wake." They comprise some portions of "Kilmeny," which are of singular beauty; the wild western tale of "The Abbot M'Kinnon;" and the more fantastically imaginative "Witch of Fife," which he parodied admirably in "The Gude Greye Katt." Of course, many of his lyrics are exquisite — not a few of the stanzas come near to perfection; and in these lyrics lay his strength. One of the best is an ode to the skylark; and then we have "When the kye comes hame," which has become a household song about every "farm-toun" in broad Scotland; and that metrical address to Lady Anne of Buccleuch, if indeed we may fairly classify it among the lyrics.

It is "Kilmeny" that gives the Shepherd his indisputable rank as the chosen laureate of the Court of Fairyland. Kilmeny comes back from her sojourn with the "good neighbours," sadly though sweetly transformed, and set free alike from human sympathies as from human troubles. The opening is as enchanting as it is simple and suggestive: —

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;  
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,  
Nor the rosy monk of the Isle to see, —  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,  
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring,  
The scarlet hip and the hyndberry,  
And the nut that hung frae the hazel tree.

She goes forth exhilarated by that bright spring morning, full of life and human feeling; but what a change has come over the spirit of her dream when she returns, after the lapse of time, to her yearning kinsfolk!

When many a lang day had come and fled;  
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead;  
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung;  
When the bedesman had prayed and the dead-bell rung, —

Late, late in the gloamin', when all was still —  
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,

The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,  
The reek o' the cot hung o'er the plain,  
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;  
When the ingle lowed wi' an eiry leme, —  
Late, late in the gloamin', Kilmeny came hame.

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,  
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;  
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,  
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,  
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.  
For Kilmeny had been where the cock never  
crew,  
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never  
blew.

They lifted Kelmeny, they led her away,  
And she walked in the light of a sunless day.  
The sky was a dome of crystal bright, —  
The fountain of vision and fountain of light.  
The emerant fields were of dazzling glow,  
And the flowers of everlasting blow.  
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,  
That her youth and beauty never might fade:  
And they smiled on heaven when they saw her  
lie  
In the stream of life that wandered by.

Every one who knows anything of the poems must be familiar with these passages; and yet we can make no apology for quoting them. They are short; they are the sweetest and most spirited in their style that Hogg ever wrote; and consequently it is indispensable that they should be recalled in any attempt at estimating his genius. If we would show his versatility, and his wonderful command of the romantic ballad, we have but to turn back over a few pages in the "Wake," to the "Witch of Fife," with its grim drollery. There is concentrated vigor in every stanza, with a rich grotesqueness of wild metaphor and descriptive power; while in many of them we have the setting of some weird-like picture shadowed out in a couplet in all its details. We take a verse or two by way of illustration: —

Quhare haf ye been, ye ill womyne,  
These three lang nightis fra hame?  
Quhat garris the sweet drap fra yer brow,  
Like clotis of the saut-sea faem?

But the spell may crack, and the brydel breck,  
Then sherpe yer werde will be;  
Ye had better sleip in yer bed at hame,  
Wi' yer deir little bairnis and me.

The first leet night, quhan the new moon set,  
Quhan all was douffe and mirk,  
We saddled our naigis wi' the moon-fern leif,  
And rode fra Kilmerrin Kirk.



Some horses were of the brume-cow framit,  
And some of the greine bay-tree;  
But mine was made of ane hemloke schaw,  
And a stout stallion was he.

We raide the tod doune on the hill,  
The martin on the law,  
And we hunted the hoolet out of brethe,  
And forcit him doune to fa'.

And the bauld windis blew, and the fire-  
flauchtis flew,  
And the sea ran to the skie;  
And the thunder it growlit, and the sea-dogs  
howlit,  
As we gaed scourin' bye.

"Mador of the Moor" was written to order, the banks of the Tay having been assigned as the theme. Originally meant to be kept within moderate compass, it ran into five cantos; and finally, when it was apparently slipping out of the author's control, was summarily brought to a close with an abrupt *dénouement*. Interest in the story is impossible, owing to the extreme improbability of the incidents; and the idea of the plot was borrowed from "The Lady of the Lake," and the Highland adventure of the wandering Knight of Snowdown. On brief deliberation, Hogg chose the form of his verse so as best to harmonize with his stately word-painting; and accordingly he selected the Spenserian stanza. "It is the finest verse in the world," he had said to himself. "It rolls off with such majesty and grandeur. What an effect it will have in the descriptions of mountains, cataracts, and storms!" And, not content with treading in the steps of Spenser, he decided that he could easily improve upon him. "I had the vanity to believe that I was going to give the world a specimen of this stanza in its proper harmony." And assuredly in "Mador," as elsewhere, he shows his wonderful mastery of metre; nor can anything be more melodious than much of the rhythm. Unfortunately the poem is often open to the criticism that, if not absolutely sound without sense, it is mellifluous metre with a superficial meaning.

But though we place "Mador" and the "Pilgrims of the Sun,"—in the last, by the way, we recognize promptings from Milton—as far inferior to "Kilmenny," both in finish and genius; yet perhaps they will appear Hogg's most remarkable efforts, if we remember his extraction and upbringing. We are struck as much by the refinement of the sentiments as by the elevation of the style and the purity of the language; and casting his peasant slough, the Shepherd

treads the stately Spenserian measure in ruffles and court dress as if he had been to the manner born.

Of "Queen Hynde" we need say nothing, except that once more he invites comparison with Scott, reminding us of the incidents of "The Lord of the Isles;" and that again he *would* dispense with the interest that comes of realism, by carrying his readers back to mythical times, and giving the rein to his fancy with most poetical license. And we bring our notice to a close with some samples of the songs and lyrics. We would quote the beautiful verses to Lady Anne Scott, —

To her whose bounty oft hath shed  
Joy round the peasant's lowly bed,  
When trouble pressed and friends were few,  
And God and angels only knew.

But we cannot spare space to give them at length, and we should only injure them by mutilation. Far less generally known is the grand monody on the "Dweller in heaven," which, though it breathes the inspiration of ecstatic communings in mountain solitudes, seems mislaid, as it has been almost forgotten, in the mad medley of the "Brownie of Bodsbeck:"

Dweller in heaven high, Ruler below!  
Fain would I know Thee, yet tremble to know!  
How can a mortal deem, how it may be,  
That being can ne'er be but present with  
Thee?  
Is it true that Thou sawest me e'er I saw the  
morn?  
Is it true that Thou knewest me before I was  
born?  
That nature must live in the light of Thine  
eye?—  
This knowledge for me is too great and too  
high!

That, fly I to noonday or fly I to night,  
To shroud me in darkness or bathe me in light,  
The light and the darkness to Thee are the  
same,  
And still in Thy presence of wonder I am?  
Should I with the dove to the desert repair,  
Or dwell with the eagle in clough of the air:  
In the desert afar, on the mountain's wild  
brink,  
From the eye of Omnipotence still must I  
shrink?

Or mount I, on wings of the morning, away  
To caves of the ocean, unseen by the day,  
And hide in the uttermost parts of the sea,  
Even there to be living and moving in Thee!  
Nay, scale I the clouds, in the heaven to dwell,  
Or make I my bed in the shadows of hell,  
Can science expound, or humanity frame,  
That still Thou art present, and all are the  
same?



Yes, present forever ! Almighty ! Alone !  
Great Spirit of Nature ! Unbounded ! Un-  
known !

What mind can embody Thy presence divine ?  
I know not my own being, how can I Thine ?  
Then humbly and low in the dust let me bend,  
And adore what on earth I can ne'er compre-  
hend :

The mountains may melt and the elements flee,  
Yet an universe still be rejoicing in Thee.

The "Sacred Melodies" were obviously suggested by Byron's ; and Hogg is more successful in his own special domain of what may be called natural mythology. A singularly wild and touching ballad describes the wooing of one of those soulless fairy beauties by a mortal — doomed by an inexorable destiny to be withered in her embraces, but not to die unlamented : —

Oh where were ye, my bonny lass,  
Wi' look sae wild and cheery ?  
There's something in that witchin' face  
That I lo'e wonder dearly.

I live where the harebell never grew,  
Where the streamlet never ran,  
Where the winds of heaven never blew ;  
Now find me if you can.

O mother, mother, make my bed,  
And make it soft and easy ;  
An' with the cold dew bathe my head,  
For pains of anguish seize me.

I've been where man should not have been,  
Oft in my lonely roaming ;  
And seen what man should not have seen,  
By greenwood in the gloaming.

Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep,  
Long is thy night of sorrow ;  
Thy maiden of the mountain deep  
Shall meet thee on the morrow.

The mermaid o'er thy grave shall weep,  
Without one breath of scorning.  
Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep,  
And fare thee well till morning !

We believe few people are aware that some of the sweetest and most popular of the Jacobite songs were really written by Hogg, and not by bards of the previous century. So we may as well remind our readers that it is he who should have the credit of those spirited ditties, "Cam' ye by Athole" and "Maclean's Welcome." Once he had cause to chuckle over such a misconception: he was consoled for the

scathing review of his "Jacobite Relics" in the *Edinburgh*, by the reviewer, who was believed to be Jeffrey himself, praising the original lilt of "Donald M'Gillavry," which Hogg had slyly slipped in among the "Relics." In fact, we should say that some of his humorous songs were as good as anything of his authorship, were it not for the moving charm of many of his pathetic lays. The best of both appeared originally in the "Noctes ;" and the former, of course, gain in point and character by being supposed to be sung in convivial moments over the supper-table at Ambrose's ; as, for example, "The Village of Balmaquhapple," "Meg o' Marley," and "When Maggy gang's away."

A verse or two from one simple but melting love-song, and we have done — in the hope that we may have given a not unfair idea of the kaleidoscope-like sparkle of the much-gifted Shepherd's genius. We dare not borrow from "When the kye comes hame," for it is too well known ; so we fall back in an embarrassment of choice on one that happens to be a special favorite of ours : —

Oh weel befa' the maiden gay,  
In cottage, bught, or pen,  
An' weel befa' the bonny May  
That wons in yonder glen ;  
Wha lo'es the modest truth sae weel,  
Wha's aye sae kind, and aye sae leal,  
An' pure as blooming asphodel,  
Amang sae many men.  
Oh weel befa' the bonny thing  
That wons in yonder glen !

Oh, had it no been for the blush  
O' maiden's virgin-flame,  
Dear beauty never had been known,  
And never had a name ;  
But aye sin' that dear thing o' blame  
Was modelled by an angel's frame,  
The power of beauty reigns supreme  
O'er a' the sons o' men ;  
But deadliest far the sacred flame  
Burns in a lonely glen !

There's beauty in the violet's vest —  
There's hinney in the haw —  
There's dew within the rose's breast,  
The sweetest o' them a'.

The sun will rise an' set again,  
An' lace wi' burning goud the main —  
The rainbow bend outow'r the plain,  
Sae lovely to the ken ;  
But lovelier far my bonny thing  
That wons in yonder glen !



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## NO NEW THING.

## CHAPTER XII.

## PHILIP EXEMPLIFIES A THEORY.

MARGARET STANNIFORTH, as the perspicacious reader will hardly require to be told, was not a strong-minded woman. Such claims to love and admiration as she possessed — and Hugh Kenyon was by no means alone in deeming her entitled to both — were assuredly not based upon any element of strength in her character, but rather, perhaps, upon the evidences of that weakness which used in old-fashioned times to be considered a woman's strength. She did not always know her own mind, and was painfully aware that she did not know it; without being what is called impulsive, she was yet much under the influence of impulses; and in all things she was prone to be guided less by her head than by her heart. Of the latter the best part had been given away to her lost husband, and had not been recalled. With rare fidelity and imaginativeness she had kept constantly before her eyes the image of the man who had been so long dead, and it may truly be said that she never decided upon any course of action without first asking herself what his wishes would have been with regard to it. That her interpretation of his supposed wishes should have been for the most part devoid of all probable accuracy was but natural: she would have been a far more remarkable woman than she was, had it been otherwise. It is tolerably certain, for instance, that Jack Stanniforth, who had had the common sense of his family, would not have advised the adoption of our young friend Marescalchi, nor the frequent payment of that very expensive youth's bills; nor, it may be assumed, would he have held his widow called upon to provide a home and a liberal income for his mother-in-law; but, happily for Margaret, she was not troubled with disturbing doubts upon these and many other points, and seldom failed to convince herself that she had received a silent sanction for her least prudent proceedings. The process by which she arrived at this comfortable persuasion would have been found, if analyzed, to take the form of a beautifully simple syllogism. Such and such things appeared to her, upon mature reflection, to be right; Jack was always right; therefore, Jack would have approved of her doing as she proposed. Thus, in perfect

good faith, she invested her imaginary lord with the attributes of a constitutional sovereign, and proceeded from deliberation to action, fortified by a perfunctory formula of *Le Roy le veult*.

Now nothing could be more clear than that Jack would have been greatly displeased at any man addressing her as Colonel Kenyon had done; still more would he have been displeased had he foreseen that Colonel Kenyon, his friend and executor, would be the man to offend in such a manner. Therefore, Margaret, although she had declared that she was not angry with Hugh, could not but feel that she had just cause for anger; nor was her anger at all lessened by consciousness that, according to the generally received standard of conduct, the culprit had been guilty of no offence at all. People do marry again. The practice may be a reprehensible one, but it is not uncommon; and, upon the whole, Margaret found that her chief grievance against Hugh was that he had so misunderstood her as to suppose her one of those people. When your friends begin to misunderstand you, you may forgive them; but you are not far off from the point at which they must cease to be your friends any more. As Margaret had said, "It could never be the same thing again;" and Hugh, for his part, was not long in reaching a similar conviction. There was no quarrel. On the contrary, vigorous efforts were made on both sides to avoid even the semblance of a coolness; but in spite of these exertions — perhaps, to some extent, in consequence of them — the coolness existed, and made itself felt. Indeed, it would be difficult, under any circumstances, for a rejected suitor to remain with comfort in the same house with the lady who had rejected him; and before a week was out Colonel Kenyon entertained no doubt as to the expediency of his quitting Longbourne. In the nick of time the Horse Guards considerably provided him with an easy means of retreat by promoting him to the command of a field battery at Shorncliffe. So the colonel departed; and as soon as he was gone Margaret's heart became softened towards him.

The absent, it is said, are always in the wrong; but the absent enjoy also this counterbalancing privilege, that with the withdrawal of their persons the memory of their wrong-doing loses sharpness of outline. Margaret desired nothing more earnestly than to forget, if that might be, Hugh's unfortunate lapse from the path



of duty, and there were times when she very nearly succeeded in doing so. She thought of him and missed him greatly through the long summer days, while Mrs. Winnington, groaning over the heat, worked a huge fan with irritating rattle from morning to night; while soft-footed Mr. Langley came and went, bearing appeals for charity to the drawing-room or priestly counsel to Mrs. Prosser, of whose conscience he was the keeper; while the laughter and wrangling of the young people, rehearsing for the coming theatricals, rang through the house, and the hammering of the carpenters, who were knocking up the stage, was incessant.

After a great deal of discussion, and the usual difficulties with over-ambitious spirits, Philip had got his company together, and was laboriously drilling and coaxing its members into subordination. The piece that he had chosen was a comedy of modern life, the general drift of which was one that has served for many comedies, new and old. There was a young couple in it, who had become estranged, as young couples do in plays and sometimes in real life, for no particular reason, except that they were "half-angered with their happy lot;" there was a wicked and fascinating man of the world, who harbored fell designs against the lovely bride; there was a clever lady, who, after promoting this intrigue through two acts and a half, flirting desperately with the injured husband, and bringing about all sorts of painful situations, came out in her true colors in the *dénouement*, when she unmasked the villain and joined the hands of the erring and repentant pair; finally, there was the guileless husband of the above lady, whose mission it was to make the audience laugh by his mingled jealousy of and admiration for her, by his bewildered queries, and by the meekness with which, upon all occasions, he obeyed her impatient command to "go away somewhere and smoke."

The play, when first read out by Philip, was fortunate enough to meet with general approval, the only dissentient voice raised being that of Tom Stanniforth, whose notion of acting was dressing up, and who protested that a play without powder and patches was only half a play; but as to the distribution of the parts there was less unanimity. Miss Brune was to take the part of the clever woman — everybody agreed as to that; and we have seen in what manner she was subsequently induced to accept it,

"So far so good," said Mrs. Winning-

ton, holding up the book, and surveying it through her glasses; "but now about the rest of the characters." She knew, if Tom Stanniforth did not, that masquerading is by no means the chief object of drawing-room comedies, and her eagle eye had at once detected the opportunities which this particular one might be made to afford for the furtherance of other and more important ends. "Mr. Marescalchi will of course be the unprincipled man of fashion," she went on. "Young Mr. Brune might do for his sister's husband. Very suitable, both those parts. Then we come to the young couple; evidently Edith and Mr. Stanniforth."

But Philip said, oh, dear, no! that cast wouldn't do at all. How, for instance, could you expect poor Walter to throw any animation into his acting, if his cue was to be blindly in love with his own sister? And then, to the general astonishment, he announced that he himself proposed to fill the part for which Walter was stated to be ill qualified, while the latter was to play Strephon to Edith's Amaryllis, and Mr. Stanniforth — of all people in the world! — was to be the villain of the piece.

"Utterly preposterous and absurd!" cried Mrs. Winnington; and for once the chorus was with her.

But Philip answered imperturbably, "Not in the least absurd. Now, my dear Mrs. Winnington, I'll explain to you, if you will allow me, the principle upon which all good casts are formed. Your idea, which is that of the uninitiated public, is that every one is best able to represent the character which most resembles his own. Nothing could be more erroneous; exactly the reverse is the true state of the case. A man can't imitate himself; all the little peculiarities of a person of his own stamp seem to him so natural that he never notices them; whereas, the characteristics of his opposite will strike him at once, and he will accentuate them in his acting. That is what one has to bear in mind in assigning parts to performers. Now, supposing, for example, that you yourself were to do us the honor of wishing to appear on the stage with us, do you think I should ever dream of asking you to accept the part of an amiable and benevolent lady? Never! On the other hand, if I wished for any one to interpret faithfully the character of a selfish, hypocritical old sinner, I should think of you directly."

"That is nonsense," said Mrs. Winnington, turning rather red.



"I am very much disappointed to hear you say so. I thought you would agree with me so cordially that I was unfit to represent a knave as soon as I had expounded my theory to you."

"Your theory is nonsense," repeated Mrs. Winnington with decision.

"Really, Marescalchi, I am afraid it won't hold water in the present instance," chimed in Mr. Stanniforth. "I take it that I am about the worst actor of the lot, and you have given me the most important part in the piece."

"Nobody can say which is the most important part until the piece has been played," answered Philip oracularly. "We are all going to do our best; but we can't do justice to ourselves if the square pegs are put into the round holes."

Further protests were entered from various quarters; but as Philip stood firm, and declared that unless he were allowed to have his own way he would not act at all, he carried his point in the end. As the council broke up, he took an opportunity of whispering to Walter, "There, old man; don't say I never did you a good turn."

"I don't know what you mean," said Walter.

"Of course you don't," returned Philip, laughing, and walking away. That Philip had meant by this strange allotment of rôles merely to carry out his whimsical theory was what nobody believed, nor did it occur to any one that he had been actuated by a good-natured desire to give two young lovers the occasion of playing husband and wife; but what was indeed his object seemed somewhat obscure. Only Margaret had formed a surmise upon the matter; and it was one which was not displeasing to her. She told him afterwards that he ought to be ashamed of himself.

"You have spoilt the play," she said, frowning and smiling upon him; "and Nellie will not thank you, you may be sure. If she was to have a fictitious husband for one evening, you surely need not have objected to Walter's being the man."

Philip seemed greatly amused. "Oh, Meg, Meg," he cried, "what a designing old match-maker you are becoming! I haven't spoilt the play a bit; it will be the greatest success that ever was known; and in the mean time you are as good as a dozen plays, all of you. What criminal folly are you allowing your brains to hatch, you provident woman? Do you know she won't have a penny, ma'am?"

"Ah, Philip!" sighed Margaret; "money is not everything."

"No; nor is love everything. One wants a happy combination of the two, I suppose, and that is not easy to achieve. Not that I am in love with Nellie Brune; and heaven forbid that I should suppose her capable of falling in love with so unworthy an object as myself. Don't you see that I can't afford to fall in love with her?"

"A man can always make an income for himself," said Margaret.

"Can he? I think I know some men who have a fatal power of spending twice as much as they are likely ever to earn. Don't build castles, Meg; it's a shocking bad habit. Or, if you must build them, build them for yourself, not for other people. Otherwise they will come tumbling down about your poor ears, roofs, and battlements, and all, one of these fine days; and when I come to dig you out of the ruins, you will turn and revile me, and say it was all my fault."

She shook her head. "No; I shall never say that."

"Ah! you don't know what you will say. Let us get back to our play-acting; it's a thousand times more satisfactory a game than real life."

Whether satisfactory or not to the majority of the performers, the fashion after which Philip had chosen to conduct his play-acting was productive of immense amusement to one at least of those who attended the subsequent rehearsals. Mr. Brune perfectly understood, and to some extent participated in, the half good-humored, half malicious, pleasure which Marescalchi derived from the spectacle of incongruity; and in truth, Tom Stanniforth, pacing the stage with creaking boots, and giving utterance in a loud hearty voice to the most outrageous and immoral sentiments, was a legitimate subject for mirth of the quieter kind. Tom had thrown himself into his task with all his wonted energy; he had learnt by heart every word he had to say; he was submitting with much docility to be educated into the semblance of a base deceiver; and there really seemed to be every chance that he would eventually pull through quite as successfully as a painstaking man without a vestige of histrionic talent could be expected to do. He had, however, a way of frowning and shaking his head after each cynical soliloquy—as though he felt it incumbent upon him to offer some gentle reminder that it was a purely fictitious personage,



not by any means Tom Stanniforth, who was speaking—which was irresistibly comical. Mr. Brune would sit in a corner, watching this conscientious actor and laughing softly to himself, by the hour together.

One afternoon Mrs. Winnington joined him, and asked him whether he did not think it was a great deal too bad that everybody's pleasure should be interfered with, and a good play turned into a positive farce, only in order to gratify the whim of a spoilt boy. "Mr. Stanniforth is so accommodating and kind that he would do anything that he was asked to do," she said; "but it is easy to see that he has been forced into accepting a thoroughly uncongenial part."

"But he does it so well," Mr. Brune remarked.

"Do you think so? Well, I can't agree with you. He is doing his utmost certainly; he would be sure to do that. But for Mr. Stanniforth to attempt to personate selfishness and duplicity is quite absurd. He is too—too—what shall I say?"

"Genuine?" suggested Mr. Brune resignedly.

"Exactly so: he is far too genuine for that kind of thing. Now young Marescalchi——"

"Oh, but he is genuine, too—in his way. He is a genuine humorist; you must allow that."

"How so? I don't quite understand you. To my mind he is simply mischievous and malevolent. To put the play upon the stage in the way that he is doing is to insult the intelligence of his audience."

"On the contrary, he is paying a high compliment to the delicacy of your perceptions. He is going to offer you a really fine piece of comedy in the place of a rather dull play; and you ought to be grateful to him."

"It appears that your notions of comedy and humor differ from mine," said Mrs. Winnington, who disliked Mr. Brune, and suspected him, not without reason, of sometimes laughing at her.

Nevertheless, when the day of representation came, Mrs. Winnington was compelled to add a grudging contribution to the general plaudits, and to confess that the result belied her anticipations. Philip had done wonders with his somewhat unpromising troupe. Patiently and carefully had he drilled them, day after day, and evening after evening, and now his labor met with its just recompense.

Nellie Brune, who was a very fair actress, and had had some previous experience to guide her, would have done well even without coaching; and as for the others, if their instructor could not give them talent, he had at least taught them how to stand and sit, how to manage their voices, and how to get off the stage. He had also taken much pains with the subordinate personages, whose names and characters need not be particularized here, showing them every opportunity of making a point, and gently fanning their self-love with many a judicious word of surprise and admiration. And all the time he had held his own part in reserve. His duties as general instructor had furnished him with an excuse for reading rather than acting his share of the dialogue, and perhaps he had designedly kept himself in the background up to the last moment; for he had not a soul above small effects. Even the country gentlemen who, with their wives and families, made up the bulk of the audience, and whose critical faculties were scarcely likely to be of a sensitive order, could not but perceive and wonder at the skill with which he transformed a ludicrous and undignified part into a pathetic one; and that without missing a particle of its humor, or being guilty of the smallest exaggeration. Those who applauded so loudly could not have given very definite reasons for their applause perhaps; but it was vaguely borne in upon them that they were being treated to the spectacle of a *tour de force*, and it put them in good humor, and made them feel how clever they must be to have discovered that much.

It was one of Philip's rules to study every part that he undertook from observation of some living model: all true artists adopted that plan, he declared, and all art was nothing but imitation. In the present instance he had been pleased to select Colonel Kenyon as the groundwork of his conception of a fond and foolish husband; and Margaret, who believed herself to be alone in detecting this detail, and who was somehow a little pained by it, was compelled to acknowledge that the portrait was both a faithful and a suggestive one. Poor Hugh! it had never occurred to her before, but now it seemed obvious enough, that he was just the man to be led by the nose all his life by some woman. What a dismal instance of the irony of fate that she, who wanted to be led, and had no capacities for leading, should be that one! Once or twice it



flashed across her with a thrill of alarm that Philip might have some inkling of what she earnestly desired to keep secret forever. In her heart of hearts she was mortally afraid of being laughed at by Philip; and what son can hear without more or less of covert laughter that a man has been making love to his mother? She turned these things over in her mind while Philip tugged at the long moustache which he had affixed to his upper lip, while he stretched out his legs, stuck his hands in his pockets, and debated simple propositions with an exact reproduction of Hugh's slow and sapient smile; and at the end of the first act she was as nearly being angry with her adopted son as she had ever been in her life. Mr. Brune, who was sitting behind her, leant over the back of her chair, when the curtain fell, and startled her by remarking abruptly,—

"And yet there are people who won't be convinced that we are all descended from apes."

"Don't be unkind," pleaded Margaret.

"Why not? I object to monopolies. Why should that very clever and diverting youth have things all his own way?"

"I know what you mean; but it isn't meant for unkindness. There is nothing in it that could hurt any one's feelings."

"H'm! I am not sure that Kenyon would quite agree to that. However, he is not here, so we need not trouble ourselves about him. Let us be charitable, and assume that he would like it. For my part, I admit that I am enjoying it hugely."

"Then don't call people apes," said Margaret.

"Apes are very cheerful little beasts, and some of us, you know, make great pets of them. I will say, for yours, that he is an admirable specimen of the race."

Margaret sighed impatiently. "I thought you had given up saying disagreeable things about Philip. You know how it pains me to hear you talk like that."

"You ought not to mind what a sour old man says. Do you know that all my hops are mildewed, and that I shall be hundreds of pounds out of pocket by the end of the year? Let me have a little latitude of speech for one evening. Philip can't hear me, any more than Kenyon can hear him; and I am speaking to a lady who is not easily prejudiced. Do you remember how desperately I offended you by the language I used about your *protégé* on the first evening of his arrival, ever so long ago?"

"Yes, I remember; why do you remind me of it? I thought you very unkind and unjust; and I still think that you were so."

"I dare say I was. Partly so, at all events; for I certainly should not accuse our young friend of lacking courage nowadays. I wonder, though—speaking quite in the abstract, you understand—whether it is possible for a first-rate actor to be a thoroughly honest and straightforward man. Don't come down upon me with Macready and other honored names, please; there must be exceptions to every rule; and, besides, honesty is a relative term. I know many highly respected and respectable persons whom it would be unsafe to take literally; they couldn't be absolutely candid if their lives depended upon it."

"I don't know what you are driving at," said Margaret, who, however, knew perfectly well.

"I am not driving at anything; I am drifting agreeably upon a sea of doubt and speculation. Given a man with an extraordinary power of personating characters differing from his own, wouldn't it be rather a strange thing if he never made use of it off the stage?"

"If you mean Philip, I can only say that he is always candid with me," declared Margaret, with some audacity.

"Ah, you won't stay in the regions of the abstract. Well, you ought to know whether Philip is candid or not. As for me, I am only a spectator; and perhaps I don't see so much of the game as I fancy I do. He is not particularly candid with me; but then a man does not forfeit his claim to straightforwardness by exercising a little reserve towards individuals. Moreover, he doesn't like me."

"That is entirely your own fault," Margaret was going to say; but she bethought her that, if matters turned out according to her wishes, Mr. Brune would some day be asked to accept Philip as his son-in-law; so she substituted: "I am sure you are mistaken. He may be a little afraid of you, perhaps; many people are, you know."

Probably there is no man living who is not secretly pleased at being told that he is feared. Mr. Brune smiled, and remarked that he had not supposed himself so alarming. Then the curtain rising upon the first scene of the second act put a stop to conversation, and Margaret returned to contemplation of the figure upon the stage which interested her the most. Philip's excellent mimicry of Colonel



Kenyon provoked her no longer; she had fallen into a fresh train of thought, in which Hugh had no part; and while the plot of the comedy was unfolding itself, she was wondering whether the open-mouthed adoration with which Philip was regarding Nellie could be altogether assumed.

He had told her emphatically that he was not in love with Miss Brune; but he had given her to understand that he was not in love because he did not deem it prudent to allow himself to be so, and that seemed almost tantamount to a confession that only prudence held love in check. Moreover, notwithstanding the assertion which she had just made that Philip was always candid with her, Margaret very well knew that she did not possess his whole confidence. She was sometimes tormented by terrible fears on his behalf. He had no vices, she thought — for extravagance cannot fairly be called a vice — but it is not always vicious men who make the most hopeless shipwreck of their lives; and, oddly enough, one of the chief dangers which she dreaded for him was precisely that which those who partook a less partial view of his character would have declared him utterly unlikely to incur — that of a hasty marriage with some one inferior to him in rank. Philip's character, like that of most people, was marked by some apparent inconsistencies, and, also like that of most people, presented but few traits upon which any plausible theory of his fate could be built. One certain thing about him was that he would never be the victim of a hopeless passion. It was not in his nature to love those by whom he was not beloved, and on the other hand it was so delightful to him to be worshipped that he was likely to fall, at least for a time, completely under the dominion of the worshipper, whoever he or she might be. Thus much Margaret understood; though she did not put the case to herself quite in these words. She would have substituted generosity, impulsiveness, and quick sympathies for the vanity and selfishness with which some of his intimates credited him; but the peril remained the same; and it was, among other reasons, because she discerned it that she so anxiously desired to make use of Nellie Brune as a beacon to divert Philip's eyes from the flickering will-o'-the-wisps that flank the path of all young men. It must be added that she conscientiously believed this fate to be an entirely honorable and blissful one for Nellie, whom she looked upon in some

sort as her daughter, and loved with all her heart.

If the young lady who was thought worthy of being entrusted with such high responsibilities had been in the secret of Mrs. Stanniforth's scheme, she could have done no more towards the promotion of it than she was doing that evening. Everybody agreed that Miss Brune was charming. "She has been well coached," said her father, who hardly recognized Nellie in the brilliant and witty woman of the world whom she represented; but Philip, who admired all pretty women, and had always admired this one excessively, declared openly that she was irresistible, and told her in so many words that he wished to goodness he could summon some benevolent fairy to convert their mock destinies into a reality. More than once in the course of the proceedings he said to himself that if Nellie had had a large fortune, and if Fanny had married the greengrocer, as she ought to have done — if, in short, he had not been an unlucky beggar with whom all things went askew — he could have wished for no happier lot in life than that fictitious one which was his for a couple of hours.

There had always been a sort of intermittent flirtation between Philip and Nellie. During his school-days the former had been over head and ears in love with the pretty little tomboy who used to ride and fish and play cricket with him, and he had plainly declared his intention of making her his wife some day — an arrangement which she had promised to consider of. Later on, when Mr. Marescalchi had fallen under the sway of other feminine influences, his affection had assumed a more brotherly character, and he had been wont to make Miss Brune the confidante of the passions which had from time to time ravaged an inflammable heart. He had, however, been in the habit of returning to his loose allegiance at regular intervals, and had frequently given Nellie to understand that, despite some passing infidelities, there was but one woman in the world with whom he could seriously contemplate spending his life. Nellie took these periodical fits of devotion very much for what they were worth. To the best of her belief she was not at all in love with Philip, and her eyes were open to all his failings; but she had a strong affection for him, she was proud of what she considered her influence over him, and upon the whole she liked him better when he was pretending to be in love with her than when he was pretending to be in



love with some one else. She understood him sufficiently well to be aware that with him nearly all emotion was pretence, of a conscious or unconscious kind.

To-night he was in one of his most lover-like moods. When the theatricals were over and dancing had begun, he publicly laid down the unreasonable proposition that those who had been united in the play which was at an end ought to remain partners for the rest of the evening; and before the dissentient groans which responded to him had died away he had passed his arm round Miss Brune's waist and whirled her off, whispering, "Just for this one evening, Nellie. You owe me some reward, you know, for all the trouble I have taken to help on your triumph."

Nellie laughed, and did not say no. There was no one else present whom she particularly cared about dancing with, and Philip was beyond all comparison the best waltzer in the county. So, through three consecutive dances, this couple enjoyed an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête*, while Margaret looked on with contented eyes, and good-natured people remarked what a handsome pair they were, and ill-natured ones wondered what Mr. Brune could be thinking of to allow that sort of thing.

Meanwhile, the member for Blackport was not in his usual state of happy acquiescence in the course of events. He had danced once with Edith, who had said "Yes" and "No," and "Oh, really?" when he had addressed her, and who evidently had not heard one word in ten of his conversation. He had then resigned her to Walter Brune, and had stood with his back against the wall, wrapped in somewhat sombre reflection. He began to think that, after all, Edith would hardly do. She was a sweet girl, and she had a pretty face, and that little, timid air of hers was attractive enough for a time; but she was not interesting: perhaps she was a trifle insipid. Just as he arrived at this conclusion he caught sight of her engaged in animated discourse with Walter, and, for the first time in his life, he experienced an uncomfortable impression that he was growing old. After which he glanced at Philip and Nellie, and felt older still. Finally he said to himself, rather inconsequently, that he didn't see any reason why the young fellows should have everything their own way, and, crossing the room with the firm stride of decision, planted himself in front of Miss Brune.

"May I be honored with a dance?" he asked.

Fortune favors the brave. Nellie hesitated for a moment, looked him straight in the face, and then gave a little bow. What she meant him to understand was that he had no business to make such a request; but that, since he had thought fit to make it, she would not be rude enough to meet him with a refusal; but it is doubtful whether he gathered so much as that from her face.

"I was afraid," said he, after he had twice made the circuit of the room, and his partner had signified to him that she was out of breath, "that you would dismiss me with ignominy. I wasn't quite sure whether our truce was to last up to bedtime, or to terminate when the curtain fell."

During the rehearsals, when Mr. Stanniforth had been compelled to meet his implacable foe every day, it had been agreed between them that, for the comfort of all concerned, it would be best that they should behave as friends for the time being, and out of this convention had sprung a considerable degree of intimacy which Nellie now felt that it would be rather absurd to put a stop to.

"You seem determined to reopen that disagreeable subject," she said.

"I? Indeed, Miss Brune, I should only be too glad to dismiss it forever. Is it peace, then?"

"Well," answered Nellie slowly, "I suppose so. If, after all my rudeness and ill-temper, you care to make peace with me, I don't think I ought to refuse."

"Ah!" cried Stanniforth, with rather imprudent exultation; "I told you we should be friends before long."

Nellie drew up her slight figure, and looked displeased. "Oh, but excuse me, I said nothing about friendship. There may be such a thing as peace between enemies, may there not?"

"A peace of that kind is not likely to be very durable, I am afraid. Still, it may last my time. I don't think I shall be much longer in this house, do you know?"

Nellie said, "Indeed?"

"I think I shall be off in a day or two, and I am very sorry for it. I must say so, since you won't. Between ourselves, I fancy that Margaret wants to get rid of me."

"Why should she wish that?"

"Ah, that is exactly what I should like to know; but I'm afraid there isn't much doubt as to the fact. Until about a week ago she was always begging me to stay on till the autumn; and, to tell you the



truth, I had made up my mind to be persuaded, and had got down a lot of blue-books and reports to work at in the intervals of idleness; but latterly there has been a sort of awkwardness and constraint. I don't know what it is all about, I'm sure; only this morning, when I threw out a feeler by remarking casually that I thought I should have to be moving on next week, she expressed no consternation at all."

"How mortifying!" exclaimed Nellie, unable to repress a slightly malicious laugh at the sight of his honest, puzzled face. "And so the blue-books will have to be packed up again."

"It looks like it. I am not fond of thrusting myself upon people who don't want my company."

"I am sure that is the last thing you would ever be guilty of," said Nellie demurely.

"You are very severe, Miss Brune. Happily, I am in a position to heap coals of fire upon your head. Do you know that your father has just given me an invitation to stay at Broom Leas, and that I have declined it? I don't mind telling you that it was a great sacrifice. You may guess why I made it."

Nellie was a good deal taken aback and much more ashamed than the occasion warranted. "I don't think that could be much of a sacrifice," she said; "for you would be bored to death with us; but I should be very sorry indeed if I thought that anything I had said or done could make you imagine that you would not be welcome. Besides," she added, "I could easily go away. I have an aunt in Devonshire with whom I always spend a fortnight in the summer, and I know she can take me at any time."

"That," said Mr. Stanniforth gravely, "is very considerate of you. Only, I think that if you were away from Broom Leas, I shouldn't much care about going there."

A sudden shock of alarm sent the blood into Nellie's cheeks. Was it possible that the pertinacious friendliness of her hereditary enemy could be explained upon another and a less agreeable hypothesis than that of abstract philanthropy? In an instant she had dismissed the notion as ridiculous, and had inwardly laughed at herself for having entertained it. Still, it left her a trifle ill at ease.

"Of course it would never do," she answered hurriedly; "it would look so odd. You would be very uncomfortable too; for there would be nobody to look after

the house and see that you had eatable dinners."

"And I am so particular about my dinner," Mr. Stanniforth remarked.

"So that, if you should change your mind," continued Nellie, opening and shutting her fan nervously, "I mean, if you really wished to see something of farming and to spend some days with my father—I hope you would not allow me to stand in your way."

The invitation was not an over-cordial one; but Tom Stanniforth appeared to be quite satisfied with it.

"I'll tell you what," he said; "I wouldn't go straight from this to you, because you have all of you really had enough of me for the present; and I believe, too, that I ought to run down and see my father, who is getting to be a very old man, and who writes rather plaintively about his loneliness every now and then; but if you would have me for a day or two in September, I should enjoy it of all things. Without any humbug, I *am* anxious to get some hints about farming. I have a property of my own, upon which I mean to settle down one of these fine days, and I am ashamed to say that, at present, if I know oats from barley it is about as much as I do."

"Very well," said Nellie smiling; "then we shall expect you at harvest-time. Perhaps it might amuse you to see a harvest-home."

"Thank you very much indeed," answered Mr. Stanniforth with alacrity; "that will be the very thing."

It was thus that the traditional hospitality of the Bruness triumphed over prejudice, subdued animosity, and was in the sequel productive of much trouble to Mrs. Winington and others.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
GREAT MEN'S RELATIVES.

IN the friendship of great men, once they are passed away, there is this advantage, that you are not obliged to like their relatives. Clarendon says the English could have endured Oliver, if it had not been for the other Cromwells. He, they acknowledged, had a natural nobleness of demeanor: Henry gave himself airs, and it was too evident that the part of heir-apparent rather bored Richard. Certainly it is pleasant to know the best thoughts of Hooker's mind, without one's converse being broken upon by the shrill



voice of Mrs. Hooker; or to sail with Nelson into Aboukir Bay without having to follow him to Merton and see Sir William Hamilton trying to look happy.

And yet there could be few more interesting subjects of study than this of great men's relatives. The moment one is not bound to admire them, or be civil to them, one can profitably spend an hour in their company. They may at least teach us what not to be, and how not to do it. Sometimes we may learn from them a more useful lesson — that greatness is not necessarily goodness nor happiness. The moral is old enough, but none the less requires to be enforced again from age to age. Gray imagined a Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. Well, poor Richard was that — a better man than his father, if old-fashioned canons of right and wrong are to hold, if ambition be at best but a splendid sin, if the meek are really blessed, if a good cause has no need of legions. Quintus Cicero, again, strikes one as a healthier type of man than his eloquent brother, for all Mr. Trollope's pleadings. Quintus has left us no Tusculan disputations; but the record of an orderly and honorable life is worth a good many arguments on the immortality of the soul. Who would have been the most reliable friend in need, Goldsmith or his brother, the original of the Vicar of Wakefield? Whose lot was the more enviable, Napoleon's or Lucien's?

It is amusing or sad, according as you are of the Democritan or Heraclitan school, to take any prominent historic character, whom hitherto you have only known in his public or literary capacity; and try to find out "all about him," as if you were employed by a private inquiry office. You know that Wolsey was a pluralist, but were not perhaps aware that he had a natural son whom he made an archdeacon; or that Milton's brother Christopher turned Catholic, and was knighted and made a judge by James II.; or that Wesley's wife had a great deal to put up with from the pontiff of Methodism; or that Lord Stowell's harshness broke his son's heart.

But there are more agreeable discoveries to be made. For instance, one would be glad of further acquaintance with Mr. Anthony Bacon, the "loving and beloved brother" of Francis, as the latter addresses him in the prefatory epistle to the first edition of the essays. Anthony seems to have been prevented by ill health from realizing the high ex-

pectations his friends had formed of him. "I assure you," says Francis, "I sometimes wish your infirmities translated upon myself, that her Majesty might have the service of so active and able a mind; and I might be with excuse confined to these contemplations and studies for which I am fitted." The next edition of the "Essays" was dedicated to Sir John Constable, for Anthony "was with God," as Francis informs Sir John Bacon's wife, whom he described in 1603 as "an alderman's daughter, a handsome maiden, to his liking," proved ill-suited to him, or he to her; for the truth is difficult to get at. If one may judge from the sentiments expressed in the "Essays," Bacon was hardly what is termed a marrying man. He scorns the poetic ideal of love, "as if man, made for the contemplation of heaven, and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself a subject, though not of the mouth (as beasts are), yet of the eye, which was given him for higher purposes." And "he was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question when a man should marry: A young man not yet, an elder man not at all."

In Bishop Hall's autobiography we get a glimpse of another Bacon, Sir Edmund, grandson of Sir Nicholas, and consequently nephew of Francis. He does not fail to exhibit the family characteristic of prudence. In 1605 Sir Edmund invited Hall to accompany him to Spa, or the Spa, as he calls it, representing "the safety, the easiness, the pleasure, and the benefit of that small excursion, if opportunity were taken at that time, when the Earl of Hertford passed as ambassador to the archduke Albert of Brussels (*sic*)." Once on Belgian soil, Hall soon got into theological discussion with a Jesuit, whom he conceived he had worsted. Father Baldwin, however, an English Jesuit, sent Hall a polite invitation next day to come and renew the argument with himself. "Sir Edmund Bacon, in whose hearing the message was delivered, gave me secret signs of his utter unwillingness to give way to any further conferences, the issue whereof might prove dangerous, since we were to pass further, and beyond the bounds of the protection of our ambassador." In a subsequent discussion with a prior of the Carmelites, Sir Edmund, "both by his eye and tongue," wisely "took off" Hall, as the latter confesses.

Sir Edmund might have proved a useful private secretary to his uncle. On the whole you find quite as many cases of



great men's relatives proving useful to them as of their being encumbrances. It is a good thing to see brethren working together in unity, as the Wellesleys in India, or the Wesleys in England, or the brothers Grimm, or the Schlegels. The ablest lieutenant of Frederick the Great was his brother Henri. "There is only one of us," the king once said, pointing to Prince Henri, "who has never made a mistake." It is melancholy to remember that Henri hated the brother he served so well. Frederick did all he could to win his affection in vain. A pair of brother soldiers not less interesting to Englishmen are Henry V. and John Duke of Bedford. General Churchill, too, served with credit under Marlborough. The fame of the Napiers is still fresh. One would like to couple the Howes, but it is not fair to the hero of the 1st of June. Sir William was a brave soldier and nothing more.

Partnerships between fathers and sons are too numerous to be noticed, but there are a few curious instances in which the father has seconded the son. A certain king of Media appointed his father to a satrapy, and the sire quietly served under the son. But since the hereditary principle first found favor among men, no sovereign can have felt himself altogether a king while his father lived. Philip II. was constantly receiving advice from the ex-emperor, and must have felt bound at least to excuse himself when he did not follow it. How much the paternal superintendence annoyed him he showed by delaying the payment of the paternal pension. There are fathers, again, and more of them, perhaps, than we suppose, who have been content to be the humble admirers of their sons, and to bask in the rays of their good fortune. Old Mr. Richard Clive had never thought his son good for much till the news of the defence of Arcot arrived in England, but he gradually became immoderately proud and fond of his son, who joined filial piety to his other qualities. Robert cleared off the mortgages on the family estate, settled 800*l.* a year on his parents, and insisted that they should keep a coach. Mr. Clive now began to mix in fashionable society, and was presented at court. The king graciously noticed him, and asked where Lord Clive was. "He will be in town very soon," said the honest squire quite aloud, "and then your Majesty will have another vote," which was true enough, but not intended for publication. One can scarcely be surprised that it was

never thought expedient to confer a peerage on Mr. Richard Clive. On St. John's being created a viscount his father obtained a similar title, though by some blunder his patent was dated after his son's, so that the latter had the precedence. Their descendant still sits in the House of Lords as Viscount Bolingbroke and St. John. The above precedent, however, has by no means been invariably followed. It is pleasant to read how Rowland Hill, when he returned from the Peninsula a peer and a general, quietly took his seat at his father's table in the old Shropshire manor-house, not according to his rank, but simply according to his birth as a younger son. It is noteworthy that Lord Beaconsfield, with his usual good nature, turned Mr. Abney-Hastings into Lord Donington to lessen the distance between him and his son, the Earl of Loudoun.

One fact the student of history should not lose sight of. Great men, the best of them, think far more of their relatives than of the public; otherwise they would be, as Bristolle says of the man who should prefer an habitual condition of solitude to society, either gods or brutes, either more or less than men. When one says that they think more of their relatives than of the community at large, one is not necessarily implying that they would prefer a son's interest to that of the State, but simply that that son's welfare and happiness is probably a more frequent subject of reflection than schemes of legislation or war. The circumstance is, by comparison, honorable to humanity. Vulgar personal ambition, ambition purely for self and selfish enjoyment, is rare. Cordially as he detested Shaftesbury, Dryden admits that that statesman neither plotted nor toiled for himself:—

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,  
Else why should he, with wealth and honor  
blest,

Refuse his age the needful hours of rest;  
Punish a body which he could not please,  
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?  
And all to leave what with his toil he won  
To that unfeathered, two-legged thing—a son.

Then it is a truism to observe that statesmen honestly conceive their own kith and kin to be endowed with higher aptitudes for administration than they may actually possess. Again, granted two men, one rather cleverer than the other, but the second a secretary of state's cousin: could one blame the secretary for choosing his cousin as under-



secretary rather than the slightly cleverer man? The minister might argue with justice that the inferiority of talent in his kinsman was compensated for by the fact that he knew him well; for no one will deny that it is an advantage to a chief to be thoroughly acquainted with the character and dispositions of his subordinates. Hence the shrewd and by no means cynical remark of Palmerston's, "The best man for any place is the man I like best."

"The Complete Patron; or, A Guide to Ministers," has yet to be written; and very difficult it would be to lay down anything more than the vaguest rules for the distribution of loaves and fishes. But there are bright examples and examples to be shunned. After Robert Grosseteste had been named Bishop of Lincoln, his rustic brother called on him and solicited preferment. The bishop replied that if he wanted a new plough or a yoke of oxen he would cheerfully pay for them; but he added, "A peasant I found you, and a peasant I shall leave you." The good bishop might have put the truth a little more politely; possibly he feared that anything less than the plainest speech would not be understood. Napoleon once found himself in exactly the opposite position to Grosseteste, with a poor relative who only begged to be left alone and positively dreaded the idea of elevation out of his own homely sphere. It was quite a surprise to the emperor, in the heyday of his glory, to learn that a mere parish priest in Tuscany bore the name of Bonaparte, and descended from a common ancestor with him. Straightway an aide-de-camp was despatched to Italy to ask the abbé what he would like. The emperor wanted him, if only for the sake of the family prestige, to accept a bishopric; and it was hinted that the purple would soon follow. The padre would none of these honors at any price; and ended by convincing the officer of his sincerity. Napoleon shrugged his shoulders at his emissary's report, but did not insist.

To the question, What caused the fall of Napoleon? Talleyrand would have replied in two words: "His relatives." The Prince of Bénévent's answer is as correct as any that could be framed. Properly supported by Joseph in Spain, by Jerome in Westphalia, by Louis in Holland, by Murat in Naples, the emperor would have been invincible. Talleyrand tells us that he warned Napoleon of the inevitable consequence of entrusting important interests to men like Jerome and Joseph.

"'Make them,' I said to his Majesty, 'arch-chancellors, arch-electors, and so forth, as much as you please. Give them any number of honorary distinctions. Do not think of giving them real power.'" The ablest opponent of Napoleon during the first half of his career committed the same mistake on a smaller scale. Pitt, whose name was considered synonymous with patriot, would not see that his brother, Lord Chatham, was wholly unfit for high office. For more than six years, including two of war, he kept him at the head of the Admiralty, till something like a public outcry compelled the incapable minister to resign. Pitt soon recalled him to the Cabinet as lord president. The second Chatham was so dull a man that George III. hesitated to give him the Garter which he had offered to Pitt, and which the latter at once begged for his brother. Finally, the king consented, on the distinct understanding, as he wrote, that the honor should be considered as bestowed on the Pitt family in general. It is fair to Pitt to add that others than himself formed a mistaken estimate of the earl's capacities. Even after the terrible fiasco of the Walcheren expedition, Lord Chatham was thought good enough to be governor of Gibraltar. In 1789 Pitt had as colleagues in the Cabinet, his brother aforesaid, and his first cousin, Mr. (afterwards Lord) Grenville, the home minister, who was just thirty years old. His viceroy of Ireland was another first cousin, the Marquis of Buckingham. The elder Pitt was equally partial to his connections, with results, at one time, mournful for his country and almost fatal to his own reputation. But in the administration of 1757-61 he found room for them all, without perceptible injury to the public. His brother-in-law, Lord Temple, held the privy seal; Temple's brother, George Grenville, was treasurer of the navy; James Grenville had a snug post, and Henry Grenville was duly provided for. On the other hand, it was no small gain to Pitt to be able to command the vast Parliamentary influence of his relatives by marriage. There is no doubt he was devoted to Lady Hester; but he had loved wisely.

As a rule, great men have oftener helped their relatives than been helped by them. It is strange to see how, at the commencement of their careers, some men of genius, who might have been expected to start in life backed by the eager friendship of powerful kinsmen, have — for all practical purposes — stood as much



alone as the typical Scotch boy who comes to London with sixpence in his pocket. Read Byron's account of his first visit to the House of Lords. He seems, one of his biographers remarks, to have had "a keen and painful sense of the loneliness of his position." He could not find a single peer to introduce him, and this from no lack of cousins in the Upper House. After wandering about for a while, he made his way into a room where the fees were to be paid — there is never any difficulty in finding such places. Next he entered the House itself. Only a few lords were present, and Byron was afraid to look at them. Without turning his eyes to the right or to the left, he advanced straight up to the woolsack to take the oaths. In the chancellor's seat sat Eldon, who tried to put the bashful lad at his ease, spoke kindly to him, and held out his hand. Byron replied to these advances with a stiff bow, and gave the chancellor the tips of his fingers. He subsequently offered a lame excuse for his pertness, as one must consider it, remembering Eldon's position and the fact that Byron was then only known as the author of "Hours of Idleness." "If," says Byron, "I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party; but I will have nothing to do with any of them. I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad." Where, all this time, was Lord Carlisle, whose "obliged ward and affectionate kinsman" had dedicated to him those very "Hours of Idleness"? In the preface to the volume in question Byron had spoken of the earl's works as having long received the meed of public applause to which by their intrinsic worth they were well entitled. In "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," published a few days after the author had taken his seat in Parliament, one perceives that the season of compliments between the obliged ward and his guardian is at an end:—

Let Stott, Carlisle, Matilda, and the rest  
Of Grub Street, and of Grosvenor Place the  
best,  
Scrawl on till death release us from the strain,  
Or common sense assert her rights again.

"It may be asked," comments Byron on himself, "why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal—at least as far as I have been able to discover; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for

it; but as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burden my memory with the recollection;" and so on, and so on, in a style of increasing petulance, till Byron stoops to italicize the word *fools* that the reader may be under no mistake as to its application.

It is to be feared the twain were never reconciled. But Carlisle was no fool. In his youth the government of the day held him to be so well worth enlisting on its side as to confer the order of the Thistle on him when he had but just completed his nineteenth year. On his coming of age he was immediately sworn of the Privy Council. In 1780–2 he held the post of viceroy of Ireland. Young Fox, in a letter to Richard Fitzpatrick, supposes he will have heard of Carlisle's green ribbon. "I think it," he observes, "one of the best things that has been done this great while." Which may well cause a smile. The Fox of 1767 was not exactly the Fox we think of as we contemplate the tomb in the Abbey, or recall the beautiful eulogy of Scott. But, it may be observed in passing, he was always too warm-hearted a man not to be something of a nepotist. He observes somewhere that a job and a fraud are very different things; and a little job for the sake of a relative would not have appeared to him too much amiss. From his nephew's memoirs of the Whig party one gathers that in the summer of 1806 he was meditating a pretty formidable one—no less than putting Lord Holland at the head of the Foreign Office. Now, Lord Holland, though with age and experience he developed into a meritorious politician, was at that time a young man absolutely unknown to the great body of the public except as the co-respondent in a divorce case, when he had been condemned to pay 6,000*l.* damages to Sir Godfrey Webster.

If relatives could ever have helped a man of genius too feeble to help himself, that man was Cowper. His father, as every one knows, was the second son of Spencer Cowper (a younger brother of the chancellor, and first Earl Cowper), who was appointed chief justice of Chester in 1717, and afterwards a judge in the Court of Common Pleas. Nor were the Cowpers unmindful of their duty to the young poet, for whom they procured the snug place of reading-clerk to the House of Lords. He had nothing to do in ordinary times but to read aloud the titles of bills, and draw a salary of 800*l.* a year.



Even for such work he felt too nervous, and in a few weeks' time was compelled to resign his appointment. Before the close of the year he had to be placed under medical care. The Cowpers made the best of a bad business, and succeeded in placing another of their name — a near relative of William's — in the vacant post. Macaulay speaks of his silver voice and just emphasis, from which one presumes that the new clerk chanced to be the right man in the right place.

The poet has left a sonnet addressed to this Henry Cowper, on his "emphatical and interesting delivery" of the defence of Warren Hastings. "Thou art not voice alone," he assures him, "but hast beside both heart and head." Cowper was happy in his relatives, and rewarded their care of him in the manner they must have loved best. Among those whose memory his verse preserves may be cited his cousin, Anne Bodham —

Whom heretofore,  
When I was young, and thou no more  
Than plaything for a nurse,  
I danced and fondled on my knee,  
A kitten both in size and glee.

He proceeds to thank the gentle Anne for a purse she has made him, winding up with the slightly commonplace remark that he values the receptacle more than the gold it contains. But one may be sure the lines went the round of many an admiring tea-table. Possibly the great Mr. Newton himself deigned to praise them. In the epitaph on his uncle, Ashley Cowper, he draws so fine a character that one can only hope the facts were as true as doubtless the writing was sincere.

The lines on his mother's picture are not so much poetry as the simple expression of his thoughts by a poet, which many will hold to be the same thing. How fresh and natural are such recollections as the following! —

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly  
laid;  
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;  
The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed  
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and  
glowed.

Pope has some equally genuine lines, in another style, on his own mother. When he prayed that the tender office of rocking the cradle of reposing age, of making languor smile, of exploring the thought, and of explaining the asking

eye, might long engage him, he spoke from the heart, for he had proved himself a devoted son. Mrs. Pope lived happily under her son's roof till the age of ninety-three. She was forty-eight when she gave birth to Alexander — in the year of the glorious revolution. Pope's panegyric on his father may be described as the truth well put. Old Mr. Pope was in no sense a remarkable man; and his son accordingly makes the most of his negative virtues. Marrying in his own sphere of life, he is praised for not having married discord in a noble wife. Then he is described as a stranger to civil and religious rage —

No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,  
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.

Quite so; and for the best of reasons. Mr. Pope was a Roman Catholic, and extremely timid. The only course for honest men of his creed in the days of the penal laws was to keep quiet, if they valued their lands or their necks. There was no choice for them but between self-effacement and a life of plots and conspiracies. Even Pope's reputation, and the fact that he was only a Catholic in name, might not always have saved him from persecution, as he acknowledges, but for the good nature of the government. Pope senior pushed prudence to such a degree that he was afraid to invest in the funds lest Parliament should one day take to raising money by confiscating all the seizable personalty of Papists. He had amassed a fortune of about 20,000*l.* as a linendraper, and, in the fashion of a ruder age, locked up this sum in a strong box. The greater part he spent before his death.

"For they said, he is beside himself." Who said? His kinsmen, of course. Not only is the prophet too often without honor among those who should appreciate him best, but he may find it the hardest struggle of all to persuade them of his honesty or sanity. Mahomet blessed the name of Khadijah because she believed in him when no one else did. In truth he might well have taken heart from the moment he had succeeded in convincing his wife. Had his first spouse been the petulant beauty who made light of Khadijah as old and ugly, the Crescent might never have been reared against the Cross, and history might be an entirely different book. When Joan of Arc determined to accomplish the deliverance of France, the first and most formidable opposition she had to encounter arose from her parents.



They said they would rather see her drowned than exposed to the contamination of a camp. They seem to have scarcely had common faith in their daughter. Finally, it was an uncle—not her father—who consented to take her to Vaucouleurs to see the Sire de Baudricourt. The remainder of her task was comparatively easy. Only the first step cost trouble—the step across her own threshold. A homelier instance of the domestic difficulties of genius is found in the life of Mme. d'Arblay. Ere she was sixteen, Frances Burney had written a good deal, chiefly short stories for the amusement of her sisters. Her step-mother, however, disapproved of these literary recreations, and administered some good-humored lectures on the subject. Fanny proved a dutiful child. Not content with relinquishing her favorite pursuit, she burned all her manuscripts. Perhaps the world did not lose so much after all. “Evelina” appeared when the author was twenty-six years of age. Alexandre Dumas the elder long remained sceptical of his son's powers as a writer. He is said to have been finally converted by a perusal of “*Les Aventures de Quatre Femmes et d'un Perroquet*,” published when young Dumas was twenty-two.

Milton's father attempted to dissuade him from the cultivation of poetry.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,

Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas.

The old gentleman possibly wished his son to be a good scrivener and no more. But this has been the common fate of bards. A quainter, though by no means an extraordinary, example of mistaken projects for a son is seen in the case of Hampden. His mother pressed him in his youth to ask for a peerage, which no doubt a man of his birth and wealth could have obtained of James I. for the asking—and the paying. Hampden could have rendered good service in the House of Lords, but the acceptance of honors from the king must have more or less attached him to the court party. With all his honesty he might have been led to see many things with a different eye. The course of our annals need not necessarily have changed for that; but who knows? Suppose Hampden a peer, and, for his abilities and firmness, the trusted minister of Charles as well as James. Suppose Hampden convinced that the power of Parliament required checking, and that

the crown should persist in the attempt to raise taxes on its own authority, who would have resisted the writ of ship-money? If one might hazard a guess, one would answer, Thomas Wentworth. Having Hampden on its side, the government might have taken no trouble to win over Wentworth, or have felt that there was not room for both in one party. And we may depend upon it, Wentworth was determined to make himself a name.

Brougham's mother showed more wisdom than Hampden's. When she heard that Henry was chancellor, she quietly said, “It's well, but for my part I had rather he had remained Mr. Brougham, and member for the county of York.” The peculiar distinction of representing the undivided county of York would have ceased with the passing of the Reform Bill, but Brougham could not have been shelved by the Whigs in 1835 had he retained the facilities for making himself troublesome which a seat in the House of Commons alone could give. It may have been some foreboding of the future which in 1830 caused him to manœuvre for the mastership of the rolls, then tenable by a member of the Lower House. But it was felt that such an arrangement would have left him too powerful.

John Paul Richter's mother seconded her son in remarkable fashion. While he was yet waiting for fame, working steadily but gaining little, she was not satisfied with making their home as tidy and comfortable as might be, but toiled hard to earn a little money by spinning. Her receipts were duly entered in a book, from which one learns that for the month of March, 1793, they amounted to two florins, fifty-one kreutzers, three pfennigs—about four shillings in all. She had her reward. In 1795 came the brilliant success of “*Hesperus*,” and when the widow Richter died (in the following year) she was happy in the knowledge that Germany at length acknowledged John Paul for one of her great men.

It would be difficult to lay down a single proposition on the subject of heredity to which just exception might not be taken, but the fact about which one may feel surest seems to be the influence of the mother, whether consciously or unconsciously exercised. An unpleasant illustration appears in the characters of Letitia Bonaparte and Napoleon. She was sly, not to say given to fibs. He has been described as “the most colossal liar that ever lived.” Readers of their Bibles need not go to secular history. Rebekah and



Jacob offer a parallel case. But in nine cases out of ten the influence is for good. About the only mistake in Mr. Reade's delightful novel of "Hard Cash" consists in his making Mrs. Dodd pray that her son might never be a brave man like his father. What true mother would utter such a prayer? "Either this or upon this" has the more genuine ring; and if Englishwomen forbear to repeat a modern equivalent of the words to their soldier-sons, it is in the proud consciousness that no such lesson is needed.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER XVII.

(continued.)

"BLESS me, bless me! where is the general?" cried Lady Montgomery. She was standing in front of the great bow-window which looked upon the lawn, with her beautiful Indian shawl on her shoulders. Grouped upon the grass were several parties of the younger people, not quite knowing what to do with themselves. Some of the ladies, wrapped in warm cloaks and shawls, were seated round, waiting for some novelty of amusement, with which they were unacquainted, and wondering when it was going to begin. It seemed to Lady Montgomery the most dreadful neglect of duty that there was no one to set the young people agoing. "Will anything have happened to Sir James?" she said, in anxious Scotch, and cast a glance back at the pleasant fire, and wrapped her shawl more closely round, with a sense that Providence might require of her the heroic effort of stepping outside. But just then she perceived in the distance that her general had been captured, and was being led back in triumph to the lawn by Nora and Agnes Sempill, two of his chief favorites. John followed after them, looking by no means triumphant. When Lady Montgomery saw this, she gave a nod of satisfaction, and returned to the fire. "Whatever they're going to do, it'll begin now," she said. "If that's worth looking at, we can see it from the window; but for my part, I'm very anxious about putting folk to sit on the grass at this time of the year. I would not wonder to hear of bronchitis or inflammation after it—but it's none of my doing. Sir James is just daft about all the new-fashioned ways of amusing

young people. For my part, I say there's nothing like the old way. Just to clear out the rooms, and get the fiddlers, and let them dance. But that would be a daftish thing too, in daylight," the old lady said; for she was not at all up to the current of events.

It was, I believe, the venerable game of croquet which was the "new-fashioned thing" in question, and which all the people outside crowded round to see, while a few highly instructed young persons, who had brought the knowledge from "the south," proceeded, with much modest importance, to exhibit for the benefit of their neighbors. "It's quite easy," they said, each feeling a sort of benevolent missionary. John Erskine was one of these *illuminati*, and he was the partner of Agnes Sempill, the girl who had trembled for a moment lest Mr. Torrance of Tinto might be going to select her from the many that smiled upon him. She would have married him had this been; but it must be said for her that she was unfeignedly glad to have escaped. This having been the case, it will be apparent that poor Agnes was no longer in her first youth. She was five or six and twenty— young enough, yet not altogether a girl; and she knew, poor young woman, that she must marry the next man who offered himself,— they were so poor! and her mother did not fail to impress upon her that she was losing all her chances. She looked upon John Erskine, accordingly, with more critical interest than is ordinarily felt. He was about her own age, but she decided that he was too young, and she hoped, whatever he was going to do in the matrimonial way, that he would show his intentions at once, and not force her mother into unnecessary efforts. "Too young—but he might do very well for Mary," she said to herself; and then she turned to him to talk about croquet, as if there was no such important subject.

"It is such a thing to have something that can be played out of doors!" she said. "Well, not so much in Scotland, that is true, but still we want a little variety. Do you play golf, Mr. Erskine? The ladies' golf is very nice; it is only *putting*—but you won't understand what that means. At St. Andrews there is the Ladies' Links——"

"Which sound romantic and picturesque, at least."

"Oh, it is not at all romantic— picturesque after a sort. Seaside slopes— what you call downs in England; but I can't describe it. Is it my turn? You should



be able to get me nicely through that hoop next stroke you make. Sir James is always the first to get us any novelty that is going. He is always on the outlook for something. This is the very first in the county. They have not got croquet yet even at Lindores."

"Does Lindores generally set the fashion?" said John indiscreetly, not knowing what to say.

"The fashion! oh no, certainly not," cried Miss Sempill. "Of course they are the highest rank, and walk in and out before us all; but for anything else — You used to know them, I hear, Mr. Erskine. Tell me something about them. Oh, we are neighbors, but not great friends. We do not move about very much; we are humble people, without carriages and horses. I suppose *they* lived very quietly before —"

"I only knew them," said John, learning to employ the universal formula, "abroad; and as the way of living is so different —"

"Ah! is it really so?" said Agnes, with quick interest; "do people really live so much cheaper abroad? I suppose you are not expected to keep up appearances in the same way; and then you get all your amusements so cheaply, and you can do a great deal, and go about a great deal, on very little. I have always heard that. But when you're a large family, the mere travelling must be a large item. I should think it would swallow up all the savings for the first year."

The question was one which interested her so much that she scarcely left time for a reply.

"I have often thought of it," she said. "The girls, poor things, get so little to amuse them here. Abroad, so far as one hears, there is nothing but amusement. Concerts and operas for next to nothing, and always a band playing somewhere — isn't it so? And you get houses quite cheap, and servants that will turn their hand to anything. I suppose the Lindores lived in quite a humble way out there?"

"They moved about a great deal, I believe," said John. "In summer, in the mountains, whether you are rich or poor, it does not make much difference."

This was all the young man knew. Miss Sempill interrupted him with an eager light in her eyes. "Doesn't it really? Then that is the ideal place I have been looking for all my life — a place where to be rich or poor makes no difference — Oh, is it my turn again? what a

nuisance! Mr. Erskine is telling me of a place I have dreamt of all my life."

"But you must bestir yourself — you must bestir yourself," cried the old general. "Reflect, my dear; you're one of many — you must not mind your own enjoyment for the moment. Ay, my young friend, so you've been telling a lady of a place she's dreamed of all her life? — that's better than bothering your head about hospitals or my lord's schemes. Come, come, John Erskine, put your heart into it: here are some of the bonniest faces in the north waiting to see you play."

John was not dull to this inducement. It was a pretty group which gathered round as spectators, watching every stroke. All the Sempill girls, an eager group of pretty, portionless creatures, eager for every kind of pleasure, and getting very little, envious in a sisterly way of Agnes, who knew the new game, and who had secured the new gallant. They were envious yet proud of her. "Our Agnes knows all about it," they said; "she has tried to teach us; but one person can never teach a game: when you see it played, you learn in a moment." They looked over each other's shoulders to see John play, which he did very badly, as was natural; and then they dropped him and followed the next player, Willie Montgomery, Sir James's grand-nephew, who, they all agreed, did a great deal better. Our young man, in spite of himself, felt a little discomfited. He came back to his partner to be consoled, — though, as he had failed to do her the service with her ball which she expected, she was a little dissatisfied too. She was disposed to be cross because her play in the new game had failed of its triumphant effect through her partner's fault. "You have not played much, Mr. Erskine, I suppose? Oh, it does not matter — when nobody knows, one style of play is just as good as another; but I thought no one could have missed that ball. Never mind, it is not of the least importance. Tell me more about — abroad."

"If you will tell me," said John, much mortified by these remarks, "what you understand by abroad."

"Oh, it is all a little the same thing, isn't it? The first place you can think of — where the Lindores lived. I dare say it was just as important to them then as it is to us now to be economical, and spend as little as they could."

"The interest that people take in the place where I met the Lindores is aston-



ishing," said John. "I had to go through a catechism at Tinto the other night."

"Ah! then you have been at Tinto. Do you think, Mr. Erskine, that they are so very unhappy as people say?"

"I do not know what people say," was all the answer John could make.

"There is nothing they don't say," cried Miss Sempill; "that he beats her — I have heard as much as that. I wonder if it can be at all her fault? I never cared for Pat Torrance myself, but nobody thought *that* of him before he was married. Do you think, perhaps, if she had taken a little more interest at first — One can never tell; he was always rough, but not such a savage as that."

"I have no opinion on the subject. I am only a stranger, you know," John said.

"Ah! but I can see your opinion in your face. You think it is he that is to blame. Well, so he is, no doubt; but there are generally faults, don't you think, on both sides? And then, you see, she was brought up abroad — one always feels that is a little risky for a girl. To be sure, you may turn upon me and say, why ask so many questions about it if you hold such an opinion of it? But there is a difference: we are all grown up but Lucy; and if mamma and five of us cannot take care of Lucy — Both of the Lindores have that disadvantage. Don't you think Lady Edith is a little high and mighty? She thinks none of us are good enough for her. They are not very friendly, neither the one nor the other. They don't feel at home among us, I suppose. No doubt it is our fault as much as theirs," this candid critic said.

Thus John heard nothing but the same sentiment over and over again repeated. His friends were not popular, and he himself stood in some danger of being reckoned as of their faction. There was no one so bold as to undertake the defence of Torrance; and yet there was a certain toleration accorded to him, as if his case had extenuating circumstances. John did not distinguish himself that afternoon as his friends expected him to do. His play was feeble, and did no credit to his training in "the south;" and as he continued to be interrogated by every newcomer about his own antecedents and his former acquaintance with the Lindores, it was difficult for him to repress all signs of impatience. There was not very much variety in the talk of the county, to judge by these specimens. They all asked how he liked the north, what he thought of the society, and something or other about

the absent family. The monotony was broken when he was taken into the drawing-room to be surveyed by the old ladies. Old Mrs. Methven, in her old yellow lace and shabby feathers, who looked to him like a superannuated cockatoo, pronounced once more that he was the image of Walter Erskine, who was killed in the French war, and who was the first man she ever saw in his own hair, without even a ribbon. "It looked very naked like," the old lady repeated; "no just decent, but you soon got used to it." When these greetings and introductions were over, Miss Barbara took his arm, and declared her intention of taking a turn on the green and inspecting the new game. But it was not the game which interested the old lady. She had a word of warning to say.

"John, my man! at your age you think little of good advice — above all from an old woman; but just one word. You must not bind yourself hand and foot to the Lindores. You have your own place to uphold, and the credit of your family. We've all formed our opinion of *them*; and if you're to be considered as one of them, a kind of retainer of theirs —"

"Retainer!" cried John, deeply piqued. Then he made an effort to recover his temper. "You must see how unreasonable this is," he said, with a forced smile. "They are the only people I know. I have the greatest respect for them all, but I have done nothing to — identify myself with the family."

He spoke with some heat, and reddened, much to his annoyance. What way but one was there of identifying himself with them? and what hope was there that he would ever be permitted to do that? The mere suggestion in his own bosom made him red, and then pale.

"You take up their opinions — you support their plans; you're a partisan, or so they tell me. All that is bad for you, John, my man! You'll excuse me speaking; but who should take an interest in you if it's not me?"

"All this is absurd," he cried. "Take up their opinions! I think the earl is right about a county hospital. I will support him in that with all my heart. Your favorite minister, Aunt Barbara —"

"I have no favorite minister," said Miss Barbara, somewhat sharply. "I never let myself be influenced by one of them. You mean the doctor, I suppose? — he's far too advanced for me. Ay, that's just the man I'm meaning. He tells me you're taking up all the Lin-



dores' plans — a great satisfaction to him, for he's a partisan too. Mind, I say nothing against the hospital. What other places have, we ought to have too. We have the same needs as our neighbors. If Perth has one, I would have one — that's my principle. But I would not take it up because it's a plan of Lord Lindores'. And I hear you and that muckle lout Pat Torrance were nearly coming to blows — ”

“Is that the minister too?” John cried angrily.

“No, it's not the minister; the minister had nothing to say to it. Don't you take up a prejudice against the minister. That's just as silly as the other way. It was another person. Pat Torrance is just a brute; but you'll make little by taking up the defence of the weaker side there. A woman should hold her tongue, whatever happens. You must not set up, at your age, as the champion of ill-used wives.

“So far from that,” said John, with fierce scorn, “the tipsy brute swore eternal friendship. It was all I could do to shake him off.”

But Miss Barbara still shook her head. “Let them redd that quarrel their own way,” she said. Stand you on your own feet, John. You should lay hands suddenly on no man, the Apostle says. Mr. Monypenny, is that you? I am reading our young man a lecture. I am telling him the old vulgar proverb, that every herring should hang by its ain head.”

“And there's no a truer proverb out of the Scriptures, Miss Barbara,” said Mr. Monypenny, a man of middle age, and grizzled, reddish aspect. It irritated John beyond description to perceive that the new-comer understood perfectly what was meant. It had evidently been a subject of discussion among all, from Sir James to the agent, who stood before him now, swaying from one leg to another, and meditating his own contribution to the arguments already set forth.

“Miss Erskine is very right, as she always is. Whatever her advice may be, it will carry the sympathy of all your well-wishers, Mr. John, and they are just the whole county, man and woman. I cannot say more than that, and less would be an untruth.”

“I am much obliged to my well-wishers, I am sure. I could dispense with so much solicitude on their part,” cried John, with subdued fury. Old aunts and old friends may have privileges; but to be schooled by your man of business — that

was more than flesh and blood could bear.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

It happened after this that John Erskine, by no will of his own, was drawn repeatedly into the society of the somewhat lonely pair at Tinto. Torrance had never been popular, though the county extended to him that toleration which a rich man, especially when young, is apt to receive. There were always benevolent hopes that he might mend as long as he remained unmarried; and after his marriage his wife bore the blame of more than half his misdeeds. To tell the truth, poor Carry, being so unhappy, did not take pains to conciliate her neighbors. Some she took up with almost feverish eagerness, and she had two or three impassioned friends; but she had none of that sustaining force of personal happiness which makes it possible to bear the weariness of dull country company, and she had not taken any particular pains to please the county: so that, except on the periodical occasions when the great rooms were thrown open to a large party, she and her husband, so little adapted as they were to indemnify each other for the loss of society, lived much alone in their great house, with none of that coming and going which enlivens life. And since what he called the satisfaction which John had given him, Torrance had experienced a sort of rough enthusiasm for his new neighbor. He was never weary of proclaiming him to be an honest fellow. “That's the way to meet a man,” he would say — “straightforward; if there's any mistake, say it out.” And Erskine was overwhelmed with invitations to “look in as often as he pleased,” to “take pot-luck,” — to come over to Tinto as often as he wearied. Sometimes he yielded to those solicitations out of pity for poor Carry, who seemed, he thought, pleased to see him; and sometimes because, in face of this oppressive cordiality, it was difficult to say no. He did not enjoy these evenings; but the soft look of pleasure in poor Carry's eyes, the evident relief with which she saw him come in, went to John's heart. Not a word had passed between them on the subject which all their neighbors discussed so fully. No hint of domestic unhappiness crossed Carry's lips; and yet it seemed to John that she had a kind of sisterly confidence in him. Her face brightened when he appeared. She did not engage him in long intellectual conversations as



she did Dr. Stirling. She said, indeed, little at all to him, but she was grateful to him for coming, and relieved from that which she would not complain of or object to — the sole society of her husband. This consciousness touched John more than if he had been entirely in her confidence. A kind of unspoken alliance seemed to exist between them.

One evening when June was nearly over in the long, never-ending northern daylight, this tacit understanding was at once disturbed and intensified. John had been captured by his too cordial neighbor in the languid afternoon when he had nothing to do, and had been feeling somewhat drearily the absence of occupation and society. Torrance could not supply him with either, but his vacant condition left him without excuse or power to avoid the urgent hospitality. He had walked to Tinto in all the familiarity of county neighborhood, without evening dress or ceremony of any kind. They had dined without the *épergnes* and mountains of silver which Torrance loved, in the low dining-room of the old house at Tinto, which still existed at one end of the great modern mansion. This room opened on the terrace which surrounded the house, with an ease not possible in the lofty Grecian erection, well elevated from the ground, which formed the newer part. Lady Caroline, who had left the gentlemen some time before, became visible to them as they sat at their wine, walking up and down the terrace with her baby in her arms. The child had been suffering from some baby ailment, and had been dozing a great part of the day, which made it unwilling to yield to sleep when evening came. The mother had brought it out wrapped in a shawl, and was singing softly to lull it to rest. The scene was very tranquil and sweet. Sunset reflections were hanging still about the sky, and a pearly brightness was diffused over the horizon — light that looked as if it never meant to fade. The trees of the park lay in clustered masses at their feet, the landscape spread out like a map beyond, the hills rose blue against the ethereal paleness of the distance. Close at hand, Lady Caroline's tall, pliant figure, so light and full of languid grace, yet with a suggestion of weakness which was always pathetic, went and came — the child's head upon her shoulder, her own bent over it — moving softly, singing under her breath. The two men sitting together with little conversation or mutual interest between them, were roused by the

sight of this passing figure. Even Tinto's rude gaze was softened by it. He looked out at his wife and child with something more like human tenderness than was usual to him. Himself for a moment gave place in the foreground to this embodiment of the nearest and closest ties of life. He stopped in the talk which he was giving forth at large in his usual loud monologue, unaffected by any reply, and something softened the big balls of his light projecting eyes. "Let's step outside and finish our cigars," he said abruptly. Lady Caroline herself looked different from her wont. The child against her heart soothed the pain in it: there is no such healing application. It was not a delightful child, but it was her own. One of its arms was thrown round her neck; its head, heavy with sleep, to which it would not yield, now nestled into her shoulder, now rose from it with a sleepy, half-peevish cry. She was wholly occupied with the little perverse creature, patting it with one thin soft hand, murmuring to it. The little song she was crooning was contemptible so far as music went, but it was soft as a dove's cooing. She had forgotten herself, and her woes, and her shipwrecked life. Even when that harsher step came out on the gravel, she did not recognize it with her usual nervous start. All was soothed and softened in the magical evening calm, in the warm softness of the baby, lying against the ache in its mother's heart.

And Torrance, for a wonder, did not disturb this calm. He stopped to touch the child's cheek with his finger as his wife passed him, but as this broke once more the partial slumber, he subsided into quiet with a sense of guiltiness, puffing his cigar at intervals, but stepping as lightly as he could with his heavy feet, and saying nothing. A touch of milder emotion had come to his rude bosom. Not only was that great park, those woods, and a large share of the surrounding country, his own, but this woman with her baby was his, his property, though so much more delicate, and finer than he. This moved him with a kind of wondering sense of the want of something which amid so much it might yet be possible to attain — happiness, perhaps, in addition to possession. His breast swelled with pride in the thought that even while thus engrossed in the humblest feminine occupation, like any cottager, nobody could mistake Lady Car Torrance for anything less than she was. They might think her a princess, perhaps. He did not know



any princess that had that carriage, he said to himself; but less or meaner, nobody could suppose her to be. And he was touched to see her with his child, her whole soul — that soul which had always eluded him, and retained its chill superiority to him — wrapped up in the baby, who was his as much as hers. There was in the air a kind of flutter of far-off wings, as if peace might be coming, as if happiness might be possible even between this ill-matched pair.

John Erskine was the spectator in this curious domestic scene. He looked on with wondering, half-pleased, half-indignant observation. He was almost angry that Carry should be lowered to the level of this husband of hers, even if it gave her for a time a semblance of happiness; and yet his heart was touched by this possibility of better things. When the child went to sleep, she looked up at the two men with a smile. She was grateful to her husband for his silence, for bringing no disturbance of the quiet with him; and grateful to John for having, as she thought, subdued Torrance by his influence. She made to them both that little offering of a grateful smile as she sat down on the garden-seat, letting the child rest upon her knee. The baby's head had slid down to her arm, and it lay there in the complete and perfect repose which a mother's arms, protecting, sustaining, warm, seem to give more than any bed. The air was so sweet, the quiet so profound, that Carry was pleased to linger out of doors. Not often had she shown any desire to linger in her husband's society when not bound by duty to do so. This evening she did it willingly. For the moment, a *faux air* of well-being, of happiness and domestic peace, seemed to pervade the earth and the air. "It is so sweet, it cannot do her any harm to stay out a little," she said, smiling at them over the baby's sleeping face, which was half hidden in the soft, fleecy white shawl that enveloped it. John Erskine sat down at a little distance, and Torrance stood with a half humility about him, half ashamed, willing to do or say something which would be tender and conciliatory, but not knowing how. They began to talk in low tones, Erskine and Carry bearing the *frais* of the conversation. Sometimes Torrance put in a word, but generally the large puffs of his cigar were his chief contribution. He was willing to let them talk. Nay, he was not without a certain pleasure, in this softened mood of his, in hearing them talk. He would have al-

lowed freely that conversation was not in his way.

"They are coming now in about ten days," Carry said. "Of course they have stayed longer than they meant to stay. People never leave town on the appointed day."

"There are so many people to see."

"And so many things are put off till the last. I remember how hurried we were, — how rapidly the days flew at the end."

"You do not go to town now?"

"No," she said hurriedly; "it is no deprivation. We — neither of us — care for London."

Torrance felt a certain gratitude to his wife for thus identifying her inclinations with his. "If truth were told, maybe that might be modified," he said. "I dare say you would like it, Car. You would get people to talk to. That's what amuses her," he added, with an explanatory glance at John. It was a novel sort of pleasure to him to give this amiable explanation of Lady Caroline's peculiarities, without any of the rough satire in it with which he was accustomed to treat the things he did not understand; and his constant pride in her found a new outlet. "It's not gaieties she wants, it's conversation," he said, with a softened laugh. "Next year we must see if we can't manage it, Car."

She turned to him with a startled glance, not knowing whether to deprecate all change so far as herself was concerned, or to thank him for this unusual thoughtfulness. Fortunately, her instinct chose the latter course. "It is kind of you to think of me," she said, in her soft voice. In all their wretched married life, they had never been so near before. He replied by his usual laugh, in which there was always a consciousness of that power of wealth which he could never forget he possessed. Oh yes, he would do it — he could do it whenever he pleased — buy pleasures for her, just as he might buy dresses or jewels for her, if she would take a little pains to make herself agreeable. But even the laugh was much softer than usual. She gave him a little nod over the sleeping child, in which there was kindness as well as an astonished gratitude. Perhaps she had never been so much at her ease with him before.

"They are going to fill the house in the autumn," she said, returning to the previous subject. "I hear of several people coming. A certain Lord Millefleurs——"



"That reminds me," said John, "that I had a letter the other day — from one of our old Swiss party. You will remember him, Lady Caroline —"

Here he paused, with a sudden recollection and putting together of various things which, in the curious inadvertence of an indifferent mind, he had not thought of before. This made him break off somewhat suddenly, and raise his eyes to Carry, at whom he had not been looking, with an alarmed glance.

He saw her take a large grasp, in the hand which had been laid softly upon it, at ease, with extended fingers, of the baby's shawl. Her face, which had been so smiling and soft, grew haggard and wild in a moment. Her eyes seemed to look out from caverns. There was a momentary pause, which seemed to arouse heaven and earth to listen. Then her voice came into this suddenly altered, vigilant, suspicious atmosphere. "Who was it, Mr. Erskine?" Poor Carry tried to smile, and to keep her voice in its usual tone. But the arrow flying so suddenly at a venture had gone straight into her heart. She had no need to ask — had she not divined it all along?

"Probably you have forgotten — his very name. It was — one of those fellows," stammered John. "I forget how little a party like ours was likely to interest you. Beaumont — you may remember the name."

He felt that every word he uttered — his artificial levity, his forced attempt to make that unimportant which only his consciousness that it was deeply important could have suggested such a treatment of, was a new folly. He was doing it for the best — most futile of all excuses. When he looked at her again at the end of his speech, not daring to meet her eyes while he gave it forth, he saw, to his astonishment, a rising color, a flutter of indignation, in Carry's pale face.

"Surely," she said, with a strange thrill in her voice, "you do your friend injustice, Mr. Erskine. So far as I remember, he was very distinguished — far the most remarkable of the party. I do not think I can be mistaken."

"No, no, you are quite right," John cried; "I only meant that — these things were much to us; but I did not know whether you would recollect — whether to a lady —"

"You are all so contemptuous of women," Lady Caroline said, with a faint smile, "even the kindest of you. You think a lady would only notice frivolous excel-

lences, and would not care for real distinction. That is a great mistake. It is all the other way. It is we who think of these things most."

"I beg a thousand pardons — I had no such meaning," John said; and she made him a little tremulous bow. She was so deadly pale, that he expected every moment to see her faint. But she did not. She continued, naturally calling him back to what he had been about to tell her.

"You had a letter from Mr. Beaumont? about — you were going to tell me —"

"About coming here," said John, feeling that to say it out bluntly was now the best. "It appears he has a sort of charge of this Lord Millefleurs."

"Charge of Lord — That is not a dignified position — for — your friend, Mr. Erskine."

"No. I don't know what it means; he has not made the progress he ought to have made; but there is something special about this," said John, hesitating, not knowing how far to go.

Again Lady Caroline made him a little bow. She rose, with some stiffness and slowness, as if in pain. "It grows late, though it is so light. Baby will be better indoors," she said. She went quickly away, but wavering a little in her gait, as if she were unconscious of obstacles in the way, and disappeared through the window of the old library, which was on the same level as the dining-room. John stood looking after her, with a bewildering sense of guilt, and alarm for he knew not what. All this time Torrance had not said a word; but he had taken in every word that was said, and his jealous eyes had noted the changes in his wife's face. He watched her go away, as John did. When she had disappeared, both of them listened for a moment in silence. Neither would have been surprised to hear a fall and cry; but there was nothing. Torrance threw himself down heavily in the seat from which she had risen.

"That was a pity, Erskine," he said; "you saw that well enough. You can tell me the rest about this Beaumont — Beaumont — what do you call him? — that you thought it best not to tell Lady Car."

"There is nothing to tell about Beaumont," said John, "which Lady Caroline, or any lady, might not hear."

"Now just look you here, John Erskine," said Tinto, projecting his big eyes, "I thought you were he — that is the truth. She told me there was somebody. I thought it was you, and I was determined to be at the bottom of it. Now



here's the man, beyond a doubt, and you know it as well as I do."

"I don't know it at all," cried John, "which probably is as much as you do. Can you suppose I should have spoken to Lady Caroline as I did if I had supposed — believed — known anything at all?"

"I will say," said Torrance, "that you're an honest fellow. That stands to reason; you wouldn't have opened your mouth if you had thought — but then you never thought till after you had spoken. Then you saw it as well as me."

"Torrance!" cried John, "for heaven's sake, don't imagine things that were never thought of! I know nothing about it — absolutely nothing. Even had there been anything in it, it is six years ago — it is all over; it never can have had anything to say to you —"

"Oh, as for that," said Torrance, "if you think I've any fear of Lady Car going wrong, set your mind at rest on that point. No fear of Lady Car. If you suppose I'm jealous, or that sort of thing" — and here he laughed, insolent and dauntless. "I thought it was you," he said — "I don't see why I should conceal that — I thought it was you. And if you think I would have shut her ladyship up, or challenged you! — not a bit of it, my fine fellow! I meant to have asked you here — to have seen you meet — to have taken my fun out of it. I'm no more afraid of Lady Car than I am of myself. Afraid! — not one bit. She shall see just as much of him as possible, if he comes here. I mean to ask him to the house. I mean to have him to dinner daily. You can tell him so, with my compliments. You needn't say any more to Lady Car; but as for me, there's nothing I'd enjoy more. Tutoring, is he?" Torrance said, with a sort of chuckle of wrathful enjoyment; and he cast an eye over his shoulder, with a glow of proud satisfaction upon his face.

The sentiment of the evening calm had altogether disappeared. The peace of nature was broken up; a sense of human torture, human cruelty, was in the air. It was as if a curtain had been lifted in some presence-chamber, and the rack disclosed beneath. Torrance lounged back — with his hands in his pockets, his cheeks inflamed, his great eyes rolling — in the seat from which poor Carry with her baby had risen. His mind, which had been softened, touched to better things, and which had even begun to think of means and ways of making her happier, turned in a moment to more

familiar preoccupations. To have *him* here — he who was merely "tutoring," a genteel attendant upon a foolish young lord, — to exhibit him, probably penniless, probably snubbed by everybody around, a dependant, a man without position or wealth, — was an idea altogether delightful to him. It was indeed a fierce delight, a cruel pleasure; but it was more congenial to his mind than the unnatural softness of the hour before.

And was it all John Erskine's doing? — his foolishness, his want of thought? When he left Torrance in disgust, and hurried away along the now familiar avenue, where he no longer took any wrong turns, his foolishness and thoughtlessness overwhelmed him. To be sure! — a thousand recollections rushed upon his mind. He had known it all along, and how was it that he had not known it? The moment he had committed himself and begun to speak of Beaufort's letter, that moment he had foreseen everything that followed — just as poor Carry had read what was coming in his first sentence. It was he who had disturbed the evening calm — the *rapprochement* of the two who, doomed as they were to live their lives together, ought by all about them to be helped to draw near each other. Full of these disquieting thoughts, he was skirting a clump of thick shrubbery at some distance from the house, when something glided out from among the bushes and laid a sudden light touch upon his arm. He was already in so much excitement that he could not suppress a cry of alarm, almost terror. There was no light to distinguish anything, and the dark figure was confused with the dark foliage. Almost before the cry had left his lips, John entreated pardon. "You are — breathing the evening air," he said confused, "now that the little one is asleep."

But she had no leisure for any vain pretences. "Mr. Erskine," she said, breathless, "do not let him come — ask him not to come! I have come out to tell you. I could not say it — there."

"I will do whatever you tell me, Lady Caroline."

"I know you will be kind. This makes me very miserable. Oh, it is not that I could not meet him! It is because I know my husband has an idea, — not that he is jealous — and he does not mean to be cruel, — but he has an idea — He would like to look on, to watch. That is what I could not bear. Tell him, Mr. Erskine — beg him — of all places in the world, not to come here."



"He will not come, I am sure, to give you a moment's uneasiness."

"Mr. Erskine, I must say more to you," she said, drawing closer, putting once more her hand on his arm. "It must not be on that ground — nothing must be said of me. Cannot you understand? He must not come; but not because of me — nothing must be said of me. If it was your sister, oh would you not understand?"

He took her hand into his in the profound feeling of the moment. "I will try to do — what I should do if it were my own sister," he said, resting it in his. "It was my fault; I ought to have known."

"There was no fault," she said faintly; "an accident. I knew it must happen some time. I was — prepared. But, Mr. Erskine, it is not because I could not meet — any one. Do not think that for me only — It is because — because — But if you understand, that is all."

"Let me walk back with you to the house," John said.

"No, no; it is almost wrong to speak to you in this clandestine way. But what can I do? And you who know — all parties — If I said anything to my brother, it might make a breach. There is no one I could speak to but you. I should have had to suffer helplessly, to hold my peace."

"Believe me — believe me," cried John, "all that a brother can do, I will do."

In the midst of this misery, which he felt to the bottom of his heart, there ran through him a secret stir of pleasure. Her brother! — the suggestion went through all his veins. Strange encounter of the dream with the fact! The cold, trembling hand he held in his gave him a thrill of warmth and happiness, and yet his sympathy was as strong, his pity as profound, as one human creature ever felt for another. He stood still and watched her as she flitted back to the house, like a shadow in the gathering darkness. His heart ached, yet beat high. If it should ever be so, how different would be the fate of the other daughter of Lindores! — how he would guard her from every vexation, smooth every step of her way, strew it with flowers and sweetnesses! He resumed his way more quickly than ever, hastening along in the soft darkness which yet was not dark, by the scur — the short cut which had alarmed his groom. To the pedestrian the way by the scur was the best way. He paused a moment when he reached it, to look out

through the opening in the trees over the broad country, lying like a dream in that mystical paleness which was neither night nor day. Underneath, the river rushed joyously, noisily, through the night — not still, like a southern stream, but dashing over the stones, and whirling its white eddies in foam against the bank. The sound of the water accompanied the quick current of his thoughts. He had a long walk before him, having come without preparation and left in haste and displeasure. But seven or eight miles of country road in a night of June is no such punishment. And the thoughts that had been roused in him, made the way short. How different — how different would be the fate of that other daughter of Lindores! It was only when he reached his own gate that he woke up with a start to remember indeed how different it would be. The bare little white house, with its little plantation, its clump of firs on the hilltop, its scanty avenue — the little estate, which could almost be said, with scornful exaggeration, to lie within the park of Tinto — the position of a small squire's wife, — was it likely that Lord Lindores would smile upon that for his daughter? John's heart, which had been so buoyant, sank down into the depths. He began to see that his dream was ridiculous, his elation absurd. He to be the brother, in that sweetest way, of Carry Lindores! But nevertheless he vowed, as he went home somewhat crestfallen, that he would be a brother to her. She had given him her confidence, and he had given her his promise, and with this bond no worldly prudence nor rule of probabilities should be allowed to interfere.

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From The Modern Review.

ELIZABETH STUART, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

II.\*

THE next great event which was of vital moment for Europe and for Elizabeth was the advent, from over-seas, of the great *Schwedenkönig*, Gustavus Adolphus. In July, 1630, the Swedish deliverer landed on German soil. He had completed his conquest over Poland. He knew well that the Polish war had been fomented, he knew that Sigismund had been supported by Austria; he knew that, if Wallenstein could create a fleet, the house of Hapsburg, eager for universal

\* See LIVING AGE, No. 1976, p. 275.



dominion, and then in the zenith of its power and success, would attack him in Sweden itself; and he defended his kingdom by attacking her enemies. The very successes of Ferdinand drew down Gustavus Adolphus upon him; the supineness of the German Protestant princes called forth the great Swedish defender of Protestantism. "Universal monarchy must be repressed by neighboring nations at great hazard and inconceivable expense, provided such nations are only protected by a small interposition of ocean." Wallenstein and Spain were preparing a fleet to attack the navy of Sweden when that navy bore Gustav Adolf and his army to German soil.

Nor was it by any means the safety of Sweden alone which called Gustavus into the field. "*Mich treibt ein anderer Geist*" — "I am actuated by other motives," said the king. It was the cause, the great cause, of Protestantism and of true religion, that weighed most heavily upon his soul. Hear him for a moment; his voice still seems to speak vitally to us across the abyss of two hundred and fifty years. "I embark in a war, far from my own dominions, and seem to court those dangers and difficulties which another man might labor to decline; but the Searcher of the human heart will see and know that it was neither ambition that tempted me, nor the avarice of extending my dominions, nor the appetite of fighting, nor the mischievous temper of loving to interfere in my neighbors' concerns. Other object I have none than to support the afflicted and oppressed, to maintain the religious and civil liberty of society, and to bear my testimony against a tyranny over the whole human race."

And Gustavus described his lofty motives truly. If the Protestant princes of Germany were supine, her Protestant people were worthy; nor could the king endure the spectacle of Jesuit rule, through Kaiser and through pope, carried out by means of blood and fire, of force and fraud; of inhuman persecution by the priest. Gustavus is a singular historical apparition in respect that he combined the earnestness of a Cromwell with the graces of a Cavalier. He was not *Gott-betrunknen*, or God-intoxicated, as Novalis said of Spinoza, but he was God-inspired. A hero of conscience, he was also a hero of charm. He could not only command the reverence, but also win the love of men. In him force was tempered by sweetness. Intense as clear, there was nothing gloomy or morbid about the

strong, bright Gustavus. No cause ever had a nobler champion; but his kingly and knightly mind was expressed through his broad, lofty forehead; through his well-opened, blue, and steadfast eyes; through a figure and bearing which approach to an ideal of great manhood. His religion was that of a royal man; his politics those of a noble king. Fervent, and even rash in fight, generous in victory, the first captain of his time, he fought for an abstract cause and defended oppressed humanity. Stern where sternness was necessary, he was full of "flowing courtesy" and princely manners. His army was well paid and was restrained within the limits of strict discipline. It was a moral force, which paid, and did not plunder its way through the territory of friend and foe. In this respect the Swedo-German army differed from those of the Liga, of the Empire; and even from the troops of Mansfeld. "*Der Krieg müsse den Krieg ernähren*" — "War must support itself," said Wallenstein; and the armies of Tilly, of Wallenstein, of Mansfeld, simply devastated any territories that they had to occupy.

In earlier years, Gustavus had been a half suitor for the hand of Elizabeth Stuart, and was therefore likely, being of noble mould, to have a kindly feeling toward an olden love. The Light of the North, the Aurora Borealis of the Baltic, was now happily married to Maria Eleonora, sister of the Kurfürst Johann Georg. Gustav was born on December 9th, 1594.

James I. died in 1625, and had been succeeded by his son, Charles I. Charles was her brother, and Elizabeth might, perhaps, hope more from a brother than even from a father.

Charles was very willing to do anything to help his sister — so long as the doing involved no action. So soon as Gustavus appeared victoriously upon the scene, Charles tried to delegate to him the task of restoring Elizabeth to the Palatinate.

On November 7th, 1632, Sir Henry Vane, successor to Roe, met the Swedish king at Würzburg, and Vane thus reports Gustavus's answer: "If Charles wished sincerely to bring about the restitution of the Palatinate (no question more of Bohemia) and wished it in good faith, he must afford such assistance as justly merited the appellation of royal." If Charles contributed money and an English army of twelve thousand men, he, Gustavus, "would never sheath his sword until the Palatinate should be recovered." Vainly did Gustav expect anything royal (except,



perhaps, the portraits of Van Dyck) from Charles, who was negotiating with Vienna when he should have been fighting side by side with Sweden. If he had really wished well to his sister's cause, there was no way to help her but by fighting. Spannheim records that James I. felt, in his last days and hours, some compunction and remorse with respect to the Palatinate. Forty-eight hours before his death, James charged his son Charles, "as he hoped for a parent's benediction and that of Heaven," to exert all his powers in order to reinstate his sister and her children into their hereditary dominions; for (said James) *it was my mistake to seek the Palatinate in Spain.* The italics are ours.

Charles was as incapable as had been his father of clear and noble action.

"My God, sire!" exclaimed Sir Richard Glendale, to the Pretender, when that prince landed "for a hunting expedition," in "Redgauntlet"—"of what great and inexpiable crime can your Majesty's ancestors have been guilty that they have been punished by the infliction of judicial blindness on their whole generation!" In this indignant burst of Sir Richard Glendale, Walter Scott summarized the essence of the career of the Stuarts.

Ferdinand never refused to negotiate. Negotiations, as for instance that for the restoration of the Palatinate, amused others and did not hurt him. Besides, while people were negotiating they were not likely to act; and this was true of Charles as it had been of James. Conscious of his violent aggression in the Palatinate, the emperor was ready to restore that—if any one could or would compel him to do so—but he would never give it up to mere negotiation. Charles's ambassador at Vienna, Sir Robert Anstruther, had been instructed to say to Ferdinand (22nd of July, 1630) that "the king, his master (Charles I.), acknowledged with grief and shame that his brother-in-law, the elector Palatine, disregarding *his* opinion and concurrence, had acted formerly in reference to the crown of Bohemia, not only rashly, but unadvisedly; which imprudent measures ought chiefly to be attributed to the ambition and inattention of youth; and that it would highly become the emperor, consistently with his accustomed clemency, to receive Frederick's submission, and reinstate him in his own dominions, inasmuch as such an act of free and gratuitous favor would oblige the kings of England to all posterity."

To amuse Charles, a counter-proposi-

tion was made from Vienna to the effect that Frederick should resign the Upper Palatinate forever to Bavaria; that he, Frederick, should receive a small pension for his own life; that his eldest son should be bred a Catholic at Vienna, and then, having espoused an Austrian archduchess, be reinstated, at his father's death, in the Lower Palatinate. Further, that Frederick should, on his knees, ask pardon of the emperor.

It was clear that Charles, who was incapable of royal or other decisive action, desired to lean upon Gustavus for the reinstatement of his sister.

Charles urged Elizabeth to allow her son to be educated as a Catholic in Vienna, but the ex-queen, whose character was much more positive than that of her unstable brother, replied with noble anger that, "sooner than see her children brought up as Catholics, she would kill them with her own hand." Both Elizabeth and Frederick remained always steadfast in their religion, nor could any prospect of advantage ever lure them from it.

All that Charles could do was to permit—but not as king—English volunteers to fight for the Palatinate; and the Marquis of Hamilton led some six thousand volunteers, who did not do very much, to Germany. These were speedily reduced to one English and one Scottish regiment, and after a quarrel with Banier, Hamilton resigned and his force melted away.

We cannot spare space to follow the great Swedish king through his glorious campaign. He would have recovered the Palatinate in due time, as he did recover for his kinsmen the duchy of Mecklenburg which Wallenstein had seized; but Gustavus could not turn aside from his main purpose, which was to prevent the extirpation of Protestants and Protestantism in Germany, in order merely to recover the Palatinate without help from Charles. Making it a condition that Frederick, if reinstated, should tolerate Lutheranism in his dominions, Gustavus sent to Holland for Frederick to join his armies. Frederick was unfit for any command in the warlike monarch's forces, but he "was present" at Nürnberg, and at that memorable passage of the Lech, at which Gustavus's valor and strategy so completely defeated the veteran Tilly. After Breitenfeld, the king thought that the Palatinate cause was hopeful, and wrote to that effect to Charles, requiring from the English king "magnanimous



resolution," an assistance in men and money, and the despatch of a fleet to cope with the fleet that Spain was sending to the Baltic.

Charles refused the necessary co-operation, but explained that he was ready to negotiate.

And now Gustavus and Wallenstein, the two great captains of the age, each at the head of an hitherto unconquered army, met, for the first time, as opponents in actual war on the fatal plain of Lützen. The battle was indecisive in result, though victory leaned to the Swedes, as the Imperialists vacated the field and retreated on Leipzig; but the battle involved the most terrible loss that could have happened to the Protestant cause — Gustavus Adolphus fell in the arms of victory.

With the fall of Gustavus the cause of the Palatinate seemed to be hopelessly lost. What other champion could replace the "Lion of the North"?

After Lützen, Frederick became a prey to deep dejection. He died of a broken heart, of utter despondency, away from wife and children, at Mentz, on November 17th, 1636. His confined corpse, after many wanderings, found its final resting-place in Sedan.

His son and heir, Henry Frederick, a prince of promise, had pre-deceased his father. On January 17th, 1629, father and son went to see the trophies of Peter Hein as they floated in Dutch waters at Rotterdam. The small boat in which they sailed was run into by another craft, and speedily sank. Frederick was saved, but his heir was drowned. The son's last vain cry was "Save me, father!" That last despairing cry of the sinking prince rings still pathetically through history. Thus Karl Ludwig, the second son, became the representative of the banished Palatine family.

Elizabeth and Frederick were united by a sincere affection and by a numerous progeny. Misfortune borne in common, a faith thoroughly shared, strengthened their union. Frederick's nature was capable of a deeper tenderness than was that of his wife. His fondness for her was unquestionably great. Many of his letters to her (see Bromley's "Royal Letters") are still extant. In one he writes, "Would to God that we owned some little corner of the earth in which we could live together happily and in peace!" It were to be wished that his prayer could have been answered. As private persons, they would have been most estimable, most happy; but they were elevated into po-

sitions high above their capacities. Frederick constantly addresses his wife, "*Mon très cher Cœur.*"

Elizabeth passed her widowhood at the Hague, or at Rhenen, in the province of Utrecht, secure under Dutch shelter. She was fond of hunting and of gardening. Her children grew up around her, and the still lively lady became the centre of a small but cultured circle of friends. Elizabeth's little court was a model of social gaiety, and flatterers called it the "home of all the muses and of all the graces." Her elastic temperament was cheerful under misfortune. She could always enjoy any pleasure that the present moment offered. Once, when hunting, she was nearly seized by some Spanish soldiery, but escaped owing to a fleet horse and her good riding. Henrietta Maria had been a bitter opponent at the court of England of the interests of Elizabeth; but when Henrietta Maria, herself a fugitive, came to Holland, Elizabeth received and comforted her. Both were Stuarts, the one by birth, the other by marriage; and their interests in Great Britain were imperilled by the same foes. There may have been policy in Elizabeth's kindness. Her eldest surviving son, Karl Ludwig, who had been educated by Frederick's brother, grew up headstrong, selfish, and avaricious. When in England, he sided with the Parliament, and even sat in the Westminster Assembly of Divines.

He ultimately obtained from the English Parliament a yearly grant of £10,000 — £8,000 for himself, £2,000 for his mother; but Elizabeth was deeply grieved at her son's departure from the traditional and even natural politics of the house of Stuart. Her next sons, Rupert and Maurice, fought, as is well known, and with distinction, on the royal side, and this was some comfort to the daughter of James and sister of Charles. Ever after the execution of her brother, Elizabeth wore a mourning ring (a picture of which is now before me) on which a crown surmounts a skull and cross-bones, while both are encircled by a lock of Charles's hair.

Cousin Max, who thought that all misfortunes arose from tolerance to Protestants, was getting on with the conversion to Catholicism of the Upper and Lower Palatinates. His plan was simple and direct; every person who would not become a Catholic was driven out of the territory. Max was fully determined to root out heresy.



The "counter-Reformation" in Germany was being carried out with incredible cruelty and ruthless persistency. The hopeless and hapless "peasants' war" was extirpated with terrible inhumanity. Protestant parents were expelled, and their children detained to be brought up as Catholics. Sötl, speaking of the oppression then exercised upon the unhappy Protestants, says, "*Davon schweigt die Geschichte*" — "On that subject history is silent." In Bavaria the popular threat to an enemy remains to this day — "*Ich will dich schon Katholisch machen!*" — "I will force you to become a Catholic!" and this threat to tame and to compel dates from the counter-Reformation under the house of Hapsburg. The Jesuit view was, that heretics should be subjected to a yoke intolerable, but yet not to be shaken off. The papal ambassador, Caffraffa, agreed with the emperor that heretics should be rooted out without pity and without scruple.

On February 12th, 1637, Ferdinand II. died, and was succeeded by his son, Ferdinand III., who carried on the lines of his father's policy. "*Mi fili, parvo mundus regitur intellectu,*" said the wise Oxenstierna.

The great war dragged its slow length along, but we cannot spare space to follow its fortunes.

Among the partisans who were attracted, in part by her personality, to the cause of Elizabeth, the most distinguished and the most constant was William, Lord, Craven, afterwards Earl Craven. Christian of Brunswick died May 6, 1626, and Prince Maurice, of Nassau, had passed away on April 23rd, 1625. Craven first met Elizabeth when she was already a refugee in Holland, and he quitted the Dutch service in order to devote himself to that of the ex-queen of Bohemia. History contains few instances of a more chivalrous, romantic, self-sacrificing friendship. His purse and person (Craven was rashly brave) were both zealously devoted to the service of his royal mistress. Munificent in outlay, indefatigable in military activity, reckless in contempt of danger, Craven might well have adopted Christian's motto, "All for glory and for her;" the only difference being that Craven thought more of her than he did of glory. In Christian the passions had been mixed. Gustavus himself paid a compliment to Craven's valor; and of all the volunteers — Reay, Hepburn, and others — who fought for her, and for the Palatinate, Craven was animated by the

purest devotion. He was entrusted by Elizabeth with the care of the fiery young Rupert, when both were taken prisoners by the emperor. Craven paid for his freedom a ransom of £20,000. Rupert was detained for three years in mild captivity, the object being to convert him to the Church of Rome. During the dark days — days dark for the Stuarts — of the Protectorate, Craven's estates were sequestered; though they were restored to him at the Restoration; but he found means still to help his mistress. In Elizabeth's saddest hour, when she seemed to be abandoned by all men, the faithful Craven remained by her side, and he returned with her to England. There is no evidence of such a fact (indeed evidence on the subject would be very hard to procure), but history whispers that the pair were privately married. Certain it is that nothing could detach Craven from her side, and that his life and fortune — all that he had — were unceasingly and loyally devoted to her comfort and her service. In 1661 Pepys saw Elizabeth in London, "brought by my Lord Craven" to the Duke's Theatre. A paladin of romance, Craven remains one of the noblest instances in history of a knightly, generous, unswerving devotion to a woman and her cause.

Let us now glance for a moment at the domestic relations of Elizabeth.

She had around her, in Holland, four daughters — Elizabeth, born 1618; Luise, born 1622; Henrietta Maria, born 1626; Sophia, born 1630; and her two younger sons, Edward and Philipp, were also for a time with her.

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, was the plainest of the sisters. She was quiet, melancholy, absorbed in study. In 1636 Ladislaus of Poland proposed for Elizabeth, but she peremptorily refused to marry a Catholic prince. Des Cartes (born 1596) was the friend, the tutor, the correspondent of this learned daughter of Frederick and of Elizabeth, who remained unmarried, and ultimately became abbess of the Protestant *Stift* of Herford, in Westphalia. She died in 1680.

Of Henrietta Maria there is no vivid record, but she married, 1651, Prince Ragoczy von Siebenbürgen.

Luise was pretty, and was lively. She was a paintress of repute in her own little circle, and seems to have loved gaiety and society.

Sophia — the ablest and most beautiful of the daughters — "one of the handsomest, the most cheerful, sensible,



shrewd, accomplished of women," says Thackeray — married, 1658, Ernst August, Bishop of Osnabrück, and brother of the Duke of Brunswick. This lady, called in our history books "the electress Sophia," is the direct ancestress of our present royal family. In 1672 her husband succeeded to the possession of Hanover, and to the electoral dignity. In 1714, a few weeks after his mother's death, her son, George Ludwig, succeeded Anne on the throne of Great Britain, as George I. This boorish, ungraceful prince recalled no suggestion of his bright mother, but seemed to have absorbed a terribly large infusion of the characteristics of his ungainly father. The English nation specially settled the succession on Sophia and her Protestant descendants, while passing over the claims of all her brothers and sisters.

Her brother Edward, and his brother Philipp, were sent to Paris to "finish their education," a plan which was not attended with happy results. They were probably glad enough to go, and to escape from the weary routine, from the intrigues, littlenesses, spites, of their mother's mock court in Holland.

Elizabeth does not seem to have been very successful in educating or in securing the love of her children. Her daughters, Elizabeth and Sophia, voluntarily left their mother to go to Kassel or to Heidelberg. In 1645 her son Edward married Anna, daughter of the Duke of Nevers, and turned Catholic; his apostasy being doubtless a serious sorrow to his mother. Karl Ludwig wrote very angrily to his recusant brother; but the life of Edward was thereafter lived apart from the main current of the career of his family. It is certain that Edward married in Paris, where he found favor and countenance, without his mother's knowledge or consent, and that this step and his perversion were a sore surprise to her. Philipp had a quarrel in the Hague with a certain debauched *Sieur d'Epinaï*; and on the day following, January 20th, 1646, Philipp, assisted by his myrmidons, killed *D'Epinaï*; for which offence he had to fly Holland. In 1655 Philipp was killed at the siege of Rethel.

In 1644, the noble Luise Juliane, the generous mother-in-law of Elizabeth, died.

The conduct of Rupert and of Maurice in the civil wars had alienated the English government from Elizabeth Stuart, and, to some extent, she had become an object of dislike to the nation. During the late years of the Protectorate her

allowance from England seems to have been withheld.

One child only, her daughter Luise, remained to cheer the solitary mother. After some shadow of scandal, into the details of which history now vainly tries to pierce, Luise, one morning, was found to have left — to have fled from her lonely mother; but a few lines informed the distracted Elizabeth — "I have gone to France, there to be reconciled to the true Church, and to enter a cloister." This was a heavy blow to the still fervently Protestant widow of Frederick. Luise became Abbess of Maubuisson; but hers was no austere, cloistered seclusion. She lived gaily, went to court in Paris; and had, as Sörtl tells us, "many children." Her conversion brought with it no retirement from the world, no asceticism of the cloister.

Her last child having thus left her, Elizabeth could turn for comfort only to Lord Craven. We must now pass at a leap, and without regard to the tangle of petty events, to the Peace of Westphalia, which, in 1648, virtually concluded the Thirty Years' War, and settled, among so many other things, the question of the Palatinate.

The primary cause of that memorable peace was the thorough exhaustion of the combatants, and especially of the Catholic powers. Exhaustion only, inability to continue the conflict, could have constrained Rome, Spain, Austria, to grant toleration to German Protestants. The result of thirty years of wastefully wicked war; of a war in which oceans of blood were unnecessarily shed, and in which unspeakable human misery was caused, gave to Protestantism that for which it had contended at the beginning; and Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinist had to live together in mutual toleration, each belief holding its own as best it could in Germany. Henceforth the disciples of Loyola could not kill, oppress, or extirpate the followers of Luther or of Calvin; and worn and wasted Germany, which had been for so long the scene of civil war, the battlefield of ruin, was no more subject to the lust of Hapsburg universal dominion, or to the bloody tyranny of priestly rule.

Despite of angry protests, and of much "negotiation," Karl Ludwig could obtain no more than this — the restoration of the Lower Palatinate; while the Upper Palatinate remained annexed to Bavaria. Both Max and Karl Ludwig were electors; Bavaria being the eighth electorate, and ranking above *Kurpfalz*. The spirit



of Gustavus had been at work up to the close of the sad, long war. It is noticeable that the Swedes were the strongest force then left in the field with power to fight. Wrangel (with whom was associated in command, Turenne) was the last Swedish general. He entirely overran Bavaria, and, that done, no barrier stood between his victorious army and the gates of Vienna. This crowning success induced Maximilian, and compelled the emperor, to agree, on equitable terms, to a peace. When Max demanded an armistice, he was; at first, held at Vienna as a *Majestätsverbrecher*, or traitor guilty of high treason; but it was soon seen that Max had not capitulated without very sufficient cause. He wished to stipulate that the Lower Palatinate, if he had to cede it, should remain Catholic; but to this the victors would not agree. To the last, Sweden did good service to Protestantism. When the terms of peace became known, the Catholics were furious; the Reformers were obstinate; but maugre all objections, necessity had dictated an enduring treaty. Maximilian of Bavaria died at Ingolstadt the 27th of September, 1651.

And so, as *Kurpfalz*, though with sadly shorn territory, Karl Ludwig, the son of the *Winterkönig*, returned to Heidelberg, and to his desolated, wasted, miserable land. Even the great Library of Heidelberg had been transported to the Vatican. Karl Ludwig married, 22nd February, 1650, Karoline, daughter of the Landgraf Wilhelm V., of Hessen. On the 10th of April, 1651, a son, Karl, was born to Karl Ludwig; and in 1652, he became the father of a daughter, Elizabetha Charlotta. When first he resumed residence in the Old Palace of the Palatinate, his sisters Sophia and Elizabeth were with him in Heidelberg. The new Palatine's marriage was not a success. He entered into an undisguised intrigue with the *Horäulein*, or maid of honor, Degenfeld, and his wife left him in indignation, and returned to her father in Kassel.

Karl Ludwig was the most hateful of the children of Frederick and Elizabeth. He withheld from his brother Rupert Rupert's inheritance. He would not allow his mother to come to Heidelberg, nor would he pay to her the money that was justly hers. He refused her her jointure, and would not give her her dower of Frankenthal. He was *karg und geizig*, mean and avaricious. There is something pathetic in Elizabeth's letters to Karl Ludwig. They express a mother's in-

dignation at having to apply for her own to her own son, and then the sense of her necessities lends poignancy to her piteous appeals. It seems that she received 1,000 guilders a month from Holland. She writes to Karl Ludwig, August 23rd, 1655: "I do not ask you much. I pray do this for me; you will much comfort me by it, who am in so ill condition as it takes all my contentment from me. I am making my house as little as I can so that I may subsist by the little I have, till I shall be able to come to you; which since I cannot do because of my debts, which I am not able to pay, neither the new nor the old, if you do not as I desire I am sure I shall not increase. As you love me I do conjure you to give an answer."

In writing from the Hague to Prince Rupert on April 29th, year not given, she says (Bromley's "Royal Letters"), "The next week I hope to hear Louysa's justification against all her calumnies."

The years just preceding 1660, were times of trial for the poor ex-queen, who found herself in sore straits and without much hope of better times. The battle of Worcester was a very real fact; the Restoration was very uncertain. The Stuarts were much dispersed over Europe. Rupert and Maurice were pursuing their adventurous careers as corsairs; and she was soon to lose Maurice, who was drowned at sea. Elizabeth's debts increased; and creditors became pressing. She was too poor to visit Rhenen. Widowed, childless, friendless (but for Craven), and hopeless, her last years before the Restoration must have been, even to her, sorrowful and lonely.

But the Restoration came, and her nephew sat upon the throne of Great Britain. Elizabeth desired at once to return to her native land, but Charles II. urged her not to think of coming to England. His comprehensive tenderness for women did not include any fondness for an aged aunt, impecunious, unfortunate, importunate. The money that he wanted to spend upon the female sex was required for Mrs. Palmer and others of that sort. But Elizabeth was not to be deterred. She had determined to return to England, and on May 17th, 1661, she landed at Margate, and travelled on to London. Her arrival was little noticed. Her old friends were all gone, and her popularity had vanished also. She had outlived the contemporaries of her youth, and a generation had arisen that knew her not. She was slightly regarded, with an indolent curiosity, as the titular queen of a remote



country, which was all but unknown to Whitehall.

The England to which she returned was for Elizabeth a changed England. Between her youth and her age stood the great shadow of the Protectorate, and the mighty image of Cromwell separated her brother and her nephew. Craven alone remained ever tender, ever true. She lived in Drury House, Drury Lane. From that mansion she removed to Leicester House, Leicester Square, and there five days after her removal to the new dwelling, on February 13th, 1662, Elizabeth Stuart, dowager electress Palatine and titular queen of Bohemia, died.

German literature contains very many works of authority and research about the great Thirty Years' War, but no one historian has set his mark upon the subject. Germany separates in such matters more carefully than we do. She keeps poet and historian as things apart; we mix the two qualities and functions.

The great historian, resembling in that respect the poet or the dramatist, must, when depicting a personage, create a character. The hints of history are the equivalents of the suggestions of imagination. The historian must see clearly both outside and inside the person that he would portray, and must combine into an art-whole the complete portraiture, round and finished, of the hero or heroine of history. This task is the duty of every true historian, but it can, necessarily, be discharged but by few; since to fulfil it satisfactorily requires qualities which nearly rival those of the poet or creator. Carlyle is the one man in the domain of history who, through many absolute creations, really fulfils the ideal requirement; but yet another instance may be cited in Froude's picture of Mary Queen of Scots. In its higher aspects, history needs an imagination only just below that required by a great poet.

To piece out the imperfections of evidence; to read, by insight, the motives of action and the depths of character; to feel, by instinct, the passions that once fired a man or woman, long since dead, and but imperfectly depicted by the chronicler—these are difficulties which can only be overcome by a man of high and penetrating imagination, who possesses also a judicial power of criticism. It is given but to few to realize, with any objective force, the body, form, and presence; the true and living images of human beings that once existed; of times that are past. The great historian must pos-

sess a touch, at least, of the poet; and we, in England, have been most successful in developing this ideal historian.

Elizabeth can never have been beautiful. Pepys, who may be credited with some critical judgment of female charms, saw her in Holland when he went with his patron to bring over Charles II., and records of the queen of Bohemia, that "she seems a very debonair, but a plain lady." Mr. Pepys hits the mark. Her pleasant, lively manner would last into her age, and the loss of youth would only render the fact plainer. Four portraits of her are known to us. The one by Honthorst, in the National Portrait Gallery, is a performance of little mark or likelihood. There are two at Hampton Court; one (No. 128) is a full length, also by Honthorst, in which she is depicted in a dark dress with a large ruff; the hair red, the face rather pointedly oval, with an expression of some shrewishness, caused, apparently, by sorrow. The mouth is thin and tightly compressed, and the expression is scarcely lovable. The other Hampton Court work (No. 765) is by Derick, a good painting, badly hung, and the *youngest* portrait of Elizabeth that is extant. The face is round, like that of James in youth, and the expression is happy. It is the princess Elizabeth, with all life opening in hope, when the young Count Palatine has crossed the sea to woo her for his bride. Honthorst was teacher of painting to the princess Louisa.

To the Royal Academy we owe those recent exhibitions of the works of the "old masters," which are the delight alike of the art critic and of the historical student. In the winter exhibition of 1880 appeared a portrait of Elizabeth (No. 127) by Mierevelt, which belongs to the highest class of portrait art, and which is the best existing portrait of the queen of Bohemia. It was painted in Holland, and represents Elizabeth at about the middle of her career. Beneath the veneer of femininity we recognize the ignoble features of James. The modelling of every feature resembles that of her father's face. He had very protruding eyes; they are seen, softened, in this portrait. The aspect is serious; the face is painted in repose, but is full of character, and the spectator feels that he stands in the presence of the true Elizabeth. Her hair is red and the complexion is opaquely white. The lips are ugly, thin, and are closely compressed. The forehead is poor and narrow. Obstinacy, rather than firmness, is expressed. The shape of the face is



oval, with a somewhat pointed chin. The dress is a study of a royal costume of the period. The portrait is full length, and gives the physiognomy of the whole figure. The bearing is that of a woman accustomed to play the queen; the hands are fine; and the totality of the being expressed agrees fully with all that we know, or can divine, of the superficial, though amiable character of the pleasure-loving but unfortunate daughter of the house of Stuart. This portrait is quite admirable and masterly. The face, in its still gravity, is not altogether lovable or attractive. You retain an impression of shrewdness and vivacity, coupled with a mean intellect, and with a calculating heart.

Elizabeth and Frederick were light, trivial characters, and were, it must be admitted, somewhat shallow weaklings; but the romance of history may still regard with a certain tender interest their lives, their loves, and their misfortunes. Behind and around their careers stands the great portent of the Thirty Years' War, with all its crowd of historical figures, with all the turmoil of its important events.

To the general public in England, the Bohemian royal couple have subsided almost into mere names, vaguely realized through the mists of a by-flown time. They were set to sink or swim in a period, and among conflicting powers that were too terrible and too powerful for their small idiosyncrasies. Hence, in part, the pathos of their story. In India, in the country in which deadly snakes do most abound, the natives walk about with bare legs; and Frederick and Elizabeth had no armor that saved them from being easily bitten by the poison of ambition and the venom of vanity. Aggression, to be successful, must be backed by mental power and by warrior prowess—they had neither. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff than that of which they were composed. Vanity impelled them into ambition; impotence reduced them to misfortune; but they bitterly expiated their faults, and their miscalculation of their own means or of the help of others.

James, owing to weak legs, had to lean upon the shoulders of men; Frederick and Elizabeth, owing to their want of mental and physical force for great enterprises, were compelled to depend upon the help of others, and they leant upon broken reeds—as on the German Protestant princes, the Union, James and Charles. Heavy losses and serious sor-

rows punished their errors and their deficient judgment; but neither duplicity nor treachery, even in such a distracted and immoral day, can be charged against them, nor can they be accused of cruelty or found guilty of tyranny. The impression that they leave, if thin, is pure. His nature, if weak, was tender; her character, though shallow, was clear. They were nobly steadfast in the faith, and they resisted the temptations of interest to deny their religion.

Frederick was, at least, a gallant, gentle, and accomplished carpet-knight. Elizabeth was graceful and gracious as princess and as queen. Their conjugal fidelity and true attachment render them models, as royal married lovers, in their dissolute century. They had vanity without ability, ambition without success. Their capacity, though but small, was equal to that of Ferdinand; was certainly superior to that of Philip II. Circumstance made the difference of success, and caused the revolution of their wheel of fortune. For many reasons we have thought it good to try to snatch them from a submerging oblivion, and to place on record a brief, if imperfect, picture of that English princess who was once queen of hearts and queen of Bohemia.

H. SCHUTZ WILSON.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
THE ANALYSIS OF HUMOR.

THERE have been many attempts to define wit, but no one, at least to my knowledge, has ever essayed a precise definition of humor.\* This, however, is in reality less remarkable than it may at first sight appear. Wit, even in its later and transformed signification, is a word of respectable antiquity in the language. Humor, at least as used to denote that particular quality of ideas, or particular faculty of persons, which is now expressed by it, is a much later addition to our vocabulary. As long ago as Locke's day, to go no farther back, our modern signification of wit had been added to its older meaning of "cleverness," "intelligence," "ingenuity," etc. "Wit," says Locke, "lies most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety

\* No. 42 of "The Spectator" purports to discuss the nature and composition of humor, but it will be seen that it is really a general disquisition on true and false provocatives of mirth, in which no attempt is made to discriminate between wit and humor.



wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions to the fancy." The obvious imperfections of this definition were corrected by Addison, who observes that "every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such that gives delight and surprise to the reader." "These two properties," he adds, "seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them. In order, therefore, that the resemblance of ideas be wit, it is necessary that the ideas should not lie too near to one another in the nature of things; for where the likeness is obvious it gives no surprise." Early, therefore, in the last century a definition which contains the substance of Sydney Smith's later analysis of the quality of wit had already been formulated. Humor, however, has only within the last two or three generations been stereotyped in its present meaning. Down till late in the eighteenth century it was indiscriminately employed in its modern and in an older and quite different sense; and it is not a little curious to reflect that many of the greatest masters of the humorous could not, in their own day, have been congratulated on their "humor" without great risk of misunderstanding. To Sterne or to Goldsmith it would have appeared but an equivocal compliment to be described as a humorist, a name which more often at that period connoted a foible than a gift. We find Sterne applying it to his friend Hall Stevenson in precisely the same apologetic spirit as Addison fifty years before had applied it to Sir Roger de Coverley: as a synonym, namely, for a whimsical but harmless and well-meaning eccentric. "I have observed in several of my papers," says Mr. Spectator, "that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humorist; and that his virtues as well as imperfections are as it were tinged with a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his and distinguishes them from those of other men." And in the same way writes Sterne to his friend Stevenson: "She (my wife) swears you are a fellow of wit, *though* humorous," where the dominance of the idea of eccentricity over the modern meaning of the word comes out with remarkable clearness. The philological history of the word "wit" has been marked by no such curious vicissitudes as this.

In one respect, however, it is somewhat singular that no precise definition of

humor should ever have been formulated; inasmuch as the writer who has done most for the analysis of wit would himself seem to have accidentally and unconsciously stumbled on what appears much to resemble the very object we are seeking. It certainly looks as if Sydney Smith had at one time become very "warm" in his search, as the language of the children's game has it; and that had he, in his extremely acute review of "Edgeworth on Irish Bulls," but carried his inquiry a single step farther, he would have lighted on the definition sought. Propounding to himself the question, "What is an Irish bull?" he answers it as follows: "We shall venture to say that a bull is an apparent congruity and real incongruity of ideas suddenly discovered. And if this account of bulls be just, they are (as might have been supposed) the very reverse of wit; for as wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real. The pleasure arising from wit proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be similar in which we suspected no similarity. The pleasure arising from bulls proceeds from our discovering two things to be dissimilar in which a resemblance might have been suspected." And he goes on to remark with perfect justice that "the stronger the apparent connection and the more complete the real disconnection of the ideas, the greater the surprise and the better the bull. The less apparent and the more complete the relations established by wit, the greater gratification does it afford."

Whether this is a complete definition even of wit itself—considered, that is to say, in its emotional as distinguished from its intellectual effects, we will inquire hereafter; but accepting it provisionally as accurate, let us examine the antithesis of which it forms a factor in the passage above quoted. Here, then, the first point to be remarked is, that if the definition of wit has been correctly framed, it will follow that the bull cannot, by reason of its more limited extension, be the converse of wit. For though the essence of wit may be in the discovery of unsuspected similitudes under apparent dissimilitudes, it cannot be said that the bull is merely the disclosure of unsuspected dissimilitudes under apparent similitudes. The ideas which the maker of an Irish bull combines are something more than dissimilar: they are mutually exclusive. They are either contradictory in terms or physically incompatible in



act; and since, therefore, the class of ideas compared together in the bull are, to use the old logical phrase, greater in "intention" and less in "extension" than the ideas compared together in wit, it follows that the Irish bull cannot be the converse of the witticism.

In the second place it is to be observed, though this is a minor point, that Sydney Smith's admission that the bull must be "unintentional" is virtually equivalent to an admission that it cannot be, at any rate *subjectively* speaking, the converse of wit. For wit, considered as a quality inherent to the comparison of ideas, is independent of the mental attitude of the person comparing them; that is to say, that although we might deny the honors of "a wit" to a man who stumbles accidentally on a *mot*, we could not on that account refuse the praise of "wit" to the saying itself. But an *objective* quality of the comparison of ideas cannot have for its converse a quality thereof which is partially *subjective* of the person who compares them. "A great deal," adds Sydney Smith, "of the pleasure experienced from bulls proceeds from a sense of superiority\* in ourselves" to the person uttering them. "Bulls which were invented or known to be invented might please, but in a less degree for want of this additional zest." Undoubtedly that is true, but it is quite enough to show the radical distinction, both of origin and character, between the pleasurable emotions respectively produced by these two forms of the comparison of ideas. Our feeling towards the sayer of a witty thing is certainly not one of "superiority," but of admiration, and even gratitude; and our "zest" is directly proportioned to the amount of deliberate "invention"—of *cleverness*, in other words—which we perceive the speaker to have displayed.

The truth seems to be that the real logical converse of wit is not that accidental and rare peculiarity of the comparison of ideas which constitutes the

Irish bull, but that deliberately infused and much commoner quality of their comparison which we agree to call "humor." Had Sydney Smith followed out his analysis a little more closely, he would have found that the emotion of pleasure which we experience from the discovery of unsuspected incongruity beneath apparent congruity of ideas is of far more frequent occurrence than he seems to have perceived. He would have found that this pleasure is not excited by the Irish bull alone, nor only in those cases in which the combination of the incongruous ideas is unintentional and the discovery of their incongruity a source of discomfiture to their combiner, but that the human mind takes delight in the combination for its own sake, and enjoys the contemplation of incongruity intentionally exhibited. And he would, I believe, have been able to show by an indefinite number of illustrative examples that the cases in which this happens are invariably instances of what we are now agreed to call humor, as distinct from wit. It may, perhaps, appear rash to assert of so Protean a quality that in its every phase and manifestation the pleasure given by it can be traced to the perception of incongruity, but I am strongly disposed to think that such is the case, and that no form of *pure* humor—for humor and wit may, of course, be sometimes combined in the same sentence—could resist such reduction in the last analysis. But we may, I think, go further even than this. Good reason may be given for concluding that wit itself, *considered in its relation to laughter*, is mainly, if not wholly, dependent on an infusion of the accidental element of humor into that "discovery of latent similitudes" of which it essentially consists. To show this, however, it will be necessary to resume the deferred analysis of Sydney Smith's above-cited definition of wit.

Now the first thing that strikes one about this definition, when we come to examine it, is that it is too wide—that it commits that worst fault of a definition, of covering more objects than it is intended to define. "The pleasure arising from wit proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering things to be similar in which we suspected no similarity." But if this alone be wit, what then are the rhetorical figures of simile and metaphor themselves? The similarities revealed by wit must, as we are told, be unsuspected, but so they are in some similes and metaphors, and so they ought to be in

\* This sense of superiority, however, is, it should be noted, of a somewhat subtle kind. It must not be the mere contempt with which a man of ordinary intelligence might regard a stupid blunderer. It is rather the pride of quick perception; a triumph in the avoidance of those intellectual pitfalls into which men far from stupid might at any moment inadvertently tumble. "Fewer absentees than formerly!" exclaims one of Mr. Charles Keene's excellent Irishmen in *Punch*. "Not a bit of it, me boy. The country swarms with 'em." This is a nearly perfect bull of its kind; but it is so for the very reason that it could have been easily made by any man who had so accustomed himself to use the phrase "The country swarms with them" as a mere hyperbolic equivalent for "there are many of them in existence." That its *territorial* import, so to speak, had been effaced by familiarity from his mind.



all similes and metaphors which are meant to be rhetorically effective. An orator who confined himself to pointing out patent resemblances would soon weary and disgust his hearers; to captivate or even to interest them he must disclose latent resemblances; but when he does so the effect is not, or is not always, wit. He may produce something of the intellectual effect of wit; he certainly does not produce its well-known physical consequences. And these it is which the definition leaves altogether unexplained. We all know, without going into questions of the wit of speech, that the sudden discovery of fitness invariably gives pleasure. The answer to a riddle, the neat working out of a mathematical problem, the solution of a mechanical puzzle, all awaken emotions of pleasure; but they do not excite laughter, or not at any rate among adults. One may, indeed, see a child clap its hands and burst out laughing as the right segment of its "dissecting map" drops suddenly into an unpromising-looking hole; but the satisfaction of its elders at this "sudden discovery of fitness" is more soberly manifested. Surprise and pleasure do not here excite laughter, nor do they in other analogous cases. Surprise is aroused by every brilliant comparison invented by orator or writer; and the pleasure and admiration which accompany it are proportioned to the perfection of the comparison, and to the completeness with which it lay hidden till the happy sentence flung the light upon it. But though we are delighted at the discovery, and admire the discoverer, we do not necessarily laugh *at* it or *with* him. Sydney Smith has himself remarked on the occasional failure of suddenly revealed resemblances to excite laughter, and suggested an explanation which, though true enough so far as it goes, is insufficiently generalized. He examines the comparison between the cedar-tree imparting fragrance to the axe and the Christian returning good for evil to his persecutors, and says that this would give the pleasure of wit were it not that it "excited virtuous emotions." And no doubt a simile which excites virtuous emotions is not calculated to provoke laughter—at least from persons of well-regulated minds. But, in truth, for an apt comparison to produce mirth it is not enough that it should make no positive appeal to our graver feelings. Very many comparisons that we meet with in literature and oratory are thoroughly neutral in respect of the moral

emotions which they arouse. They do not of themselves suggest any serious train of reflections or affect the hearer's or reader's mood to solemnity in any way; but he is none the nearer to being amused by them for all that. I would not contend that they are on that ground alone to be denied the honors of wit; and, indeed, it would be impossible to maintain the proposition that the capacity of provoking laughter is to be treated as the differentia of wit proper. Such a proposition stands refuted by some of the most illustrious examples of wit, and of wit, too, of the purest and subtlest kind. One might read the "Provincial Letters," for instance, from end to end, without a laugh, yet nobody surely would deny that the keen pleasure which Pascal's irony gives us is essentially pleasure of the kind produced by wit. Nevertheless it remains true that the provocation to laughter is popularly accounted as the only true test of wit; and it is at least certain, that if we once begin to waive this test, it becomes very difficult to draw the line between those comparisons of ideas which are entitled to the epithet of "witty" and those which are not. At opposite ends of the scale the discriminative process may be easy enough. There are some similes, excellent in their kind, which no one would think of including in the category of wit, and others, not perhaps more apt, to which no one would think of refusing a place therein; but midway between the two we find a number of examples which, except by applying to them the *criterion risibile*, we should be quite at a loss to assign to their respective categories.

What then is that element in any comparison of ideas which, when present, makes it satisfy this criterion, and when absent makes it fail to do so? It is not mere felicity, nor mere surprisingness—not the closeness of resemblance between the ideas compared, nor the completeness with which that resemblance lies hid; for these as has been observed, and, as could be easily proved by examples, are characteristics present to a greater or less extent in all similes and metaphors of any degree of merit. Let us take two examples at random. In one of his eloquent speeches delivered in the Spanish Cortes, under the late republican *régime*, Señor Castelar was dilating (rather prematurely as events proved) on the extinction of the monarchical spirit among his countrymen. "The monarchy," he exclaimed, "is dead in Spain. In *Spain*, gentlemen: remember what



that means. It is as though one should say that the Koran was dead in Mecca."

Here then is a comparison, which, without being above the average of quality, will serve to illustrate my point as well as another. It is a comparison which no one would think of describing as witty, but which nevertheless fairly satisfies Sydney Smith's definition of wit. The resemblance of the ideas, that is to say, is sufficiently striking, and yet is not obvious, and their comparison accordingly produces that mixture of pleasure and surprise which was all that Sydney Smith's analysis of the emotion produced by wit can be said to yield. Yet the comparison is undoubtedly not witty, and it certainly fails to satisfy the *criterion risibile*. Many of Señor Castelar's hearers no doubt applauded it, but we may take it as certain that none of them laughed at it.

But on the other hand take this example. A certain moribund ministry, existing only on the sufferance of the opposition, was wont to plead for successive prolongations of its official life on the ground of the valuable legislative measures which it declared itself on the point of producing; and these appeals were compared by Albany Fonblanque to the plea which female convicts under capital sentence sometimes put forward for the arrest of execution on the ground of pregnancy. Fonblanque's comparison is here as apt as, but perhaps no apter than, Castelar's, yet it would undoubtedly be called witty, while Castelar's would not; and, unlike Castelar's, it certainly satisfies the *criterion risibile*. It is indeed extremely laughable, and of course it is not difficult to see why. The ideas compared are in this case not only outwardly dissimilar, they are *incongruous*, and incongruity in the sense in which the word is here used means much more than mere dissimilarity. Incongruous ideas are ideas which are not only dissimilar as presented to the intellectual vision, but which belong to different planes of emotion. Now the ideas of the monarchy in Spain, and of the Koran in Mecca may be mentally unlike enough, but they are emotionally similar: there is no marked descent in dignity from one to the other. But from the idea of a condemned woman pleading for the life of her unborn child, to the idea of a discredited government attempting to wheedle out a political reprieve for themselves as being big with legislative projects, there is a very notable and comical descent indeed. The ideas,

in short, are incongruous; and it is the incongruity of the things compared, not the neatness or felicity of the comparison, which provokes laughter. But incongruities form the material of humor, as resemblances form the material of wit; and in cases like this, therefore, we can clearly trace the laughter-moving property of witticisms to an admixture in them of the quality of humor.

There are doubtless, however, other cases in which this is not so immediately apparent — cases in which the ideas compared in a witticism are not themselves incongruous, while laughter is, notwithstanding, provoked by the comparison. Even here, however, it will be found, I believe, that it is not to the mere felicity of the comparison that the laughter is due — that it is not the perception of fitness but that of unfitness which arouses mirth. Among the many witty things which were said, or are reported to have been said, in the old Irish Parliament, there was none perhaps of higher merit than this: "The honorable member described himself just now as the guardian of his own honor, but on other occasions I have heard him boast that he was an enemy to sinecures." We not only admire this, but laugh at it, and it might be thought at first sight that the laughter was the pure product of the wit. It certainly seems to follow as instantaneously and inevitably upon the flash of surprise struck out at the moment when we grasp the "point" as the thunder-clap follows upon the lightning when the storm is directly overhead. Yet still I am inclined to think that it is in reality not the sense of fitness, but of unfitness — not the felicity of the comparison, but its extremely *infelicitous* application to the person against whom it is directed — which moves us to mirth. The "passion of laughter" has been defined by Hobbes in his "Discourse of Human Nature" as "nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the inferiority of others, or with our own formerly;" and though this definition stands in need of course of some allowance for the too sweeping cynicism of its author, it undoubtedly contains a large ingredient of truth. It is always, indeed, as unsafe to neglect a definition of Hobbes as a maxim of Rochefoucauld's. Neither shows us more than the "seamy side" of human nature, but it *is* human nature which they both show. The "passion of laughter" is usually something more than



Hobbes's "sudden glory;" but this sudden glory is nearly always an ingredient in it, and is sometimes its sole constituent. I believe that it is so in the instance above quoted. We laugh at the discomfiture of this "guardian of his own honor," and glory in the sudden sense of superiority which it awakens in our minds. We rejoice to think that *we* have never laid ourselves open to so neat and ingenious an insult; and the mere fact that no possible exercise of caution could have saved the victim — the mere fact that no "enemy of sinecures" could reasonably have foreseen any danger in describing himself as the "guardian of his own honor," — detracts nothing from the complacency with which we contemplate his dialectical overthrow. For our own "eminency" need not, to satisfy Hobbes's definition, be founded on our own merit, nor the "infirmity of others" on their own fault: it is enough that circumstances have placed us in a position of superiority to another man, and that we are enabled to admire the suddenness and skill with which his imprudent utterances have been turned to his own confusion.

But in so far as this "sudden glory" enters into it, the example in question is another case of delight in incongruity — of pleasure excited by the spectacle not of fitness but of unfitness. In other words, it is not the *wit* of the comparison between the two forms of sinecure, but the *humor* of the contrast between the self-glorifying intention of the anti-sinecurist's boasts and the humiliating use to which his adversary has contrived to put them that excites our mirth. And the same thing is observable in an indefinite number of instances — instances which all tend to confirm the theory that *humor* and not *wit* is the true excitant of laughter; and that if and when laughter is excited by a witty comparison it will be found that the appeal to the risible faculty comes not from the intellectual shock which is produced by the discovery of resemblance between the two compared ideas, but from the sudden change of emotional *temperature* which is produced when we are compelled to associate great things with small, noble things with ignoble, serious things with trivial, and to think of objects thus dissimilar in point of dignity as in some other respects closely resembling each other.

The sum, then, of the matter appears to be this — that it is by unfitness always, and by fitness never, that the emotion of laughter is stirred; that laughter, in other

words, is the satellite of humor and not of wit, save when wit — as happens, however, more often perhaps than not — is in humor's company; and that while, therefore, the former is confined to a narrow and strictly defined domain, the latter ranges freely over all the incongruities of the world.

ἑσθλοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἀπλῶς, παντοδαπῶς δὲ κακοί,

said the Greek gnomic poet of the essential difference between the good and the evil; and the same distinction may be drawn between the unity of the material of wit and the multiplicity of the material of humor. Resemblance is a word of limitation, but unlikeness, disparity, unfitness, are words implying the negation of limiting qualities. A is one; but not — A is infinite, and humor is as illimitable as the space covered in scholastic logic by the universal negative.

Still it is not, of course, the extent of the field over which humor ranges, but the quality of its material, which is the really interesting thing. It is, indeed, one of the most mysterious phenomena of the mystery of being, that this keenest and most abiding of mental pleasures should be essentially and inseparably combined with the unfit, the incongruous — with, in fact, the imperfect in human life and in the constitution of the world. It is Carlyle, I think, who has somewhere defined humor as "a sympathy with the seamy side of things;" but the metaphor has, perhaps, somewhat of a tendency to obscure the truth. "Sympathy," in this connection, is doubtless not to be understood in its natural sense, as implying any admixture of compassion or pity. In that acceptance, of course, the sense of humor is neither the product of sympathy with, nor of antipathy to, the "seamy side of things" — two perfectly well-known and well-marked mental attitudes of two different classes of mind, which, however, belong neither of them to the humorous order; for as there are minds too impatient of the imperfections of life to permit of their possessing a sense of humor, so there are minds too deeply moved by those imperfections to permit it either. The one type of character is the natural soil from which springs the visionary philanthropist and projector of Utopias — the least humorous personage, probably, among mortal men; the other tends as naturally to beget the ascetic moralist and thinker, or the doer of good works for the love of God — the Pascals or the Vincent de Pauls (the first of which names alone



suffices to remind us how completely wit may be dissociated from humor) — the whole race, in short, of those eager and melancholy spirits upon whom the darkness of the world and of man's lot is ever lowering unrelieved. But Carlyle's "sympathy with the seamy side of things" must, no doubt, be understood to mean something quite different from a compassionate sense of the imperfections of life: it means, beyond question, an actual enjoyment of these imperfections, a delight in the seaminess for the sake of the seams. But so explained, the phrase as greatly overstates the truth of the case as, upon the other construction, it would understate it; for it is unquestionably the fact that the sense of humor is appealed to, and keenly appealed to, by circumstances and situations in which it would be simply diabolical to take pleasure: in which, indeed, none but fiends could be seriously supposed to delight. It is impossible, for instance, for an Agnostic, possessed of any sense of humor at all, to be unconscious of the humorous — the powerfully humorous — element underlying the whole relations of man with the unseen world and with his own unknown future. The fun of the thing is, of course, disagreeably grim, but it is as genuine and unmistakable an appeal to one's sense of the ludicrous as ever was made; and being so, it cannot help producing the kind of pleasure which the recognition of the ludicrous always produces. But to say that we take pleasure in the existence and insolubility of an insoluble enigma, with which millions of human hearts are wrestling in agony every hour of the day, would be to make too horrible a charge against human nature. Moreover, it would be absurd on the face of it, since it is well known that the capacity of feeling most intensely on this subject is itself an extremely common accompaniment of the power of appreciating its humorous side.

The more closely, then, we examine the pleasure derived from the quality of humor, the more hopeless seems the attempt to find a place for it under any known category of human delights. Analysis simply lands us in a paradox, and there it leaves us. Wit has its analogues in half-a-dozen other products of the human intelligence: in poetry, in mechanics, in music, in the imitative arts of painting and sculpture, in the very processes of the mathematician. Fitness, — the better if surprising and suddenly discovered — is at the bottom of the pleasure which we derive from all of these. But there is no

analogue of humor to be found in any of them. A lame couplet, an ill-constructed machine, a discordant note, a clumsy statue, a picture "out of drawing," a bungled problem — these are not pleasurable to hear, or see, or study, but purely painful. If ever the pain that they give is in any degree relieved, it is by their chancing to appeal to the sense of humor on accidental grounds, and for reasons bearing on relation to the various arts and sciences to which they belong. In themselves they are mere blots and failures — mere negations of the characteristic effect which the work of the poet or the musician, the painter, sculptor, mechanic, or mathematician is normally calculated to produce. The sense of humor — the pleasure which humor awakens — stands alone; it is wholly abnormal and disparate, completely *sui generis*; and we seek in vain for any other account to give of its existence except that "it is felt."

But whatever mystery may surround its origin and nature, its profound and abiding consolations must be exultingly recognized by all but those thrice unhappy beings to whom it has been denied. We need not say "gratefully" recognized; for really the endowment of man with a sense of humor seems no more than a fair equivalent for the gradual extinction of his belief in immortality. After having been deluded for so many ages, it would have been hard indeed to have denied him the satisfaction of laughing at the hoax. As it is, evolution, the giver, has added this good gift to him for what evolution, the destroyer, has taken away. Our Lubbocks and Tylors have not yet definitely fixed for us the birth, and systematically traced out for us the growth, of the sense of humor in our race: but I presume that it would be quite undiscoverable in primitive man, and it certainly seems that, while it was but faintly developed and sparsely distributed among men of the "ages of faith," it has increased in strength and depth and dispersion with the progress of modern thought. It is assuredly stronger in these days in spite of a certain superficial lack of gaiety, than it has ever been before, and its pleasures are beyond doubt as well suited to the *senectus mundi* as is whist to the old age of man. We can say of it, indeed, as we can say of no other earthly delight, that it grows fuller with advancing years, that it is not blunted but sharpened by mental suffering, that it thrives even upon the ashes of despair. For whether there be moral enthusiasms they shall fail; wheth-



er there be æsthetic "moments" they shall cease; whether there be thirst for knowledge even this shall sometimes seem vanity; but the sense of humor never faileth. The ancient legend had it that at the bottom of Pandora's box, and the sole anodyne for the troop of ills which had escaped from under its half-opened lid, lay hope; but if hope were man's only consolation for the miseries of his earthly lot, he would be nowadays in a desperately evil case. Fortunately, however, the mythologist was mistaken. Zeus never mocked the race of mortals quite so cruelly as this; nor had the fatal act of Epimetheus quite so illusory a compensation. The anodyne which really lay at the bottom of the casket was not hope, but humor. H. D. TRAILL.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

#### A VENETIAN MEDLEY.

##### I.

##### FIRST IMPRESSIONS AND FAMILIARITY.

IT is easy to feel and to say something obvious about Venice. The influence of this sea-city is unique, immediate, and unmistakable. But to express the sober truth of those impressions which remain when the first astonishment of the Venetian revelation has subsided, when the spirit of the place has been harmonized through familiarity with our habitual mood, is difficult.

Venice inspires at first an almost Corybantic rapture. From our earliest visits, if these have been measured by days rather than weeks, we carry away with us the memory of sunsets emblazoned in gold and crimson upon cloud and water; of violet domes and bell-towers etched against the orange of a western sky; of moonlight silvery breeze-rippled breadths of liquid blue; of distant islands shimmering in sunlitten haze; of music and black gliding boats; of labyrinthine darkness made for mysteries of love and crime; of statue-fretted palace fronts, of brazen clangor and a moving crowd; of pictures by earth's proudest painters, cased in gold on walls of council chambers where Venice sat enthroned a queen, where nobles swept the floors with robes of Tyrian brocade. These reminiscences will be attended by an ever-present sense of loneliness and silence in the world around; the sadness of a limitless horizon, the solemnity of an unbroken arch of

heaven, the calm and greyness of evening on the lagoons, the pathos of a marble city crumbling to its grave in mud and brine.

These first impressions of Venice are true. Indeed they are inevitable. They abide, and form a glowing background for all subsequent pictures, toned more austere, and painted in more lasting hues of truth upon the brain. Those have never felt Venice at all who have not known this primal rapture—or who perhaps expected more of color, more of melodrama, from a scene which nature and the art of man have made the richest in these qualities. Yet the mood engendered by this first experience is not destined to be permanent. It contains an element of unrest and unreality which vanishes upon familiarity. From the blare of that triumphal bourdon of brass instruments emerge the delicate voices of violin and clarinette. To the contrasted passions of our earliest love succeed a multitude of sweet and fanciful emotions. It is my present purpose to recapture some of the impressions made by Venice in more tranquil moods. Memory might be compared to a kaleidoscope. Far away from Venice I raise the wonder-working tube, allow the glittering fragments to settle as they please, and with words attempt to render something of the patterns I behold.

##### II.

##### A LODGING IN SAN VIO.

I HAVE escaped from the hotels with their bustle of tourists and crowded *tables d'hôte*. My garden stretches down to the Grand Canal, closed at the end with a pavilion, where I lounge and smoke and watch the cornice of the Prefettura fretted with gold in sunset light. My sitting-room and bedroom face the southern sun. There is a canal below, crowded with gondolas, and across its bridge the good folk of San Vio come and go the whole day long—men in blue shirts with enormous hats, and jackets slung on their left shoulder; women in kerchiefs of orange and crimson. Barelegged boys sit upon the parapet, dangling their feet above the rising tide. A hawker passes, balancing a basket full of live and crawling crabs. Barges filled with Brenta water or Mirano wine take up their station at the neighboring steps, and then ensues a mighty splashing and hurrying to and fro of men with tubs upon their heads. The brawny fellows in the wine-barge are red



from brows to breast with drippings of the vat. And now there is a bustle in the quarter. A *barca* has arrived from St. Erasmo, the island of the market-gardens. It is piled with gourds and pumpkins, cabbages and tomatoes, pomegranates and pears — a pyramid of gold and green and scarlet. Brown men lift the fruit aloft, and women bending from the pathway bargain for it. A clatter of chaffering tongues, a ring of coppers, a Babel of hoarse sea-voices, proclaim the sharpness of the struggle. When the quarter has been served, the boat sheers off diminished in its burden. Boys and girls are left seasoning their polenta with a slice of *zucca*, while the mothers of a score of families go pattering up yonder courtyard with the material for their husbands' supper in their handkerchiefs. Across the canal, or more correctly the *Rio*, opens a wide, grass-grown court. It is lined on the right hand by a row of poor dwellings, swarming with gondoliers' children. A garden wall runs along the other side, over which I can see pomegranate-trees in fruit and pergolas of vines. Far beyond are more low houses, and then the sky, swept with sea-breezes, and the masts of an ocean-going ship against the dome and turrets of Palladio's Redentore. This is my home. By day it is as lively as a scene in "Masaniello." By night, after nine o'clock, the whole stir of the quarter has subsided. Far away I hear the bell of some church tell the hours. But no noise disturbs my rest, unless perhaps a belated gondolier moors his boat beneath the window. My one maid, Catina, sings at her work the whole day through. My gondolier, Francesco, acts as valet. He wakes me in the morning, opens the shutters, brings sea-water for my bath, and takes his orders for the day. "Will it do for Chioggia, Francesco?" "Sissignore! The signorino has set off in his *sandolo* already with Antonio. The signora is to go with us in the gondola." "Then get three more men, Francesco, and see that all of them can sing."

### III.

#### TO CHIOGGIA WITH OAR AND SAIL.

THE *sandolo* is a boat shaped like the gondola, but smaller and lighter, without benches, and without the high steel prow or *ferro* which distinguishes the gondola. The gunwale is only just raised above the water, over which the little craft skims with a rapid bounding motion, affording an agreeable variation from the stately

swan-like movement of the gondola. In one of these boats — called by him the "*Fisolo*" or "Sea-Mew" — my friend had started with Antonio, intending to row the whole way to Chioggia, or, if the breeze favored, to hoist a sail and help himself along. After breakfast, when the crew for my gondola had been assembled, Francesco and I followed with the signora. It was one of those perfect mornings which occur as a respite from broken weather, when the air is windless and the light falls soft through haze on the horizon. As we broke into the lagoon behind the Redentore, the islands in front of us, S. Spirito, Poveglia, Malamocco, seemed as though they were just lifted from the sea-line. The Euganeans, far away to westward, were bathed in mist, and almost blent with the blue sky. Our four rowers put their backs into their work, and soon we reached the port of Malamocco, where a breeze from the Adriatic caught us sideways for a while. This is the largest of the breaches in the Lidi, or raised sand-reefs, which protect Venice from the sea: it affords an entrance to vessels of draught like the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. We crossed the dancing wavelets of the port, but when we passed under the lee of Pelestrina the breeze failed, and the lagoon was once again a sheet of undulating glass. At S. Pietro on this island a halt was made to give the oarsmen wine, and here we saw the women at their cottage doorways making lace. The old lace industry of Venice has recently been revived. From Burano and Pelestrina cargoes of hand-made imitations of the ancient fabrics are sent at intervals to Jesurun's magazine at S. Marco. He is the chief *impresario* of the trade, employing hundreds of hands, and speculating for a handsome profit in the foreign market on the wretched price he gives his workwomen.

Now we are well lost in the lagoons — Venice no longer visible behind; the Alps and Euganeans shrouded in a noon-day haze; the lowlands at the mouth of Brenta marked by clumps of trees ephemerally faint in silver silhouette against the filmy, shimmering sky. Form and color have disappeared in light-irradiated vapor of an opal hue. And yet instinctively we know that we are not at sea; the different quality of the water, the piles emerging here and there above the surface, the suggestion of coast-lines scarcely felt in this infinity of lustre, all remind us that our voyage is confined to the



charmed limits of an inland lake. At length the jutting headland of Pelestrina was reached. We broke across the Porto di Chioggia, and saw Chioggia itself ahead—a huddled mass of houses low upon the water. One by one, as we rowed steadily, the fishing-boats passed by, emerging from their harbor for a twelve hours' cruise upon the open sea. In a long line they came, with variegated sails of orange, red, and saffron, curiously chequered at the corners, and cantled with devices in contrasted tints. A little land-breeze carried them forward. The lagoon reflected their deep colors till they reached the port. Then, slightly swerving eastward on their course, but still in single file, they took the sea and scattered, like beautiful, bright-plumaged birds, who from a streamlet float into a lake, and find their way at large according as each wills.

The signorino and Antonio, though want of wind obliged them to row the whole way from Venice, had reached Chioggia an hour before, and stood waiting to receive us on the quay. It is a quaint town, this Chioggia, which has always lived a separate life from that of Venice. Language and race and customs have held the two populations apart, from those distant years when Genoa and the Republic of St. Mark fought their duel to the death out in the Chioggian harbors, down to these days, when your Venetian gondolier will tell you that the Chioggoto loves his pipe more than his *donna* or his wife. The main canal is lined with substantial palaces, attesting to old wealth and comfort. But from Chioggia, even more than from Venice, the tide of modern luxury and traffic has retreated. The place is left to fishing folk and builders of the fishing craft, whose wharves still form the liveliest quarter. Wandering about its wide deserted courts and *calli*, we feel the spirit of the decadent Venetian nobility. Passages from Goldoni's and Casanova's memoirs occur to our memory. It seems easy to realize what they wrote about the dishevelled gaiety and lawless license of Chioggia in the days of powder, sword-knot, and *soprani*. Baffo walks beside us in hypocritical composure of bag-wig and senatorial dignity, whispering unmentionable sonnets in his dialect of *xe* and *ga*. Somehow or another that last dotage of St. Mark's decrepitude is more recoverable by our fancy than the heroism of Pisani in the fourteenth century. From his prison in blockaded Venice the great admiral was sent forth on a forlorn hope, and blocked vic-

torious Doria here with boats on which the nobles of the Golden Book had spent their fortunes. Pietro Doria boasted that with his own hands he would bridle the bronze horses of St. Mark. But now he found himself between the navy of Carlo Zeno in the Adriatic and the flotilla led by Vittore Pisani across the lagoon. It was in vain that the Republic of St. George strained every nerve to send him succor from the Ligurian sea; in vain that the lords of Padua kept opening communications with him from the mainland. From the 1st of January, 1380, till the 21st of June the Venetians pressed the blockade ever closer, grappling their foemen in a grip that if relaxed one moment would have hurled him at their throats. The long and breathless struggle ended in the capitulation at Chioggia of what remained of Doria's forty-eight galleys and fourteen thousand men. These great deeds are far away and hazy. The brief sentences of mediæval annalists bring them less near to us than the *chroniques scandaleuses* of good-for-nothing scoundrels, whose vulgar adventures might be revived at the present hour with scarce a change of setting. Such is the force of *intimité* in literature. And yet Baffo and Casanova are as much of the past as Doria and Pisani. It is only perhaps that the survival of decadence in all we see around us forms a fitting framework for our recollections of their vividly described corruption.

Not far from the landing-place a balustraded bridge of ample breadth and large bravura manner spans the main canal. Like everything at Chioggia, it is dirty and has fallen from its first estate. Yet neither time nor injury can obliterate style or wholly degrade marble. Hard by the bridge there are two rival inns. At one of these we ordered a sea dinner—crabs, cuttlefishes, soles, and turbot—which we ate at a table in the open air. Nothing divided us from the street except a row of Japanese privet-bushes in hooped tubs. Our banquet soon assumed a somewhat unpleasant similitude to that of Dives, for the Chioggoti, in all stages of decrepitude and squalor, crowded round to beg for scraps—indescribable old women, enveloped in their own petticoats thrown over their heads; girls hooded with sombre black mantles; old men wrinkled beyond recognition by their nearest relatives; jabbering, half-naked boys; slow, slouching fishermen with clay pipes in their mouths and philosophical acceptance on their sober foreheads.



That afternoon the gondola and sandolo were lashed together side by side. Two sails were raised, and in this lazy fashion we stole homewards, faster or slower according as the breeze freshened or slackened, landing now and then on islands, sauntering along the sea-walls which bulwark Venice from the Adriatic, and singing—those at least of us who had the power to sing. Four of our Venetians had trained voices and memories of inexhaustible music. Over the level water, with the ripple plashing at our keel, their songs went abroad, and mingled with the failing day. The barcaroles and serenades peculiar to Venice were, of course, in harmony with the occasion. But some transcripts from classical operas were even more attractive, through the dignity with which these men invested them. By the peculiarity of their treatment the *recitativo* of the stage assumed a solemn movement, marked in rhythm, which removed it from the commonplace into antiquity, and made me understand how cultivated music may pass back by natural, unconscious transition into the realm of popular melody.

The sun sank, not splendidly, but quietly in banks of clouds above the Alps. Stars came out, uncertainly at first, and then in strength, reflected on the sea. The men of the Dogana watch-boat challenged us and let us pass. Madonna's lamp was twinkling from her shrine upon the harbor-pile. The city grew before us. Stealing into Venice in that calm, stealing silently and shadowlike, with scarce a ruffle of the water, the masses of the town emerging out of darkness into twilight, till San Giorgio's gun boomed with a flash athwart our stern, and the gas-lamps of the Piazzetta swam into sight; all this was like a long enchanted chapter of romance. And now the music of our men had sunk to one faint whistling from my friend of tunes in harmony with whispers at the prow.

Then came the steps of the Palazzo Venier, and the deep-scented darkness of the garden. As we passed through to supper, I plucked a spray of yellow Bankisia rose, and put it in my button-hole. The dew was on its burnished leaves, and evening had drawn forth its perfume.

## IV.

## MORNING RAMBLES.

A STORY is told of Poussin, the French painter, that when he was asked why he would not stay in Venice, he replied, "If

I stay here I shall become a colorist!" A somewhat similar tale is reported of a fashionable English decorator. While on a visit to friends in Venice he avoided every building which contains a Tintoretto, averring that the sight of Tintoretto's pictures would injure his carefully trained taste. It is probable that neither anecdote is strictly true. Yet there is a certain epigrammatic point in both; and I have often speculated whether even Venice could have so warped the genius of Poussin as to shed one ray of splendor on his canvases, or whether even Tintoretto could have so sublimed the prophet of Queen Anne as to make him add dramatic passion to a London drawing-room. Anyhow, it is exceedingly difficult to escape from color in the air of Venice, or from Tintoretto in her buildings. Long, delightful mornings may be spent in the enjoyment of the one and the pursuit of the other by folk who have no classical or pseudo-mediæval theories to oppress them.

Tintoretto's house, though changed, can still be visited. It formed part of the *Fondamenta dei Mori*, so called from having been the quarter assigned to Moorish traders in Venice. A spirited carving of a turbaned Moor leading a camel charged with merchandise remains above the water-line of a neighboring building, and all about the crumbling walls spout flowering weeds—sapphire and snap-dragon and the spiked campanula, which shoots a spire of sea-blue stars from chinks of Isirian stone.

The house stands opposite the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto, where Tintoretto was buried, and where four of his chief masterpieces are to be seen. This church, swept and garnished, is a triumph of modern Italian restoration. They have contrived to make it as commonplace as human ingenuity could manage. Yet no malice of ignorant industry can obscure the treasures it contains—the pictures of Cima, Gian Bellini, Palma, and the four Tintoretos, which form its crowning glory. Here the master may be studied in four of his chief moods: as the painter of tragic passion and movement, in the huge "Last Judgment;" as the painter of impossibilities, in "The Vision of Moses upon Sinai;" as the painter of purity and tranquil pathos, in "The Miracle of St. Agnes;" as the painter of Biblical history brought home to daily life, in "The Presentation of the Virgin." Without leaving the Madonna dell' Orto, a student can explore his genius in all its depth and



breadth; comprehend the enthusiasm he excites in those who seek, as the essentials of art, imaginative boldness and sincerity; understand what is meant by adversaries who maintain that, after all, Tintoretto was but an inspired Gustave Doré. Between that quiet canvas of "The Presentation," so modest in its cool greys and subdued gold, and the tumult of flying, ruining, ascending figures in the "Judgment," what an interval there is! How strangely the white lamb-like maiden, kneeling beside her lamb in the picture of St. Agnes, contrasts with the dusky gorgeously of the Hebrew women despoiling themselves of jewels for the golden calf! Comparing these several manifestations of creative power, we feel ourselves in the grasp of a painter who was essentially a poet, one for whom his art was the medium for expressing before all things thought and passion. Each picture is executed in the manner suited to its tone of feeling, the key of its conception.

Elsewhere than in the *Madonna dell'Orto* there are more distinguished single examples of Tintoretto's realizing faculty. "The Last Supper," in San Giorgio, for instance, and "The Adoration of the Shepherds" in the Scuola di San Rocco illustrate his unique power of presenting sacred history in a novel, romantic framework of familiar things. The most commonplace circumstances of ordinary life have been employed to portray in the one case a lyric of mysterious splendor; in the other, an idyll of infinite sweetness. Divinity shines through the rafters of that upper chamber, where round the low, large table the apostles are assembled in a group translated from the social customs of the painter's days. Divinity is shed upon the straw-spread manger, where Christ lies sleeping in the loft, with shepherds crowding through the room beneath.

A studied contrast between the simplicity and repose of the central figure and the tumult of passions in the multitude around may be observed in "The Miracle of St. Agnes." It is this which gives dramatic vigor to the composition. But the same effect is carried to its highest fulfilment, with even a loftier beauty, in the episode of "Christ before the Judgment-seat of Pilate," at San Rocco. Of all Tintoretto's religious pictures that is the most profoundly felt, the most majestic. No other artist succeeded as he has here succeeded in presenting to us God incarnate. For this Christ is not

merely the just man, innocent, silent, before his accusers. The stationary, white-draped figure raised high above the agitated crowd, with tranquil forehead slightly bent, facing his perplexed and fussy judge, is more than man. We cannot say perhaps precisely why he is divine. But Tintoretto has made us feel that he is. In other words, his treatment of the high theme chosen by him has been adequate.

We must seek the Scuola di San Rocco for examples of Tintoretto's liveliest imagination. Without ceasing to be Italian in his attention to harmony and grace, he far exceeded the masters of his nation in the power of suggesting what is weird, mysterious, upon the border-land of the grotesque. And of this quality there are three remarkable instances in the Scuola. No one but Tintoretto could have evoked the fiend in his "Temptation of Christ." It is an indescribable hermaphroditic genius, the genius of carnal fascination, with outspread, downy, rose-plumed wings, and flaming bracelets on the full, plump arms, who kneels and lifts aloft great stones, smiling entreatingly to the sad, grey Christ seated beneath a rugged penthouse of the desert. No one again but Tintoretto could have dashed the hot lights of that fiery sunset in such quivering flakes upon the golden flesh of Eve, half-hidden among laurels, as she stretches forth the fruit of the fall to shrinking Adam. No one but Tintoretto, till we come to Blake, could have imagined yonder Jonah, summoned by the beck of God from the whale's belly. The monstrous fish rolls over in the ocean, blowing portentous vapor from his trumpet-shaped nostril. The prophet's beard descends upon his naked breast in hoary ringlets to the girdle. He has forgotten the past peril of the deep, although the whale's jaws yawn around him. Between him and the outstretched finger of Jehovah calling him again to life there runs a spark of unseen spiritual electricity.

To comprehend Tintoretto's touch upon the pastoral idyll we must turn our steps to San Giorgio again, and pace those meadows by the running river in company with his manna-gatherers. Or we may seek the Accademia, and notice how he here has varied "The Temptation of Adam by Eve," choosing a less tragic motive of seduction than the one so powerfully rendered at San Rocco. Or in the Ducal Palace we may take our station, hour by hour, before "The Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne." It is well to leave the very highest achievements of art, un-



ouched by criticism, undescribed. And in this picture we have the most perfect of all modern attempts to realize an antique myth — more perfect than Raphael's "Galatea" or Titian's "Meeting of Bacchus with Ariadne," or Botticelli's "Birth of Venus from the Sea." It may suffice to marvel at the slight effect which melodies so powerful and so direct as these produce upon the ordinary public, sitting, as is my wont, one Sunday morning, opposite the "Bacchus," four Germans with a cicerone sauntered by. The subject was explained to them. They waited an appreciable space of time. Then the youngest opened his lips and spake: "*Bacchus war der Wein-Gott.*" And they all moved heavily away. *Bos locutus est.* "Bacchus was the wine-god!" This, apparently, is what a picture tells to one man. To another it presents divine harmonies, perceptible indeed in nature, but here by the painter-poet for the first time brought together and cadenced in a work of art. For another it is perhaps the hieroglyph of pent-up passions and desired impossibilities. For yet another it may only mean the unapproachable inimitable triumph of consummate craft.

Tintoretto, to be rightly understood, must be sought all over Venice — in the church as well as the Scuola di San Rocco; in "The Temptation of St. Anthony" at S. Trovaso no less than in the temptations of Eve and Christ; in the decorative pomp of the Sala del Senato, and in the Paradisal vision of the Sala del Gran Consiglio. Yet, after all, there is one of his most characteristic moods, to appreciate which fully we return to the Madonna nell' Orto. I have called him "the painter of impossibilities." At rare moments he rendered them possible by sheer imaginative force. If we wish to realize this phase of his creative power, and to measure our own subordination to his genius in its most hazardous enterprise, we must spend much time in the choir of this church. Lovers of art who mistrust this play of the audacious fancy — aiming at sublimity in supersensual regions, sometimes attaining to it by stupendous effort or authentic revelation, not seldom sinking to the verge of bathos, and demanding the assistance of interpretative sympathy in the spectator — such men will not take the point of view required of them by Tintoretto in his boldest flights, in "The Worship of the Golden Calf" and in "The Destruction of the World by Water." It is for them to ponder well the flying archangel with the scales of judg-

ment in his hand, and the seraph-charioted Jehovah enveloping Moses upon Sinai in lightnings.

The gondola has had a long rest. Were Francesco but a little more impatient, he might be wondering what had become of the padrone. I bid him turn, and we are soon gliding into the Sacca della Misericordia. This is a protected float, where the wood which comes from Cadore and the hills of the Ampezzo is stored in spring. Yonder square white house, standing out to sea, fronting Murano and the Alps, they call the Casa degli Spiriti. No one cares to inhabit it; for here, in old days, it was the wont of the Venetians to lay their dead for a night's rest before their final journey to the graveyard of S. Michele. So many generations of dead folk had made that house their inn, that it is now no fitting home for living men. San Michele is the island close before Murano, where the Lombardi built one of their most romantically graceful churches of pale Istrian stone, and where the Campo Santo has for centuries received the dead into its oozy clay. The cemetery is at present undergoing restoration. Its state of squalor and abandonment to cynical disorder makes one feel how fitting for Italians would be the custom of cremation. An island in the lagoons devoted to funeral pyres is a solemn and ennobling conception. This graveyard, with its ruinous walls, its mangy riot of unwholesome weeds, its corpses festering in slime beneath neglected slabs in hollow chambers, and the mephitic wash of poisoned waters that surround it, inspires the horror of disgust.

The morning has not lost its freshness. Antelao and Tofana, guarding the vale above Cortina, show faint streaks of snow upon their amethyst. Little clouds hang in the still autumn sky. There are men dredging for shrimps and crabs through shoals uncovered by the ebb. Nothing can be lovelier, more resting to eyes tired with pictures than this tranquil, sunny expanse of the lagoon. As we round the point of the Bersaglio new landscapes of island and Alp and low-lying mainland move into sight at every slow stroke of the oar. A luggage-train comes lumbering along the railway bridge, puffing white smoke into the placid blue. Then we strike down Cannaregio, and I muse upon processions of kings and generals and noble strangers, entering Venice by this water-path from Mestre, before the Austrians built their causeway for the trains.



Some of the rare scraps of fresco upon house-fronts, still to be seen in Venice, are left in Cannaregio. They are chiaro-scuro allegories in a bold bravura manner of the sixteenth century. From these and from a few rosy fragments on the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, the Fabbriche Nuove, and precious fading figures in a certain courtyard near San Stefano, we form some notion how Venice looked when all her palaces were painted. Pictures by Gentile Bellini, Mansueti, and Carpaccio help the fancy in this work of restoration. And here and there, in back canals, we come across colored sections of old buildings, capped by true Venetian chimneys, which for a moment seem to realize our dream.

A morning with Tintoretto might well be followed by a morning with Carpaccio or Bellini. But space is wanting in these pages. Nor would it suit the manner of this medley to hunt the Lombardi through palaces and churches, pointing out their singularities of violet and yellow panelings in marble, the dignity of their wide-opened arches, or the delicacy of their shallow chiselled traceries in cream-white Istrian stone. It is enough to indicate the goal of many a pleasant pilgrimage: warrior angels of Vivarini and Basaiti, hidden in a dark chapel of the Frari; Fra Francesco's fantastic orchard of fruits and flowers in distant S. Francesco della Vigna; the golden Gian Bellini in S. Zaccaria; Palma's majestic S. Barbara in S. Maria Formosa; San Giobbe's wealth of sculptured frieze and floral scroll; the Ponte di Paradiso, with its Gothic arch; the painted plates in the Museo Civico; and palace after palace, loved for some quaint piece of tracery, some moulding full of mediæval symbolism, some fierce impossible Renaissance freak of fancy.

From Temple Bar.

#### RESEARCHES IN MY POCKETS.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. CHARLES MONSELET,\* BY F. B. HARRISON.

I CANNOT deceive myself — I was horribly tipsy last night. Let him who has never been in like case throw the first empty bottle at me!

How did it happen? In this way. I, a civilian, reading law, was invited to

dine at the garrison mess. I had never been at a similar entertainment, and I cannot but think, now that I look back on it, that the officers played some trick on me. I only know that they were prodigiously polite, which always looks suspicious. From a certain point, from the third course, I remember very little; a sort of cloudy curtain intercepts the view like the curtains that come down in pantomimes, and all the rest of it is like a pantomime, and I don't know whether I was clown, or pantaloone, or columbine.

Yet something must have happened to me, a great many things. I've been sleeping in my white tie; and then my face! What a shockingly yellow, dissipated face! Upon my word, it is a pretty affair! At my time, one-and-twenty, to be overcome by wine like a schoolboy out for a holiday! I cannot express what I think of it.

How am I to know what happened last night? Ask my landlady? No; I cannot let her see how ashamed I am. Besides, she would only know the condition in which I came home; and that I can guess.

They say that from a single bone Professor Owen can reconstruct an entire antediluvian animal; I must try and do something similar to reconstruct my existence during the last twelve or fourteen hours. I must get hold of two or three clues.

Where can I find them?

In my pockets, perhaps.

Since I was a small boy I have always had the habit of stuffing them with all manner of things. Now, this is the time for me to search them.

I tremble. What shall I find?

*(Searches his waistcoat pocket.)*

I have gently insinuated two fingers into my waistcoat pocket, and have brought out my purse. Empty! Hang it!

*(Lifts his overcoat from the floor.)*

On picking up my overcoat I have found my pocket-book, half open, and the papers fallen from it on the carpet.

The first of these papers which catches my eye is the *carte* of last night's dinner. Well, who was there? How many of us? Several of the fellows I knew, of course; but which of them? Happy thought! The *menu* will remind me of their various tastes and reveal their names to me.

Oysters. Well, I know that the colonel is a tremendous hand at oysters, so I am sure he was there.

\* From Saynètes et Monologues, Première Série, Tresse, Editeur, Galerie du Théâtre Français, Palais Royal, Paris.



Mulligatawny. That is Captain Simpkins's soup, or rather liquid fire, so Simpkins was there. Two of them.

Roast beef. Makes me think of little Dumerque, the Jersey man who wants to be a thorough Englishman. He was there.

Saddle of mutton. Tom Horsley, the inveterate steeplechaser.

Charlotte Russe. That is Ned Walker, who published his travels from "Peterborough to Petersburg."

Now I know pretty well who some of my fellow-guests were. As for the others —

*(Picks up some photographs.)*

Hullo! were there women at the mess? No, certainly not. Then we must have talked of women, and the men must have given me photographs of their female relatives. Strange thing to do! especially as I don't know the ladies. Here's an ancient and fish-like personage in a blue jersey. Dumerque's grandmother, I'll be bound. Here a stout, middle-aged dame, widow probably. I know Simpkins wants to marry a widow; but why give me her portrait?

And this — this is charming! Quite in the modern style — low forehead, small nose, tiny mouth, all eyes, and what splendid eyes! and such lashes! She is fair, as well as one can judge from a photograph. And the little curls on her forehead are like rings of gold. And so young, a mere child. A lovely figure; our forefathers would have compared her to a rose-tree, but then our forefathers were not strong in similes. She has neither earrings nor necklace; perhaps that gives her that look of disdain. Disdain! She knows nothing yet of life, but tries to seem tired of it. They are all like that.

Who is she? She must be the colonel's daughter; I've heard that his daughter is a pretty girl. I must have expressed my warm admiration of the photograph, and he must have responded by giving it to me. Did I ask him for her hand? Did he refuse it? or did he put off his reply? Perhaps that was why I drank too much.

Now let me proceed. What further happened? Let me continue my researches.

*(Tries the pockets of the overcoat.)*

By Jingo! Two visiting-cards! The first says: —

Captain Wellington Spearman,  
First Royal Lancer Dragoons.

The other: —

Major Garnet Havelock Cannon,  
Rifle Artillery.

Now, what does it all mean? I do not know those military gentlemen. They must have been guests like myself. How do I come to have their cards? There must have been some dispute, some quarrel, some row. These two cards must have been given in exchange for two of mine.

It all comes back to me!

A duel — perhaps two duels!

But duels about what? Whom did I affront? I know I'm an awful fire-eater when I've drank too much. But was I the challenger or the challenged? I think my left cheek is rather swollen as if from a blow; but that is mere fancy. What dreadful follies have I got myself into?

I can make out some pencil marks on the first card, that of the captain in the Lancer Dragoons. Yes. "Ten o'clock, behind St. Martin's Church."

Ah, a hostile meeting, that is clear. I must run; perhaps I shall be in time.

No, too late; it is half past eleven.

I am dishonored, branded as a coward! No one will believe me when I say that I had a headache, and overslept myself on the morning of a duel.

I have no energy to look further in my pockets. Still, one never knows —

*(Brings out a handkerchief.)*

A handkerchief — a very fine one — thin cambric. But it is not one of mine. There is a coronet in the corner. How did I come by this handkerchief? Could I have stolen it? I seem to be on the road to the county gaol.

Oh, how my head aches!

A flower is in my buttonhole. How did it come there? Forget-me-nots; their blue eyes closed, all withered and drooping. I could not have bought so humble a bouquet at the flower-shop; it must have been given me. It was given me, it came to me from the fair one with golden curls. Her father gave it to me from her, knowing that I was about to risk my life — to risk my life for her sake, no doubt.

Yes, that is it. My fears increase. I dread to know more. I am afraid to prosecute my researches in my pockets. I may find my hands full of forget-me-nots — or of blood!

Oh! Ah! by Jove!

What now?



This overcoat — is not mine. No, mine is dark grey, this is light grey. I have not travelled through my pockets, but through the pockets of somebody else.

But then—if the coat is not mine, neither is the duel.

Not mine the *carte*.

Not mine the photographs.

Not mine the forget-me-nots.

Not mine the cards.

I have not stolen the handkerchief.

I am all right; thank goodness, I am all right!

And my romance about the colonel's lovely daughter—I am sorry about it, upon my word. At least, I am sorry for her, for I fear she will never now make my acquaintance.

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From St. James's Gazette.

#### THE HEROINE OF A FISHING VILLAGE.

UNTIL she was nineteen years old, Dorothy lived a very uneventful life; for one week was much the same as another in the placid existence of the village. On Sunday mornings, when the church-bells began to ring, you would meet her walking over the moor with a springy step. Her shawl was gay, and her dress was of the most pronounced color that could be bought in the market-town. Her brown hair was gathered in a net, and her calm eyes looked from under an old-fashioned bonnet of straw. Her feet were always bare, but she carried her shoes and stockings slung over her shoulder. When she got near the church she sat down in the shade of a hedge and put them on; then she walked the rest of the distance with a cramped and civilized gait. On the Monday mornings early she carried the water from the well. Her great "skeel" was poised easily on her head; and, as she strode along singing lightly without shaking a drop of water over the edge of her pail, you could see how she had come by her erect carriage. When the boats came in, she went to the beach and helped to carry the baskets of fish to the cart. She was then dressed in a sort of thick flannel blouse and a singular quantity of brief petticoats. Her head was bare, and she looked far better than in her Sunday clothes. If the morning were fine she sat out in the sun and baited the lines, all the while lilting old country songs in her guttural dialect. In the evening she would spend some time chatting with other lasses in the Row;

but she never had a very long spell of that pastime, for she had to be at work winter and summer by about five or six in the morning. The fisher-folk do not waste many candles by keeping late hours. She was very healthy and powerful, very ignorant, and very modest. Had she lived by one of the big harbors, where fleets of boats come in, she might have been as rough and brazen as the girls often are in those places. But in her secluded little village the ways of the people were old-fashioned and decorous, and girls were very restrained in their manners. No one would have taken her to be anything more than an ordinary country girl had not a chance enabled her to show herself full of bravery and resource.

Every boat in the village went away north one evening, and not a man remained in the Row excepting three very old fellows, who were long past work of any kind. When a fisherman grows helpless with age he is kept by his own people, and his days are passed in quietly smoking on the kitchen settle or in looking dimly out over the sea from the bench at the door. But a man must be sorely "failed" before he is reduced to idleness, and able to do nothing that needs strength. A southerly gale, with a southerly sea, came away in the night, and the boats could not beat down from the northward. By daylight they were all safe in a harbor about eighteen miles north of the village. The sea grew worse and worse, till the usual clouds of foam flew against the houses or skimmed away into the fields beyond. When the wind reached its height the sounds it made in the hollows were like distant firing of small arms, and the waves in the hollow rocks seemed to shake the ground over the cliffs. A little schooner came round the point, running before the sea. She might have got clear away, because it was easy enough for her, had she clawed a short way out, risking the beam sea, to have made the harbor where the fishers were. But the skipper kept her close in, and presently she struck on a long tongue of rocks that trended far out eastward. The tops of her masts seemed nearly to meet, so it appeared as if she had broken her back. The seas flew sheer over her, and the men had to climb into the rigging. All the women were watching and waiting to see her go to pieces. There was no chance of getting a boat out, so the helpless villagers waited to see the men drown; and the women cried in their shrill, piteous man-



ner. Dorothy said, "Will she break up in an hour? If I thowt she could hing there I would be away for the lifeboat." But the old men said, "You can never cross the burn." Four miles south, behind the point, there was a village where a lifeboat was kept; but just half-way a stream ran into the sea, and across this stream there was only a plank bridge. Half a mile below the bridge the water spread far over the broad sand and became very shallow and wide. Dorothy spoke no more, except to say, "I'll away." She ran across the moor for a mile, and then scrambled down to the sand so that the tearing wind might not impede her. It was dangerous work for the next mile. Every yard of the way she had to splash through the foam, because the great waves were rolling up very nearly to the foot of the cliffs. An extra strong sea might have caught her off her feet, but she did not think of that; she only thought of saving her breath by escaping the direct onslaught of the wind. When she came to the mouth of the burn her heart failed her for a little. There was three-quarters of a mile of water covered with creamy foam, and she did not know but that she might be taken out of her depth. Yet she determined to risk, and plunged in at a run. The sand was hard under foot, but, as she said, when the piled foam came softly up to her waist she "felt gey funny." Half-way across she stumbled into a hole caused by a swirling eddy, and she thought all was over; but her nerve never failed her, and she struggled till she got a footing again. When she reached the hard ground she was wet to the neck, and her hair was sodden with her one plunge "overhead." Her clothes troubled her with their weight in crossing the moor; so she put off all she did not need and pressed forward again. Presently she reached the house where the coxswain of the lifeboat lived. She gasped out, "The schooner! On the Letch! Norrad."

The coxswain, who had seen the schooner go past, knew what was the matter. He said, "Here, wife, look after the lass," and ran out. The "lass" needed looking after, for she had fainted. But her work was well done; the lifeboat went round the point, ran north, and took six men ashore from the schooner. The captain had been washed overboard, but the others were saved by Dorothy's daring and endurance. The girl is as simple as ever, and she knows nothing whatever about Grace Darling. If she were offered

any reward she would probably wonder why she should receive one.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### WHITEHALL, PAST AND FUTURE.

THE original residence was built by Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, about the year 1240. It was given by him a few years later to the Black Friars, who, in their turn—perhaps of their own free will, perhaps from pressure put upon them—made it over to the Archbishop of York. His successors regularly inhabited it when they made their journeys to London, and as it was known in consequence as York House. It would be more than tedious to give even a sketch of its history through the reigns of monarchs from Henry III. to Henry VIII.; but we turn towards it instinctively and with wakening interest when we find Wolsey seated there in more than kingly state. The most brilliant page of the history of Whitehall begins with Wolsey's name. He kept up a state that would not have disgraced the wealthiest monarch in Christendom. The walls of his chambers were hung with cloth of gold and tissue, cloth of silver, and other rich cloths "wrought about with divers colors." In one chamber hung his suit of copes, which were of unequalled richness, jewelled and embroidered. In a room called the Gilt Chamber was all his gold plate, much of it being set with pearls and other gems. In the Council Chamber everything was silver and parcel-gilt. He housed and maintained a vast retinue. In every progress, he took with him a train of eight hundred persons, among whom were ten lords, fifteen knights, and forty squires. In a contemporary print of one of these journeys, Wolsey himself is seen riding, not on a prancing palfrey, but—as became a lowly priest—on a mule. That, surely, is a good illustration of "the pride that apes humility." His cook was dressed in a jerkin of satin, and wore a gold chain round his neck. The entertainments given to Henry were of unparalleled magnificence; but it would be tedious and indeed impossible to give, in a brief article, an adequate idea of any one of them. Suffice it to say that masques and pageants and banquets, mirth and revelry of all kinds, were continually set forth. When, in 1529, Whitehall was bought by Henry from Wolsey, the king maintained all the cardinal's magnificence. But he



did more. Indeed, splendid as the palace had been, it was Henry who made it the noble seat that for a century and a half it continued to be. A most interesting plan, published in 1680, shows Whitehall very much as it was left by Henry a hundred and thirty years before. The river frontage extended from a point in a line with the present Northumberland Avenue, nearly to where Westminster Bridge now stands. The Privy Garden—long since built upon by the houses still called Whitehall Gardens—was laid out in sixteen plots. Further south was the orchard, and beyond this a large, smooth-shaven bowling-green. Then among the heterogeneous mass of buildings we find the wine-cellar, the great hall, the chapel, the vestry, the pantry, the priory buttery, the cofferer's cellar, the spicery, the kitchen, the small-beer buttery, and many other offices, each set aside for some one department of royal state and luxury. Then comes Scotland Yard, so called from the suite of apartments therein which was used by the Scottish kings when they made their yearly journey to London to do homage and fealty for Scotland before the English monarch. But a large part

of the palace precincts extended across what is now the road and abutted on to the Park. Where part of the Horse Guards stands was the tilt-yard, in which magnificent joustings were held, and a little nearer Downing Street was the tennis-court; while, as far as may be judged from old engravings, the present house of the first lord of the treasury is nearly, if not exactly, on the site of Henry VIII.'s cockpit! But old Whitehall, during Henry's reign, did not look down merely on tournaments and revelries. Here it was that he first met Anne Boleyn, and it was here that he was privately married to her on January 25, 1533. Early in the morning, Dr. Lee, at that time one of the king's chaplains and afterward Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, was sent for to perform mass in Henry's closet. Besides the king, he found there Anne Boleyn and her train-bearer, Mrs. Savage, who was afterwards Lady Berkeley, and some grooms of the bed-chamber; and Lord Herbert of Cherbury affirms that Cranmer assisted at the ceremony. And it was here that Henry, about whom historians have agreed to differ so widely, old, diseased, and almost deserted, died.

THE VOICE OF LIZARDS. — A correspondent writes to *Land and Water*: "During the last few weeks I have seen it discussed in the columns of the public press whether lizards are voiceless; also if they possess venomous organs. Some years since, when at Moulmein with my lamented friend, the late Dr. F. Stoliczka (where we were engaged in collecting zoological objects), the latter question arose regarding the large *tuck-too* lizard, so common in all dwellings in that country, and to the bite of which some Burmese attribute venomous qualities. They likewise assert that every succeeding year following their birth the number of *too's* at the end of its speech increases by one more, so that at four years old, when giving tongue, it would vociferate *tuck-too-too-too-too*. Everybody who has been in Burmah (unless deaf) must be acquainted with the voice of the *tuck-too*, while the little 'cheep' of the wall-lizard may be heard anywhere in the East. The succeeding Sunday I went to church, where the service was attended by the civil and military officials, as well as by the rank and fashion of the station. The chaplain, having completed the service, had entered the pulpit prior to commencing his sermon, when a curious interruption occurred. The text was duly enunciated, and the Padre was about to begin his discourse, when a large *tuck-too* appeared on a desk just below his reverence, and lifting up

its head in front of the congregation, showed that it possessed a voice, by giving an unearthly *tuck-too-too-too-too*, every succeeding *too* apparently louder than the previous one, and a considerable interval elapsing between each. With every call it elevated its head and distended its throat, while during this performance the clergyman had to stop, as his words were drowned by the voice of his lacertilian opponent. That evening, while we were at dinner, and discussing the voice of the *tuck-too*, regretting that so far we had been unsuccessful in collecting good examples, we heard from one corner of the ceiling one of these lizards commencing his call. We speedily obtained a long bamboo, and by a fortunate stroke knocked the *tuck-too* down. My friend at once pounced upon his prey, but the lizard was active and seized its captor by one finger, inflicting a severe wound. Down went the *tuck-too*, the non-venomous qualities of which were no longer discussed, warm water was brought, the wound well cleansed, and everything done appropriate to a venomous bite, which symptoms fortunately never supervened. During this time our little dog had destroyed the value of the lizard as a specimen by biting it to pieces, in doing which it appeared to think it was avenging its master's injuries as well as performing an immensely courageous act."



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## CONTENTS.

I. THE LITERARY RESTORATION, 1790-1830, .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . .	131
II. THE BARONESS HELENA VON SAARFELD, .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . .	139
III. RACHEL, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . .	156
IV. ROBIN. By Mrs. Parr, author of "Adam and Eve." Part XVII., . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	173
V. A VENETIAN MEDLEY. Part II., . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	179
VI. HISTORICAL COOKERY, . . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	184
VII. "FANATICISM" IN THE EAST, . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	187
VIII. THE WELCOME OF AN INN, . . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i> . . . . .	189
IX. MOONSTRUCK, . . . . .	<i>Sunday at Home,</i> . . . . .	192

## POETRY.

BINDWEED, . . . . .	130	A CONQUEST, . . . . .	130
POPPIES, . . . . .	130		

MISCELLANY, . . . . .	192
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## BINDWEED.

THE verdant garlands creep and twine  
About the branches of the vine,  
And hold in close embrace  
The blushing beauty of the rose,  
That year by year untended grows  
In this deserted place.

Its blossom, like a shallow cup  
Of purest parian, lifted up,  
Is full of morning dew ;  
My comely lilies, nursed with care  
To glad the garden borders, wear  
No whiter, purer hue.

And yet, and yet, I know the vine  
Whereon its graceful garlands twine,  
Had come to better fruit,  
If this lush growth of white and green,  
The bindweed's close and clinging screen,  
Had never taken root.

And yet, and yet, I know the rose  
That through its greenness glints and glows,  
Had come to fuller flower,  
If this fair fragile parasite  
Had never spread its green and white  
To summer sun and shower.

I pull the slender leaves apart,  
There lies a lesson, oh, my heart !  
Beneath the bindweed spray.  
It saps the vine, and dwarfs the flower ;  
So clinging human love hath power,  
To sap and dwarf away.

To sap the soul of strength divine,  
To blight its fruit, like cumbered vine,  
Which scarce a cluster shows ;  
To dwarf with narrow selfish claims,  
The growth of wide and generous aims,  
As bindweed dwarfs the rose.

And yet, God wot, the love is clean,  
And like the bindweed, fresh and green  
It springeth in the heart ;  
'Tis only when we lack the grace  
To train it fairly in its place,  
To portion out its part ;

'Tis only when we let it climb  
O'er holier heights and more sublime  
Than earthly love should go ;  
'Tis only when we let it creep  
Across the gifts that we should keep  
For God, it brings us woe.

For let the bindweed have its will,  
Nor human toil, nor human skill,  
Can keep the garden fair ;  
But train the bindweed in its place,  
And larger blossom, fairer grace,  
Will straight repay the care.

So if the garden of the heart  
Be over-run in every part,  
By love beyond control ;  
Life's worthy labor cannot speed,  
And flower of thought, and fruit of deed,  
Grow never in the soul.

But train that weak and clinging love,  
By sturdy props, to wave above  
Life's work, and give it grace ;  
No longer then a parasite,  
Love clothes with garlands of delight  
Its own appointed place !

All the Year Round.

## POPPIES.

NOTHING is useless. Do not scorn  
These poppies of the field :  
Who thinks a space will not despise  
Their blusful cheeks and downcast eyes,  
Remembering all they yield.

The life-blood of the golden land,  
They greet the passer by :  
Flushing, with ev'ry wind that's born,  
The heaving bosom of the corn,  
Under the summer sky.

Ah ! fitting is it ye should grow  
Beside the "staff of life," —  
The one our strength from day to day,  
The other a pow'r to soothe away  
All human care and strife !

When on some fevered bed, perchance,  
The corn will not avail,  
Nor wine, nor any potions deep,  
To call one little hour of sleep  
Over the eyelids pale ;

'Tis then those "useless scarlet coats"  
(Like some of human kind)  
Prove their strong hearts can soothe distress,  
For all they wear a gaudy dress,  
That flutters in the wind.

Their sun-dried leaves have not in vain  
Outlived the harvest-day,  
If life has gained one hour of peace —  
If troubles for a moment cease —  
Under the poppy's sway.

HAMILTON AIDE.

## A CONQUEST.

I FOUND him openly wearing her token ;  
I knew that her troth could never be broken ;  
I laid my hand on the hilt of my sword,  
He did the same and spoke not a word ;  
I bad him confess his villainy,  
He smiled and said, "She gave it me."  
We searched for seconds, they soon were found,  
They measured our swords, and measured the  
ground ;  
To save us they would not have uttered a  
breath,  
They were ready enough to help us to death.  
We fought in the midst of a wintry wood,  
Till the fair white snow was red with his blood ;  
But his was the victory, for, as he died,  
He swore by the rood that he had not lied.

W. H. POLLOCK.



From The Cornhill Magazine.  
THE LITERARY RESTORATION.

1790-1830.

THE process of transition by which the English literature of the eighteenth century passed into that of the nineteenth, is only one of many analogous processes which, commencing about a hundred years ago, and working themselves out towards the beginning of the Victorian age, make up the complete transformation of thought, manners, and customs which the English nation underwent coincidently with the French Revolution. The transformation is singularly interesting, because it is not so remote but that men were still alive in our youth who had passed through it, and who remembered the ancient *régime* as we remember the Corn Laws. Thus we are brought into almost living contact with a state of society which would seem as strange to ourselves, could we actually awake in it, as it in turn would have seemed to the England of Elizabeth, perhaps even stranger. It is this combined nearness to, and remoteness from ourselves which lends its special interest to the period in question, whether we contemplate it in its political or religious, its social or its literary aspects. And to the lady who has undertaken to illustrate the latter, all lovers of the subject must acknowledge themselves to be deeply indebted. We propose on this occasion to glance at a few of the salient characteristics of the generation which she passes in review: at the position which it occupies in the history of English literature; and its connection with preceding and subsequent literary developments.

English modern history is marked off into three very distinct periods by the great events of the Reformation, the English Revolution, and the French Revolution. We are still living in the third, and cannot tell what it may yet have in store for us. Of the other two no doubt we still continue to feel the effects, and to work on the results; but for all that, each admits of being regarded as something complete within itself, and possessing peculiarities of its own which have not descended with its other legacies to pos-

terity. By the great religious and literary movement of the sixteenth century the human mind was set free almost like a child from school. We might almost illustrate its liberation by the famous simile of the horse in the Iliad, the most perfect picture, perhaps, of buoyant and exulting freedom to be found in the whole compass of poetry. Then came an age of marvels, an age of discovery, of daring enterprises, of light-hearted, reckless adventure, of imagination strung to its highest pitch. The spirit of the time finds its faithful reflection in Shakespeare, whose blithesomeness is at least as remarkable as his sublimity. The first burst of joy over, we see a softer and more pensive air stealing over literature: the boyish vigor of one age passing into the gallantry, the loyalty, and the spiritual fervor of the next; the progression from Shakespeare through the Caroline poets down to Milton, is perfectly natural and logical. With Milton the procession closes. The curtain falls upon the age of imagination and rises on the age of reason. Dryden fills up the interval, occupying much the same position in relation to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as Byron did in relation to the eighteenth and nineteenth. The natural bent of his mind was towards the school of the future. He was the founder of the new versification which Pope brought to perfection. Circumstances made him the poet of an imaginative creed, but nature meant him rather for satire and for criticism, for moral and didactic poetry, and the very excellence of his prose is perhaps some testimony to the truth of the assertion.

However, not to spend more time upon particular individuals, we find the second of the epochs of literature starting from the English Revolution and full developed in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Several influences were at work to mould it into the form which it assumed. The effect of all revolutions is to breed a spirit of scepticism and to damp the spirit of reverence. Where the revolution, like the French, is accompanied by a burst of political fanaticism, one kind of enthusiasm may simply take the place of another: the enthusiasm of liberty



succeed to the enthusiasm of loyalty. Where this is not the case, as in the English Revolution, where the doctrine of hereditary right, the divinity that doth hedge a king, is overthrown, not by an imaginative creed more powerful than itself, but by a purely rationalistic one, the scepticism is likely to be accompanied by a mingled spirit of utilitarianism and cynicism. This is what took place in this country between 1690 and 1720. Obedience to authority was to rest on reason and on no original and underived title. Poetry "stooped to truth." Prose became familiar and easy, and busy with the ordinary concerns of life. Religion, Christianity, theology, were to make themselves useful—to enforce morality. Imagination took wings and flew away. Pope was largely endowed with it by nature, but the reaction was too much for him. Akenside wrote upon the subject only to show that he had it not. Ideas had brought much evil on the world. They were the parents of both Puritanism and Jacobitism; and the great bulk of the English people were sick of both. To this sceptical, materialistic, and utilitarian spirit of the age, therefore, which was one direct product of the Revolution, we owe the practical character of the eighteenth-century literature. To the leisure which life acquired through the settlement of all the great questions by which it had so long been agitated, we owe its other distinctive characteristic, its form and finish, or what Pope called its correctness.\* An age much harassed by spiritual and social problems is impatient of form both in religion and in literature. An age of repose has time for it. The manner of a work becomes almost as important as the matter. Appreciation of elegance does not make too severe a demand on our intellectual energies. A lower level of thought and a higher level of style than prevailed in the seventeenth century is the combination which greets us in the eighteenth; and attractive as it is at its best, it is easy to see that in its decay and its corruption it would present a rather sorry spectacle.

\* Macaulay has gone out of his way to misrepresent what Pope meant by being "correct."

If, as we shall presently endeavor to show, the great feature of the transition which Mrs. Oliphant has undertaken to delineate, is the restoration of the imaginative element to its place in literature, it may be as well to state very briefly what we mean by the word; because of what is commonly called such the eighteenth-century poets have abundance. We mean by imagination the power of vividly realizing conceptions which are beyond the scope of the senses. These are not necessarily supernatural, they may be historical, or they may be the offspring of pure meditation unfed from any external source. Milton's Pandemonium with

A thousand demigods on golden thrones,

Scott's reproduction of the feudal ages, Coleridge's "Christabel" and "Ancient Mariner," Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," are all specimens of imagination of the purest kind. A highly developed power of comparison, the power of seeing resemblances between apparently dissimilar objects, which applied to one kind of subject matter we term wit, applied to others we call poetry; imagery, metaphor, felicitous epithets, vivid and impressive descriptions of scenes which we have witnessed, appeals to passions or sentiments which stir us to enthusiasm or to tears, are all generally supposed to be the work of the imagination; and we have neither time nor space to invent another word instead of it. But it is evident that between the one kind of imagination and the other there is a difference not only in degree but in kind; and we wish our readers to understand that for the purposes of this essay we use the word exclusively in its former sense.

The writer who undertakes to act as our guide through any period of history or literature, must necessarily start from some beginning. Mrs. Oliphant takes the year 1790 as the commencement of the transition period; and if we must take any one date, it is perhaps the best we can choose. But the two periods—the old and the new—run into one another so much that it is difficult to say exactly where the one begins and the other ends. On the whole, we should



say it is better to take the entire period which lies between the French Revolution and the English Reform Bill as representing the bridge which spans the gulf between the old *régime* and the new. The year 1820, Mrs. Oliphant's other limit, seems a purely arbitrary date; whereas the other, 1832, undeniably marks off a period in many respects complete within itself; and denotes the farthest point in the nineteenth century which was reached by the traditions of the eighteenth. It is convenient, however, to regard the transition period as coëval with the French Revolution, and combining in its features both the sympathy evoked by that event in its earlier stages, and the repulsion which it inspired in its later ones. The world witnessed simultaneously a great and sudden insurrection against the highly complicated and artificial forms which both governments, society, and literature had at that time assumed. Greater simplicity, "a return to nature," was everywhere the cry of the insurgents. The august and the venerable were everywhere in danger of being confounded with what was merely cumbrous and pedantic; and literature, with its brocade and its ruffles and its velvet, lost something also for a time of greater value — the respect for dignity, for manner, for the elaborate beauty and consummate art which had been matured under the old *régime*. The injury, however, was but temporary; and, had it been greater than it was, would have been more than compensated for by the new inspiration which the French Revolution brought with it. The dry bones were warm with life again. Poets again began to see visions, and to dream dreams. The eighteenth century had found its goddess in the valley, walking with plenty in the maize, or listening to the bees and the wood-pigeons; the new generation sang to her on the mountain heights, and on the silver horns; and if the wonders which she showed them came too often through the ivory gate, the delusion was at all events in some respects beautiful and generous.

Taking, therefore, the French Revolution as our starting-point, we may say that the reaction or transition we are here

considering proceeded mainly upon three lines — literary, speculative, and historical: it reformed our style, it stimulated self-inspection and self-interrogation, and it supplied a new field for the imagination, not only in the boundless hopes excited by the theory of human progress, but also in the seductive contrast with its more lawless and irreligious aspects presented by the better side of feudalism. The Revolution generated at one and the same time a new belief in the future, and a new belief in the past. And both struck their roots deeply into the literature of that memorable era.

To begin with the first of these changes — "the return to nature" in the matter of literary expression — Wordsworth, in his well-known essay prefixed to the "Lyrical Ballads," has told us with sufficient clearness what was meant by it. It is in fact, though not in name, an elaborate answer to the theory of poetic diction laid down in Johnson's "Life of Dryden." Johnson's account of the matter can hardly be put in fewer words than his own. "Every language of a learned nation necessarily divides itself into diction scholastick and popular, grave and familiar, elegant and gross; and from a nice distinction of these different parts arises a great part of the beauty of style. But if we except a few minds, the favorites of nature to whom their own original rectitude was in the place of rules, this delicacy of selection was little known to our authors; our speech lay before them in a heap of confusion, and every man took for every purpose what chance might offer him.

"There was, then, before the time of Dryden no poetical diction, no system of words at once refined from the grossness of domestick use, and free from the harshness of terms appropriated to particular arts. Words too familiar, or too remote, defeat the purpose of a poet. From those sounds which we hear on small or on coarse occasions, we do not easily receive strong impressions, or delightful images; and words to which we are nearly strangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention on themselves which they should transmit to things."



Wordsworth may be said to have met this statement with a point-blank contradiction. His contention is that the language which men really speak, the language that is of good conversation, is the proper language for poetry; and he draws a distinction between this language and "the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life" which does not seem to have been in Johnson's mind when he wrote the above passage. He seems rather to have included both kinds of language here mentioned by Wordsworth under the system of words not "refined from the grossness of domestic use." There are, in fact, three gradations of speech to be considered in dealing with the controversy. There is the grave and dignified and eloquent prose which may be employed by a great historian, a great preacher, or a great orator; the correct and well-turned, though withal easy and familiar, prose which distinguishes the best conversation, though the present generation can hardly speak of it from experience; and lastly, there is the language of common life, the language in which men express themselves when they ask you the news or invite you to dinner, or describe their last dispute with a cabman. Now that the first of the three was perfectly suitable to poetry Johnson could hardly have denied, for he has used it himself. But then it is certainly not the language which even the most accomplished men use in ordinary conversation; not the language to which Wordsworth is referring as that which is suitable for poetry. The consideration of the higher kind of prose style, however, seems to point out the true conclusion. Whatever thoughts raise us out of ordinary life, and above the level of our ordinary observation, have a claim to be expressed in language appropriate to themselves, and equally removed from familiar or vulgar associations. Whether they are in prose or verse makes no difference. Now all poetry has this elevating purpose in view, whether it succeeds or not; and therefore we agree in the main with Johnson that there is such a thing as poetic diction very properly to be distinguished from the language of conversation, however select, to use Wordsworth's own expression, it may be. And it was in this point that English literature underwent the least change of all during the transition period. Poetic diction held its ground, purified and improved no doubt by the influence of Wordsworth, but maintaining intact its personal identity and its own independent

laws. In fact, much of what Wordsworth appears to have been attacking had already been ridiculed by Johnson. When somebody asked him what he thought of a new volume, he replied that there was a good deal in it of "what was poetry once" — spangled meads, and so forth; showing that in his opinion there was a popularly accepted poetic diction which time at all events had made ridiculous.

It is under the second head which we have mentioned that we find, perhaps, the most marked distinction between the poetry of the eighteenth and the poetry of the nineteenth century. The one was exclusively objective; and though, of course, we cannot say that the other has been either exclusively or even principally subjective, it owes a very great part of its charm to the predominance of this element. This difference is very conspicuous in the treatment of nature by the poets of the two epochs respectively. Between Thomson and Wordsworth, or Thomson and Tennyson, there is all the difference between admiration and sympathy. One can almost fancy either of the two later poets addressing the trees and the hill as the child addresses the dog, "Cannot you talk?" Thomson's descriptions of nature are very beautiful indeed; and with the lower kind of imagination, if imagination we are to call it, he is abundantly endowed. Collins's "Ode to Evening" is superior even to Thomson; Thomson has nothing equal to the stanzas immediately preceding and following the beautiful lines, —

And marks o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil.

We used to be taught at school that what was called "personification" was one of the highest of poetical gifts; the personification of the seasons or of the powers of nature, the highest of them all; and so perhaps, as Johnson said of spangled meads, "it was once." One can hardly, however, allow it to be so now, though when so exquisitely done as it is in Collins it belongs to a very high quality of poetic power and affords infinite delight to the genuine lover of nature. Yet even here we miss what we find in Wordsworth, in Keats, and, above all, in our own Tennyson, that subtle sympathy with nature, the source perhaps of what Mr. Ruskin calls the "pathetic fallacy," but also of something more than he himself seems to include in that term. The imputing to nature herself the emotions which we ex-



perience or derive from the contemplation of her is the pathetic fallacy: "The cruel, crawling foam;" the "splendid tear" of the passion-flower, and so forth. Here the poet vividly reproduces conceptions suggested to him by his own senses. But we find passages in all the three poets we have named which go beyond this; and show a power of representing in words, not directly calling attention to them, the mysterious tones in which nature occasionally responds to our own emotions and sentiments. There is no fallacy here; not at least of the kind described by Mr. Ruskin; for nothing is *imputed* to nature; but words are chosen so happily appropriate at one and the same time to the aspect of nature and to the mood of the writer or his characters, that they suggest a far deeper sympathy between the two than the lines above quoted. It may be a *suggestio falsi*. But it is not the peculiar *suggestio falsi* which Mr. Ruskin criticises; and that it is a fallacy at all would probably have been denied stoutly by Wordsworth, who, in the lines on Tintern Abbey, seems to mean that with him the feeling was a reality, based on some mysterious affinity only to be appreciated by the poet.

Neither Byron nor Shelley have exhibited this particular poetic faculty to the same extent as Keats and Wordsworth, as they represent rather the political and social than the metaphysical influence of the Revolution.

In Keats's ode to the nightingale,

The foam  
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn,

is one good example of it. But it is in Tennyson that we find it most frequently.

Let us take the well-known canon, namely, that the "sound should seem an echo to the sense," and see how it is exemplified by Pope and Tennyson respectively.

Soft is the sound when zephyr gently blows  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers  
flows;

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent  
roar.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to  
throw,

The line, too, labors, and the words move  
slow;

Not so when swift Camilla, etc.

Compare the above with the following lines from the "*Morte d'Arthur*:"—

I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
And the long water lapping on the crag.

Here we do not get merely the sound of the water, but the whole moral effect of the scene at the same time: the sense of melancholy; the feeling of loneliness, wildness, and gloom, of something half akin to fear, which is characteristic of such spots, and which it is the object of the poet to awaken. Another eminent instance of it is to be found in "The May Queen:"—

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath  
the waning light,

You will never see me more in the long grey  
fields at night,

When from the dry dark world the summer  
airs blow cool

On the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the  
bullrush by the pool.

How admirably in harmony with the situation and with all the feelings which belong to it is the picture which the dying girl sets before us. There is always a certain sadness in evening, but one kind of scenery brings it out more strongly than another, and the wide pasture fields looking grey by comparison with the meadows, and the lonely pool in the corner, with the long, sighing grass and rushes, evoke it in its full extent. There is cheerfulness even by night about copses and cornfields which would have been fatal to the desired effect.

Mr. Ruskin objects to the use of the word "subjective" to denote the view of nature as she presents herself to the mind of the individual worshipper, taking her color from the emotions which dominate him at the moment. But unless he will supply us with another word equally applicable to other departments of human thought as well as to poetry, we must continue to use it. Those who write or speak of objective and subjective *truth* may be told that they are wrong, because we do not know what truth is. But that there are the objective and subjective aspects of things we know from our own consciousness. We know that the alleged facts of history and religion assume a various aspect according to whether we look at them from the outside, as they greet us in printed pages, solid and substantial objects in the prospect of the past, named, classified, and defined, or whether we shut our eyes, so to speak, and look at them exclusively through the medium of our own contemplative faculties. And we know not how it can be said that the one view is more true than the other. The latter, however, is certainly the more interesting of the two;



and therefore the poets of the reaction, who *mutatis mutandis*, and in comparison with the poets who preceded them, may be said to have taken that view of nature, possess a charm of their own which we look for in vain elsewhere.

This new nature-worship was a reaction in part against that worship of the "town," which was another distinguishing trait of the eighteenth century. Towards the year 1790 the idea of the town as the centre of literature and wit and civilization, was fast wearing out. Sick of those conventional pictures of nature which a series of town-bred poets had handed down from generation to generation, like literary heirlooms, like the "topics" supplied of old to university disputants, men of taste and feeling rushed into the opposite extreme, and in their zeal to emancipate nature elevated her to the rank of a goddess. The goddess of reason owed her existence to the same causes. The cultus had its excesses and extravagances no doubt; but when the fermentation was over it left behind it the pure juice of the grape, and of a vintage of no common order. It arose in the second place from the general dissatisfaction with all human institutions which the French Revolution bred in many minds, and an attempt to find in nature what society could no longer supply. Of this particular department of restlessness Rousseau perhaps is the great representative.

The introspective and self-conscious spirit which was another distinctive note of the transition period, was the natural result of a universal disposition to inquire, to sift, and to analyze everything that existed in the world, which accompanied the dissolution of the ancient European system. This meets us in all the poets of the period, and requires little further commentary. The revolutionary enthusiasm in favor of freedom should, however, be compared with what may be called the rational enthusiasm as we find it in Thomson and others, who composed set panegyrics on liberty such as was understood to have been achieved for England by the splendid aristocrats who accepted dedications and bestowed patronage. This, however, hardly lasted down to the period with which we start, and in which Shelley became the poet of the "religion of humanity."

So far the transition has been all in one direction, running parallel with the bright side of the Revolution, redolent of the springtime, and looking forward to

the new heavens and the new earth which the enthusiasts expected to result from it —

Another Hellas rears its mountains,  
From waves serener far,  
A new Peneus rolls its fountains  
Against the morning star,  
Heaven smiles and truths and empires gleam,  
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

But all this time a second reaction had been gradually and silently developing itself, working as it were underground, and only coming to the surface just in time to usher in the nineteenth century. In 1802 appeared the first volume of Scott's "Border Minstrelsy," which was followed, in 1805, by "The Lay of the Last Minstrel;" and the second half of the reaction was now fairly under way. Scott's early bias in favor of romantic poetry is attributed by himself and others to Bishop Percy's "Reliques." There is no doubt that Percy was the pioneer of the movement which in Scott's hands became such a mighty instrument for good both in life and literature. But like the speculative branch of the reaction, it was connected with more general causes. "Scott," says Mr. W. Rossetti, "is not and never can be the poet of literary readers; but it is highly possible for the critical tendency and estimation to be too exclusively literary." Now this is exactly what it had been during the whole of the eighteenth century. Elegance, which Johnson defines admirably to be "the beauty of propriety," was the one thing needful in the eyes of the literary society, which to some extent fulfilled the functions of the modern periodical press. Elegance is an excellent thing in its way, and so is logic. But you may have too much of it, and as it was said of a celebrated college at Oxford fifty years ago, that its common room "stunk of logic," so it might be said of English polite literature just a hundred years ago, that it stunk of elegance. If for elegant we substitute the word classical, and the two in this case are synonymous, we shall see at once the style from which the "Minstrelsy" was a reaction. Men were thoroughly tired of Hayley and Hoole, and ready to welcome any great literary innovator who should offer them some fresh and more stimulating diet.

But this was not all. Alongside of that sympathy with the social aspects of the Revolution which distinguished the earlier effusions of the Lake school, sprung up a strong military spirit which pervaded



all classes of society. The wars of 1756 and 1778 had been regarded rather as matches between France and England, in which England indeed backed herself heavily, and had much to lose or gain; but not wars in which our existence as an independent nation was supposed to be at stake. Nothing like the general and profound excitement which agitated the whole of England during the earlier half of the great revolutionary struggle has been known since the days of the Armada. Napoleon the First was as formidable as Philip the Second. And in the highly wrought state of public feeling which then ensued the heroic romance of the Middle Ages supplied a general want. Men plunged into it greedily, as the jaded and thirsty traveller plunges into a running stream. Military instincts, moreover, turn naturally to the past. For it is there that the profession of arms is seen in its most attractive colors, surrounded by a halo of chivalry and knighthood, which, though they cannot bespeak a more gallant and heroic spirit than animates the soldier of to-day, possess a fascination for the public which cannot be exerted to the same extent by the circumstances of modern warfare.

The truth is, that our great struggles with Napoleon woke from their long sleep all the loftiest and most spiritual elements of the national character, and disposed men in every department of thought to look over the heads of commonplace and every-day circumstances, and seek in long-forgotten regions the intellectual and moral food for which sudden excitement made them hunger. The Waverley novels, "The Christian Year," and the "Tracts for the Times" were all parts of one great movement, and cannot be severed from each other in any philosophic survey of the epoch now under consideration. It was the return of the imagination after her long banishment to take possession of her rightful inheritance. The queen enjoyed her own again. It was Fox, we think, who used to say that restorations were the worst revolutions; and many people, perhaps, may think that the great feudal and Catholic revival which we owe mainly to Keble and to Scott, has been utterly mischievous and disastrous. Macaulay thought the Waverley novels had done infinite harm. We, however, are concerned merely with their literary history, with the causes which led up to them, and with their influence on our style and character. Of this we think there can be no doubt. The

power, the purity, and the poetry of Scott's best romance; the subordination of passion to duty which they everywhere exhibit; the singular eloquence which attains all its effects, sublime, tragic, or humorous, by the same undeviating simplicity, have exercised an influence on our taste and morals which not even the modern sensational school of literature has entirely obliterated. It was impossible to have found a better antidote to the more demoralizing influence of Shelley and Byron than in the novels of Sir Walter Scott; and thus, curiously enough, it will be seen that the one branch of the literary reaction which ruled within the period we have before us, supplied exactly the corrective that was required for the worst tendencies of the other.

If we have said nothing as yet of the two great poets whom Mrs. Oliphant seems to consider as the joint originators of the literary revolution, Burns and Cowper, it is because we are unable to satisfy ourselves that they really were so. Cowper, in our judgment, was essentially of the eighteenth century. He is entirely objective; a religious and ascetic Thomson. There is no difference in principle between his style and his diction and that of any of his predecessors. He represents, not so much the freedom of thought, the various emancipations of which the French Revolution was both the cause and the effect, as the great religious renaissance of which Wesley was the author. Men of genius impress their own idiosyncrasies on whatever they write; and Cowper's heroics are not Pope's heroics. But then, no more are Goldsmith's. There is nothing in Cowper more unlike Pope than Goldsmith's description of the village clergyman; and Cowper resembles Goldsmith more than Goldsmith resembles Pope. Nothing can be more unlike than the tone, the *ηθος*, of the three men respectively. But we can detect in Cowper no symptoms of the new birth, of the subjective, brooding, speculative, semi-sceptic spirit, of the roving and lawless spirit, of the romantic and feudal spirit, which constitute the principal characteristics of the revolutionary epoch. Nor do we see in his style any premonition of the new canons which Wordsworth was shortly to put forward. Cowper was a man of the most exquisite taste and refinement—a perfect English gentleman, as some of his predecessors were not. There is a peculiar grace and delicacy and sweetness, so to speak, in every line he wrote, whether in verse or



prose; but no rebellion, conscious or unconscious, against the theory of composition which he found in the ascendant when he entered the world of letters.

Of Burns, perhaps, one could not say quite so much; yet even in Burns we see little signs of anything but a determination to go his own way. Of any suspicion that the dominant literary school stood in need of radical reform he seems wholly innocent. Wordsworth and his party went deliberately to work, as deliberately as any political or ecclesiastical reformers ever did, to overthrow what they believed to be falsehood and superstition and, in a measure, tyranny. There can be no doubt at all of their position. But Burns is a more complex study. His poetry is so closely intertwined with the lore of his native land that it is difficult to say how much of it sprung from a purely national inspiration, and how much from those more general causes which are the proper subject of this article. Burns, we are told, did for the songs of Scotland what Scott did for the ballads: yet we can hardly attribute the literary excavations which Scott carried on among the Border valleys to any impatience of the literary form which reigned supreme in the metropolis. His motives in the first instance were antiquarian and patriotic, rather than literary; and we should be disposed to say the same, and to say it more exclusively, of Burns. But if Burns was not one of the conscious authors and founders of the new system, he must be placed very high among its representatives. In him we see what we do not see in Cowper—the highest play of imagination. He belongs to the “Restoration” in virtue of this test quality. With that crusade against poetic diction which was the early work of Wordsworth, we cannot see that he had anything in common. But he was one of the first, if not the very first, to feel the breath of the returning deity as she descended once more—

Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,

and his song rose up to meet her like the skylark's.

Byron, again, was a poet who was rather a child of the reaction than a parent. He would never have created the change if he had not found it in existence. His sympathies were with the old school. We all know what he thought of Pope; but, like Sir Bedivere in “King Arthur,” “his own thoughts drove him like a goad.” Society, as he supposed, had injured him; and he made use of the materials so abundantly

supplied by an age of revolution to retaliate on society. He will always be a grand figure in the literary group who stand in the portals of the nineteenth century. He took up the romantic vein of poetry which Scott had opened, and struck out a higher flight of imagination than even the author of the “Lay” had then reached. But he wants the singlemindedness of either Wordsworth or Shelley, and has left fewer marks behind him on our poetry than either Keats or Scott.

The danger of the transition period lay, no doubt, in its disdain of form. But this was happily surmounted. Leigh Hunt and Keats were sinners in this respect, and in his early days Mr. Tennyson showed the same weakness; but he very soon outgrew it, and now to find his equal as a literary artist we must go back to Gray. We find, in fact, in the Laureate a combination of the virtues of both systems: the elegance and finish of the Twickenham school, with the deeper insight, higher aspirations, and more subtle sympathies of the Lake school of poetry.

As the faculty of imagination enters less into prose composition than it does into verse, we have naturally less to say of the former than we have of the latter in dealing with the revival of it. At the same time, as Wordsworth points out, the proper antithesis of prose is not poetry, but verse; and as far as prose is imaginative, it partakes of the nature of poetry, and comes within the scope of our inquiry. The Waverley novels are of course the illustration *par excellence* of our meaning; and we have already said all that is necessary of their rise and their influence. But before them in order of time, and close to them in order of merit, stand the writings of Burke, whose imagination was kindled into fury by the French Revolution and the havoc which it wrought among all his favorite idols. Macaulay, perhaps, was the first to see what was to be gained by the use of the imagination in history; but though we cannot exclude him from the list of imaginative writers who owe their fame to the Renaissance, yet it cannot be said that he has reached the same level as either Carlyle or Mr. Froude, while in imaginative prose not employed on history, De Quincey, and perhaps Mr. Ruskin, are above them all. There are parts of the “English Opium-Eater,” of the “Flight of the Calmuck Tartars,” and of the “Traditions of the Rabbis,” which are not to be distinguished from poetry of the high-



est order. Mr. Carlyle's death-bed of Louis XV., if compared with Macaulay's Charles II., will show the incontestable superiority of the former.

The transition period, however, shows no revolt against the prose diction of the eighteenth century as it does against its poetic diction. Macaulay jeers at Johnson; yet his own style is based on Johnson; and the review of Robert Montgomery and the critique of Gray's poetry might have been written by either. Of other departments of prose literature much the same may be said. Miss Austen, incomparable as she is, differs in no essential respect from Miss Burney; the prose of Hallam is the prose of Blackstone; and what is perhaps better worth mentioning, is that Wordsworth's prose entirely corresponds with these remarks. In his preface to the "Lyrical Ballads" we see as much "elegance," as much attention to the forms and ceremonies of style as we should find in any earlier writer. The truth is that in prose composition the eighteenth century was at home, was on its own ground, and, doing what it thoroughly understood, did it thoroughly well. Consequently, its prose style survived the ordeal of the Revolution while its metrical style did not. We can hardly bestow greater praise on a prose writer of the present day than to say that he writes like Junius; and what thoroughly accomplished man of letters, if asked which he thought the greater compliment, to be called equal in style to Lord Macaulay or equal in style to Gibbon, would hesitate to choose the latter?

To sum up, the leading and distinctive characteristic of the period which may fairly be said to begin with the death of Dr. Johnson and end with the death of Walter Scott, was the restoration of the imaginative element to both literature and religion. Banished by the English Revolution, she was restored to us, *quæ minime serio*, by the French, and produced two classes of worshippers, those whose enthusiasm led them forward to the glories of the future, and those whom it led in a contrary direction towards the romance and beauty of the past. The eighteenth-century men had few or none of these feelings. As George Eliot puts it, with great truth and humor, "They cared not for inquiring into the cause of things, being satisfied with the things themselves." From this pleasant but inglorious repose they were awakened by a thunder-clap, which transformed in a mo-

ment all previously existing conceptions of life and work, and gave us the galaxy of great writers and thinkers who adorn the epoch — Burns, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, and Keats, Edmund Burke, and Walter Scott. The long peace, the political changes which occurred in 1832, the rise of the economic age — the age of Birmingham and Manchester — which did, after an interval, succeed to the heroic age — the age of Trafalgar and Waterloo — the progress of ideas favorable to a social revolution which, whatever its countervailing advantages, must necessarily rob life of much of its picturesqueness, of many of its richest colors, and of some, perhaps, of its noblest motives, — have worked a change in England during the last fifty years which might have been expected to materialize literature and bring it down to a lower ebb than it had reached a hundred years ago. Such, however, has not been the case. Imagination has held her own against all the rival forces in the field. The strength of the great reaction, some features of which we have here endeavored to recall, has not yet spent itself. George Eliot, writing forty years afterwards, is the natural exponent, in fiction, of one branch of it, as Scott was of the other. Froude, Carlyle, and Tennyson have maintained the protest — the protest of Wordsworth, of Burke, and of Scott — the protest which it is the privilege of literature, and should be its chief glory, to hand down — against utilitarianism, optimism, and epicureanism. This is matter for pride, and perhaps also it is ground for hope.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE BARONESS HELENA VON SAARFELD.

TRAVELLING in Germany, on one occasion, I passed the evening at a small inn among some mountains, with a middle-aged man whom I soon discovered to have been an actor. In the course of the evening he told me the outlines of the following story, together with much interesting detail relating to an actor's life. I have endeavored to work into the story what I could recollect of his observations, but not being able to take notes at the time, and having little intimate knowledge of German life, I have lost much of the local coloring and graphic detail which interested me so much at the time. This short introduction will suffice.



In a considerable town in Germany (said the actor), there have been for several generations a succession of dukes who have patronized the German theatre and devoted the principal part of their revenue to its support. In this city I was born. My grandfather had been an actor of some repute, whose acting in some of his principal characters Schiller is said greatly to have admired. His son, however, did not follow in his father's art, but degenerated, as most would call it, into a stage-carpenter and inferior scene-painter. He was, however, a man of considerable reading, and of a certain humor, which mostly took the form of bitter sarcasm, and dislike of the theatrical profession. From my birth he formed a determination to bring me up as a printer, for besides that his fondness for reading naturally caused him to admire the art by which books are produced, he believed that education would make gigantic steps within a few years, and that in consequence printers would never want for occupation. In this expectation, at any rate in one respect, he was mistaken.

Upon the production of a new piece which the reigning duke had himself written, the juvenile actor who was to have taken a boy's part sickened and died, and the company did not at the moment possess any child who was fitted to take his place. My father was requested, or rather commanded, to allow me to learn the few words attached to the part. He was extremely averse to the proposal, but was compelled to consent, the matter appearing so trifling. The play was very successful. The applause was unanimous, and indeed was so enthusiastic that, not satisfied with lauding the talent of the noble author and with praising the intelligence of the chief actors who had so readily grasped the intentions of genius, it had some encomiums left for the child actor, and discovered a profound meaning in the few words the duke had put into my mouth, which it asserted I had clearly and intelligently rendered. The duke, pleased at finding himself so much cleverer than even he had ever suspected, joined in the applause. He never failed to testify his approbation at the way in which I piped out the very ordinary words of my single line, and finally, when the play was withdrawn for a time, he sent an order to my father to repair one summer afternoon to the ducal Schloss which overlooked the town. I have since sometimes thought that it was curious that this play, so full of genius

and of humor, was not re-acted even on this partial stage oftener than it was, and, still more so, that, in all the theatres of Germany where I have played my part, I never once saw it performed, nor even so much as heard it mentioned; so difficult of recognition is merit in my profession.

The ducal Schloss rose directly above the tall houses of the superior quarter of the town, the backs of which looked out upon forest trees which had been planted, and had grown to great size, upon the steep mountain slope upon which the Schloss was built. My father, taking me by the hand, led me up the winding road, defended at the angles by neglected towers, which led to the castle gardens. On the way he never ceased to impress upon me the misery of an actor's life.

"The poorest handicraft," he said, "by which a man can earn his crust of bread in quiet is preferable to this gaudy imposture which fools think so attractive. In other trades a man is very often his own master, in this he has so many that he does not even know which to obey. In other trades a man has some inducement to do his best, in this to excel is in most cases to starve. The moment an actor ceases to assist the self-love of his fellow-actor, or to minister to the worst passions of his auditors, he is hated or despised. He works harder than the simplest journeyman for poorer pay, he is exposed to greater risk of accident, and the necessities of his part require such a delicacy of organization that the least accident ruins it." The great trunks of the trees were throwing a fitful shadow over the steep walks as my father, still holding me by the hand, poured these dolorous opinions into my ears, and we reached the long terraces of the ducal gardens.

We were passed on from one gorgeous domestic to another until at last we found ourselves before the chasseur, a magnificent man of gigantic height, but with an expression of face perfectly gentle and beautiful. I had often noticed this man in the theatre, and had always thought that he would be admirably fitted to represent St. Christopher, a picture of whom hung in my mother's room. He surveyed us courteously and kindly, and informed us that the duke was taking his wine with a friend on one of the terraces on the farther side of the hill. Thither he led us, and we found the duke seated at a small table in front of a stone alcove ornamented with theatrical carvings in



bas-relief. The view on this side avoided the smoke of the town and commanded a magnificent prospect of wood and plain crossed by water, and intersected by low ranges of hills. The afternoon sun was gilding the tree-tops and the roofs and turrets of the Schloss behind us.

The gigantic chasseur introduced us to the duke, who sat at his wine, together with a gentleman of a lofty and kindly expression, whom I never saw before or since. On the table were wine and dried fruits. I remember the scene as though it had occurred only yesterday.

"Ah, my good Hans," said the duke — he prided himself on his accurate acquaintance with every one attached to the theatre, and my father's name was Karl — "ah, my good Hans, I have sent for you because I have taken an interest in this little fellow, and I wish to make his fortune. I will take his future into my hands and overlook his education in his noble profession of player."

My father looked very uncomfortable.

"Pardon, your Highness!" he said, "I do not design him for a player. I wish him to be a printer."

The duke raised his hand with a magnificent gesture as of a man who waives all discussion.

"My good fellow," he said, "that is all past. This boy has developed a talent for the highest of all possible professions. He has shown himself unconsciously appreciative of genius, and able to express it. His future is mine."

My father looked very downcast, and the gentleman who sat by the duke, with a kindliness of demeanor which has endeared him to me forever, said, —

"But this good man seems to have decided views about his own son."

"My dear Ernst," said the duke, "on every other subject I am most willing to listen to, and to follow, your excellent advice, but on this one topic I think you will admit that I have some right to be heard. We have here," he continued, leaning back in his chair, and waving his two hands before him, so that the fingers crossed and interlaced each other, as his discourse went on, with a continuous movement which fascinated my eyes, "we have here the commencement of an actor's life. We look forward into the future and we see the possibility of an existence than which nothing more attractive presents itself to the cultured mind. What to other men is luxury, is the actor's every-day life. His ordinary business is to make himself familiar with the highest

efforts of the intellect of his day, but this even is not all; every movement of his life is given to the same fascinating pursuit; whenever he walks the street he is adding to his store; the most trifling incident — a passing beggar, a city crowd — presents to him invaluable hints; his very dreams assist him; he lives in a constant drama of enthralling interest; the greater stage without is reflected on the lesser stage of the theatre; his own petty individuality is the glass in which the universal intellect and consciousness mirrors itself. It is given to him of all men to collect in his puny grasp all the fine threads of human existence, and to present them evening after evening for the delight, the instruction, and the elevation of his fellow-men. We have before us an individual, small it is true and at present undeveloped, before whom this future lies assured. Shall we hesitate for a moment? This worthy man, looking at things in a miserable detail, sees nothing but some few inconveniences which beset this, as every other, walk in life. It is fortunate that his child's future is not at his control."

My father said nothing more; but as he was shown off the final terrace by the least gorgeous of the domestics, he muttered to himself so low that I could only just hear him, —

"We shall see what the mother will say."

But — when we reached our house, which was a lofty gabled dwelling in the poorer part of the town, but which had belonged to my grandfather and to his father before him, and had once been a residence of importance; when we climbed to the upper story and found ourselves in the large kitchen and dwelling-room which commanded views both ways, into the street and to the ramparts at the back — he got no help from his wife.

My mother did not like reading, and even thought in her secret mind, though she did not say it aloud, that her husband would be much better occupied in working for his family than in puzzling his brains over the pages of Kant. She had, therefore, no great admiration for the great printers of the day, nor was Johann Gutenberg likely to replace St. Christopher over her bedside. She knew nothing of the vast stride that education was about to make, nor of the consequent wealth that awaited the printer's craft, but she did know the theatre and she knew the duke. That the duke had promised to make her son's fortune was not denied; surely there was little left to desire. It



was decided that night that I should be an actor.

"My son," said my father, some time afterwards, as he took me to the lodgings of an actor who had promised to teach me to repeat some famous parts, "my son, I have not been able to train thee to the occupation which I should have desired. I pray God to assist thee in that which fate has selected. I have one piece of advice which I will give thee now, though I hope I shall be able to repeat it often. Never aspire to excellence; select the secondary parts, and any fine strokes of acting which you may acquire throw into these parts. In this way you will escape the vindictive jealousy of your fellows; but if unavoidably you should attract such ill feeling, leave the theatre at once, travel as much as possible, act on as many boards as you can. You will achieve in this way the character of a useful player who is never in the way. In this way, and in this only, you probably will never want bread; more than this I cannot hope for."

I shall not weary you by relating the story of my education as an actor; it will suffice to say that I found neither my father's estimate of the profession, nor that of the duke, to be precisely correct. If on the one hand I have found littleness and jealousy to exist among players, on the other I have seen numberless acts of unpretending and self-denying kindness. It must be remembered that the actor's life is a most exciting and wearing one, and most certain to affect the nerves and make a man irritable and suspicious. His reputation and his means of existence are dependent upon the voice of popular applause—an applause which may be affected by the slightest misunderstanding or error. It is no wonder therefore that he is apt to take alarm at trifles, or to resent with too much quickness what seems to be a slight or an unfairness. With regard to the duke's ideal view of the profession, I did not find this even altogether without foundation in fact. I found, amidst all its trivialities and vexations, the player's training to give an insight into human life in all its forms, and to encourage the study and observation of the varieties of city existence more than perhaps any other training does. I studied the works of the great dramatists and novelists with attention, not only for my own parts, but that I might understand the parts of others: I followed my father's advice throughout my life. I confined myself

systematically to secondary parts, but I watched carefully the acting of the great players, and endeavored to lead up to their best effects, and to respond to the emotions they sought to awaken. By this means I became a great favorite among the best players, for it is surprising what an assistance the responsive action of a fellow-actor is in obtaining an effect, while on the other hand it is very unlikely that the attention of the audience should be diverted from the principal actor by what tends indeed to increase the impression he makes. Several of the greatest actors then in Germany often refused parts unless I played the secondary character. I was not particular. I would take any part, however unimportant, provided my salary was not reduced in consequence, and I endeavored to throw all my knowledge and training into any part I undertook; by this means I became a great favorite with authors, who, if they are worth anything, endeavor to distribute their genius equally among their characters, and whom nothing irritates so much as to see everything sacrificed to promote the applause and vain-glory of a single performer. I grew up, much to the surprise of all who knew me, a very handsome young man, and I generally took the parts of lovers, when these were not of the first importance, such, for instance, as the part of Romeo, which, true to the rule I had adopted, I never attempted. In this way I had visited most of the cities of Germany, and was well known in all of them, when, at the request of one of the chief actors of the day, who studied the parts of the great tragedies which he undertook with the most conscientious care, I accepted an engagement at the theatre of one of the great cities of the empire, to which he had also engaged himself for a considerable time.

The theatre was a large one, and the company numerous and varied. I might occupy you for a long time with divers descriptions of character and with the relation of many curious and moving incidents, but I do not wish to make this a long story, and I will therefore confine myself to the chief events.

The German stage, as you are aware, is different from your own in England, in that it does not present such marked contrasts. There is a great gulf, as I understand, between your highest actors and your pantomime players; but this is not the case in Germany. As far as I can understand, we have nothing resembling



your pure pantomime, and what we have which resembles it is introduced in interludes and afterpieces, and is taken part in, to a considerable extent, by the same actors who perform in the more serious pieces. There was, for instance, in the theatre to which I was attached, an old actor, named Apel, who would take the part of grave-digger in "Hamlet," and the same evening, in the afterpiece, act the part of what you call the clown. This part on any stage is the one most liable to accidents, and this man, in the course of a long professional career, had met with several, in falling through trap-doors open through the carelessness of carpenters, or stumbling over unforeseen obstacles. These accidents had seriously affected his physical system, and he was rapidly becoming a helpless cripple. He had one child, a daughter, who danced, for a German, with remarkable grace and agility, and sang with a rich and touching voice. Of all the avocations which necessity has forced the unhappy daughters of man to adopt —

The narrow avenue of daily toil,  
For daily bread,

that of a pantomime dancer, who has a song, is the hardest. I have stood upon the stage by such a girl as this, and marked the panting exhaustion with which she completed her dance, and the stupendous effort with which she commenced her song. Even without the exertion of the dance I know of few things more touching than to see a girl laboring conscientiously through a long, and possibly an unattractive song, before a wearied and unsympathizing audience who reck nothing of the labor, the pains, and the care which the performance involves. The girl of whom I speak, whose name was Liese, had her share, and perhaps more than her share, in this hard lot. She was a fine German girl of no particular talent, but perfectly trained; she came of a family of actors, and displayed a kindness of disposition, and a devotion which were truly German. As her father's incapacity increased, her exertions redoubled. While they both were able to take their full part, the income of the pair was comparatively ample, but as he was obliged to relinquish part after part of his accustomed performance, she redoubled her exertions, and took every trifling part which was in kindness offered her by the management. I acted with her in innumerable parts of light comedy as lover and sweetheart, as

brother and sister, as betrayer and victim, and, in turn, as jilted and deceived. I have never been able to this day to decide whether I was really in love with her or not, but I rather think my feelings were those of a devoted and affectionate brother, and I am certain of this, that no man ever revered a woman more than I did this girl. At last the old man's paralysis became so confirmed that he could scarcely stand, he had to be carried to the side scenes and went through hours of agony when his short part was over.

One afternoon, about this time, after rehearsal, at which neither father nor daughter had been present, and whose fines for non-attendance I paid, a proceeding which, as I was known to be so intimate, passed as a mere matter of arrangement between ourselves, I went at the request of the manager to inquire whether either would be present at the evening performance.

Herr Apel had been obliged to leave his former lodgings owing to the reduction of his earnings, and I had not far to go to the dreary, shabby street near the theatre, where he occupied two rooms on the first floor. Liese received me in one of the lower rooms, and I noticed a strange expression in her face which I had never seen before.

"We could not come to the rehearsal," she said; "we have been rubbing him all day, and he has been in such pain! I do not think that even he can possibly play to-night. We have our fines ready."

"There is no question of fines," I said, "with you. You do not think so badly of Herr Wilhelmj as that, I hope."

She looked at me curiously, but made no remark. After a pause, she said, —

"I sometimes think that nursing him and seeing him suffer affects me too. I feel at times a strange numbness and pain stealing over me. What would become of us if I became like him!"

"You must not think of such things," I said; "you have plenty of friends who will help you in every way. Let us go up to him."

We went together up-stairs into a little room where the old clown lay. He had the expression of an idiot, and seemed absolutely crippled and helpless; but I was not surprised at this, for I had seen him even worse before, and known him act the same evening with much of his old genius and fire. It was a most extraordinary fact that this man, helpless and idiotic to the last inch of the side scenes, regained, the moment the footlights



flashed in his face and he saw the crowded theatre before him, all his strength, recollection, and humor, and went through his part apparently without an effort, only to collapse the moment he tottered behind the scenes.

He was whining and moaning as I sat down beside him on the sofa.

"No one pays any attention, no one takes any care of me," he said; "I am a poor old man. I have entertained people in my day—thousands and thousands; no one does anything for me. My daughter, even, does nothing; she might do much, but she does nothing; she is only thinking of herself and her own gains."

She stood leaning on the end of the couch, looking me full in the face with a sad, but not unhappy, look in her eyes. I could return her glance freely. The old man's state was so evident, it did not embarrass any one whatever he said. She leaned over her father.

"Shall you play to-night, papa?" she said: we used many French words in the theatre.

A contortion of pain passed over the old man.

It was a curious thing, but as I half rose, involuntarily, to help, I saw the same spasm of pain pass over the daughter's form, and she seemed bent down for a moment by it; then she stood upright, and looked at me with a wistful, earnest, inquiring gaze.

It is just possible—at this hour I do not think that I should—but still it is just possible that I might have asked what she had in her thoughts, when the door opened, and a female servant announced,—

"The Count von Roseneau."

I rose in my seat as a very handsome young man, of some two-and-twenty years of age, came into the room. He was well known to us all as a constant frequenter of the green-room, as you call it in England. He spoke kindly to the old man, who seemed to brighten at his presence, nodded to me, but took little notice of Liese. I know not what prompted me, but I stood for a moment silent, comparing myself with him. He was handsome, though of a more boyish style of beauty than mine; he was noble, though said not to be rich. He was far from clever, and of very moderate education. I was handsomer than he, trained in every art that makes the possessor attractive—elocution, gesture, demeanor; my mind stored by the intelligent familiarity with the highest efforts of human genius; yet it never

occurred to me to put myself for a moment into competition with him. After a few ordinary phrases, I took my leave.

From this day it seemed to me that Liese was more distant and reserved with me; she seemed, too, to act with indifference and even carelessly, and to be often *distracted* and forgetful. Her father grew worse and worse. He crept through his part, the mere shadow of his former self. At last the manager informed his daughter that it was impossible to allow him to appear any longer upon the stage.

"We will give him a benefit," he said, "in a week or two, at which all the strength of the theatre will assist. He shall be brought on in a chair, and shall sing his popular song. That must be the *finale*."

In about a month's time the benefit took place. The theatre was crowded, everything being done to make the entertainment attractive. Several actors came from distant cities to take part in the performance, for the old clown was one of the best-known men in the profession, and was associated with pleasant recollections in the memory of most players. Two favorite pieces were given with great applause, and in the interval Herr Apel was brought in in a chair, which was placed in front of the footlights, and sang his song.

To the last moment, and even as he was carried across the stage, he seemed almost insensible of what was passing, but once in front of the lights, and of the great theatre rising tier over tier before him, every one upon his feet, with waving of handkerchiefs and fans, and a tumult of applause and of encouraging cries, he raised himself in the chair, his face assumed the old, inimitable, comic expression, and amid the delighted excitement of the vast crowd, he gave his song with as much power and wit as he had ever done in the course of his long career. Nor was this all, for the song being over, and the last two verses given twice, in response to the repeated encore, the long applause having a little subsided, the old man rose, and, without help, tottered forwards towards the lights, and amid the breathless silence of the house, and with a simple dignity which contrasted touchingly with his feebleness and his grotesque dress, spoke a few words of natural regret, of farewell, and of gratitude for the favors of a lifetime. He even, in the concluding sentence, turned slightly to the stage, which was crowded, and included his fellow-actors in the ex-



pression of kindly reminiscence and thanks. The excitement was intense. Men wept like children, not only in the 'heatre, but on the stage; many women fainted, and it was some time before the curtain could rise again for the second piece. Herr Apel was taken home in a comatose state, and scarcely moved or spoke again during the remainder of his life.

Two days after this performance, as I was leaving the theatre after the morning rehearsal, I was accosted by a tall chasseur, who reminded me instantly of my old friend, St. Christopher, in the ducal court.

"Sir," he said, with great deference, "the Baroness Helena von Saarfeld wishes to speak with you in her carriage, which is close by."

I followed the man to a handsome carriage which was standing a few doors from the stage entrance, a little way down the street. There, as I stood bareheaded at the open door, I saw, for the first time, the most beautiful woman, without exception, that I have ever seen.

Helena von Saarfeld was the only child of the late baron, who was enormously wealthy and possessed of vast ancestral estates. He was a man of great intellect, and of superior attainments, and he undertook the entire education of his only child and heiress. Helena was taught everything that a man would know, and her father discussed all social and religious questions with her. He held very singular opinions upon social problems, and in religion he was much attached to the mystical doctrines of the Count von Zinzendorff. At a very early period he had contracted his daughter in marriage to the young Count von Roseneau, to whose father he had been much attached; but as the boy grew up, having been deprived early, by death, of his father's care, the baron became dissatisfied with the young man, and it was well known that at his death, which had taken place about two years before I saw his daughter, he had left a codicil to his will entirely exonerating her from any obligation to the young count, and leaving her future destiny in her own hands, expressing every confidence in her judgment and discretion. All these facts were known to me as I approached the carriage.

The baroness was at this time between two and three-and-twenty, in the full possession of her youth. She was of a perfect height, with brown hair, lighter than her eyes, and beautifully-cut features; her

mouth was perhaps rather large, but this only increased the wonderful effect of her smile, which was the most bewitching ever seen. She spoke with animation, and her smile was so constant that the most wonderful thing about it was that its charm never flagged. This was the woman who was presented to my gaze as I stood in the sunshine bareheaded by the carriage door.

"I have wished to speak to you, Herr Richter," she said, throwing a world of fascination into her face and manner as she spoke; "will you oblige me by driving a short distance with me in the carriage? I will not take you far out of town."

I entered the carriage, and the coachman having orders to drive slowly, we passed through the crowded streets.

"I was at the theatre the other night," the baroness said, "and I was extremely touched, as, indeed, we all were, at the sight of that poor old man; though I do not know that I should call him poor who all through his life has contributed to the gaiety and innocent enjoyment of the world, and could at his last breath speak words so touching and so noble as he did. May I ask of you, Herr Richter, what will become of him — I am so ignorant of these things — and whether it were possible for one like I am to help him in any way?"

"I shall be very glad, Madame la Baronesse," I said, "to undertake to apply any help you may be most kindly disposed to afford. I am very intimate with Herr Apel, and can easily find ways of doing so; and I fear from what I know of his circumstances that any aid will be most welcome."

"That was what I feared," she said; "and it seems to me so sad that such should be the end of a life of toil like his!"

I saw at once that the baroness was saying these last words by way of introduction to something else, and I did not reply. Probably she noticed this, for she said without the slightest hesitation, —

"He has a daughter, I believe."

"He has," I replied.

"She is a very clever actress, I am told."

"She is a very conscientious, hard-working *artiste*," I replied, "and has, for a German, remarkable grace, and she sings charmingly."

"And she is a very good girl?"

"She is one of the best girls I ever knew. She is devoted to her father, and,



I fear, is injuring herself by her exertions to make up the deficiency which is involved in his failing health. She is a thoroughly true and excellent girl."

The baroness looked at me for a moment before she replied; then she said,—

"You speak, Herr Richter, as I was given to expect. Fräulein Apel is fortunate in having so true a friend."

There was a pause. I knew something was coming, but I did not know what. Then she said, still without the slightest hesitation, —

"The life of an actress is a difficult and exposed one, Herr Richter?"

"It is, Madame la Baronesse; but like all other ideas, this one has been exaggerated. A girl in this, as in other walks, has ample means of protection, and I have never heard that Fräulein Apel has even needed such."

She looked at me again for a moment. I began to think that she was the most lovely creature that ever walked the earth.

"But gentlemen and nobles court their acquaintance a good deal, do they not? This must be a great temptation in their sphere of life."

"Some gentlemen frequent the green-room," I replied, "and are fond of talking to the actresses. In some theatres it is forbidden."

"Has Fräulein Apel any friends of this kind?" said the baroness; and now for the first time I detected a slight hesitation in her manner; but it was so trifling that no one but an actor would, I think, have perceived it. "The Count von Roseneau, for instance."

"The count is a frequenter of the theatre," I said, "and I have seen him speaking to Liese — to Fräulein Apel — in fact, I have met him at her house."

The baroness was looking straight before her now. She said without hesitation, but still seriously, —

"I fear that any acquaintance between them will not be for good."

There was a pause. I scarcely knew what to say. It was the baroness who broke it.

"I will not take you farther out of your way," she said. "I do not ask you to understand me, or not to misinterpret anything that I have said, for it is notorious that Herr Richter can do nothing but what the noblest gentleman might think. I hope I may see you again."

It is impossible to describe the superb courtesy with which she said this. The carriage was stopped, and I alighted, and made my adieux.

As I walked back into the city, pondering over this strange interview, I made up my mind decisively that, in spite of any obstacle and misunderstanding, the baroness was deeply attached to the Count von Roseneau. You will have an opportunity of judging for yourself whether this was the fact or not, but I ask you to remember that this was the impression upon my mind, because it probably influenced my after conduct in an important crisis.

After this, matters went on for some time much as usual. The baroness sent me several sums of money which I tried to appropriate to the wants of Herr Apel, and his daughter, but I found more difficulty in doing this than I expected. Liese showed a shyness and reserve towards me which I had never seen before. Once or twice I thought I noticed the same wistful glance that I had noticed before, but there was no reason why I should inquire into her thoughts, and I did not do so. I adopted the simple plan of placing the money in comparatively small sums in the old man's hand, and I have reason to know that he immediately gave them to his daughter. Matters went on in this way for some time.

At last one evening there was a second piece at the theatre which somewhat resembled the first part of your pantomimes. There was a kind of love story running through it, but broken in upon by every kind of absurdity. We had played "Hamlet" for the first piece, considerably cut down, in which I took the part of Horatio. The actor who played Hamlet said courteously to me amid the applause that closed the play, —

"Half of this, Richter, belongs to you," and insisted on taking me by the arm as he went before the curtain.

I played the lover in the second piece. I had noticed during the evening that the manner of Liese was unusually excited; she spoke much, and to every one; she was unusually friendly with me, and when the piece came on she took every opportunity of clinging to me, and playing her part in the most lively and charming way. I never saw her look more attractive. Towards the end of the piece when the climax of absurdity was nearly reached, there was a scene in which the king, the lord chancellor in his robes, and the two lovers meet in conclave to consult partly over State affairs, and partly over the fate of the two latter. Towards the end of the consultation, apparently as a relief to more serious business, it occurs to the



chancellor to sing a song and dance a hornpipe. After performing his part to admiration, and careering round the stage several times, he disappeared through the side scenes, and the king, inspired apparently by his example, waved his ball and sceptre, advanced to the footlights, and, singing his song, also danced round the stage, his robes greatly encumbering him, and, finishing up with a pirouette, which under the circumstances was highly creditable, also vanished from the scene. It then came to my turn, and leaving the side of Liese, by whom I had stood hitherto, I also sang two verses of a popular melody, and finished by a dance; as I came back, amid applause, Liese regarded me with a glance full of kindness and congratulation, and glided forward to the footlights with the most graceful motion, to sing her song. I did not leave the stage, but stood watching her. She wore the dress of a Swiss country girl, and I some picturesque lover's costume. I noticed an unusual stillness in the crowded theatre, and fancied something uncommon in the rich tones of her voice. She was encored, and repeated the last verse; then she commenced her dance, coming round the stage three times. Each time that she passed me she made a graceful motion of her hand, to which I replied by kissing the tips of my fingers in an attitude of extreme devotion which indeed was little exaggeration of what I really felt. After the third time she came forward to the footlights, and made her pirouette higher than usual, amid a thunder of applause. Then she fell, flat and motionless, upon the boards.

I had her in my arms in a moment. There was a rush of actors upon the stage, and the curtain fell with a crashing sound. We could hear the excitement and confusion amid the audience without. The manager went before the curtain in response to repeated calls; and said that an unfortunate accident had happened to Mademoiselle Liese. Except as far as she was concerned the piece would go on. He begged the forbearance of the audience for a few minutes.

Meanwhile I had carried Liese to a couch. She was quite conscious and spoke, but she could not move a limb. She never moved again.

Amid the crowd around her, some one at last forced his way. I turned and recognized Von Roseneau.

"Richter," he said, "my carriage is close at hand; we will take her to her home."

His manner was so wild and excited that I turned and looked at him. He was not in his evening dress, but appeared dressed for a journey.

"You do not generally have your carriage here, count," I said.

"No," he replied distractedly; "but for this accursed accident, she would have been mine to night."

I looked at him for a moment.

"The paralysis is, then, only half to blame, Count von Roseneau," I said.

We saw no more of the count, and learnt that he had left the city. It appeared that he was deeply in debt, and, though he evidently had considerable sums of money at his control, that his person was not safe from arrest. The family estates had been heavily encumbered even in his father's time, though had he lived he would probably have succeeded in freeing them from debt. The count had deposited a sum of money with an agent to be applied to the support of Herr Apel. Some days afterwards the agent called upon me and informed me that this sum was still at our disposal. I declined to receive it.

It seemed that uncertain of my feelings towards her, haunted by a terrible dread of approaching paralysis, and overwhelmed with the charge and burden of her father's state, Liese had yielded to the proposals of the count, which promised ease and luxury to them all. If I could have made up my mind sooner, had I spoken to her more openly and freely, and endeavored to win her confidence, it might have been different. Poor Liese!

"I will tell you what we must do, Liese," I said, as cheerfully as I could, two days after the accident, as I was sitting by her bed. She had recovered so far as to be able to move one arm a little. "I will tell you what we must do. You must marry me. We will then live all together and take care of the old man as long as he lives. Then when you have rested a long time and got quite well, we shall be as happy as the day is long."

And so—I am telling a long story—we settled it. The baroness came to see Liese several times. We were married in her room by a priest—most of us actors profess to be Catholics—and the baroness was present at the ceremony. We moved to an old house in a better part of the town, where we had a large room with a long, low window at either end commanding cheerful views, the one into a market-place, the other over the



distant country with mills and a stream. Here Liese lay in a clean, white bed, with the old man seated beside her; he became much quieter and gentler after he had given up acting; and in the same room we had our meals, and lived. We were rather straitened for money, for now that I was bound to the city and theatre by my wife's state, some little advantage was taken, and I was told the theatre could not afford so high a salary. It is the way of the world. Indeed we should have been very poorly off, more than once, but for the baroness, who sent me money openly from time to time. I took it without hesitation. One day she came to see us when I was at home, and remarked how comfortable we were in our large room, and the cheerful picturesque view at the back, like a landscape by an old master, and how happy the old man seemed. When she went down to her carriage, and I was handing her in, she said, looking straight before her, and with a kind of strange scorn in her voice, —

"There is some difference, Herr Richter, between a noble of the empire and you!"

We went on in this way for more than a year. I was content enough; indeed, I should have been a wretch to have been impatient, for I knew it could not last very long. The doctors went on giving us hopes and expectations, but I knew better. I could see that the malady was gradually stealing over Liese's faculties and consuming her life. She had lost the use of both arms, and would lie for hours without the least sign of life, and she took nothing but a little broth. The old man died first: he went away very peacefully in his chair in the evening sunlight, saying that it was time to dress. Some two months after his death, I was sitting by Liese in the afternoon, learning my part. It was autumn, and the room was full of a soft light; opposite to the bed was an old clock, upon the dial of which was an accidental mark. I had noticed that if I left when the minute hand reached this mark, I could reach the theatre easily without hurry. I sat watching the hand slowly approaching the spot. The room was perfectly still, nothing but the loud ticking of the clock being heard. The hand was within three minutes of the mark when Liese, who had lain motionless and unconscious for hours, suddenly stirred. I turned towards her in surprise; she looked up full in my face and smiled, and at the same moment she raised her right arm which had never

moved since the fatal night, and held out her hand to me. I grasped it in mine, and the next moment she was gone.

I acted that night as usual, for the public must not be disappointed. But I took a holiday soon after, and went a tour through the mountains. Not that I wish you to suppose that I was overwhelmed with grief; on the contrary, now that I have no temptation that way, I am ashamed to remember that I felt a sense of relief. Were the temptation to occur again, no doubt I should feel the same.

When I returned from my little tour I found myself courted. Now that I was free to go where I liked the management suddenly found that I was very useful, and offered me a considerable increase of salary to remain. Indeed, I was so flattered and courted that I became somewhat vain and light-headed. I dressed finely, and went much into society, for I was invited to some of the best houses in the city as an agreeable and entertaining guest. I saw the baroness frequently, and was always invited to her garden-parties, which she received at a small but beautiful château, a mile or two from the city, by the stream which flowed before poor Liese's room. Indeed, I was quite at home at the château, and the servants treated me almost as an inmate.

At the conclusion of one of these parties, about two years after Liese's death, the baroness took an opportunity, as she passed, to say to me, —

"I am going to-morrow to spend a few days at Saarfeld, which I think you have never seen. It is a strange, old, romantic place among the Bavarian Alps, and I think would please you. I wish you would arrange to come over and stay a night or two. I shall be quite alone, as I go on business of the estate."

I promised to go.

As the travelling chaise wound up from the valleys by long and gradual ascents, and the beauties of the mountain forests revealed themselves one by one, I seemed to be entering an enchanted land of romance and witchery. Light mists hovered below the lofty summits, and over the thick foliage of the oaks and beech-trees. They were illumined with prismatic colors by the slanting sunbeams which shot in strange and mystic rays through mountain crag and forest glade, throwing up portions in wild relief and depressing others into distant shade. The huts of hunters and woodmen, and the wreaths of smoke from the charcoal-burners, were



the only signs of life in this wild land of forest and hill. The lofty wood of black pine climbing the higher summits shut in the view on every side.

At last I reached the château, which stood high up in the forest, commanding an extensive and surprising view.

It was indeed a strange, wild old place of immense size, with long rows of turrets and windows, and massive towers of vast antiquity. We entered a court-yard, surrounded by lofty walls, so completely covered with ivy that the windows could scarcely be seen. It seemed as though the real and living world were entirely shut out and lost sight of. The whole place, however, was in perfect repair, and was richly furnished. The staff of servants was ample. The major-domo, who always accompanied his mistress, welcomed me with great kindness. The baroness, he said, was at that moment engaged with the steward; if I would take some slight refreshment after my journey, she would receive me presently in the grand salon. I was shown into a dining-room, where a slight repast was awaiting me. The rooms were hung with portraits of the old barons of Saarfeld, with tapestry of strange device, and with still stranger pictures of the old German and Italian masters, and were furnished with cabinets and sideboards, evidently of extreme antiquity. The sense of glamor and of mystery increased upon me at every step; I seemed to be acting in a wild and improbable piece.

When I had taken what refreshment I wanted, I asked to be shown my room that I might arrange my dress before seeking the baroness. I had scarcely finished before the major-domo again appeared, and informed me that his mistress was waiting for me in the grand salon. I found this to be a magnificent apartment, with a long row of lofty windows in deep recesses overlooking the wild forest. Tall portraits of more than life-size hung upon the walls, and a massive stone chimney-piece, the height of the room, and carved with innumerable devices, fronted the windows. The polished oak floor would have been dangerous to walk on, but an actor is always equal to such feats.

The baroness was standing in the centre of the vast room, which was clear of furniture. I seemed to see her at last in her full perfection, as though such a lovely creature required such a setting as this before she could be fully and perfectly seen. She was easy and composed, and began to speak at once.

"I wish to tell you at once, my dear friend," she said, "why I have asked you to come here, because it is only fair to you that you should know it at once."

She paused for a moment, and I could only look at her in silent admiration. I had not the remotest idea what she was going to say, but it seemed to me more and more that I was acting a strange and unnatural part.

"You are aware, my dear friend," she repeated, "that my father had some thought of marrying me, had he lived, to the Count von Roseneau, but long before his death he saw in that unhappy young man what made him change his intention. He spoke to me often with great freedom on this as on every other subject; it was the wonderful privilege which I enjoyed with such a father. He spoke to me much of the relationship between man and wife, of the peculiar duties and trials of each, and of the necessity of long and careful thought and of seeking for the best guidance in such a matter. He impressed upon me the value of eternal principles rather than of accidental forms; and though he insisted continually on the necessary observance of outward forms and decencies, yet he pointed out to me that circumstances might arise where all the necessary principles and qualities which alone give forms any value could exist, though some of the form itself might appear wanting. Finally, in the most solemn manner he assured me, and confirmed it in his will, that he was perfectly satisfied to leave the matter in my hands, convinced that I should follow out the great principles upon which his life had been based, and show myself worthy of the confidence and education he had bestowed upon me. I believe that I am about to act in a manner that would meet his full approval. I believe that those circumstances have actually arrived which he foresaw, and that I have found the man whom he would welcome as a son. I offer you my hand."

She pronounced these words, even to the last, without any hurry of manner or the slightest sign of excitement beyond the charming animation with which she always spoke. You will naturally suppose that their effect upon me was overwhelming, but if so you are mistaken. It has been a matter of profound astonishment to me, in every succeeding moment of my life, that I acted as I did. Afterwards, of course, no end of reasons appeared which justified, and even approved in the highest degree, my conduct; but



that, at the instant, when in another moment I might have had this glorious creature in my arms, I should have remained unmoved, has never ceased to fill me with astonishment. I can only account for it by one wild and seemingly improbable supposition. You will not believe it, but I am firmly convinced that during the whole interview I thought that I was on the stage, I thought that I had a part given me, and that I spoke words which I had already carefully conned. I am the more convinced that this was the case because I made no longer pause than would have been proper could you conceive such a scene to be enacted upon the stage.

"Baroness," I said, and I see the words now before me as plainly as if I read them from a play-book, "Baroness, it cannot be necessary to say that the offer you have made overwhelms me to the earth. I do not use such phrases as gratitude, and favor, and condescension; words at any time are unequal to the task of expression, and to use them now would only be an insult to your heart and mine. But I should be utterly unworthy of the amazing regard which you have shown to me, and of the undeserved approbation with which your own goodness has led you to regard me, were I to hesitate for a moment to urge you to reflect before you commit yourself to such a step. You have yourself allowed that your father insisted on the necessity of submission to the forms and decencies of outward life. Think for a moment of the consequences to yourself of such a step as you now, with the sublime unconsciousness of the highest natures, propose to me. You have created out of your own nobleness an image which you call by my name, but you will find the reality an idol and a delusion, and you will find the world's verdict, on the whole, to be right. I entreat you to pause."

"Herr Richter," she said, looking me full in the face, and no language can express the beauty of her confiding glance, "every word you say only confirms my choice. I offer you my hand."

This second trial was very hard.

"My conscience is not at rest," I said. "I entreat you to reflect."

A very slight shade passed over the beautiful face, and a look of something like incredulity came into the wonderful eyes.

"You refuse my offer?" she said.

"I entreat you to weigh well what I have said."

"I might well say, Herr Richter," she said, "that there is some difference between you and other men."

There was a pause. The interview became embarrassing. I turned slightly towards the window, and it occurred to me to walk into the embrasure and look out. When I turned round, after a minute or two, I found that the baroness had taken advantage of my action and had left the room.

I went out into the park. The moment I was alone a host of reasons rushed into my mind, all of them insisting with one voice on the propriety of the course I had, as it were involuntarily, taken. I was firmly convinced that whether she knew it or not the baroness was attached with all the tenacity of her girlhood's recollections to the Count von Roseneau. Supposing this to be the case I could well see that the position, when novelty had played its part, of the player-husband would not be a dignified or enviable one. I knew, none better, the effect of the overpowering sympathies of rank and class, and of the revulsion which inevitably follows action which is the result of excited feeling. I knew the ultimate irresistible power of the world's verdict. Of course some demon might have suggested that I should take the temporary wealth of delight which was offered to me, and, when the inevitable catastrophe came, go my quiet way unharmed, but I should hope that there are few men who would desire a temporary pleasure at so stupendous a cost.

I wandered in the park and forest for a couple of hours. Then I came back to the château. I was uncertain what to do, but I did not like to leave without seeing the baroness again. I went to my room. Here I found one of the valets arranging my toilette for the evening. I had not been in the room many minutes before the major-domo entered. His manner was even more urbane and polite than in the morning.

The baroness, he said, earnestly hoped that I would favor her with my company at dinner; the meal would be served in less than an hour.

The man's manner was so marked that I could not help looking at him. Was it possible that the household could have any idea of what had taken place?

I found the baroness in an ante-chamber which opened upon one of the lesser dining-rooms. There were several servants standing about between the two rooms, but she seemed utterly indifferent



to their presence. Her manner was perfectly unembarrassed, and she came forward to greet me, holding out her beautiful hand.

"My dear friend," she said, "I feared you had left Saarfeld in displeasure. I hope you will not deprive me of what I value so highly. I have quite recovered from the little natural vexation I felt at your refusal of my offer. I will not offend again. Let us go to dinner."

"On one condition, baroness," I said, as I gave her my arm, "that you are not too fascinating. I might take you at your word."

"Your chance is gone by, sir," she said, with a delightful *moue*. "The ivory gates are closed."

I still felt as though I were performing in a play. I never exerted myself to please as I did that night. When the evening was over, I said, "I fear I shall not see you in the morning. I must be at the theatre to-morrow night."

"I shall not stay here many days," said the baroness. "You must call on me the moment I return, my friend."

I raised the hand she gave me, and kissed the tips of her fingers, but I did not press her hand. When a man is walking in slippery places he is wary of his steps.

I visited the baroness immediately on her return, and found her as friendly and unembarrassed as ever. The months glided by with great quietude. The theatre was under good management; it was prosperous, and the best actors frequently visited it. It was one of those halcyon periods which visit all theatres at times. My popularity increased, and I could have demanded almost any salary. I was invited to other cities, but these visits I made very sparingly. What, however, might perhaps have been expected occurred, and caused me great annoyance. A report spread through the city that I was about to be married to the baroness. It was universally believed.

"Have you heard the news?" men said, one to another. "The beautiful Helena von Saarfeld, for whom princes were not high enough, or cultured, or religious enough, who was almost too good to walk the earth, is going to marry Richter the player! What do you think of that?"

"Have you heard the news, Herr Richter?" said the baroness, one afternoon as I entered her drawing-room.

"Yes," I said. "It has annoyed me

beyond expression. Who could have originated such a report?"

"Oh," she said, with a bewitching under-glance of her eyes, "such things cannot be hidden. It is not my fault that it is not true."

"That is all very well, my pretty friend," I thought to myself, "while the count is away and out of mind, but what will happen should he return?"

I was congratulated on all hands, and could only deny that there was a word of truth in the report.

"It is most annoying to me," I said. "I shall have to give up visiting the baroness." My friend would not hear of this, however, and seemed to take every opportunity of appearing with me in public. This had very much the desired effect, for when people saw we had nothing to conceal, they grew wearied of talking about us, and the matter pretty much dropped.

One evening, as I was dressing in the theatre, I received a note from the baroness, asking me to come to her chateau the next day at one o'clock, without fail. I was true to the time, and found her in a little morning-room where she transacted business. She seemed excited beyond her wont.

"My dear friend," she said, "I have sent for you because I want your advice and protection. I have good reason to know that I am safer in your care than I am in my own. There was a man here yesterday, a kind of Jew lawyer, who made an excuse to see me, though his business might well have been settled with the agent. When he had said what he had to say, however, he became very mysterious, and said that he had lately seen the Count von Roseneau, and that he had something to communicate which it very much concerned me to hear. His face wore a low, cunning expression as he said this, which disgusted me, and I told him that I had nothing to say on such subjects to him, and that if he had anything to communicate it must come through my agent. He told me he could tell it to no one but myself. I thought immediately of you; and told him that if he liked to call here to-morrow at this time I would ask a gentleman, a very intimate friend, to be present, and then he could say what he wished. He hesitated at this, but I turned my back upon him, and left the room."

"Do you know any evil of the man?" I asked.

"I know nothing of such people," she said scornfully. "I know no more evil



of him than I do of a toad, but I shudder at both."

The man was speedily announced. He was evidently of the lowest type of his profession, and had a mean and hang-dog look. I do not know whether he knew me or not, but he took little notice of any but the baroness.

He began his tale at once.

He had lived in Berlin where the Count von Roseneau was, and had been engaged in some inferior business connected with the mortgage on the count's estates.

"The count's affairs," he said, "were getting more and more involved; he was deeply in debt, was very short of money, and indeed had been more than once under arrest. The mortgages were foreclosed on all his estates, and the estates themselves offered for sale, when one day going over some deeds in the office of the lawyer who was engaged in managing what little remained to do on his behalf, I discovered a most important memorandum, signed by the count himself. It is not necessary to explain before the baroness," he continued, turning to me, "the exact nature of the complicated business, but you will understand that the paper had been given in lieu of deeds which never seem afterwards to have been executed, and was the sole evidence which decided the possession of the estates, or, at least, of the most considerable one. It had been inclosed by mistake in a parcel of copies that had been returned to the count. I found him alone, and placed the paper in his hands. It was some time before he understood its character, but when at last he was convinced that its possession restored him to wealth and honor, a singular expression came into his face.

"This is a nice homily, my good fellow," he said, "on you men of business, with all your chicanery of deeds, and evidences, and papers, and signing, and counter-signing, and all the rest of the devil's game. What do you want for this paper? You did not bring it for nothing, I presume."

"Well," I said, "a thousand marks would not seem too much for such a service."

"A thousand marks," said the count, rising, "is all I have in the world; nevertheless I will give it for this paper."

"I should think so," I said. "A thousand marks are not much for estates and wealth."

The count went to his secretaire, looked out a rouleau of gold, and handed

it to me. Then he sat down again, and looked at the paper steadily, for some time.

"Neat," he said to himself more than to me: "pretty, very pretty, but not my style; never was the Von Roseneau style, that I ever heard."

"Then he bowed me politely out of the room. What happened, I heard from his valet. As soon as I had left, the count sat down at the secretaire, wrote some lines in an envelope, fastened up the paper in it, directed it, and called the servant.

"You will take this to the address," he said, "and give it to the principal. If he is out wait for him, though it be all day. You will give it into no hands but his. Tell me when it is done."

"The count is now," continued the Jew, "in absolute penury. He has applied for a commission in the Bavarian Infantry, which he is certain to receive. The miserable pay will be all he will have to live on. He has business in this city which requires his presence. I expect him here, for a few hours, in a day or two."

The baroness rose from her chair, and I could see that she was pale.

"You will settle with this — this gentleman," she said to me, and left the room.

"Well," I said to the man. "You want something for the communication, I suppose?"

I saw that he did not know who I was, for his manner was deferential, as to a gentleman of rank.

He said he left it to the baroness.

I gave him a heap of notes, as I knew it would be the baroness's wish, and he left well satisfied.

I went into the drawing-room to the baroness.

She was standing in the window, looking at the gorgeous flowers that were heaped together in profusion — a soft and pensive light in her eyes. She was evidently thinking of the count, and of their early days.

Her attitude and expression were so lovely that I stopped involuntarily to gaze. She looked up, and saw, I suppose, something in my look which she had not seen before, for she flushed all over, and said, with a softened, pleased expression which was bewitching to see, —

"You are a strange man, Richter; I know you love me."

"Yes, I love you, baroness," I said, "better than I love myself."

"That is nothing," she said, flushing



again. "Do you think I did not know that? Do you think I should have acted as I have done had I not doubted whether in all Germany, nay, in Europe itself, there could be found a man so good as you!"

"Let us hope, baroness, for the sake of Europe, there may be a few."

"Well," she said, sitting down, "I want you to do something for me. A very little thing this time. I want you to find out when the count comes, to go to him, and to get him to come over to Saarfeld to me."

"What are you going to say to him?" I said.

She looked up suddenly, as in anger, but the next instant a touching look of humility came over her face, and she said,—

"I am going to make him the same offer that I did to you, sir!"

I shook my head. "Do you know so little of your own people—of your own order—as that?" I said. "He will refuse."

"I am not only a noble," she said, almost pitifully, "I am a woman too."

There was a pause. Then she said, "Why do you say that he will refuse?"

"He has the distinguishing vice of his order," I said, "insolent, selfish pride. It is notorious that he took great umbrage at what he considered interference in his affairs by your father and yourself, and at the blame which the breaking off of the match implied. He will think that you make him the offer now out of pity. His pride of race will rebel, and he will refuse a future, however splendid, marked by favors received and restrained by gratitude, and, he may even think, by compulsion. I have a better plan. I will seek him out; and if I find that he does not refuse to talk with me, and I do not see why he should, I will let him understand that you are kindly disposed towards him. I will recall his early days, and I will endeavor to make him believe that he is performing a chivalrous action, and forgiving injuries, and is conferring rather than receiving a favor. I hope to succeed. You said to me this morning that you were safer in my keeping than in your own. Trust to me now, though God knows I only do it to please you; I am not responsible for the result."

"No," said the baroness, getting up from her seat. "I am a woman, and I will go my own way. I will have him at Saarfeld, where we were so happy as children. I will tell him all myself."

"She trusts to her charms," I said as I left the house. "It cannot be wondered at. Come what may, I will not marry her. The world shall *never* say that this divine creature married Richter the player."

Some few days afterwards I learnt that the count had arrived. In the interval I had urged the baroness to dispense with my advocacy altogether, and simply to send a message; but this she refused to do. I had nothing left but to do my best.

I called at the hotel at which the count was staying, and sent in my name. I was immediately shown up to a private room.

"I see you are surprised to see me, Count von Roseneau," I said, "but I am not come to revive any reminiscences of the past. I simply bring you a message from the baroness Helena, who asked me to tell you that she wished to see you at Saarfeld."

"If I showed any wonder, Herr Richter," said the count, "it was simply that I was surprised that you should condescend to call upon me. As you have mentioned the baroness, I am glad of the opportunity of saying that I am convinced that she can have no truer friend than yourself."

"The baroness," I said, "is of the opinion that I might become the best means of telling you that she still cherishes the recollections of her early childhood. If I might venture to say anything, I would say that we do not war against women, and that though doubtless many things may have happened founded upon exaggerated reports, yet the Count von Roseneau will not cherish such paltry recollections in such a moment as this."

"The baroness," said the count, "has chosen well, though I fancy I can see that she has acted against the advice of her best friend. I will go to Saarfeld at any moment she may appoint, and anything that is within my power, and which is consistent with the honor of my family, I will do; the more willingly because by doing so I know I shall oblige you."

This was all very well, and I did not see what else I could say. There was a polished coldness about the count's manner which seemed to imply that the baroness and he moved in a charmed circle within which it was intrusion for any one to venture. I had delivered my message, to the words of which the baroness had almost limited me, and I rose to take my leave; but I was not prepared for what ensued.

The count followed me to the door. "Herr Richter," he said, speaking in a



very different tone from that which he had hitherto used, "I wish to say something else. I wish, if I can possibly say it, to say something which will cause you to think less hardly of me with regard to one who is dead; which will offer you some thanks, though thanks from such a source must be utterly worthless — for — but there are no words which can express what I mean — if you do not see it, there is no help."

I stood looking at him across the threshold for a moment.

"In the matter of which you speak, Count von Roseneau, if I understand you, and I think I do, I also was to blame. It is not for me to judge another. If you owe me thanks for anything that is past let me entreat you to weigh well every word you say at Saarfeld."

"I promise you," said the count.

With regard to the interview at Saarfeld, I only know what the baroness told me. I believe that she told me every word that fell from the count, but her own words and manner I had to collect as best I could. It was evident that she adopted a very different method from that which she had done toward myself. She received the count indifferently, and put off the important moment as long as possible. No doubt she brought to play the whole fascination of her manner and person, but she selected the great salon as the scene of her final effort. In what way she introduced the subject I do not know, but she told me that she was standing in one of the embrasures of the windows when the count replied.

"Helena, I am unworthy of you, but I am grateful all the same. I cannot allow you to sacrifice yourself simply out of pity to me. I am a ruined man — ruined in purse and reputation. The auguries which influenced your opinion of me when we were younger, are fulfilled — more than fulfilled. What would the world say if, when the fear alone of possible consequences rendered your union with me unsuitable, I were to avail myself of such a union when all these dreary predictions have been verified? Let the world say what it will, the Von Roseneaus are proud; that which was denied me because I was unworthy I cannot accept because I am poor. Besides, I cannot forget one who is dead."

The baroness was standing against the embrasure of the window which was lined with tapestry. She was evidently anxious to retain her perfect composure, but as

the count continued speaking with a manly openness of purpose, her calmness was sorely tried. The last words came to her help. She grew composed instantly, and her face darkened with displeasure.

"You should take lessons from the stage, count," she said, somewhat bitterly. "The actor declines a supreme favor with better grace than you."

The count said nothing; he was probably not displeased at the loss of temper which would bring the interview to a close.

"Then you refuse my offer?" she said at last.

"I cannot accept."

"Mine is a strange fate, Count von Roseneau," she said. "In this hall, beneath the portraits of my ancestors, I have, in violation of all the customs of my sex, offered my hand to two men, one an actor, and one a noble, and have been rejected by both."

"The actor, madam," said the count, stepping back, "you may well regret, the noble is not worth a thought."

The baroness did not bear her second disappointment so well as the first. She looked sad, though the smile lost nothing of its sweetness, nor her manner of its vivacity. She had a wistful look in her eyes sometimes when they met mine, which, it might be thought, must have made my resolution hard to keep. If you like you may call my determination a selfish fancy which my vanity alone enabled me to maintain. The baroness spoke a great deal of the count, and talked to me much of her early days and of the confusions and ill-feeling when the young count's conduct first began to arouse the fears of her father.

"I get very old and prosy, my friend," she said — she grew lovelier every day — "and I fatigue you with this talk, but I have no friend but you to whom I can speak of these things." She devoted herself to charity and good works; she visited the hospitals, and her carriage was to be seen in the worst purlieus of the city.

One day she told me she had received an invitation to travel in Italy with some cousins of her mother's, the head of the party being a superb old gentleman whom I had often met, and who reminded me of Don Quixote. This old gentleman had at first been very cold and haughty, but after some time his manner changed suddenly, the cause of which alteration the baroness explained to me.



"The old gentleman," she said, "took me to task very severely upon the danger of my intercourse with you, and gave himself much trouble in repeating at great length the most wise maxims. I let him run on till he was quite out of breath, and then I said: 'My dear cousin, all that you have said is quite true, and shows your deep knowledge of the world. There has been the greatest danger of what you dread taking place. I offered my hand to Herr Richter years ago, and any time within the last five years, excepting one short week, I would have married him if he would have had me.' I saw that the old baron was very polite the next time you met."

The baroness wanted me to accompany her to Italy, and offered to settle a large sum of money on me absolutely, so that I might give up my profession.

"No, baroness," I said, "let us go on as we have begun. We have had a fair friendship, for which I do not say how much I thank you, and which no breath of calumny has ever stained; do not let us spoil it at last."

So we parted, but only for a time.

When the party had left for Italy I felt less tied to the city and accepted engagements elsewhere. I acted in Berlin, and so far departed from my rule as to take one or two principal parts with more success than I had expected. This was chiefly owing to the fact that in Germany the new reading of any part is welcomed with enthusiasm, and a host of critics immediately discover numberless excellences in it, chiefly to show off their own cleverness. Many of these gentlemen were kind enough to point out many beauties in my acting of which I was entirely unconscious. This led to my receiving invitations to other cities, which I accepted. In the course of my wanderings I arrived at a city on the French frontier, where I accepted an engagement for several nights to play *Max Piccolomini*. In the midst of this engagement the war between Germany and France suddenly broke out, and before we were aware we found ourselves involved in the marches and counter-marches of armies. The theatre was closed, and the company dispersed. I attempted to return into Saxony, but the advancing armies so blocked the roads that I was compelled to turn back. The French were advancing with equal rapidity, and I found myself shut in between the opposing troops. The campaign was so complicated that what was the rear one day became the ad-

vanced guard the next. The utmost confusion seemed to prevail.

At last I found myself in a little suburb of some large town devoted to Lusthauses and gardens of pleasure; pretty little cottages appeared on every side surrounded by gardens and grass-plats dotted with alcoves and sheltered by lofty trees. The French made a sudden advance, and held the adjoining slope, but did not come into the suburb. A small detachment of German Uhlans had halted in the village, and were watching the French.

I was standing in the door of one of the cottages with the officer of the little troop, when the *chasseur* of the baroness, whom I knew so well, rode up. I sprang forward to meet him, and learnt that a skirmish had taken place outside the town, and that the wounded men were being brought from the front in charge of an ambulance corps to which the baroness had attached herself.

A few minutes afterwards the corps arrived bringing with them several wounded men. I shall never forget the look of glad surprise in the face of the baroness when she saw me. It is the most cherished recollection of my life.

"You come as always in the right time, my friend," she said. "In a few minutes we shall be in the thick of the battle. Whenever I want help and protection, you appear. How did you learn that I was here?"

"I did not know you were in Germany, baroness," I said. "It is the will of God that we should meet; something is going to happen which concerns us both."

She wore the ambulance dress, with the white cross upon her arm, and looked more lovely than ever.

We had not stood above five minutes before we heard firing to the right and left; and the Uhlans mounted and rode off, advising us to retire into the cottages with the wounded. It was too late, they said, for the ambulance corps to retire further into the rear.

Having deposited the wounded as best we could, the baroness and I went into an upper room which looked out to the side over a small grass-plot flanked by a low wall and a plantation of willows. The firing came nearer and nearer, and all along the slope on our left we could see the French lines and the artillery officers riding up and down. We did not know what was going on.

Suddenly a roar like hell itself shook the earth from end to end; the cannon-



balls came crashing through the branches of the trees, and a hail of lead swept off the leaves, tore up the grass in faint lines, and shook the wall of the cottage with their dull thud. We could see a strange commotion among the plantations on our right, and the next moment a form which we both knew too well vaulted over the low wall and came across the grass. A second after him other officers leaped the wall, and without waiting to see if their men followed, hurried across the lawn, and up the slope. They had no need to pause. The next moment the Bavarian Infantry, the men falling at every step, cleared the fence, and in spite of the torrent of fire which seemed to burn the earth before it, crossed the garden, and ascended, in almost unbroken line, the hill beyond, half concealed by the shattered trees. Other regiments followed, equally steady, and equally exposed to the never-ceasing storm, and in about eight minutes the firing lulled; the French had fallen back.

We went out of the cottage. Never in the wildest stage effect could such a transformation be beheld as this village scene presented. Eight minutes ago, smiling in the sunshine, peaceful, bright with flowers, and green grass and trees — now shattered, mangled, trodden down, the houses in ruins and in flames, the trees broken and leafless, the ground strewn with the dying and the dead. The ambulance was already at work, but the baroness did not stop.

"Let us go to the front, my dear friend," she said.

I knew what she meant. The *chasseur*, who kept close to his mistress, followed us, and we went forward up the slope, picking our way among the fallen men, and now and then stopping while the baroness gave some poor fellow a drink of water, and assured him that the ambulance corps would be up immediately. As we ascended the slope and looked back for a moment, we could see that the village and the whole line of country was occupied by the main body of the German troops — a magnificent sight.

At last, near the top of the slope we met two Bavarians who were carrying an officer between them. The baroness knelt down, and, without hesitation, the men laid their burden before her, in her arms.

"We do not think he is dead, lady," said one of them, the tears streaming down his face. "He moved once as we came along."

He lay perfectly still, to all appearance lifeless, his eyes closed.

"Speak to him," I said, "perchance he may hear *you*."

"Von Roseneau," cried the baroness, in a tone I never wish to hear again, "Von Roseneau, will you marry me now?"

The despairing tremor of her voice seemed to recall the departed spirit already wandering in other lands. The dying man opened his eyes, a brilliant smile lighted his face, his gaze met that of the baroness, and he held out his hand, but he could not speak. The next moment he fell back dead within her arms.

"And what became of the baroness?" I asked, for the actor paused.

"She became a canoness, and devoted herself entirely to the mystical religion of the Count von Zinzendorff."

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
RACHEL.

It is already rather more than twenty-four years since all that was mortal of Rachel was laid to rest in the Jewish cemetery at Père la Chaise. The streets through which the funeral procession passed were thronged; and around her grave on that bleak, dark, showery January day (11th Jan. 1858) were gathered all the Parisian men and women of distinction in her own art. There, too, might be seen all the leaders in literature and the fine arts, whom Paris held most in honor, come to pay the last sad homage to one whose genius had often thrilled their hearts and stirred their imaginations as no other actress of her time had done. How many blanks in that brilliant array can even now be counted! Of these, Rachel's great eacher, Samson, to whom she owed so much, Monrose, the elder Dumas, Villemain, Scribe, Sainte-Beuve, Alfred de Vigny, Mérimée, Jules Janin, Halévy, Théophile Gautier, Baron Taylor, Emile de Girardin, are but a few of the most conspicuous. As one reads the record, the old, old question starts up, "Where are they all, the old familiar faces?" Fading fast away, like the fame of her whom they had met to mourn, into that dim twilight of memory, which for most of them will soon deepen into unbroken night.

"*Pauvre femme! Ah, la pauvre*



*femme !*” were the words that broke again and again from the old but ever-young Déjazet, as she tried in vain to make her way through the dense crowd in the cemetery to throw a huge bouquet of violets into the grave. They are words which were often used in Rachel’s life by those who knew its sad story. They are the words that rise naturally to our lips, as we lay down the volume just published by M. Georges d’Heylli, “*Rachel d’après sa Correspondance*,” in which it has been told in fuller detail and with a kindlier spirit, than in any of the numerous biographies by which it has been preceded. What a strange, sad story it is! The years of childhood and girlhood spent in poverty, in squalor, and privation, passing suddenly into a blaze of European fame,—the homage of the leaders of society and of thought laid at the feet of one whom they looked upon as “a thing inspired,”—wealth pouring in profusion into her lap,—the passionate aspiration of the young spirit after excellence in her art, and the triumphs there, which were more to her than either wealth or the plaudits of the theatre. Then the melancholy reverse of the picture! A life, wherein that which makes the main charm and glory of womanhood is sought for in vain,—the practice of her noble art, continued not from delight in its exercise, or with purpose to raise and to instruct, degenerating into a mere mechanical pursuit, swiftly avenged by the decline of that power which had once enabled her to move men’s hearts to their inmost fibres, and by the break-up of her constitution, taxed, as it was, beyond endurance in efforts to make as much money as possible in the shortest possible time. Then disease—acute bodily suffering—anguish in the retrospect of a mistaken life, and in forebodings of the eclipse of a fame which was the very breath of her nostrils, yet which she knew too well she had not labored honorably to maintain—death drawing nearer and nearer, with none of the consolations either in looking backward or forward that rob it of its bitterness, and relentlessly closing its icy hand upon her heart, while that heart still yearned after the scene of her former glories, and felt some stirrings of the old power which had won them. A sad life indeed, and anything but noble. It is not, however, without instruction, either for artist or critic; for it brings strongly home the too often forgotten truth, that to rise to the level of great art, and to keep there, the inner life and the habits

of the artist must be worthy, pure, and noble.

Let us try, with the help of M. d’Heylli’s volume, and some others which bear upon the subject, to present some of its leading features.

In an *auberge* called the *Soleil d’Or*, in the small village of Mumpf, near Aarau in Switzerland, Elizabeth Félix, the Rachel of the French stage, first saw the light on the 28th of February, 1820. Thither her mother had come a few days before, unaccompanied by her husband, Jacob Félix, a Jewish travelling pedlar, with whom she had for some time been moving about in Germany and Switzerland. The kindness of some of the Israelites of the village helped her over her time of trouble; and a few days afterwards she left the place, taking with her the baby who, she little dreamed, was to bring back Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire to the French stage. Years passed in wandering up and down with her parents, who plied their vocation of pedlars with indifferent success, were not favorable either to the education or to the health of their gifted child, or of their other children,—for they had several,—and probably laid the seeds of that delicacy of chest which ultimately proved fatal to Rachel. This is all the more probable, if we remember that at Lyons, where her parents went to reside in 1830, and subsequently in Paris, to which they removed in 1832, her elder sister Sophie (afterwards known on the stage as Sarah Félix), and herself used to eke out the scanty means of the household by selling oranges and by singing at the *cafés*, upon the chance of earning a few sous from the visitors. It was while plying this vocation that they attracted the notice of M. Choron, a musician, who devoted himself to the training of pupils for the musical profession. Rachel’s voice was a contralto, but Choron soon found that the organ was of too thin a quality to give hopes of turning it to any good account. But in the course of her training the young girl had shown qualities as a declaimer, which induced him to recommend her to the notice of M. St. Aulaire, of the Comédie Française, who, although an indifferent actor himself, was esteemed as an admirable instructor in declamation and the technical business of the stage.

Under M. St. Aulaire the young Rachel made rapid progress. She had a quick and retentive memory, and was soon grounded in all the old tragedies and comedies of repute. Her master was in the



habit of exercising his pupils upon the stage of an obscure *bourgeois* theatre, called the "Théâtre Molière," in the Rue St. Martin, where performances were given upon Sundays. It was here, as M. Samson mentions in his delightful "Mémoires,"\* that he first saw the young girl, whose subsequent success was in a great measure due to his instructions.

She had been [he writes] for some time making attempts in tragedy at the theatre of M. St. Aulaire, who, although a Sociétaire of the Comédie Française, only occupied a modest place there. He made his pupils perform, and gave them tickets, which they undertook to dispose of for money. This was the way he made his income. The performances in which Rachel took part were the most lucrative. She was frequently brought before the inhabitants of this part of Paris, and she was applauded and made much of by this homely public, and her renown had even spread beyond the narrow sphere where she paved the way for more serious successes. Some of my pupils, struck by her abilities, spoke of her to me, and inspired me with the desire to judge of her for myself. I went to hear her one day that she played in the "Don Sanche" of Corneille. She astonished me, I admit, in the character of Isabella, Queen of Castile: I was struck by the tragic feeling which she showed. The sacred fire burned in this young and feeble breast. She was then very little; and yet, having a queen to represent, she dwarfed by her grand manner the actors who surrounded her. These were tall young men unaccustomed to the stage, and her ease of deportment threw their awkwardness into stronger relief. Although forced by her lowness of stature to raise her head to speak to them, the young artist seemed to address them as from above. Still there were here and there, if I may use the phrase, *lacunæ* of intelligence; the character was not thoroughly understood — of this there could be no doubt — but all through one felt the presence of the tragic accent: the special gift was manifest at every point, and one already saw by anticipation the great theatrical future of this wonderful child. Between the pieces I went upon the stage to congratulate her. By this time she had donned a man's dress for Andrieux's comedy, "Le Manteau," which was to follow. As I arrived, she was playing at some kind of game in which it was necessary to hop on one foot, and it was in this attitude that I surprised the ex-Queen of Spain. She listened to my compliments with one leg in the air, thanked me very gracefully, and resumed her game.

A talent of so much promise was sure to attract the attention of those whose business it was to find recruits for the

great national theatre. M. Vedel, the treasurer, and subsequently the director, of the Comédie Française, saw her play *Andromaque* at the same little theatre, and was so deeply impressed by a distinction of manner which triumphed over every disadvantage of an undeveloped figure and shabby costume, as well as by the correctness and purity of her elocution, that he procured for her an admission into the Conservatoire. She was then only fifteen years and a half old, but when she appeared before the Areopagus of that great school — Cherubini, D'Hennerville, Michelot, Samson, and Provost — she excited their warmest admiration, producing upon them, says M. Samson, "the same happy impression which she had been in the habit of producing upon less competent hearers." Samson recorded on the books of the school his opinion of her in the words: "Physique grêle, mais une admirable organization théâtrale." From some cause not well ascertained, the young girl remained at the Conservatoire for only four months, and was soon afterwards engaged upon liberal terms at the Gymnase. Here she made her *début* in a new drama called "La Vendéenne," on the 4th of April, 1837. The piece failed, and the young actress shared its fate. A fresh attempt at the same theatre as Suzette in the "Mariage de Raison," was equally unsuccessful; but here she was contrasted to disadvantage with Leontine Fay, whose personal charms and flexible grace of style were already identified with the part. Rachel's appearances at the Gymnase showed that a theatre devoted to drama of every-day life was not suited to the severe and impassioned tone, and the large style in which her genius found its natural vent. Accordingly, her manager, whose faith in her remained unshaken, recommended her to resume her studies for the higher drama, with a view to appearing upon the stage of the Théâtre Français. Then it was, says M. Samson ("Mémoires," p. 306), "that I again saw her, and in my own house, to which she had come once before to bid me good-bye" — no doubt, on her hasty withdrawal from the Conservatoire. "I had preserved," continues M. Samson, "a recollection of her full of regrets, and was very glad to see her again. I became her professor, and eight months afterwards she made her *début* at the Théâtre Français in the part of Camille in 'Les Horaces.'"

M. Samson was the means of securing

\* Mémoires de Samson de la Comédie Française: Paris, 1882.



her an engagement at this theatre so early as February, 1838, but she did not actually appear till the 12th of June. In his journal he records (6th February, 1838) that as she was "ignorant in the extreme, owing to the poverty of her parents," he told her father to put her into the hands of Madame Brouzet, the teacher of his own children, for tuition in language and history. That lady offered to undertake her instruction for twenty francs a month, and M. Samson continued as before to give his own lessons gratis. Of the value of these some estimate may be formed from the fact that, among the great number of distinguished pupils whom he guided to a successful career, were such artists as Mesdames Plessy, Allan, Favart, Madeleine and Augustine Brohan, Rose Chéri, Judith, and Jouassain. Samson was not the man to allow his pupil to venture on the stage of the great theatre of the Rue Richelieu, until he was assured that she would prove herself worthy of its traditions, and an honor to her instructor. Besides, she had not only to bear the always heavy ordeal of the candidate before an exacting audience for the honors won and worn by the favorites of the past, but also to win back their attention to the tragedies of Racine and Corneille, which had been thrown for some time into the shade by Victor Hugo and the other writers of the Romantic school. The art of interpreting the great works of the classical drama had for some years fallen into disuse, and they were voted slow by those who had never seen their beauties developed by the histrionic genius, to which, more than any other, dramatic work of the highest order must always be in a great measure indebted for success. Let us hear what M. Samson says on this point:—

Talma, dying in 1826, seemed to have carried classic tragedy away with him. Old gentlemen mourned at this; but their regrets were not shared by the new generation, whose wish was that ruin should overwhelm what they regarded as having had its day. At the moment when the crash of political storms was making itself heard, a literary revolution was carried out. What have been called "the battles of Hernani" set all minds on fire, and the stage had also its 1830. Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire were only played at long intervals, and to empty houses; and these isolated representations only served to show more clearly the public indifference for works of this class, which, after two centuries of triumph and glory, saw themselves relegated for the future to the silence and the dust of libraries. But in 1838, twelve years after the death of our great

tragedian, an unexpected event occurred: a reaction, which surprised even those by whom it was desired, brought back to the great classic works a crowd that could not be accommodated within the theatre of the Rue Richelieu, which only yesterday had been so unpeopled. The young and great artist to whom this miracle was due was Rachel.

The time fixed for Rachel's *début* was by no means favorable, even if a tragedy of the old school had been as attractive as at that epoch it certainly was not. It was high summer. Consequently, writes M. Samson —

She had to show herself for the first time amid the solitude habitual on such occasions. The only people there were a sprinkled few in the orchestra-stalls, regular subscribers, and those who had free admissions, either as a rule or for the occasion. Besides the spectators of this class, there were of course the never-failing loungers of the *foyer* and the side-scenes. This by no means numerous assemblage is composed of actors who are not playing, and of certain friends of the establishment, who, having nothing to do in the evening, drop in to enjoy behind the curtain the pleasure of a chat and of the *far niente*.

The languid interest with which the audience had entered the theatre hung upon them for a time. But, according to M. Samson, it was soon dispelled:—

In the first three acts the part of *Camille* contains nothing remarkable, except one scene between her and Julie. The young *tragédienne* was listened to with interest. People noticed the appropriate emphasis of her elocution, the clearness of her articulation, and, in her action as in her speaking, a noble simplicity to which they had long been unaccustomed. In the fourth act her success was brilliant; and at the end of the celebrated curse, she was covered with applause loud enough to have come from an audience of 2,000 spectators. She repeated the part several times, and always with increasing success. The receipts, however, did not increase.

At first, indeed, they were most miserable; on the first night seven hundred and fifty-three francs, and on subsequent repetitions of the play, three hundred and seventy-three, three hundred and three, and five hundred and ninety-five francs respectively. The last sum was reached on the 18th of August, even although attention had by this time been called to the exceptional qualities of the young actress by her appearance in four other important parts of the classical drama. The enthusiasm, however, says M. Samson, "made up for want of numbers."

Her second part [he continues] was *Emilie*



in "Cinna."\* I remember well the amazement of the audience. As I write I see before me all their eyes bent upon the young girl, all their ears strained, the better to enjoy this utterance which seemed so novel, and of which the originality consisted in its being at once natural and grandiose. Her third part was *Hermione*, then *Eriphile*, then *Amenaide* in "Tancrède." Always the same success, but success without rebound, since all the leaders of Parisian society were still at the watering-places, and the few journalists who were left in Paris, appalled by the word "tragedy," could not screw up courage to cross the threshold of the Théâtre Français. At length came the month of October, the number of spectators increased, and my young pupil continued her representations to splendid houses. Oh those glorious evenings! Never shall I forget them, any more than the mornings consecrated to the stage education of my marvellous scholar. I number them among the most delightful hours of my life. What quickness of perception! What nice accuracy in feeling and tone! Bear in mind that this child knew nothing; that I had to explain to her the character of the personage she had to represent, and in a manner to go through a little course of history with her before our lesson of declamation; but when once she understood me, she entered thoroughly into the spirit of the part. Nothing was vague, nothing left to chance. We noted every point together. From the very first her elocution was of the highest order, and worthy to serve as a model. For Mademoiselle Mars, who—being, as she was, the daughter of Monvel, an actor renowned for truth and perfect intonation as a speaker—was an excellent judge, came, after hearing Rachel, to compliment me in the warmest terms, adding these words: "This is how tragedy ought to be spoken; this was the way my father treated it."

Rachel's greatest success with the public in these early performances was in *Amenaide*, which she performed for the first time on the 8th of August. The house had been filled by free admissions of people to whom her very name was unknown. They soon felt that in her they saw no ordinary novice. She was greatly applauded throughout the piece, and was recalled at its close, when a bouquet and wreath were flung to her—these were days in which such recalls and floral tributes had a real significance; but still the receipts showed no symptoms of improvement. On this night they only reached six hundred and twenty-five francs. Upon this, the lady who was entitled, by her position in the theatre, to claim the parts in which Rachel had made

her trial performances, importuned the director to bring them to a close. But M. Vedel was firm. He believed that his novice possessed the sacred fire which must ere long attract the worship of the Parisian public, and the representations were continued. As the shortening days of autumn brought people back to Paris, they heard of the new star that had begun to shine in the theatrical firmament. The leading critics resumed their labors. Chief among them, Jules Janin, the theatrical critic of the *Journal des Débats*, was persuaded to see her (4th September) in *Hermione*, the character of which the best judges had spoken as her masterpiece. He entered the theatre expecting to see only the merely respectable promise, of which he had already seen too much; he left it convinced that the French stage possessed in this young girl a genius worthy of its best days. His enthusiasm was expressed in his next weekly *feuilleton* in the *Débats* with so much fervor, that public attention was arrested. Encouraged by this criticism, those who had seen the *débutante* were emboldened to give voice to the admiration which they had felt, but had hitherto feared to express. The effect was seen in a great increase of the receipts the next night. Another article by Jules Janin a fortnight later (24th September, 1838), written in still more enthusiastic terms, effectually roused the Parisian public. The theatre became thronged to an extent hitherto unknown. People spent hours in waiting for the opening of the doors. Hundreds were turned away disappointed. The new idol became the one great topic of conversation in all societies.

From this moment the receipts of the house ran up to a figure calculated to make every member of the Comédie Française happy. £25 a night was the average return of Rachel's first eighteen performances. For the next eighteen it was within a fraction of £200 a night,—a sum of which nothing would now be thought, but which was then regarded as a magnificent return. In fact, M. Vedel, the director of the theatre, himself described it as "colossal;" and he proved his sincerity by raising Rachel's salary, at the end of October, from four to twenty thousand francs. Her father, ever thinking less of his daughter's art as art than as a valuable commodity for sale, two months afterwards demanded that it should be raised to forty thousand, or exactly ten times the modest £160 a year which in June, when they were living *au*

\* This was played on the 16th of June, four nights after Rachel's first appearance. She repeated the part on the 11th of July, but not again till the 27th of September.



*sixième* in the Rue Traversaire St. Honoré, had been regarded by the family as wealth. The demand was resisted, but only for a time. The theatre found it could not get on without Rachel, and she could therefore dictate her own terms, — an advantage which neither she nor those around her were likely to forego. The forty thousand francs demand soon rose to sixty thousand, and had to be conceded.\* But while papa and mamma Félix were thinking only of making up for the privations of the past by raising the family income to the highest possible figure, Rachel herself was straining every nerve to gratify and to maintain the admiration she had excited, adding several new parts to her *répertoire*, and augmenting her reputation by them all. Among these was Roxane in Racine's "*Bajazet*," a character which it wanted no small courage in a girl so young, and, of necessity, so inexperienced in the passions by which it is inspired, even to think of undertaking. But courage was never a quality in which Rachel was deficient; and with the precepts of M. Samson to enlighten her, she yielded to M. Vedel's request, and allowed herself to be announced for the part on the 29th of November. The house was crammed with an audience prepared to admire. But when Rachel came to grapple with the part upon the stage, she lost her nerve, her declamation showed none of its wonted fire, her gestures none of their wonted appropriate and spontaneous grace, and the sullen silence which reigned through the house on the fall of the curtain was only too significant of a hopeless failure. Anxious to mitigate the censure of Rachel's staunchest friend in the press, M. Vedel visited Jules Janin the next day. They were discussing the disaster of the previous night, when Rachel herself was announced. "She was greatly agitated and embarrassed," writes M. Vedel, who told the story years afterwards. "She hung down her head, said nothing, and looked for all the world like a culprit before her judge." Janin received her most kindly, and tried to cheer her, but told her plainly — for he was a man true to his responsibilities as a critic — that not

withstanding all the interest and affection he felt for her, he could not speak favorably of her performance. "Poor Rachel wept scalding tears like a scolded child. We did our best to comfort her, Janin sparing no pains in this direction, but insisting nevertheless that she should not repeat the part." On this point he and M. Vedel were by no means at one, for Vedel was satisfied that Rachel would quickly retrieve her failure. Accordingly, as he drove her home he told her that, despite M. Janin, the play should be repeated the next night but one; and she promised to be ready. This her father tried to prevent; but M. Vedel's resolution was not to be shaken. After a stormy scene, in which papa Félix found his threat that his daughter should not play fell upon deaf ears, M. Vedel wrote to Rachel, urging her in the kindest terms not to listen to her father, or to put her future in peril by violating the terms of her engagement. This brought the following reply: —

Ne suis-je à vos ordres? Quand on aime les gens, on fait tout pour *leurs* plaisir. Tout à vous.\* — RACHEL.

The next morning Jules Janin's article appeared. It was remorseless: —

What [it said] were people about in making her play *Roxane*? How could this child divine a passion of the senses, not of the soul? . . . This delicate girl, this puny over-tasked frame, this undeveloped bosom, this troubled tone — could these suffice to represent the stalwart lioness whom we call *Roxane*? Mlle. Rachel appeared, and in an instant the house felt she was unequal to the task: this was not the *Roxane* of the poet, it was a young girl astray in the seraglio.

No pleasant reading this for the director, still less for the young actress. Putting the best face on matters which he could, M. Vedel went to her dressing-room before the play began. He found her ready, and looking superb in her sultana costume. "Well, child," he exclaimed, "how do you feel?" "Oh, well," she answered, smiling; "I have done what I wished to do, but it has cost me no small trouble. I had a terrible struggle to face; but I believe things will go better to-night." "You are not afraid, then?" "No." "I like this confidence: it augurs well. You have read Janin's article?" "Yes; he pays me out finely. I am furious, but so much the better. It has strung me up. Anger is sometimes a useful stimulant."

\* This was the sum stipulated for by Rachel in 1840, when she attained majority, and was free to act for herself. The exorbitance of her demands then and subsequently made her very unpopular with her associates of the theatre; for although the receipts upon the nights she acted were very great, they fell off so much on the nights she did not act, that the balance for general distribution was kept very low indeed. So completely, in fact, did the public reserve itself for Rachel, that the general interests of the establishment suffered rather than profited by her success.

\* Rachel's grammar, as it appears in her letters, like her spelling, was often very shaky.



However this may be, Rachel's performance that night completely effaced the impression of her former failure. It even threw all her previous successes into shade. The audience were in raptures. She was recalled at the end of the play with frantic applause, and an avalanche of bouquets descended upon her in such profusion that they had to be removed by the servants of the theatre. After the play M. Vedel repaired to her dressing-room, when, making her way through the crowd of voluble admirers that filled it, she threw herself into his arms, exclaiming, "Thanks! thanks! I felt sure that you were right." From this point Rachel's position as the foremost actress of her class was secured; and as she gained in physical strength and in experience, her hold upon her audiences became greater and greater — for in these early days she prosecuted her studies with enthusiasm, and her heart was filled with high aspirations after an exalted ideal.

M. Samson's description of her person and style in her early and best days, between 1840 and 1845, will recall her vividly to those who had then the good fortune to see her: —

Rachel [he says] was over the middle height; her forehead was arched, her eyes deeply set, and, without being large, very expressive; her nose straight, with, however, a slight curve in it. Her mouth, furnished with small teeth, white and well set, had an expression at once sarcastic and haughty. Her throat was perfect in its lines, and her head, small and with a low forehead, was set gracefully upon it. She was very thin; but she dressed with an art so subtle as to make of this thinness almost a beauty. Her walk and gestures were easy, all her movements supple, — her whole person, in short, full of distinction. She had, to use a common expression, the hands and feet of a duchess.\* Her voice, which was a contralto, was limited in its compass; but thanks to the extreme accuracy of her ear, she made use of

it with exquisite skill, and drew from it the finest and most delicate inflections. When she began to speak, her tones were a little hoarse, but this soon went off.

When she first appeared at the Comédie Française, her figure had not reached the development which it subsequently acquired: there was in her small features, in her close-set eyes, a sort of confusion, if I may be allowed the expression, and people said she was ugly. Later on they said she was beautiful. In point of fact, she was neither the one nor the other, but both, according to the hour, the day, the expression which dominated her face.

Ah [he continues] how to give an idea of this admirable talent to those who have not heard her? I, who taught her for so many years the secret of the art, am forced to avow how impotent are my attempts to make her known. . . . The talent of the actor descends to the grave with him, and the recollections which he has left with his admirers — recollections always imperfect — fade away by degrees from the memory, and perish at last with the generation that loved and applauded him.

We find an account of her, in what was the most interesting period of her history, in a letter written in May, 1839, by Alfred de Musset to a female friend, which appeared in the volume of his posthumous works published in 1867. It is one of those vivid sketches which only a poet could have written, and which places the young artist before us in lines never to be forgotten. The "noble *enfant*," as De Musset calls her, had played *Amenaide* in "Tancredi" that evening superbly; and in the great scene of the fifth act she had seemed to De Musset to surpass herself. She told him that she had herself been so much overcome by emotion, her tears falling thick and fast, that she had been afraid she would have broken down. Emotion so strong, all great actors have said, is generally fatal to true artistic effect.\* But Rachel was then young in

\* This description may be compared with that given by Mrs. Fanny Kemble in her "Records of Later Days," vol. ii., p. 99, where she speaks, writing in June, 1841, of Rachel as "of a very good height, too thin for beauty, but not for dignity or grace. . . . Her face is very expressive and dramatically fine, though not absolutely beautiful. It is a long oval, with a head of classical and very graceful contour, the forehead rather narrow and not very high; the eyes small, dark, deep-set, and terribly powerful; the brow straight, noble, and fine in form." As we write, we have before us a medalion profile, life-size, of Rachel, and a cast of her hand, closed upon a dagger, — both gifts of the great actress in 1841. To beauty, in so far as that consists of finely balanced symmetry of outline, Rachel could lay no claim; but her features had pre-eminently that "best part of beauty," due to play of expression, which, as Bacon has said, "no art can express." Her hand was small and beautifully formed, and even in the cast shows how intense was the nervous force which she threw into her action.

\* Thus Talma writes: "Acting is a complete paradox; we must possess the power of strong feeling, or we could never command and carry with us the sympathy of a mixed audience in a crowded theatre; but we must, at the same time, control our sensations on the stage, for their indulgence would enfeeble execution." So again, M. Samson says ("Mémoires," p. 39): "An actor who should regard his own emotions in any other light than as materials to be made use of, or make the passions of his part his own, would run the risk of a *fiasco*. Emotion stammers and sobs. It makes the voice broken and unsteady. Indulged, it would cease to be articulate. The natural effect of passion is to deprive us of self-control. The head goes; and why should you suppose that one should do a thing well rather than ill when one has ceased to know what one is doing at all?" The truth seems to be, that to be great, an actor or actress must, in studying a part, feel all the emotions proper to it, be shaken by passion, weep tears over it, live through its agonies, be transported by its joys, and do this so completely that on the stage the right tone of feeling shall pervade the impersonation, but be all the while held in check by the controlling power of art.



her vocation, and had not learned the self-control of the practised artist. She was on her way home from the theatre, with a train of young friends of both sexes, when the poet met her under one of the arcades of the Palais Royal. "Come home and sup with us," she said; and home to her father's homely apartment in the Passage Véro Dodat the party went. They had scarcely sat down when Rachel discovered that she had left her rings and bracelets at the theatre. The maidservant — the household had but one — was despatched to fetch them. Mamma Rachel was famishing — others of the guests were conscious of a void that cried aloud to be filled. But alas! there was no servant to get the supper ready or to serve it up. Rachel solved the difficulty.

She rises [writes De Musset], goes off to change her dress, and repairs to the kitchen. In quarter of an hour she returns in a dressing-gown and nightcap, a handkerchief over her ears, pretty as an angel, holding in her hand a plate, on which are three beefsteaks, cooked by her own hand. She sets down the dish in the middle of the table, saying "Fall to!" Then she returns to the kitchen, and comes back holding in one hand a soup-tureen full of smoking *bouillon*, and in the other a *casserole* with spinach. Behold the supper! No plates nor spoons, the maid having carried off the keys. Rachel opens the buffet, and finds a salad-bowl filled with salad, seizes the wooden spoon, unearths a dish, and sets herself to eat alone.

"But," says mamma, "there are pewter plates in the kitchen."

Off goes Rachel in search of them, brings them, and distributes them to the guests. On which the following dialogue begins, in which you have my assurance that I have not changed one word:—

*Mamma.* My dear, the beefsteaks are overdone.

*Rachel.* Quite true; they are as hard as wood. In the days that I did our housework I was a better cook than that. Well, it is one talent the less. What would you have? I have lost in one way, gained in another. Sarah, you don't eat.

*Sarah.* No; I can't eat off a pewter plate.

*Rachel.* Oh! and so it is since I bought a dozen plated dishes out of my savings that you are too fine to soil your fingers with pewter! If I grow richer, you will soon be wanting one servant behind your chair and another before it. (*Pointing with her fork.*) I will never banish these old plates from our house. They have served us too long. Isn't it so, mamma?

*Mamma (with her mouth full).* What a child it is!

*Rachel (turning to me).* Just fancy! when I played at the Théâtre Molière, I had only two pair of stockings, and every morning —

Here Sister Sarah began jabbering in German, to prevent her sister from going on.

*Rachel.* No German here! There is nothing to be ashamed of. At that time I had but two pairs of stockings, and, to play at night, I had to wash a pair of them every morning. That pair was hanging up on a cord in my room whilst I was wearing the others.

*I.* And you did the housework?

*Rachel.* I rose every day at six; and by eight all the beds were made. I then went to market to buy the dinner.

*I.* And did you take toll upon the purchases? (*Faisiez-vous danser l'anse du panier?*)

*Rachel.* No; I was a very honest cook; wasn't I, mamma?

*Mamma (going on eating).* Oh, that's true.

*Rachel.* Once only I played the thief for a month. When I bought for four sous, I counted five, and when I paid ten sous, I charged twelve. At the end of a month I found myself at the head of three francs.

*I (severely).* And what did you do with these three francs, mademoiselle?

*Mamma (seeing that Rachel was silent).* Monsieur, she bought Molière's works with them.

*I.* Indeed!

*Rachel.* Indeed yes! I already had a Corneille and a Racine; a Molière I sorely wanted. I bought it with my three francs, and then I confessed my crimes.

This kind of talk bored the majority of the guests, and three-fourths of them got up and left. De Musset continues:—

The servant returns, bringing the rings and bracelets. They were laid upon the table. The two bracelets are magnificent — worth at least four or five thousand francs. They are accompanied by a crown in gold, and of great value. The whole lie higgledy-piggledy on the table with the salad, the spinach, and the pewter plates. Meanwhile, struck with the idea of the housemaid's work, of the kitchen, of the beds to make, and the toils of the needy life, I fix my eyes upon Rachel's hands, rather fearing to find them ugly or injured. They are delicately small, white, dimpled, and tapering off into fine points — a true princess's hands.

Sarah, who does not eat, continues to grumble in German. . . .

*Rachel (replying to the German growls).* You worry me. I want to talk about my young days.

Supper ended, Rachel brews a bowl of punch for her guests, amuses herself by setting fire to it; has the candles — much to the horror of the Argus-eyed mamma, who obviously had her doubts as to what De Musset might do in the dark — put under the table, so as to heighten the effect of the blue flames; and when they are put back, and the punch distributed, takes the little poignard from De Musset's cane, and uses it for a toothpick.



Here [says the poet] the common talk and childish pranks come to an end. A single word is enough to change the whole character of the scene, and to bring into this picture poetry and the artistic instinct.

*I.* How you read the letter to-night! You were greatly moved.

*Rachel.* Yes. It seemed as if something within me were going to break. But that is nothing. I don't like the piece [Voltaire's "Tancrède"] much. It is false.

*I.* You prefer the plays of Corneille and Racine?

*Rachel.* I love Corneille dearly, and yet he is sometimes trivial; sometimes stilted. There is not the ring of truth in these passages.

*I.* Oh, gently, mademoiselle!

*Rachel.* Let us see. When in "Horace," for example, Sabine says, *On peut changer d'amant, mais non changer d'époux*; I don't like that. It is coarse.

*I.* You will admit, at any rate, it is true.

*Rachel.* Yes; but is it worthy of Corneille? Talk to me of Racine! Him I adore. Everything he says is so beautiful, so true, so noble!

*I.* A *propos* of Racine, do you remember receiving some time ago an anonymous letter, which contained a suggestion about the last scene of "Mithridate?"

*Rachel.* Perfectly; I followed the advice given to me, and ever since I have been greatly applauded in this scene. Do you know who it was wrote to me?

*I.* I do; it is the woman in all Paris with the largest mind, and the smallest foot. What part are you studying just now?

*Rachel.* This summer we are going to play "Marie Stuart" and then "Polyeucte," and perhaps —

*I.* Well?

*Rachel* (striking the table emphatically). Well, I want to play *Phèdre*. They tell me I am too young, too thin, and a thousand other absurdities. But I answer, it is the finest part in Racine; I believe I can play it.

*Sarah.* Perhaps, dear, you are mistaken.

*Rachel.* That's my affair. If people say that I am too young, and that the part does not suit me, *parbleu!* they said heaps of things about my playing *Roxane*; and what did they all come to? If they say that I am too thin, I maintain this is sheer nonsense. A woman who is possessed by a shameful love, but who dies rather than abandon herself to it; a woman parched up with the fire of passion and the waste of tears,\* such a woman cannot have a chest like Madame Paradol. It would be contrary to all nature. I have read the part ten times within the last eight days. How I shall play it I do not know, but I tell you that I feel it. Let the papers say what they please, they shall not change my mind on the subject. They are at their wits' end to find things to annoy me, when they might help and encourage me; but I shall act, if it comes to that, for three people. (Turning towards me.) Yes!

\* Rachel was thinking of the line, "*J'ai languì, j'ai séché, dans les feux, dans les larmes.*"

I have read certain articles that speak out frankly and conscientiously, and I know nothing better, more useful; but there are people who use their pen to lie, to destroy. They are worse than thieves or assassins. They kill the mind by pin-pricks. Oh, I feel as though I could poison them!

*Mamma.* My dear, you do nothing but talk! you are tiring yourself. This morning you were up by six; I can't imagine what you are made of. You have been chatter-chattering all the day, and played to-night, besides; you will make yourself ill.

*Rachel* (with vivacity). No! I tell you — no! All this gives me life. (Then turning to me.) Would you like me to fetch the book? We shall read the play together.

*I.* Would I like it? You could not please me more.

*Sarah.* But, dear, it is half past eleven.

*Rachel.* Very well; what prevents you from going to bed?

Thereupon off goes Sarah to bed. Rachel rises and leaves the room. Presently she returns with the volume of Racine in her hand; her look and bearing have in them something not to be described — something solemn and devout, like that of an officiating priestess on her way to the altar, bearing the sacred vessels. She seats herself near De Musset, and snuffs the candle. Mamma, with a smile on her face, drops off into a doze.

*Rachel* (opening the volume with marked respect and bending over it). How I love this man! When I put my nose into this book, I would like to stay there two days without drinking or eating.

Rachel and I began to read the "*Phèdre*," with the book placed on the table between us. All the guests go away. Rachel, with a slight nod, salutes them one by one as they leave, and goes on reading. At first she recites in a kind of monotone, as if it were a litany. By degrees she kindles. We exchange our remarks, our ideas, on each passage. At length she comes to the declaration.\* She stretches out her right arm upon the table; with her forehead resting upon her left hand, which is supported on her elbow, she gives full vent to her emotion. Nevertheless she only speaks in a suppressed voice. All at once her eyes sparkle — the genius of Racine illuminates her face; she grows pale, then red. Never did I behold anything so beautiful, so interesting; never, on the stage, has she produced such an effect upon me.

The fatigue, a little hoarseness, the punch, the lateness of the hour, an animation almost feverish on her small girlish cheeks, encircled by the night cap, a strange, unwonied charm diffused over her whole being, those brilliant

\* That is, the fine scene, act ii., sc. 5, in which *Phèdre* makes confession to Hippolytus of her love for him.



eyes that read my soul, a childlike smile, which finds the means of insinuating itself through all that passes; add to this, the table in disorder, the candle with its flickering flame, the mother dozing beside us, — all this composes at once a picture worthy of Rembrandt, a chapter of romance worthy of "Wilhelm Meister," and a souvenir of the artist's life which shall never fade out of my memory.

This went on till half past twelve, when her father returns from the opera, where he had been to see Mlle. Judith make her first appearance in "La Juive." No sooner is he seated, than he addresses to his daughter two or three words of the most churlish kind, ordering her to cease reading. Rachel closes the volume, saying, "Disgusting! I shall buy a matchbox, and read in my bed alone." I looked at her; great tears were standing in her eyes.

It was indeed disgusting, to see such a creature treated thus. I rose and took my leave, filled with admiration, with respect for her, and profound sympathy.

Years were to elapse and the young actress to rise to the height of her fame, before she realized her dream of impersonating Phèdre. It was well that it was delayed until her powers were fully matured, and she was able to present it to the world as her masterpiece. Meanwhile the public of Paris were content to see her again and again in the parts in which she had first won their regards, with the addition of a few others — such as Esther (Racine), Laodice in "Nicomède" (Corneille), Pauline in "Polyeucte" (Corneille) — from the old classical pieces, which had so recently been thought to have completely lost their hold upon the stage. The favorite of the theatre became also the favorite of the saloons, and the doors of the most exclusive houses, even of the Quartier St. Germain, were thrown open to her. At none was she more welcome than at that of Madame Recamier, where she held her own with distinction amid the brilliant circle which clustered round that fascinating woman. What Rachel was then, Madame Lenormand describes in her memoirs of Madame Recamier, with an accuracy for which those who met her in society at this period can vouch.

Whoever [she writes] has not heard and seen Mlle. Rachel in a *salon* can have only an incomplete idea of her feminine attractions, and of her talent as an actress. Her features, a little too delicate for the stage, gained much by being seen nearer. Her voice was a little hard; but her accent was enchanting, and she modulated it to suit the limits of a *salon* with marvellous instinct. Her deportment was in irreproachable taste; and the ease and prompt-

itude with which this young girl, without education or knowledge of good society, seized its manner and tone, was certainly the perfection of art. Deferential with dignity, modest, natural, and easy, she talked interestingly of her art and her studies. Her success in society was immense.

What wonder! In the poetical world in which her imagination was then and had for years been working, she had lived in the society in which the simplicity, courtesy, and absence of self-assertion which go to produce distinction of manner are best learned.

The echo of Rachel's fame, confirmed as it was by the great cities of France, in the course of successful but most exhausting tours in 1840, greatly excited public curiosity on this side of the Channel; and when she appeared at her Majesty's Theatre in May, 1841, she was received with a warmth for which she was not prepared. In a letter quoted in M. d'Heylli's volume (17th May, 1841), she writes: —

Here I am in London, — my success most brilliant, — for everybody says they never witnessed anything to equal it. I made my first appearance as *Hermione* in "Andromaque," and I assure you that, when I went upon the stage, my feet shook under me, and I believe I should have dropped down with fright, had not a tremendous volley of applause come to sustain me, and to rouse me to fuller consciousness of all it behoved me to do to merit this reception, which was mere kindness, and nothing but kindness, since they had not yet heard me. The bravos and plaudits accompanied me to the close of my part, and then I was recalled. Hats and handkerchiefs waved from the boxes, and a number of bouquets fell at my feet. A magnificent engagement has just been offered me for next season.

A few days further on (31st May), she writes to the same friend: "The English journalists say quantities of fine things about me, and all unsolicited (*sans cartes de visite*). On Wednesday I am engaged to the queen (dowager) at Marlborough House. All the court will be there! I am so frightened!" All was not sunshine, however. A bad attack of illness interrupted her performances, and she was surrounded exclusively by strangers. Her sister Sarah came over from Paris. "Ah," Rachel writes (15th June), "how glad I am I made her come to London! I was so sad far away from all those I love, and without the power even of speaking of them! I assure you this contributed greatly to my eight days' illness."

In the same letter she speaks of her triumphant success in Marie Stuart, which



was certainly not one of her best parts. "Ten bouquets and two chaplets fell at my feet with thunders of applause. The receipts mounted to thirty thousand francs (£1,200) and a few guineas. . . . Thirteen thousand (£520) were sent to me next morning. I am content."

In England Rachel was received in the best society with no less cordiality than she had been in Paris. She still bore an unblemished reputation as a woman, without which in those days her admission into good society would have been impossible.\* The houses of the leading nobility were opened to her. The dowager-queen Adelaide paid her marked attention. She performed at Windsor Castle, and was presented by the Duchess of Kent to the queen, from whom she received a handsome bracelet, with the inscription, "*Victoria Reine à Mademoiselle Rachel.*" The parts in which she appeared were not of a kind to endear her to our English tastes, for they had in them little of the womanly tenderness and charm which Shakespeare has led us to look for in our dramatic heroines, and for which neither her voice nor powers of expression were well suited. But these were of a kind that penetrated even when they pained; for not in our time had been seen such thrilling delineations of the passions enumerated by Mrs. Fanny Kemble as "the haunt and main region" of Rachel's genius — "scorn, hatred, revenge, vitriolic irony, concentrated rage, seething jealousy, and a fierce love, which seems in its excess allied to all the evil which sometimes springs from that bitter-sweet root."

The English critics complained of this want of the more attractive feminine qualities in Rachel's performances. It was a want which no actress, no young one at least, would be willing to own; and in the hope of disproving the charge, Rachel, in the following year, essayed the character of Chimène in Corneille's "*Cid*," and of Ariane in the same author's tragedy of that name. But these impersonations only confirmed the judgments of those of her critics, in Paris as well as in London, who denied to her the power of touching "the sacred source of sympathetic tears." Still, within her own peculiar province she stood alone; and when she returned to England in 1842, she established that

supremacy even more firmly by an obvious improvement not merely in physical power, but also in the resources of her art. Not the least in Rachel's estimation of the trophies which she carried away from this visit, was a letter from the Duke of Wellington, assuring her of his great anxiety to be present at her benefit, for which he had secured a box, which he will not fail to occupy "*si il lui devient possible*" — the French, it will be observed, is rather of the "Frenche atte Bowe" kind — "*de s'absenter ce jour là de l'assemblée du Parlement dont il est membre. Il regrettera beaucoup si il se trouve impossible ainsi d'avoir la satisfaction de la voir et l'entendre encore une fois avant son départ de Londres.*"

The enthusiasm of Paris and London was, if possible, surpassed by that of the principal cities of France and Belgium. Some of Rachel's letters from Rouen, Bordeaux, and Marseilles, quoted in M. d'Heylli's volume, give a vivid picture of the heavy cost to the strength and to the emotions of the young artist at which her successes in the provinces were purchased, at the time when she ought to have been seeking repose. Thus, on the 11th June, 1840, she writes from Rouen to a friend: "True, I have success, but not one friend. Here I never stir out: I write all day long; 'tis my only distraction. It seems to me death were preferable to this life, which I drag along as a convict drags his chain." Everywhere the fatigue had to be encountered of receiving all sorts of admirers, who quite forgot to consider whether their compliments compensated for the inroads they made upon the artist's hours of study and repose. "I am interrupted every minute," she writes from Bordeaux (4th August, 1841) to Jules Janin, "by people who constantly ply me with the same phrases, and this without ever altering a syllable." The odes and sonnets from young poets, which rained upon her, provoked more of her mirth than of her sympathy. "To-day," she writes a few days later, "I received another set of verses from a young *avocat*; they are warm in the South, and declarations abound. These amuse me, when they are written; but, *par bouche*, my tragic air comes in to my assistance, and I make short work of them." In the midst of all these distractions, Rachel reads and studies, and dreams of the new part of "*Judith*," on which Madame de Girardin is at work for her.\* But the strain was

\* Our fine ladies had not as yet been so completely educated out of the simplest rules of propriety as not to be startled by the announcement of an actress admitted to their drawing-rooms as "*Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt et son fils.*"

\* It was produced in April, 1843, but played only



too heavy, and on the 19th of August, 1841, we find her writing from Bordeaux: "Sooth to say, I know not if I can live long in this way. I am exhausted, sad, and were I to write longer, I should weep hot tears." Rachel was still under age, and at the disposal of her parents. They seem to have taken no account of her fatigue. The receipts she brought in were superb. What more could their gifted daughter desire?

Deeply and fatally as Rachel became infected in after years with the same greed of gain, it is obvious from her letters that in these early years it had not deadened in her the instincts of the artist. When playing in Marseilles in June, 1843, she read her audience a lesson which our English audiences would be all the better of having occasionally read to them. Writing to Madame de Girardin, she says:—

Let me tell you of a little stroke of audacity, which fills me with alarm when I recall it in cold blood. In the middle of one of the most stirring scenes of "Bajazet," some one took it into his head to throw me a wreath, to which I paid no heed, desiring to keep in the part (*rester en situation*), while the audience shouted, "The wreath! the wreath!" *Atalide*, thinking more of the audience than of her part, picked up the wreath, and presented it to me. Indignant at a barbarous interruption of this kind, truly worthy of an opera audience, I seized the unlucky wreath with indignation, and flinging it on one side, went on with *Roxane*. Fortune loves the bold. Never was there a stronger proof of this axiom; for this movement of unstudied impulse was hailed with three salvoes of applause.

So again, when writing to her young brother, Raphael Félix, from Lyons (7th July, 1843), her words of excellent advice show that her heart still burned with the enthusiastic reverence for her art, from which she drew her inspiration, and by which Alfred de Musset had been so deeply fascinated.

Now, my dear brother [she writes] tell me something of your pursuits, your plans for the future, for it is time you were up and doing. You will soon be a man, and you ought to know, "*Que l'habit ne fait pas le moine*." If, as I foresee, your inclinations carry you towards the stage, try at least to look upon the actor's vocation as an art; treat it as a matter of conscience, not as something merely to make a position for you—as one does with a girl, who is married off when she leaves the con-

vent, in order that she may have the right to dance at a ball six times instead of three—but rather out of love, out of passion for those works which feed the mind, and which guide the heart. . . .

It is possible for a woman to attain an honorable position, where she is esteemed and respected, without very possibly having that polish which the world rightly calls education. Why? you will ask me. It is because a woman does not lose her charm, but the reverse, by maintaining a great reserve in her language and demeanor. A woman answers questions, she does not ask them; she never initiates a discussion, she listens. Her natural coquettishness makes her long for information; she retains what she learns, and without having a solid foundation, she thus acquires that superficial culture which may upon occasion pass for real culture. But a man! what a difference! All that the woman cannot know, the man should have at his finger-ends, he has occasion for it every day of his life; it is a resource with which he augments his pleasures, diminishes his pains, gives variety to his enjoyments, and which, moreover, makes him be regarded as "*un homme d'esprit*." Think of this, and if the early days seem to you somewhat hard, then reflect that you have a sister who will feel pride and pleasure in your success, and who will cherish you with all her soul. I venture to hope that this letter will not have appeared to you too long to read, but on the contrary that you will often find time to re-read it,—and if not often, why, then, at least every now and then.

It is in this and other letters to her family that Rachel as a woman shows at her best. There is abundance of good sense, of sprightliness, and of *esprit* in her other letters—but in these she lets us see that she has a heart. Love of kindred is no uncommon phenomenon even in the most selfish, and it certainly does not deserve a place among the higher virtues. But where a life is in all other ways tainted with selfishness, we hail this as a saving grace, and are fain to think that under happier conditions it might have blossomed into qualities of a more generous strain. Her father's name rarely appears in Rachel's letters; but both to and of her mother she always speaks with the filial devotion of her race.\* She was warmly attached, not only to her brother, but also to her four sisters, all of whom had their way to success upon the stage paved by her; † but Rebecca, the young-

\* In a letter to her mother, written 9th June, 1857, a few months before her death, Rachel says very charmingly, "On ne remercie pas une mère des ennuis, des fatigues qu'on lui cause; on l'aime, et jamais on ne s'acquitte vers elle . . . et voilà!" Both father and mother survived her, the former dying in 1872, the latter in 1873.

† Sarah, the eldest and least capable as an actress,

nine times. Even if it had been a stronger play than it was, it had no chance of competition with the "*Phèdre*," in which Rachel had recently appeared, and about which all Paris was in ecstasy.



est and most gifted, was her especial favorite. Over her she watched with a mother-like care; and when the young girl was taken from her by early death in 1854, just as she had begun to give promise of becoming an ornament to the stage, the blow struck home. Thus when urged, after she was herself fatally touched by the same malady, consumption, to go for her health to Eaux Bonnes in 1856, Rachel wrote, "I should never regain my health there, where I saw my poor darling sister Rebecca die." And within a few hours of her own death, she found comfort in the thought of their reunion. "Ma pauvre Rebecca," she exclaimed, "ma chère sœur, je vais te revoir! Que je suis heureuse!"

From the glimpses which have been furnished to us of the home in which Rachel was reared, there could have been in it little to refine or elevate the moral nature. There is a charming passage in Rabelais, where, borrowing from Lucian, he makes Cupid tell his mother Venus, that those who were wedded to the Muses were so absorbed in their noble pursuit, that he unbandaged his eyes, and laid down his quiver, and, in very reverence for their high and pure natures, sought not to infect them with the sweet poison of his shafts. The apologue sprang from a juster and nobler appreciation of the qualities of the true artist, than the modern belief that to indulge the sensuous appetites and passions is a characteristic and a necessity of the artistic temperament. In the early days of her triumphs, Rachel's heart seems to have been kept pure amid many temptations by "the holy forms of young imagination;" and had they continued to be cherished there, her career would have gone on brightening to the close. But it proved not to be of the kind which the Cupid of the fable spares. To her infinite loss, she gave the jewel of her honor to a man who, when she found him worthless, and discarded him, took the incredibly base revenge of making her weakness known to the world by publishing her letters to himself. Straightway society turned its back upon the erring sister whom it had believed to be spotless; and she, made reckless apparently by what had happened, was at no pains to retrieve her damaged reputation. Her "tragic air" no longer kept

suitors at bay, and she became twice a mother of sons: first in 1844, and again in 1848, — Count Walewski claiming, and being accorded, the honors of paternity in the first case; while in the second, the boy received, and now bears, only his mother's name. Rachel, the great *tragédienne*, still reigned supreme on the stage of the Comédie Française, but she was no more seen in the *salons*, where to be admitted was an honor; and good men there, who had admired her genius and the charm of her manner in her early days, spoke of her with a sigh as "*pauvre Rachel!*"

No cloud had as yet overshadowed her personal character, when, on the 24th January, 1843, she made her first appearance as *Phèdre*. The character, like Juliet on our stage, has always been regarded in France as the touchstone of an actress's tragic powers. Champmeslé, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Dumesnil, Clairon, Raucourt, Georges, Duchesnois, all regarded it as trying their skill to the uttermost; and Clairon, who alone of them all was able not only to act but to write well, says of herself in it: "I am forced to admit that, even when I spoke and acted my best, I always fell far short both of the author and of my own ideal." How true was young Rachel's conception of the part is apparent from De Musset's description. But in having M. Samson's guidance in this, as in her other most important characters, she was peculiarly fortunate, for he had heard Talma read it at the Conservatoire.

I see him, he writes ("*Mémoires*," p. 79), I hear him still. Destitute of all the means of illusion, without theatrical costume, a chair between his legs, and an eyeglass in his hand, he was as tragic as upon the stage, and made us thrill as he spoke to us the verses of *Andromaque* or of *Phèdre*. In the declaration of *Phèdre* to *Hippolytus*, I hear the rising passion of his tones, as he delivered the words, "*Mais fidèle, mais fier, et même un peu farouche.*" The way also in which he said, "*Cette noble pudeur colorait son visage*," made the line stand vividly out, and gave it a grace not to be expressed. "No straining for effect! Let not a trace of anything of the kind be seen!" he said to a *Phèdre* of his class who did not appear to comprehend him. "Bear in mind that *Phèdre*, who has been consumed for a long period by her passion, has passed three days without food and three nights without sleep. Does not *Cenone* say to her, —

Les ombres par trois fois ont obscurci les cieux,  
Depuis que le sommeil est entré dans vos yeux,  
Et le jour a trois fois chassé la nuit obscure,  
Depuis que votre corps languit sans nourriture?

*Phèdre's* life is the fever that burns her up

left the stage, and made a fortune by the sale of the *Eau de Fées*, which still keeps its place on many toilet-tables. She died at Paris in 1877. Dinah and Lia Félix still survive; and the latter, we believe, appeared till quite lately upon the stage of the Comédie Française.



and the dream that haunts her; she is not on the earth, she is in the clouds," and the voice of the great professor grew muffled, like his look, as he made the wife of Theseus speak.

To an artist of Rachel's intelligence, a record such as this, enforced by voice and action as M. Samson would enforce it, must have been of priceless value. Those who saw her play *Phèdre* in her best days — for it lost much of its weird charm in the latter part of her career — will remember the same shrinking look and the same muffled voice throughout the avowal of her love for Hippolytus, which so impressed her master in Talma's reading. But, indeed, the whole performance, from her entrance upon the scene up to her death at the close, was a thing never to be forgotten. There was something appallingly true and terribly beautiful in this woman wasting away by inches in the consuming fires of a passion which she abhorred, but which Venus herself was fanning in her veins with pitiless persistency. It was real as life itself, but it was reality steeped in the hues of poetry. The outlines of the conception were broad and large; but every word, every look, every movement, had a specific value. Not all at once, however, did this fine impersonation reach this pitch of excellence. Rachel, on the night she played it first, lost her nerve, as she had done on her *début* as Roxane. Her performance was without inspiration, and the audience saw in her only the skilful artist, who had calculated her effects with care, but who left their hearts and sympathies untouched. Nevertheless the ideal was clear in her mind. Nor did she rest until she had found the true means of expressing it. Each time she played the part she grew nearer its embodiment, till in about two years it became, what many like ourselves must remember it, all that Racine himself could have desired.\* To this hour it stands out in solitary splendor; for the attempts of Ristori and of Sarah Bernhardt in the part are unworthy to be named in the same breath. They only served to mark how wide is the difference between the merely picturesque and practised actress, and her in whom the intuitions of genius are disciplined and fortified by the resources of art. The same contrast was no less apparent between the Adrienne Lecouvreur of these ladies and the Adrienne Lecouvreur of Rachel. In 1849, when it was produced,

Rachel's power had visibly declined; yet her treatment of this striking but painful character furnished a standard, by which to measure the capabilities of those who ventured to enter into competition with her, that told severely against them.

Of the plays written for Rachel — fifteen in all — "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*" alone has kept the stage. The others, either from being poor in themselves, or affording little scope for her peculiar qualities, lived for but a few nights. To this the "*Lady Tartufe*" of Madame de Girardin is scarcely an exception. The Madame de Blossac of Rachel alone saved this unpleasant play: and yet it was not until the fifth act that it afforded any scope for the display of her best powers. It was performed for thirty-five nights; but the fact that it had no vitality beyond what Rachel gave it, was made apparent when it was revived in 1857 at the *Comédie Française*, with Madame Plessy in the part. For although that most attractive actress brought to the performance all the charms of a beautiful person and a most refined talent, the play was performed to empty benches, and for only six times. Two graceful little pieces — Armand Barthet's "*Le Moineau de Lesbie*" and the "*Horace et Lydie*" of Ponsard — which Rachel made peculiarly her own by exquisite grace of manner and subtle beauty of utterance, still survive in the recollections of Parisian playgoers. But they are well content to forget her *Thisbe* in Victor Hugo's "*Angelo*," her *Messalina* and *Lisiska* in Maquet and J. Lacroy's detestable "*Valéria*," and other parts wholly unworthy of her powers, which she made the mistake of accepting.

Rachael had the idea that she could play comedy, and even hankered, it seems, after the parts known on the stage as *soubrettes*. The opinion was not shared by M. Samson or her best critics; and although she played Molière's *Celimène* in England and elsewhere, they prevented her from perilling her reputation by doing so in Paris. She was not by any means the only eminent tragic actress who has failed in comedy. Mrs. Siddons's *Rosalind* was at once commonplace and lachrymose; and Miss O'Neill's *Lady Teazle* so lacked breeding, that although she was then in the height of her reputation, she was not allowed to repeat it. The woman as she is in herself, pure and good, humorous and refined, or the reverse, as it may be, speaks out in comedy. If she be wanting in essential ladyhood, the flaw is sure to make itself felt. It was felt in

\* In 1845 she writes to M. Samson: "I have been giving a deal of study to *Phèdre*; I will call to-morrow to ask you what my profound researches have come to."



Rachel's performances, where the incidents and passions of the scene came near ordinary life, and seemed to bring to the surface the hard and *tant soit peu* Bohemian elements of her nature. The free play of movement, the flexibility, the agile grace, the playfulness veiling depth of feeling, which make the charm of comedy, were not within her command. She measured her own strength perfectly when, writing to M. Legouvé to explain why she would not act his *Medea*, she said : —

I see the part is full of rapid and violent movements ; I have to rush to my children, I have to lift them up, to carry them off the stage, to contend for them with the people. This external vivacity is not my style. Whatever may be expressed by physiognomy, by attitude, by sober and measured gesture — that I can command ; but where broad and energetic pantomime begins, there my executive talent stops.

Rachel, as an artist, stood at her best between the years 1843 and 1847. From that time she sensibly fell off, and the reason of her doing so is obvious. She had set her mind more upon the improvement of her fortune than of her skill as the interpreter of the great dramatists of her country. Her physical strength, never great, was lavishly expended on engagements in all quarters where money was to be picked up, and where she went on reiterating the same parts until they lost all freshness for herself, and, as a consequence, that charm of spontaneousness and truth which they had once possessed. It was in vain that wise friends like Samson and Jules Janin warned her against the ruin she was causing to her talent and to her health. The simple, self-centred life which they urged her to cultivate, of the true artist, to whom the consciousness of clearer perceptions and of finer execution, developed by earnest study, brings "*riches fineless*," was abandoned for the excitement of lucrative engagements constantly renewed, and of new circles of admirers serving up the incense of adulation in stimulating profusion. To this there could be but one end, and that a sad one. The strain upon the emotions of a great tragic actress, under the most favorable conditions, is enough to tax the soundest constitution. She must "*spurn delights, and live laborious days*" to maintain her hold upon an inexorable public, before whom she must always seem at her best. As Rachel herself says in writing to Madame de Girardin (2d May, 1851), "*On ne mange pas toujours quand on veut, lorsqu'on a l'hon-*

*neur d'être la première tragédienne de sa majesté le peuple français.*" Long seasons of rest for both body and spirit could alone have enabled her to be true to her own genius. These Rachel would not take until too late. Thus we find her in 1849 playing during three months that should have been given to repose in no fewer than thirty-five towns from one end of France to the other, and giving seventy performances in the course of ninety days. "*Quelle route,*" she writes, "*quelle fatigue, mais aussi quelle dot!*" The day was not far off when she was doomed to feel in bitterness of heart how dearly this "*dot*" was purchased.

The temptation of wealth, which her European fame brought her, was no doubt great. The sums she received in England, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, were enormous, and the adulation everywhere paid to her might have made the steadiest head giddy. At the staid court of Berlin she was received in 1853 with courtly honors. The emperor Nicholas of Russia approached her, after a private performance at Potsdam, with all the chivalrous gallantry which sate so gracefully upon him ; and when she offered to rise as he accosted her, took her by both hands and pressed her to remain seated, saying as he did so, "*Asseyez vous, mademoiselle ; les royautés comme la mienne passent, la royauté d'art ne passe pas.*" And when, in the following year, she went to Russia for six months, she not only brought back £12,000 as the solid gains of her visit, but such recollections of courtly homage paid to her, as she describes with admirable vivacity in the following letter from St. Petersburg to her sister Sarah : —

Yesterday evening your humble servant was entertained like a queen — not a sham tragedy queen, with a crown of gilded pasteboard, but a real queen, duly stamped at the royal mint. First of all, realize to yourself the fact that here the Boyards all follow me, stare at me as if I were some strange animal, and that I cannot move a step without having them after me. In the streets, in the shops, wherever I go, or may be caught a glimpse of, I am marked and pointed at. I no longer belong to myself.

To sum up all, the other day I was invited to a banquet, given in my honor at the Imperial Palace — a fact, oh daughter of papa and mamma Félix ! It came off yesterday. What a regale ! When I reached the palace, lo, there were gorgeous footmen, all powder and gold lace, just as in Paris, to wait upon and escort me : one takes my pelisse, another goes before and announces me, and I find myself in a saloon gilded from floor to ceiling,



with everybody rushing to salute me. It is a grand duke,—no less,—the emperor's brother, who advances to offer me his hand to conduct me to the dinner-table—an immense table, raised upon a sort of dais, but not laid out for many—only thirty covers; but the guests, how select! The imperial family, the grand dukes, the little dukes, and the archdukes—all the dukes, in short, of all calibres; and all this tra-la-la of princes and princesses, curious and attentive, devouring me with their eyes, watching my slightest movements, my words, my smiles,—in a word, never keeping their eyes off me. Well! Do not imagine that I was in any way embarrassed. Not the least in the world! I felt just as usual—at least up to the middle of the repast, which, moreover, was excellent. But everybody seemed to be much more occupied with me than with the viands. At that point the toasts in my honor begin; and very strange indeed is the spectacle which ensues. The young archdukes, to get a better view of me, quit their seats, mount upon the chairs, and even put their feet upon the table—I was about to say into the plates!—and yet nobody seemed the least surprised, there being obviously some traces of the savage still even in the princes of this country! And then the shouts, the deafening bravos, and the calls upon me to recite something! To reply to toasts by a tragic tirade was indeed strange; but I was equal to the occasion. I rose, and, pushing back my chair, assumed the most tragic air of my *répertoire*, and treated them to *Phèdre's* great scene. Straightway a death-like silence; you might have heard the flutter of a fly, if there be such a thing in this country. They all listened devoutly, bending towards me, and confining themselves to admiring gestures and stifled murmurs. Then, when I had finished, there was a fresh outbreak of shouts of bravos, of clinking glasses, and fresh toasts, carried so far that for the moment I felt bewildered. Soon, however, I too caught the infection, and excited at once by the odor of the wine and of the flowers, and of all this enthusiasm, which had the effect of tickling what little pride I have, I rose again and began to sing, or rather declaimed, the Russian national hymn with no small fervor. On this it was no longer enthusiasm, but utter frenzy; they crowded round me, they pressed my hands, they showered thanks upon me; I was the greatest tragedian in the world, and of all time past and future,—and so on for a good quarter of an hour.

But the best things have an end, and the hour came for me to take my leave. I effected this with the same queenly dignity as I had managed my arrival, reconducted even to the grand staircase by the same grand duke, who was very gallant, but maintained at the same time all ceremonious respect. Then appeared the gorgeous footmen in powder, one of them carrying my pelisse. I put it on, and was escorted by them to my carriage, which was surrounded by other footmen carrying torches to illuminate my departure.

Triumphant, however, as in one point of view was Rachel's visit to Russia, it had its heavy drawbacks. She returned to Paris more shaken than ever in health, and the failure in vigor was quickly perceived when she resumed her place upon the stage there. The public, moreover, were out of humor with her for having forsaken them so long—she had been away a year—and they marked their displeasure by leaving her to play to comparatively empty houses. A new piece, "*Rosemonde*," in which she sustained the principal part, was coldly received; and an epigram of the day tells the tale both of her broken health and of the eclipse of her popularity:—

Pourquoi donc nomme-t-on ce drame Rosemonde?  
Je n'y vois plus de rose et n'y vois pas de monde.

"The Czarine," written for her by Scribe—the last of the characters created, as the phrase is, by Rachel—in the following year, was not more successful. The wrong she had done to her body and to her great natural gifts was now to be avenged. "*Glory*," she writes to a friend even in 1854, "is very pleasant, but its value is greatly lowered in my eyes, since I have been made to pay so dearly for it." Years before she had been warned. In 1847 she had written, "I have had great success, but how? At the expense of my health, of my life! This intoxication with which an admiring public inspires me, passes into my veins and burns them up." But this alone would not have wrought the havoc which by 1855 was visible in her person and in her general powers. Things had come to a serious pass with her, when in that year she wrote to M. Emile de Girardin:—

Houssaye told me it was he who gave you the little Louis XV. watch, which you have arranged so daintily by replacing the glass, through which one could see the entrails of the beast, by the enamel in which they have had your humble servant baked. I think, and so does Sarah, the lower part of my face too long. But enamels (*émaux*) or rather *émaux*—for everywhere there are *des maux*—cannot be corrected once they have gone through the fire. In any case I think it is a thing not to be worn except after my death. I am so shaky that perhaps this is not very far off. If Madame de Girardin would write for me the part of some consumptive historical personage, if such there be—for I delight in a part with a name to it—I believe I should play it well, and in a way to draw tears, for I should shed them myself. It is all very fine to tell



me this is only my nerves ; I feel very surely there is a screw loose somewhere. We spoke of the watch ; when one turns the key too strongly, something goes *crack* ! I often feel something go *crack* within me when I screw myself up to act. The day before yesterday, in "Horace," when I was giving Maubant his cue, I felt this *crack*. Yes, my friend, I cracked. This quite *entre nous*, because of my mother and the boys.

Conscious though she was of this perilous state of health, Rachel was still so bent on making one more grand effort to augment her fortune, that she entered upon an engagement to play for six months in the United States. After performing in Paris during the summer all her great classical parts, she gave seven representations in London, and sailed on the 11th of August from Southampton for New York. Her success, however, fell far short of what she had anticipated. Corneille and Racine were not attractive to American audiences ; and although she supplemented them with "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Lady Tartufe," and "Angelo," she did not establish any hold upon the public. In the course of forty-two representations, the total receipts were a little over £27,000, of which Rachel's share was about half ; a very handsome return, but most disappointing to Rachel, who had counted on gains even beyond those which Jenny Lind had shortly before been making across the Atlantic. So feeble was the impression she produced, that it is quite certain Rachel would have lost money had the engagement gone on. But her progress was cut short by a bad cold, followed by such an aggravation of her pulmonary weakness, that she was compelled to return to Europe at the end of January, 1856. To be back with those she loved — and with whom she felt her stay could not be long — was all her wish. "J'ai porté mon nom aussi loin que j'ai pu," she writes from Havannah (7th January, 1856), "et je raporte mon cœur à ceux qui l'aiment."

Next winter was spent in Egypt with no abatement of the fatal symptoms. She returned to France, feeling that her work in life was done, and that she would be "doomed to go in company with pain" for whatever term of life might be vouchsafed her. In October she left Paris for Cannet, a few miles from Cannes, where the father of M. Victorien Sardou had placed his villa at her disposal. Before quitting Paris she wrote to her friend and fellow-worker, Augustine Brohan: "Patience and resignation have become my

motto. I am grateful to you, dear Mlle. Brôhan, for the kind interest you express ; but let me assure you, God alone can do anything for me ! I start almost immediately for the South, and hope its pure and warm air will ease my pains a little." Very touching are the words of a letter to another friend, written at the same time : —

It sometimes seems as though night were settling down suddenly upon me, and I feel a kind of great void in my head, and in my understanding. Everything is extinguished all at once, and your Rachel is left the merest wreck. Ah, poor me ! That *me* of which I was so proud, too proud, perhaps. Behold it to-day so enfeebled, that scarce anything of it is left. . . . Adieu, my friend. This letter will perhaps be the last. You who have known Rachel so brilliant, who have seen her in her luxury and her splendor, who have so often applauded her in her triumphs, what difficulty would you not have in recognizing her to-day in the species of fleshless spectre which she has become, and which she carries about with her unceasingly !

The end, which she clearly foresaw, was not far off. The mild air of the south somewhat lightened her pains, but could not arrest the disease. Many sad thoughts of powers wasted and unworthy aims pursued, must have darkened the solitary hours when she was face to face with those questionings of the spirit that will not be put by. Her art, and all it might have been to her, were among her other thoughts. How much greater glory might she not have achieved, to how much higher account might she not have turned her gifts, how much more might she not have done to elevate and refine her audiences, had she nourished to the last the high aspirations of her youth ? Very full of significance is what she said to her sister Sarah, who attended her deathbed : "Oh, Sarah, I have been thinking of 'Polyeucte' all night. If you only knew what new, what magnificent effects I have conceived ! In studying, take my word for it, declamation and gesture are of little avail ; you have to think, to weep !"

Rachel died upon the 3d of January, 1858, conscious to the end. She was fortified in her last moments by the very impressive ceremonial of the Jewish Church, of which she was a stanch adherent, and died in the humble hope of a blessed immortality. As we turn away from the contemplation of a fine career, so sadly and prematurely closed, let us think gently of Rachel's faults and failings, due greatly, it may be, to the unfavorable cir-



cumstances of her life, and the absence of that early moral training by which she might have been moulded into a nobler womanhood. *Pauvre Rachel!*

As an artist the want of that moral element prevented her from rising to the highest level. Had she possessed it, she must have gone on advancing in excellence to the last. But this she did not do. Even in such parts as Phèdre and Hermione she went back instead of forward. Impersonations that used to be instinct with life became hard and formal. They were still beautiful as studies of histrionic skill, but the soul had gone out of them. A low moral nature — and such assuredly was Rachel's — will always be felt through an artist's work, disguise it how he will, for, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "The brow often speaks true, eyes have tongues, and the countenance proclaims the heart and inclinations:" and, as we have already said, it shone through the acting of Rachel whenever the part was one in which the individuality of the woman came into play. It was this which made her range so limited. Attired in classical costume, and restricted to a style of action which masked that natural deportment which is ever eloquent of character, her hard and unsympathetic nature was for the time lost to view; and the eye was riveted by motions, graceful, stately, passionate, or eager, and the ear thrilled by the varied cadences or vehement declamation of her beautiful voice. But when her parts approached nearer to common life — when the emotions became more complex and less dignified — the want was quickly felt. If, instead of Corneille and Racine, Rachel had been called upon to illustrate Shakespeare, with all the variety of inflection and subtlety of development which his heroines demand in the performer, she must, we believe, have utterly failed. We in England thought too little of this — and it is a mistake which we have made, not in her case alone — in our admiration of a style which to us was new and only half understood, and we placed her on a pinnacle above our own actresses higher than her deserts. We fell into the same mistake, and less excusably, in the case of Ristori, an artist of powers in every way inferior. The Parisians, wiser than ourselves, found out their mistake in this respect many years ago, as soon as they saw Ristori in Lady Macbeth. Rachel was too accomplished an artist, and knew the limits of her own powers too well, ever to risk her reputation by subjecting it to such a test. She

was essentially a declamatory actress; she depended but little on the emotions of the scene; she cared not at all how she was acted up to. She could not listen well; she did not kindle by conflict with the other characters. Nothing to our mind more clearly indicates the actress of a grade not certainly the highest. The classical French drama demands this power less than our own, but it does demand it in some degree. To excel on our stage, however, it is indispensable that the actress should possess the power of kindling, and, as she kindles, of rising, naturally and continuously, through the gradations of emotion and passion, which our more complex dramatic situations demand, and of sustaining these, so as to retain her hold upon the audience, after the voice has ceased to speak. But to do this, something more than the accomplishment of art is necessary; and this something is a deep and sincere sensibility, and a moral nature which answers instinctively to the call of the nobler feelings, that constitute the materials of tragedy, and also of comedy of the highest kind. It is easy to see that Rachel, with her lack of high intellectual culture, and her undisciplined moral nature, could never have met the demands of the Shakespearian drama. Nor, seeing what she was as a woman, how little she possessed of the finer and more tender graces of her sex, can we wonder that she failed, as she did, in parts in which Mars or Duchesnois had succeeded, and erred so frequently in accepting others from which true taste and right womanly feeling would have made her recoil.

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From Temple Bar.

ROBIN.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "ADAM AND EVE."

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

FROM the time he was ten years old — the epoch of that terrible fever — Christopher Blunt had never enjoyed good health; but the worry of ways and means, the harass of business, the struggle to get on, had been spared him. Everything he wanted he had, everything he wished for he got. Suddenly a check was put on all this. Although he continued to write to his father, more than once referring to his fast-dwindling resources, there came no answer. What was to be done? The arrangements by which he was to have



secured a separate allowance had never been properly concluded. A small income — under two hundred a year — the rent of some houses, left when a lad to him, was positively all there was to depend on, until the old man relented. He kept this from Robin as long as he could, and then, feeling there was nothing else to be done, he had to tell her of it — to ask her what she would like him to do — to put it to her how she would wish him to act; there was no further doubt his father intended to starve them out.

Few things had Christopher felt more acutely than speaking of this matter to Robin. Since she had left Wadpole, strive as she did, it was plain to see everything was an effort to her. The wish to go out, to sit at home, to keep up a conversation, to seem interested — all was assumed; and Christopher, in his sympathy for her suffering, would affect some occupation which would afford her the opportunity to steal away, to sit alone and brood on her misery — for do what she would, Robin was miserable. It is easier, under great emotion, to promise that we will be as we were before, than, the excitement over, to resume that footing. A strain of affectation was put on Christopher as well as on Robin; neither could afford to be quite natural for fear of what the other might be presuming. And then there was that constant torment about Jack. What did he think? where had he gone? what was he doing? He had never taken any notice of her letter, and strive as reason might to assure her it was better so, a thousand sad repinings said how easily he accepted all she said without striving so much as to send her an answer.

Robin could put no faith in the hints about Mr. Cameron and his engagement to Georgy. Well posted in all the rumors concerning her and Jack — perhaps now — there together — she gone — why not? Many a heart had been caught on the rebound! And Christopher, watching her, felt himself grow sad; was there to be no happiness for them in life together?

Up to this point there had been the satisfaction that he could give her all she wanted, gratify her every wish. Now this poor comfort was to be taken from him. Unless she consented to return with him to his father, how were they to live? A sickening sense of the future swept over Christopher. Before him arose the insults, disputes, quarrels, and, more than all, the humiliation of being obliged to break his word to Jack.

Stirred by these feelings he set the matter of the whole proceeding before Robin, and then waited her reply.

"And what is it you wish to do?" she asked wearily.

"Wish to do, Robin," and he looked at her fixedly. "My wish would be to stay away — to remain here."

"Then let us stay — it is what I want too." The words were spoken in the voice of the Robin of old, and seeing he did not answer, she added, "Don't think it is because I am wishing you to defy your father — no; but" — and she hesitated, "we are so much better here, by ourselves — together, you and I."

"There is no need to say more. I am only too glad to keep away; my hesitation was entirely about you." Poor Christopher had never had to bear the shifts of poverty. "We shall have so little to live on, you know."

"But I have lived on nothing at all," she said gaily, "positively nothing, often — before we met you."

"Well then, now you'll have to turn your knowledge to account;" and he laughed, and she joined him — absolutely the first real interchange of sympathy since they had been away.

"We shall have to leave here," she began.

"Yes, so I was thinking."

"We had best begin to pack up at once;" and then, the recollection of former flittings coming across her, she added, "Shall we be able to pay them before we go?"

Christopher's face expressed his astonishment at such an idea.

"Oh, but we've often had to leave with money owing," she said, "when we went away."

"You always contrived to pay them though, later, didn't you?" Christopher spoke this more by the way of talking than asking a question; Robin looked a little shamefaced.

"Not always; I'm afraid we didn't. We couldn't, we hadn't the money to — not to pay everybody; some one would have had to go without, that's certain."

"But you wouldn't like to do that now, I hope." Christopher spoke gently. "You would not like to have what you could not pay for, would you?"

"I didn't like it then," she said frankly; "but papa hated poky lodgings, he wouldn't live in them." Then feeling some further plea was needed, she added, "There were many excuses to be made for him — poor papa! he had been



brought up so differently; you must not be hard on him, Christopher."

"Hard, my dear?"

"No, I didn't mean that; I don't think it possible that you could be hard on anybody."

And somehow their hands had met and were held together, and Robin looking up shyly, found Christopher's eyes fixed upon her, and he drew her towards him unresistingly, held her a moment, and then kissed her tenderly; and the ice which had held both hearts seemed melted away.

Happiness often knocks at our door disguised as poverty, and one test of love is to recognize the incognito.

During the six months from midsummer to midwinter, which Robin and Christopher spent in struggling on together, it gave to him felicity, it brought to her content. Their narrowed means forced them to test their individual resources, and thrown into constant companionship, they grew to entirely depend the one on the other.

How impossible that those of high estate living in great luxury should estimate some of the joys—the blessings which surround the poor!

Indigence at most times means misery; but that estate, in which simple wants have all their needs supplied, makes no demand on pity.

The experience which Robin and Christopher were now going through was laying up a bright store for the future—about which they were less anxious than one would think possible. Christopher still wrote regularly every now and then to his father, although the letters were never answered; but they were received, because they were not returned.

Since shutting up his house, Mr. Blunt had not returned to Wadpole; he was in his old quarters in London, living there surrounded by a good many off-relations, and by boon companions, none of them very desirous of furthering a better understanding with his son. It was shameful, they all declared, such treatment of such a father: and they would chorus forth eulogiums on him, with corresponding strictures on the conduct of Christopher—servility accepted by the old man, but not palatably swallowed. He was tired of the life he was leading—a little ashamed of it in the bargain, and only that he had never given in in his life, he would have written asking Christopher what he wanted. Already he had turned over in his mind divers plans how matters

might be arranged between them. If they would not live with him they might live near him. The mystery was how they were managing to live at all. Benson, his agent, had told him that he had paid the rent of the two houses over; but that, all deducted, for the six months didn't mean much more than a hundred pounds clear.

Since the last time he had heard—about the beginning of November—Mr. Blunt had felt terribly low-spirited and disconsolate; and though he continued to hold Robin responsible, as being the sole cause of this disunion, seeing she was not present and could not hear him, he found no satisfaction in anathematizing her. Opposite as they were in habits, disposition, nature, he and his son—difficult as it was, without sympathy of thought, mind, and taste, to get on with one another—old Blunt had sufficient perception of good to recognize the merits of Christopher; and the uneasiness he often felt in his presence was due to the fact that in him he saw a being of a superior order.

"He's certain at Christmas to write again," he said to himself, "so I'll wait as long as then, and then I'll answer his letter. I'm sick o' this way o' going on altogether. And I'll go down to Wadpole—it'll keep me straight being there, and help to pull me a bit together before I see him again."

And in prospect of carrying out this decision he sent orders to get the house ready; and by the second week in December he was installed at Priors.

"He looks years older than when he went away," everybody said when Mr. Blunt passed by; and it was remarked that his hand trembled, his gait was unsteady, feeble; altogether, they decided that he was uncommonly shaky, and seemed in rather a bad way.

Ever ready to find fault with somebody, the tide of opinion turned against Christopher. It was held undutiful in an only son to leave his father; and that the old man felt it so, might be seen by the change in him since he had been away. In turn, they laid on Robin her share of blame. Young people should not be so headstrong; and if a girl married a man, and got a good home, it was very hard if she couldn't put up with his father's temper.

Mr. Blunt found that a good many people called, and most of them gave him their sympathy, which at that time he was by no means in want of; and then they



forgot all about him, and he was left to himself, solitary and alone, except when Mr. Cameron or Georgy Temple, sometimes singly, sometimes together, paid him a visit. These two, close friends to Christopher, stuck loyally by him. Mr. Cameron — by reason of his office able to speak plainly — often talked with the old man, and lost nothing of his favor because he spoke the honest truth regarding his son. But at Mr. Blunt's age, backed up by a life's practice, the golden speech of St. Chrysostom would hardly have prevailed against his stubbornness. He wanted to make peace with his son — he wanted to have him back with him — but he could not bring his mind to make the first advances. No, he would wait until the next letter came, and then he would answer it; and in the mean time, as a salve to his conscience, he laid his plans, and searched the neighborhood over for a house, that he might not only be ready to accede to, but seem to forestall, the demands they might make of him.

But Christmas went by, and the new year set in, without any letter coming from Christopher.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

UNABLE to endure the loneliness of his situation, Mr. Blunt, for the first time, had sent for a few of his friends to bear him company at Priors. The season was a festive one — to gross minds a fitting time for self-indulgence; and thinking it possible such a chance might not come again, they saw no reason why they should not make the most of their opportunity.

It is a curious fact how intolerant domestics are of those taken from their own rank, and raised to a class above them. Most of Mr. Blunt's servants at one time or other had had experience of families where such after-dinner excesses as they now saw had at least happened, if they were not of frequent occurrence, but — except, perhaps, between themselves — to comment on it had not been thought of by them; now, without hesitation, they made the behavior of their master and his friends a matter of chit-chat and gossip, until, the reports swelling, all Wadpole was scandalized through the orgies at Priors.

"I shall write to Christopher," said Mr. Cameron, speaking to Georgy Temple and her father, "and tell him it is his duty to return home. Don't you think I ought to, sir?" he asked, addressing the rector.

"I think it would be kind in you, Cameron. What do you say, Georgy?"

"I don't see any reason on earth why they should not return. Jack seems lost to us forever;" and she sighed lugubriously.

Georgy had hoped that, on his return from Norway, Jack would have come back to Wadpole, instead of which he had written to say he was going to India; his mother had begged him to pay her a visit, and as she was getting an old woman now, perhaps if he did not go he might some day regret that he had refused her.

"I don't know why he should regret," Georgy had said; "she never took any notice of him before. She wouldn't now if he was not the squire of Wadpole."

"All the more credit due to him for not refusing her," said the rector.

"Oh, that's all very fine; but perhaps we may never see him again."

"Don't you trouble yourself there. Jack will come back in due time, and bring a wife with him, I shouldn't wonder."

"I wish he would; that would put a stop to mother."

"Not a bit of it, my dear. If your mother saw that one worry missed fire, she'd very soon have a pop at us with another."

"Yes; but it's pretty near time Dora took her turn now, and I was left to settle down with that 'miserable, mean, insignificant little Cameron,'" she said, admirably affecting the manner of her mother.

"Come, come, Georgy! don't bear malice."

"Oh, I don't bear malice; but I don't like it either, particularly when he has so few to stand up for him. I don't think he has a friend left here except you, father."

"Christopher Blunt will be coming back soon, I dare say. Where is he now?"

"Still at Whitby, I hear."

"Whitby! that's a funny place for them to be! What are they doing there?"

"Enjoying themselves, I suppose, as people with money seem always able to do. Christopher said in his last letter that he had never been so well, and never so happy; I wrote and told Jack so. Papa, I do think it a great mistake to be poor — really I do."

"I'm quite of your opinion, my dear; but that does not mend matters much with you or with me."



"And then mother to be always going on about I wouldn't marry Jack. Well, I wouldn't; but if I had wanted to, he wouldn't have married me."

"Tell her so, Georgy — tell her so."

"And have it all over the place? why, no; that would never do. All the same, though, I think the Christopher Blunts owe a debt of gratitude to Colin and to me." And at this point Mr. Cameron had joined them, and mooted the question of writing to Christopher. "You might tell them that Jack has gone to India too," said Georgy, "in case he had anything to do with their going away from here."

So the letter was written, and sent off to Christopher, and then Mr. Cameron betook himself to Priors to pay Mr. Blunt a visit. He found him irritable and angry — his visitors had left him; and though he said nothing about the non-arrival of the expected letter, it was plain to see how much the disappointment affected him.

For the first time he blustered in his old way about his son, and then suddenly his voice broke into almost a whine, as he demanded the curate's pity for a man left alone in his old age — deserted by his own flesh and blood, as he was.

"But I don't see that you can make that accusation against Christopher," said Mr. Cameron stoutly. "Think how often he has written and you have sent him no answer. The desertion — so it seems to me — rather lies at your door."

Perhaps the reproach stung the father; anyway, Mr. Blunt put himself into an ungovernable rage. These recent bouts had lost him the small measure of control he ever had over his temper, and the picture given to Mr. Cameron then, made him sympathize with his two friends more than ever.

Returning home with those coarse vituperations against Robin still sounding in his ears, Mr. Cameron wondered had he done right in urging their return.

"I've half a mind to write again," he thought, "and suggest that it might be best if Christopher came to see his father alone."

Only a little time before, Christopher had made a similar suggestion to Robin. "It is of no use writing," he had said; "I see that. I have been thinking whether it would not be best for me to go and see my father and talk to him."

The winter, so far rather a severe one, had taxed their resources considerably, and Christopher felt his health was suffer-

ing from some of the deprivations he had been obliged to submit to.

Perceiving that he was not well — for, constantly together as they were now, it was impossible, as of old, to hide from her how much at times he suffered — Robin proposed that they should remove to London; and Christopher, hoping he might be benefited by the change to milder air, readily assented.

They made the journey in December, about a week before Christmas; the carriage they travelled in was cold and draughty, and Christopher took a chill which confined him to bed for a few days, and to the house for more than a week after. Anxious to get away from the hotel, the expenses of which they could ill afford, he did not give himself time to recover, and the first day he was able to dissemble he declared himself perfectly well, and able to set off in search of lodgings, which they hoped to find in one of the suburbs. Robin was prevailed on, though very unwillingly, to remain behind; the day was bitterly cold, and Christopher said he should get through his business quicker without her.

In addition to looking for the lodgings, he was bent on finding if his father had left London. Owing to their removal from Whitby, Mr. Cameron's letter had not yet reached him. If the old man was at Wadpole, Christopher intended, after seeing Robin settled, to go down there. He knew with whom he had to deal, and nothing but an intimate knowledge of that overbearing temper had made him hold out as he had done. To do him justice, every letter he had written had been conciliatory, and he never permitted his father to perceive that the violence and insults heaped on him at their parting had in any way rested with him.

None but himself knew how much before going away he had been made to suffer, and the taunts that they would soon return, begging to be taken back, had assisted very greatly in keeping him away. It had not been a question of pride so much as one of self-respect; Christopher felt that after what had passed he owed it to himself, as well as to Robin, that the first advances towards capitulation should come from the aggressor. The object he had in seeking this interview was to come to a plain, straightforward understanding of what Mr. Blunt intended to do in respect to their future income. With the possibility of Robin by any chance accident being left alone in the world, Christopher trembled to think



how little there would be for her. So far, there had been expensive articles of jewellery parted with to meet pressing occasions; but these were nearly all gone. Their wardrobe, too, needed replenishing; Christopher's clothes were anything but suitable for such inclement wintry weather.

Notwithstanding his fatigue, he returned to Robin in excellent spirits. His day had been a successful one; the lodgings he had secured he was certain would please her, and he had learned through Mr. Benson, whom he had seen, that his father had gone down to Priors.

"And I have something for you—a letter from Mr. Cameron," said Robin. "I wouldn't give it to you before, because I thought you wanted your dinner; and I haven't opened it, that we might read it together."

She had put an easy-chair for Christopher in front of the fire, and she brought over a footstool and sat down at his knee, leaning her head against him, so that, with him, she might read the letter.

They went through the contents, neither stopping nor making comment until they reached the end; then, simultaneously, he said, "I am very grieved to hear this about my father;" and she, "Fancy, Jack gone to India, to see his mother!"

Many confidences had passed between Christopher and Robin during these six months together, and though Jack was seldom made the subject of conversation between them, there was no longer any awkwardness in speaking his name.

"I think the wish to see his mother says a great deal for him," said Christopher, ever ready to sink what was of interest to him in that which interested her. "It is a long voyage to make for affection, and it is hardly to be supposed that he feels more than duty for her."

"No," said Robin dreamily, and they sat silent for a while. Suddenly she asked: "What was that about your father? I didn't quite take it in. Read it to me again."

Christopher read what Mr. Cameron had said, and then he sighed heavily.

"Oh, but I shouldn't be in too great a hurry to believe it all," said Robin encouragingly. "You see he tells you," she went on, referring to the letter, "that what he says is principally from the rumors he has heard in the village."

"Yes; but I don't think Cameron would write unless he felt certain that what he said was true."

"At the same time he speaks of your father being very anxious to see you."

"Yes; I am glad I am going down."

"When will you go?"

"I think the day after to-morrow. I shall just wait to see you settled, and then—particularly after this—I won't delay it longer. Being laid up has been such a drawback; I had counted on seeing him before the new year."

"Shan't you write to say you are coming?"

"No."

"But supposing he isn't there?"

"Oh, I think he's sure to be. Cameron speaks as if he had gone down to remain; and it looks like it, having those people down there."

"Do you know them?" Robin asked.

The vexed look in Christopher's face was plain to her.

"I dare say I know who they are," he said sadly. "That is the worst of his being left alone; he has no resources. You see, reading does not amuse him; he has nothing to do, and no friends there who go to see him or whom he can go to see."

"He must be very lonely. I wish he was different, Christopher," and then she rubbed her cheek against his hand. "I see," she said, "that what Mr. Cameron has said is paining you."

"It is, a little."

She laid down her head again, murmuring softly, "Poor Christopher! dear Christopher!"

Had Robin never known love, surely this feeling might well have deceived her. Those to whom happiness has not shown her face often pass through life mistaking content for her.

But Robin had tasted of the higher joy; it lay as in a grave dug deep down in her heart, watered by her tears, sacred by her sorrow. As the mourner is won to lift again the drooping head, so Christopher's tenderness and generosity had raised hers. Biding his opportunity, he had dropped words from time to time which had gradually taken root and sprung up to blossom. A higher motive guided Robin now, and Christopher rejoiced to feel that should he ever be called from her, no longer would that fair bark be left without a rudder.

Many of us fail to appreciate how much we owe to habit. In youth, impulse is a dangerous leader; and in the emergencies of life, unless daily practice has trained us to decide rightly, it is far more than likely that we are led astray.



There were moments when the past rose up before Robin and made her shudder. Some newspaper report, a repeated story, a chance encounter, and she drew closer to Christopher: from what a fate he had rescued her! Robin took no credit to herself. "Had he not talked to me," she said, "that night as he did, what should I be now?" And then, thinking of Jack, how much more clearly did she read his character! Dealing generously with the forbearance he had shown when he had her in his power—for Robin recognized how from the first moment he had held complete influence over her—she sent her heart up in thanksgiving that Jack's life was still his own to shape, unfettered save perhaps by a memory of her. Her woman's nature clung to the hope of that memory; she could not bear to think that he could altogether forget her.

"I should like him sometimes to recall those days"—and a tear stole slowly down her cheek—"when he was penniless as we were—poor Jack!—and I was little Robin Veriker;" and her thoughts straying to that bygone past, she would think of the untaught, run-wild child she was, and of the teaching for good which Jack had tried to instil into her. And in those recollections love was forgotten in gratitude for the teacher; and tracing the development of those qualities higher, Jack's image would fade away, and his place be filled by Christopher.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

#### A VENETIAN MEDLEY.

##### V.

##### ON THE LAGOONS.

THE mornings are spent in study, sometimes among pictures, sometimes in the Marcian Library, or again in those vast convent chambers of the Frari, where the archives of Venice load innumerable shelves. The afternoons invite us to a further flight upon the water. Both sando and gondola await our choice; and we may sail or row, according as the wind and inclination tempt us.

Yonder lies San Lazzaro, with the neat red buildings of the Armenian convent. The last oleander blossoms shine rosy pink above its walls against the pure blue sky, as we glide into the little harbor. Boats piled with coal-black grapes block

the landing-place, for the *padri* are gathering their vintage from the Lido, and their presses run with new wine. My friend and I have not come to revive memories of Byron—that curious patron saint of the Armenian colony—or to inspect the printing-press, which issues books of little value for our studies. It is enough to pace the terrace, and linger half an hour beneath the low, broad arches of the alleys pleached with vines, through which the domes and towers of Venice rise more beautiful by distance.

Malamocco lies considerably further, and needs a full hour of stout rowing to reach it. Alighting there, we cross the narrow strip of land, and find ourselves upon the huge sea-wall—block piled on block of Istrian stone in tiers and ranks, with cunning breathing-places for the waves to wreak their fury on, and foam their force away in fretful waste. The very existence of Venice may be said to depend on these *murazzi*, which were finished at an immense cost by the republic in the days of its decadence. The enormous monoliths which compose them had to be brought across the Adriatic in sailing vessels. Of all the Lidi, that of Malamocco is the weakest; and here, if anywhere, the sea might effect an entrance into the lagoon. Our gondoliers told us of some places where the *murazzi* were broken in a gale, or *sciroccale*, not very long ago. Lying awake in Venice, when the wind blows hard, one hears the sea thundering upon its sandy barrier, and blesses God for the *murazzi*. On such a night it happened once to me to dream a dream of Venice overwhelmed by water. I saw the billows roll across the smooth lagoon like a gigantic Eager. The Ducal Palace crumbled, and San Marco's domes went down. The Campanile rocked and shivered like a reed. And all along the Grand Canal the palaces swayed helpless, tottering to their fall, while boats piled high with men and women strove to stem the tide, and save themselves from those impending ruins. It was a mad dream, born of the sea's roar and Tintoretto's painting. But this afternoon no such visions are suggested. The sea sleeps, and in the moist autumn air we break tall branches of the seeded yellowing samphire from hollows of the rocks, and bear them homeward in a wayward bouquet mixed with cobs of Indian corn.

Fusina is another point for these excursions. It lies at the mouth of the



Canal di Brenta, where the mainland ends in marsh and meadows, intersected by broad renes. In spring the ditches bloom with fleurs-de-lys. In autumn they take sober coloring from lilac daisies and the delicate sea-lavender. Scores of tiny plants are turning scarlet on the brown, moist earth; and when the sun goes down behind the Euganean hills, his crimson canopy of cloud, reflected on these shallows, muddy shoals, and wilderness of matted weeds, converts the common earth into a fairyland of fabulous dyes. Purple, violet, and rose are spread around us. In front stretches the lagoon, tinted with a pale light from the east, and beyond this pallid mirror shines Venice — a long, low, broken line, touched with the softest roseate flush. Ere we reach the Giudecca on our homeward way sunset has faded. The western skies have clad themselves in green, barred with dark, fire-rimmed clouds. The Euganean hills stand like stupendous pyramids, Egyptian, solemn, against a lemon space on the horizon. The far reaches of the lagoons, the Alps, and islands assume those tones of glowing lilac which are the supreme beauty of Venetian evening. Then, at last, we see the first lamps glitter on the Zattere. The quiet of the night has come.

Words cannot be formed to express the endless varieties of Venetian sunset. The most magnificent follow after wet, stormy days, when the west breaks suddenly into a labyrinth of fire, when chasms of clear turquoise heavens emerge, and horns of flame are flashed to the zenith, and unexpected splendors scale the fretted clouds, step over step, stealing along the purple caverns till the whole dome throbs. Or, again, after a fair day, a change of weather approaches, and high, infinitely high, the skies are woven over with a web of half-transparent cirrus-clouds. These in the afterglow blush crimson, and through their rifts the depth of heaven is of a hard and gem-like blue, and all the water turns to rose beneath them. I remember one such evening near Torcello. We were well out at sea between Mazzorbo and Murano. The ruddy arches overhead were reflected without interruption in the waveless, ruddy lake below. Our black boat was the only dark spot in this sphere of splendor. We seemed to hang suspended; and such as this, I fancied, must be the feeling of an insect caught in the heart of a fiery-petalled rose. Yet not these melodramatic sunsets alone are beautiful. Even

more exquisite, perhaps, are the lagoons, painted in monochrome of greys, with just one touch of pink upon a western cloud, scattered in ripples here and there on the waves below, reminding us that day has passed and evening come. And beautiful again are the calm settings of fair weather, when sea and sky alike are cheerful, and the topmost blades of the lagoon grass, peeping from the shallows, glance like emeralds upon the surface. There is no deep stirring of the spirit in a symphony of light and color. But purity, peace, and freshness make their way into our hearts.

## VI.

## AT THE LIDO.

OF all these afternoon excursions, that to the Lido is most frequent. It has two points for approach. The more distant is the little station of San Nicoletto, at the mouth of the Porto. With an ebb-tide, the water of the lagoon runs past the mulberry gardens of this hamlet like a river. There is here a grove of acacia-trees, shadowy and dreamy, above deep grass, which even an Italian summer does not wither. The Riva is fairly broad, forming a promenade, where one may conjure up the personages of a century ago. For San Nicoletto used to be a fashionable resort before the other points of Lido had been occupied by pleasure-seekers. An artist even now will select its old-world quiet, leafy shade, and prospect through the islands of Vignole and Sant' Erasmo to snow-touched peaks of Antelao and Tofano, rather than the glare and bustle and extended view of Venice which its rival Sant' Elisabetta offers.

But when we want a plunge into the Adriatic, or a stroll along smooth sands, or a breath of genuine sea-breeze, or a handful of horned poppies from the dunes, or a lazy half-hour's contemplation of a limitless horizon flecked with russet sails, then we seek Sant' Elisabetta. Our boat is left at the landing-place. We saunter across the island and back again. Antonio and Francesco wait and order wine, which we drink with them in the shade of the little *osteria's* wall.

A certain afternoon in May I well remember, for this visit to the Lido was marked by one of those apparitions which are as rare as they are welcome to the artist's soul. I have always held that in our modern life the only real equivalent for the antique mythopoeic sense — that sense which enabled the Hellenic race to



figure for themselves the powers of earth and air, streams and forests, and the presiding genii of places, under the forms of living human beings — is supplied by the appearance at some felicitous moment of a man or woman who impersonates for our imagination the essence of the beauty that environs us. It seems, at such a fortunate moment, as though we had been waiting for this revelation, although perchance the want of it had not been previously felt. Our sensations and perceptions test themselves at the touchstone of this living individuality. The keynote of the whole music dimly sounding in our ears, is struck. A melody emerges, clear in form and excellent in rhythm. The landscapes we have painted on our brain no longer lack their central figure. The life proper to the complex conditions we have studied is discovered, and every detail, judged by this standard of vitality, falls into its right relations.

I had been musing long that day and earnestly upon the mystery of the lagoons, their opaline transparencies of air and water, their fretful risings and sudden subsidence into calm, the treacherousness of their shoals, the sparkle and the splendor of their sunlight. I had asked myself how would a Greek sculptor have personified the elemental deity of these salt-water lakes, so different in quality from the Ægean or Ionian sea? What would he find distinctive of their spirit? The Tritons of these shallows must be of other form and lineage than the fierce-eyed youth who blows his conch upon the curled crest of a wave, crying aloud to his comrades, as he bears the nymph away to caverns where the billows plunge in tideless instability.

We had picked up shells and looked for sea-horses on the Adriatic shore. Then we returned to give our boatmen wine beneath the vine-clad pergola. Four other men were there, drinking, and eating from a dish of fried fish set upon the coarse, white linen cloth. Two of them soon rose and went away. Of the two who stayed, one was a large, middle-aged man; the other was still young. He was tall and sinewy, but slender, for these Venetians are rarely massive in their strength. Each limb is equally developed by the exercise of rowing upright, bending all the muscles to their stroke. Their bodies are elastically supple, with free sway from the hips and a Mercurial poise upon the ankle. Stefano showed these qualities almost in exaggeration. The type in him was refined to its artistic per-

fection. Moreover, he was rarely in repose, but moved with a singular brusque grace. A black, broad-brimmed hat was thrown back upon his matted *zazzera* of dark hair tipped with dusky brown. Its flakes, cut square, and falling wilfully, reminded me of the lagoon grass when it darkens in autumn upon uncovered shoals, and sunset gilds its sombre edges. Fiery gray eyes beneath it gazed intensely, with compulsive effluence of electricity. It was the wild glance of a Triton. Short, blonde moustache, dazzling teeth, skin bronzed, but showing white and healthful through open front and sleeves of lilac shirt. The dashing sparkle of this animate splendor, who looked to me as though the sea-waves and the sun had made him in some hour of secret and unquiet rapture, was somehow emphasized by a curious dint dividing his square chin — a cleft that harmonized with smile on lip and steady flame in eyes. I hardly know what effect it would have upon a reader to compare eyes to opals. Yet Stefano's eyes, as they met mine, had the vitreous intensity of opals, as though the color of Venetian waters were vitalized in them. This noticeable being had a rough, hoarse voice, which, to develop the parallel with a sea-god, might have screamed in storm, or whispered raucous messages from crests of tossing billows.

I felt, as I looked, that here, for me at least, the mythopoeia of the lagoons was humanized; the spirit of the salt-water lakes had appeared to me; the final touch of life emergent from nature had been given. I was satisfied; for I had seen a poem.

Then we rose, and wandered through the Jews' cemetery. It is a quiet place, where the flat gravestones, inscribed in Hebrew and Italian, lie deep in Lido sand, waved over with wild grass and poppies. I would fain believe that no neglect, but rather the fashion of this folk, had left the monuments of generations to be thus resumed by nature. Yet, knowing nothing of the history of this burial ground, I dare not affirm so much. There is one outlying piece of the cemetery which seems to contradict my charitable interpretation. It is not far from San Nicoletto. No enclosure marks it from the unconsecrated dunes. Acacia-trees sprout amid the monuments, and break the tablets with their thorny shoots upthrusting from the soil. Where patriarchs and rabbis sleep for centuries the fishers of the sea now wander, and defile these habitations of the dead —



Corruption most abhorred  
Mingling itself with their renowned ashes.  
Some of the gravestones have been used to fence the towing-path; and one I saw, well carved with letters legible of Hebrew on fair Istrian marble, which roofed an open drain leading from the stable of a Christian dog.

## VII.

## A VENETIAN RESTAURANT.

AT the end of a long, glorious day, unhappy is that mortal whom the Hermes of a cosmopolitan hotel, white-chokered and white-waistcoated, marshals to the Hades of the *table-d'hôte*. The world has often been compared to an inn; but on my way down to this common meal I have, not unfrequently, felt fain to reverse the simile. From their separate stations, at the appointed hour, the guests like ghosts flit to a gloomy, gas-lit chamber. They are of various speech and race, preoccupied with divers interests and cares. Necessity and the waiter drive them all to a sepulchral syssition, whereof the cook too frequently deserves that old Greek comic epithet — *ἄδου μάγειρος* — cook of the Inferno. And just as we are told that in Charon's boat we shall not be allowed to pick our society, so here we must accept what fellowship the fates provide. An English spinster retailing paradoxes culled to-day from Ruskin's handbooks; an American citizen describing his jaunt in a gondola from the railway station; a German shopkeeper decanting in one breath on Baur's Bock and the beauties of the Marcusplatz; an intelligent æsthete bent on working into clearness his own views of Carpaccio's genius: all these in turn, or all together, must be suffered gladly through well-nigh two long hours. Uncomforted in soul we rise from the expensive banquet; and how often rise from it unfed!

Far other be the doom of my own friends — of pious bards and genial companions, lovers of natural and lovely things! Nor for these do I desire a seat at Florian's marble tables, or a perch in Quadri's window, though the former supply dainty food, and the latter command a bird's-eye view of the Piazza. Rather would I lead them to a certain humble tavern on the Zattere. It is a quaint, low-built, unpretending little place, near a bridge, with a garden hard by which sends a cataract of honeysuckles sunward over a too-jealous wall. In front lies a Mediterranean steamer, which all

day long has been discharging cargo. Gazing westward up Giudecca, masts and funnels bar the sunset and the Paduan hills; and from a little front room of the *trattoria* the view is so marine that one keeps fancying oneself in some ship's cabin. Sea-captains sit and smoke beside their glass of grog in the pavilion and the *caffè*. But we do not seek their company at dinner-time. Our way lies under yonder arch, and up the narrow alley into a paved court. Here are oleanders in pots, and plants of Japanese euonymus in tubs; and from the walls beneath the windows hang cages of all sorts of birds — a talking parrot, a whistling blackbird, goldfinches, canaries, linnets. Athos, the fat dog, who goes to market daily in a barchetta with his master, snuffs around. "Where are Porthos and Aramis, my friend?" Athos does not take the joke; he only wags his stump of a tail, and pokes his nose into my hand. What a Tartufe's nose it is! Its bridge displays the full parade of leather-bound brass-nailed muzzle. But beneath, this muzzle is a patent sham. The frame does not even pretend to close on Athos's jaw, and the wise dog wears it like a decoration. A little further we meet that ancient grey cat, who has no discoverable name, but is famous for the sprightliness and grace with which she bears her eighteen years. Not far from the cat one is sure to find Carlo — the bird-like, bright-faced, close-cropped Venetian urchin, whose duty it is to trot backwards and forwards between the cellar and the dining-tables. At the end of the court we walk into the kitchen, where the black-capped little *padrone*, and the gigantic, white-capped *chef* are in close consultation. Here we have the privilege of inspecting the larder — fish of various sorts, meat, vegetables, several kinds of birds, pigeons, tordi, beccafichi, geese, wild ducks, chickens, woodcock, etc., according to the season. We select our dinner, and retire to eat it either in the court among the birds beneath the vines, or in the low, dark room which occupies one side of it. Artists of many nationalities and divers ages frequent this house; and the talk arising from the several little tables turns upon points of interest and beauty in the life and landscape of Venice. There can be no difference of opinion about the excellence of the *cuisine*, or about the reasonable charges of this *trattoria*. A soup of lentils, followed by boiled turbot or fried soles, beefsteak or mutton cutlets, tordi or beccafichi, with a salad, the whole en-



livened with good red wine or Florio's Sicilian Marsala from the cask, costs about four francs. Gas is unknown in the establishment. There is no noise, no bustle, no brutality of waiters, no *ahurissement* of tourists. And when dinner is done we can sit a while over our cigarette and coffee, talking until the night invites us to a stroll along the Zattere or a *giro* in the gondola.

## VIII.

## NIGHT IN VENICE.

NIGHT in Venice! Night is nowhere else so wonderful, unless it be in winter among the high Alps. But the nights of Venice and the nights of the mountains are too different in kind to be compared.

There is the ever-recurring miracle of the full moon rising, before day is dead, behind San Giorgio, spreading a path of gold on the lagoon which black boats traverse with the glow-worm lamp upon their prow; ascending the cloudless sky and silvering the domes of the Salute; pouring her vitreous sheen upon the red lights of the Piazzetta; flooding the Grand Canal, and lifting the Rialto higher in ethereal whiteness; piercing but penetrating not the murky labyrinth of *rio* linked with *rio*, through which we wind in light and shadow, to reach once more the level glories and the luminous expanse of heaven beyond the Misericordia.

This is the melodrama of Venetian moonlight, and if a single impression of the night has to be retained from one visit to Venice, those are fortunate who chance upon a full moon of fair weather. Yet I know not whether some quieter and soberer effects are not more thrilling. To-night, for example, the waning moon will rise late through veils of scirocco. Over the bridges of San Crisostomo and San Gregorio, through the deserted Calle di Mezzo, we walk in darkness, pass the marble basements of the Salute, and push our way along its riva to the point of the Dogana. We are out at sea alone, between the Canalozzo and the Giudecca. A moist wind ruffles the water and cools our forehead. It is so dark that we can only see San Giorgio by the light reflected on it from the Piazzetta. The same light climbs the Campanile of St. Mark, and shows the golden angel in a mystery of gloom. The only noise that reaches us is a confused hum from the Piazza. Sitting and musing there, the blackness of the water whispers in our ears a tale of

death. And now we hear a plash of oars, and gliding through the darkness comes a single boat. One man leaps upon the landing-place without a word and disappears. There is another wrapped in a military cloak asleep. I see his face beneath me, pale and quiet. The *barcaruolo* turns the point in silence. From the darkness they came. Into the darkness they have gone. It is only an ordinary incident of coastguard service. But the spirit of the night has made a poem of it.

Even tempestuous and rainy weather, though melancholy enough, is never sordid here. There is no noise from carriage traffic in Venice, and the sea-wind preserves the purity and transparency of the atmosphere. It had been raining all day, but at evening came a partial clearing. I went down to the Molo, where the large reach of the lagoon was all moon-silvered, and San Giorgio Maggiore dark against the bluish sky, and Santa Maria della Salute domed with moon-irradiated pearl, and the wet slabs of the Riva shimmering in moonlight, the whole misty sky, with its clouds and stellar spaces, drenched in moonlight, nothing but moonlight sensible except the tawny flare of gas-lamps and the orange lights of gondolas afloat upon the waters. On such a night the very spirit of Venice is abroad. We feel why she is called Bride of the Sea.

Take yet another night. There had been a representation of Verdi's "Forza del Destino" at the Teatro Malibran. After midnight we walked homeward through the Merceria, crossed the Piazza, and dived into the narrow Calle which leads to the Traghetto of the Salute. It was a warm, moist, starless night, and there seemed no air to breathe in those narrow alleys. The gondolier was half asleep. We called him as we jumped into his boat, and rang our soldi on the gunwale. Then he arose and turned the *ferro* round, and stood across towards the Salute. Silently, insensibly, from the oppression of confinement in the airless streets, to the liberty and immensity of the water and the night, we passed. It was but two minutes ere we touched the shore, and said good-night, and went our way, and left the ferryman. But in that brief passage he had opened our souls to everlasting things—the freshness, and the darkness, and the kindness of the brooding, all-enfolding night above the sea.

J. A. SYMONDS.



From Fraser's Magazine.  
HISTORICAL COOKERY.

BY MRS. HENRY REEVE.

THE publications of the Early English Text Society have thrown light on many of the small incidents of the daily life of our ancestors, as well as on the great events of history. But they have not brought to light any manuscript on the art of cookery, and it is to the research of a lady that we are indebted for the publication of the "Noble Boke off Cookry" of which we now propose to give a short account. In the library of the Earl of Leicester at Holkham there exists a very curious manuscript, which has lately been reprinted, and thus made accessible to the public. Mrs. Alexander Napier, who edits the work, has written a very interesting introduction to it, and added notes illustrating the text. The "Noble Boke of Cookery," for it is of cookery the manuscript treats, deserves attention from more than one point of view. We gather from its contents what our ancestors considered dainty dishes, what materials were at the command of the cook, what were the deficiencies and difficulties he had to overcome, what great differences of taste from that of the present day are marked, and how few are the ingenious combinations which have survived to modern times.

Mrs. Napier assigns 1467 as the probable date of the "Noble Boke." There is so great a resemblance in the recipes, as well as in the words in which they are expressed, to the "Forme of Cury," compiled about 1390 by the master cooks of Richard II., that it may be as old as that composition. The "Forme of Cury" on a vellum roll, which was presented to Queen Elizabeth in the twenty-eighth year of her reign by Lord Stafford's heir, eventually came into the hands of that Gustavus Brander of Christ Church, whose signal preservation from drowning in the Thames in the year 1768 is commemorated by an annual sermon preached in the beautiful minster church, near which was his country house, and where he collected "rarities." Mr. Warner, the incumbent of a Hampshire parish, at Mr. Brander's request, printed the "Forme" in his "*Antiquitates Culinariæ*." The original, it is said in the introduction, was not found at Mr. Brander's death, and there is, therefore, now no possibility of deciphering in the original the strange words and stranger dishes.

In the Holkham "Boke" the first bill

of fare is that of "a ffeeste of King Henry the Fourth to the Heralds and ffrench men when they justed in Smytheffelde." As Henry died in 1413, this repast was historical at the time assigned to our "Boke." The materials in the way of poultry and game seem to have been abundant, and they hold important places in each of the three courses. Fish eaten on fast-days, when flesh was not allowed, was sparingly, if at all, served on other days, and the "Heraldes and ffrench men" were not offered any fish.

But at "the coronacon off King Henry the ffyfte" we read of pike, lamprey, gurnard, trout, roach, shrimps, eels, plaice, conger, bass, mullet, salmon, soles, halybut, sturgeon, tench, flounders, minnows, and porpoise (we modernize the spelling). Falstaff deplores "the many fish meals," which destroy manly vigor. But with so great a variety of sea as well as river fish, there was no lack of nutriment in such a meal.

The most important bills of fare, however, are those of the series of feasts on the occasion of the "stallacion" of Neville, Archbishop of York and Chancellor of England. The vicissitudes of his career were so remarkable that a short sketch may not be out of place. Brother to the Kingmaker, George Neville was "Consecrate Bishoppe of Exeter" December 3, 1458, when not fully twenty years of age; in 1460 he was made Lord Chancellor of England; but after that marriage of the king to Elizabeth Woodville which was so great an insult to the Earl of Warwick, then in France intent on queen-making, Edward IV. felt the importance of weakening the power of the Neville family, and withdrew the seals from George.

Notwithstanding this alienation of the King from him, in the year 1464 hee obtained the Archbishopricke of Yorke, and held the same (but with great trouble) untill his death.\* It was the hap of this Archbishop to take King Edward prisoner at Owlney,† in Northamptonshire, but soon King Edward was on the throne and Archbishop Neville in the Tower. He was, however, soon set at liberty and then permitted to hunt with the King, to whom he made relation of some extraordinary kind of game wherewith he was wont to solace himself at a house he had built, and furnished very sumptuously, called the Moore, in Hartfordshire. The King seemed desirous to be

\* George Neville was sent over to Calais to a state prison and kept there till 1476, when he was liberated on the ground of declining health, and died soon after. (Campbell's Chancellors.)

† Owlney is a false reading for Owndale, now Oundle.



partaker of this sport, and appointed a day when hee would come thither to hunt. The Archbishop, taking his leave, got him home, sent for much plate he had hid during the warres, and borrowed also much of his friends. The Deere which the King hunted being thus brought into the toyle, the day before his appointed time hee sent for the Archbishop commanding him, all excuses set apart, to repayre to Windsor. As soon as he came he was arrested of treason; all his plate, money, and other moveable goods, to the value of twenty thousand pounds, were seized by the King, and himself a long space after was kept prisoner at Calis and Guisnes, during which time the King took to himself the profits and temporalities of his bishopricke. By intercession and entreaty of his friends he obtained his liberty in the year 1476. The feast that was made at this mans installation was exceeding great and such as our age hath seldom (I will not say never) seen.

Sixty-two cooks were employed to prepare this feast: their labors could not have been light, for besides "great beef and mutton," "oxene," "porcelle," antelopes, boars' heads, venison, and roe, there were game birds and tame birds of every kind; swans and egrets, ganets and gulls, heron and peacock, pheasants, partridges (pertuches), plover, woodcock, goodwits, redshanks, Yarowe helps, knottes (birds named after King Knut), bittern and curlew, quails, pigeons, chykkens and capons, larks, dotterelles, martynets. Soups and potage, sweet dishes and fruits, "peres in ceriepe" (pears in syrup), but no vegetables are named. Dinner was served at midday, or earlier and before midday, so that cooks must have risen early in the morning to get ready the hot dishes.

The preparation of the ornamental dishes required much time and skill. We read of "sutteltes," that is, towers and castles, with banners and devices, counterfeit birds and beasts, with "skriptures" attached to them, conveying to the royal personage some word of exhortation: "Regardez Roi La droit voy," "Eyez pete des comunalte." Sometimes the "sotelte" was "Madonna Mary," and probably the dishes called "mon ami" and "mamony" were named after the Blessed Virgin.

From the bills of fare we pass on to the "Kalender of the Boke of Cookry," and the "Dighting of the Dysshes." The recipes are in the Anglo-French of the cook of that time, and both writing and spelling so uncertain, that it requires bold guessing to affix a meaning to them. To any ingenious person desiring a change

from guessing acrostics we would suggest taking these recipes to turn them into the English of the present day and make their meaning plain. The recipes for bread sauce are headed (page 51) "Wellid peper;" (page 77) "Sauce aliper." These are corrupt writing for "Sauce a le pain." It is easy to recognize "pain perdu" in "pain pardieu," "civet" in "cevy," "Charlotte" in "Charlet." "Bruet" is from the German "brühen;" "buknad," from "backen." "Obleys" are the thin wafers or biscuits, now called "oblaten," and well known as a Carlsbad speciality. Is "votose" a travestie for "tot fait," which is the origin of our schoolboys' "toffy"?

To mak *votose* tak gobettes of mary (marrow) and dates cutt gret sugur and poudur of guinger, saffron, and salt, and mak afoile as ye did befor, and do it out of the pot, and mak another, then tak the for said stuf and couche thes in almost as brod as the foile, and wet the bredes of the foille aboue and close and bak it essely, and when it is bak cutt it in peces eury pece ij enche square.

The recipe for "oile" or "oyle soupes" (page 81) is a refined dish, but does not contain any oil:—

Tak and boyll mylk and yolks of eggs and draw them thro' a streiner, and cast it into the mylk and heet it, but lett it not boill, and stir it till it be somdele thick, then cast thes to sugur and salt, and cutt whit bred in sopes and cast the sopes ther in, and serue it in the manner of potage. (Page 81.)

The derivation is from the French word *oille*, Spanish *olla*, and may be found in the Dictionnaire of the Académie, 1718, where the potage is said to be made with divers meats and herbs.

"Cratones" (page 122) is "cretons," an old French word for a preparation of scraps of pork or other meat (Littre).

"Mortis" is probably the dish described by Lord Bacon as excellent to nourish those that are weak. It is made with the brawn of capons stamped, strained, and mingled with like quantity of almond butter.

Another of the recipes found in the "boke" is also given by the philosopher, as for "chuets" (or "chewets"),

which are likewise minced meat instead of butter and fat; it were good to moisten them partly with cream, or almond or pistachio milk, or barley, or maiz cream, adding a little coriander seed and carraway seed, and a very little saffron.

A preparation which is not to be met



with in the older work is so curious that we are tempted to quote it:—

Take [says the great Chancellor] two large capons, parboil, add in the decoction the pill of a sweet lemon and a little mace, cut off the shanks and throw them away; mince the capons small, put them in a neat boulder (sieve), then take a kilderkin of four gallons 8s. beer new as it cometh from the tuning, thrust the boulder in the kilderkin, and let it steep three days and three nights, the bung-hole being open to work, then close in the bung-hole and so let it continue a day and a half, then draw it in bottles, and you may drink it well after three days bottling, and it will last six weeks. It is an excellent drink for consumption.\*

The word "a coles" looks rather perplexing at page 21 of the "boke;" at page 112 it is spelt "a colles;" and the "cullice" of cocks is another of Lord Bacon's dishes. In modern cookery books it is known as "coulis," the juice that flows from meat.

What garden stuff was to be had in those days? Cabbage, cane beans, peas, parsley, sage, "ysope," "nettilles," "sorrell," mint, "onyons," leeks, saffron, rosemary. A limited range for food. To obtain or to heighten flavor the mediæval cook, like some of the present day, made a profuse use of spices. In every dish we find ginger, cloves, mace, "canelle" (cinnamon). Sugar, honey, with currants ("raissins of corans," in the French of to-day *raisins de Corinthe*), were mixed in fish and savory dishes. The expression *groseille à maquereau* is still used in French to distinguish gooseberries from currants, both of them being *groseilles*. This term must have arisen from the practice of eating green gooseberry sauce with mackerel, probably an old Norman custom, which is still faithfully retained in Norfolk and on the eastern coast of Britain, where the mackerel and the green gooseberries arrive at the same season.

It is a canon of cookery that there should be a little salt in all sweet dishes, and a little sugar in all savory dishes, but that the palate should not perceive the mixture. In many of the recipes of the fifteenth century large quantities of sugar or honey are mixed with spices and saffron, and few dishes can have had distinctive flavor or color.

Spices and sugar were brought from Venice in 1485; the freight for gross spice, small spice, and Levant sugar is regulated by no less a person than the

doge. Later on in 1505 pepper is worth eighteen and one-half gros the pound, equal to fifty-six ducats the cargo; ginger from Alexandria twenty-four gros, and what comes from Portugal, of which there is very little, fetches seventeen. The ducat at Antwerp is worth seventy-six gros.\*

Milk and butter are so seldom used, we infer they were very scarce articles. "May butter" is once named as an ingredient. Probably no butter was made for many months of the year, during which the cows were too ill fed to yield milk, or the calves required it exclusively. Salted butter there was, but over-salted and ill-made, and no improvement to "cookry." Milk of almonds is constantly named, where we should use cream or milk; though it must always have been a costly material. Perhaps the explanation is that these recipes came from the south of France and Italy, where the climate does not favor the use of cream.

The impression we receive from a study of these recipes is not favorable to the taste of our ancestors. Savory dishes are spoiled by the introduction of sweet ingredients, sweet dishes by an indiscriminate use of spices. If a number of dishes are desirable, each dish should have its distinct flavor, and should be acceptable to different palates, or to the palate at different stages of a repast.

We feel a natural curiosity to know as much as we can of the manner of life of our forefathers—the hours they kept, their diet; their amusements, their banquets, their bills of fare, and even of their cooks. It is only from the old household records of past centuries, which now and then come to light, as this volume has done from the treasures of the Holkham Library, and from the privy purse expenses of the court, and of a few noble families, that these details can be ascertained. They remind us of the marvellous contrast which exists between the hard life and limited resources of even the highest ranks of society in the fifteenth century and the supplies drawn from every quarter of the globe which now find their way to the humblest table. Commerce and free communication have opened the markets of the world to the tea of China, the sugar of the West Indies, the oranges and pine-apples of the Azores, the corn of America, and even to meat brought from the Antipodes. In

\* Natural and Experimental History, vol. i., p. 90.

\* Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, 1202-1509, vol. i.



the fifteenth century there may have been at times of festivity a kind of rude abundance, but it could only draw its supplies from the adjacent waters — the pool, the stream, or the sea; from the game of the forest and the fen; from the farmyard or the poultry-yard; but this only during the finer months of the year; for the winter, meat was salted down for household consumption. Vegetables were scarce, and few kinds of them were known. The potato was not, and, as the old rhyme tells us, even hops, turkeys, and beer came into England at a later date. The art of the cook was, therefore, circumscribed by the materials at his disposal, and many of the commonest and most essential elements of good cookery were wanting. Their place appears to have been supplied by elaborate ornamental devices and by the use of the condiments which reached this country from Italy and Flanders. But these of course were costly, and only to be met with at the tables of the great. The fare of the humbler classes was necessarily coarse and homely; but the price of meat was relatively low. The English were always celebrated as a meat-eating nation — far more so than the French, the Scotch, or the Irish — and to this circumstance was ascribed much of their prowess and vigor. Something, no doubt, diet has to do with national character, and the cookery of a people cannot be altogether disconnected from its history.

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From The Spectator.

"FANATICISM" IN THE EAST.

THE English middle class of to-day is singularly free from fanaticism. It has its little enthusiasms, no doubt, and can grow eager for or against a cause; but of true fanaticism, of a liability to religious emotion such as carries its subjects completely out of themselves, away from facts, and beyond laws, it seldom displays a sign. The mind of the class is marked by steady and rather cold, though often very ignorant, judgment, and a certain repugnance for religious emotions strong enough to lead to immediate action. It is for this reason, we suppose, that English people just now are so inclined to regard fanaticism outside England, and especially in the East, as so great and pervading a force, — as the explanation of every unaccountable action, and the motive of every unusual display of activity. It is an impulse they do not feel themselves,

and which rather puzzles them, and they, therefore, set down to its influence every phenomenon they do not quite comprehend or very greatly dislike. They find that slatternly mode of thinking so convenient that they are gradually making of fanaticism the motive power of the East, and using it as if one word could bear half-a-dozen separate meanings. Sometimes fanaticism is the equivalent of religious enthusiasm, sometimes of mere fury, sometimes of hatred, very often of lunacy, now and again of mere Orientalism, and constantly of physical courage. All Mussulmans in particular are assumed to have fanaticism, as if it were some separate mental peculiarity belonging to the Mohammedan faith, which accounted for everything, and especially for any very marked impulse. When Californians attack Chinamen, or English laborers pommel Irishmen, or Marseillais artisans wound Italians, Englishmen explain their conduct by race hatred, or trade jealousy, or political feeling; but when Arabs in Alexandria kill Europeans, they attribute the outburst to "fanaticism." The Turks are said to be fanatics if they evince any sympathy with Arabi, or any wish that their own fellow-subjects should defeat intrusive strangers from the West. When any of Arabi's soldiers show decent courage, they are described as "fanatics," and the *Times* positively asserts that Arabi's success or defeat depends upon that unknown quantity, the fanaticism he inspires among his soldiers. Scores of correspondents assert every day that Europe is in danger, because Asia has once more grown "fanatic;" and France in particular is bidden to beware of that burst of fanaticism which may within the next few months deprive her of her ascendancy in north Africa.

Well, there is fanaticism in the East, more especially among Mussulmans. Every Eastern creed, Christianity included, with the solitary exception of Confucianism, puts the interest of the next world above the interest of this, and calls upon its devotees to obey the divine law, even when such obedience is unsafe, or contrary to the dictates of common sense. Among so many scores of millions who are thus exhorted, it would be strange if there were not a few who obeyed; and, as a matter of fact, a great many are fairly obedient. Christians who are so are said to be "pious," or devoted, or at least persons of right mind; and so whenever, by a rare chance, they happen to be noticed, Hindoos and Buddhists also are. The



virtues of those three creeds tend to self-abnegation, and therefore, except under most unusual circumstances, as when Sepoys in the Red Sea, in their zeal for ceremonial purity, throw away a bucket of water because an officer has drunk a spoonful of it, they excite no hostility. The virtues of Mahomedans are, however, of a different kind. Every Mussulman is taught, directly or implicitly, that he ought to fight for his faith, that he should assert himself as one of a favored people, and that it is wrong for him to endure, if he can help it, a direct and visible assertion of infidel superiority. Of the millions so taught, a proportion believe the teaching, and a few believe it so strongly that they will rather die than allow the infidel to get above them in any visible way. There is, therefore, in Mussulman countries religious enthusiasm, sometimes rising to fanaticism, that is, breaking loose from the control of the judgment; and, of course, when dogma is very much preached or events bring the obligations of their creed clearly home to the children of Islam, there is a good deal of it. But there is much less in quantity, and what there is, is much less energetic in kind, than Europeans seem at this anxious moment inclined to believe. The majority of Orientals are no more religious than the majority of Europeans. They believe the teaching of the Koran as Neapolitans believe the teaching of their priests, or as Londoners believe the precepts of the Bible, but they do not act on it. All Mussulmans accept the idea that if they perish in battle with the infidel, they go to heaven, just as all Christians accept the idea that they ought to forgive their enemies, and love those who despitefully use them; but very few act on their belief, in either case. We question if the proportion of true fanatics among Mahomedans—that is, of men who will die fighting a hopeless battle for the faith—is much greater than that of true upholders of the doctrine of non-resistance among ourselves. If it were—if, that is, the majority of Mussulmans were ready to die on the field as the readiest path to heaven—we should never beat a Mussulman army without destroying it. We do beat Mussulman armies, and we do not destroy them, or any appreciable proportion of them. They never die in masses voluntarily, even when, as in the first war in Malacca, the Jihad or religious war has been properly proclaimed. In every Mussulman army there a few men of convinced minds, "who think through unbe-

lievers' blood lies the directest path;" a few more who are exceptionally brave, and profess readiness to die for the faith as an honorable way of parading that fact; and a few more who are aware that hemp, eaten at the proper time, will give them all the advantages of courage. These men are very formidable for a few minutes in a charge, for they will go on, and men who will go on with a rush are difficult to kill out; but still, they are not more dangerous than any other soldiers who can be urged forward against odds. What is to make them so? Fanaticism is not a rabies, so that the bite of fanatics should be poisonous. As for the majority, they believe it right to fight, and salvation to be killed in fighting; but the belief is not held in a way which elevates them above either selfishness or fear, or even indisposition for severe exertion. It is held as Englishmen hold that doctrine about turning the other cheek. If Mussulmans do not see the road to victory, they "run away," or "retreat," or "retire fighting," like other soldiers, according to their courage or discipline, or their confidence in their commanders. Their fanaticism, such as it is, is not an overmastering impulse, but only a passive belief, and but little helpful when the hour of danger arrives. Nor, on the other hand, does it lead them, as so many Europeans believe, to massacre. Mahomedanism does not order, or indeed justify massacre, unless the infidels resist. Even at Delhi, the Mahomedan doctors warned the emperor in 1857 that in sanctioning the massacre of the helpless, he was breaking the law and bringing down the vengeance of Heaven; and the Alexandria case was infinitely worse than that, was, in fact, a massacre of guests. Massacre in the East does not proceed from fanaticism, but from the cause which recently induced French artisans to attack Italian artisans,—a boiling dislike of strangers who speak another tongue, act on other rules, and are horribly in the way. Of course, the hatred of the Asiatic for the European is much more bitter than anything we find in Europe, though the Russian hatred for the Jew is akin to it; because the European in Asia, unlike any other stranger in the world, takes the top place, and tries to drive the majority his way. Let groups of Chinamen come here, and take all good appointments, and tax us, and tell us that we are barbarians, and try to compel us to wear pigtails and eat puppies, and we venture to say their paganism will not have much to do with the treatment they



will receive. If the creed had anything to do with the matter, Arabi's followers would kill out both Armenians and Copts; whereas the former are only killed casually, when wearing too European a dress, and the latter are not killed at all.

There are plenty of motives for murder in the East, without imagining a non-existent fanaticism; which, again, is not the irrestrainable and, as it were, explosive quality it is popularly believed to be. It yields readily to law. The Russians have had little trouble with their Mussulman subjects, nor have we. A report arrives now and then that a Mussulman "fanatic" on the Indian frontier has murdered an officer, but it will generally be found either that he belonged to a tribe that had been punished, or that he found himself refused justice in some suit; that, in short, he is very like an Irish agrarian assassin, only not so cruel. Up to 1852, there used to be a fanatic outbreak every year in Lucknow, in the great street, the two sects of Mahomedans killing and wounding one another freely. It was supposed impossible to stop this, but in that year, Captain Hayes, the acting resident, thought the slaughter had better end, and obtained permission to plant two pieces of cannon at the end of the street, and to proclaim that, if a sword were drawn, he should open fire. Everybody knew he would do it, the street was crammed, and the quiet harmony of the two sects was heavenly. Fanaticism, the dreaded spiritual power, yielded instantly to the fear of death, just as it does upon the battle-field.

We have often been asked how far Mussulman "fanatics," or indeed any pious Mussulmans, expect victory from the interposition of Heaven, as Cromwell's Ironsides, for example, expected it. We cannot answer the question, and never met any one who could. It is almost inconceivable that good Mussulmans should not expect divine help, and equally inconceivable that if they did expect it, they should not advance to battle with more confidence, and should not persist in fighting a little longer. They certainly expect the ultimate ascendancy, though not, we see reason to think, the universal acceptance of Mohammedanism, and they must see in each battle a step to that ascendancy. They do not, however, if they have any such expectation, feel it strongly; they never fight, if they can help it, without advantage in numbers, and their doctors maintain that to declare war without reasonable hope of success is positively irre-

ligious. There is not much "fanaticism" in that view, nor in any other which the majority of Mussulmans take of events around them. We should say that while Mussulman fanatics undoubtedly exist, fanaticism was as little a motive force in the East as it is in most Christian countries, and distinctly less so than it is among the peasantry of Russia.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### THE WELCOME OF AN INN.

IT would seem that the evolution of all social institutions is towards democracy. To this rule modern modes of travelling and modern hotels are no exceptions. When, in the old posting days, every window looking on the inn-yard was full of heads the moment that the jingling of bells and the cracking of whips was heard; when my lord's carriage dashed in with its red wheels and postilions brilliant in yellow breeches, shiny hats, and laced coats; and when, as the courier helped her ladyship's woman from the rumble, the obsequious host bowed my lord out of the inside, there could be no doubt that travelling was in the aristocratic stage of development. What a change to the present day, when the hotel omnibus, loaded with piles of luggage outside, and inside with cross and spiteful travellers, empties its load at the hotel door! The crowd round the bureau, the harsh and vehement *portier*, the rush up-stairs to carry the room that has got the view — in which a panting bishop may be distanced by a nimble hairdresser — these, and the thousand other little acts of meanness which are practised to secure the best accommodation, are all signs of the change that has been wrought in a generation. In old days there was a romance about travelling which has now ceased to exist. The traveller did not then feel that his nationality and his exact social status were all accurately, perhaps unkindly, measured by the waiter who took his hat and stick at Naples. Now he is sure they will be, for the man is just fresh from the Langham or the Charing Cross Hotel, and knows to a nicety the cost and quality of the traveller's great-coat. In old days all who travelled for pleasure were English *milords*. It is related of an inn-keeper of the old style that to the question "What was that great family who have just driven up?" he replied, "Oh! they are some English who have arrived,



but I do not know yet whether they are Americans or Russians." Now a *portier* will not hesitate a moment whether to address a traveller in Dutch, Russ, or English. Forty years ago there were, no doubt, public tables kept in most of the great hotels abroad, but the *table d'hôte* had not then assumed the stereotyped form it now bears, and which makes the dinners served at six or half past, from the Nile to the Hague, from St. Petersburg to Ajaccio, absolutely identical. Tell any experienced traveller the day of the week and ask him to prophesy a dinner, and he will prophesy exactly. And indeed the task is not one of great difficulty, for he has always the fixed points of *poulet et salade* and *dessert varié* from which to calculate. He may, perhaps, not always hit on the precise nomenclature, but he will be sure of the thing itself. "Le nom de tout et le goût de rien," was a Frenchman's epigrammatical way of summing up a long dinner; and, indeed, the wealth of language which can be employed to designate one and the same dish is very remarkable. A cook once struck out an original line by alternately calling *poulet* and *poulet sauvage* the tough legs of chicken he was used to send up, accompanied by what the poet has called "the trampled herbage of the field" swimming in a liberal supply of oil at the bottom of a white washhand-stand basin. "Hoil! hoil again! I can't abide hoil," was the pathetic cry of an English lady, unaccustomed to foreign travel, which was heard to rise high above the roar of a long-table, as the waiter deftly flung down at her side in his hurried flight the said white basin. Some at least of her countrymen and countrywomen felt sympathy with her sorrow, and admiration for the honest indignation which gave it utterance. If the Frenchman's remark was true of the *menu*, it is equally true of the wine-list at a modern hotel. This curious subject, in truth, demands much greater space than we can give it here; it often holds "wonders untold," as the poets tell us the ocean does. One shall be quoted here; "whishyoldirish," as an example of the finest travel-talk English, can hardly be rivalled.

The welcome of an inn afforded by the *table d'hôte* is perhaps not so important as that afforded by the guests. Though modern inns are democratic in constitution, survivals of an earlier polity remain. Speaking broadly, there are three classes of inhabitants at an hotel; the lowest, those who dine at the long table of the

*table d'hôte*, say, at six o'clock; the middle, those who dine at the same hour, but at a little separate table in the window, pay a franc a head extra, and have all the dishes handed to them last; the highest, those who dine two hours later on the half-cold remains of the six o'clock dinner, at three francs a head extra. It is characteristic of our new democracy that rank here varies inversely with the goodness of the dinner. It is only among the lowest class that social intercourse takes place freely. Seated at the top of the long table is sure to be found the manager of all such intercourse. He is a social phenomenon of great interest, and is best described as the aged inhabitant; he has known the hotel since it was built, he comes every year in the first month it opens, he stays till it closes. If in a mountain place, his great, nay his sole, occupation is to watch the carriages arrive. For this purpose he waits in the garden, and as the carriage drives in he turns with absolute regularity the corner of the building. His first position is near the horses' heads, where he waits till the party have got into the hall; having committed the number of persons to memory, he then saunters into the hall as if on business of his own, and takes up his second position below the stairs. The strangers are by this time on their way to their rooms, and their heavy trunks are being deposited in the hall. Now is his chance; as each heavy box is brought in he falls on it, and intently examines the label, turning over each package till he has got a clear notion of the personnel of the party. His observations finished, he retires again to his lair to await another arrival. Say that the party are of the *table d'hôte* class, they may be certain that as they take their places at dinner they will hear him say to the person next him: "A large party came in to-day — a great many servants. I think four, perhaps five, I could not count them quite accurately;" and he mutters to himself, "I wish I had given more attention to the servants — but it was such a confusion," with an air that seems to say that it is not fair to put one out like this, people should be more considerate. You soon get to know him, for he will come up to you the day you arrive, and explain to you the excellences of the place, the reasons why it ought in reality to be fine, though it is drenching with rain. He will add that you must go up such a mountain or see such a waterfall before you go; that your guide will be So and-so, that he will order



him for you, that you can go to-morrow or Tuesday, which you please, but that you must not put it off later. The post is one of the daily events at which the aged inhabitant shines most. He does not receive any letters himself, but he counts the budgets of others. He will say complainingly to you, as if you had shocked his sense of proportion, "You had a great many letters to-day," and when you meekly try to explain the fact away as quite exceptional, you hear him mutter, "Yes, but he had six letters and a postcard on Thursday." To the place to which he has attached himself the aged inhabitant is unflinchingly loyal. He will allow no word of complaint against the hotel, the weather, or the locality to be breathed in his presence, for he regards any such words of disapprobation as personal affronts, and resents them as such. Whether it has poured for six weeks, or whether there are dust clouds blowing like the simoom, the weather must be assumed to be genial and temperate. The only person who ever dares to assail the position of the aged inhabitant is a passing clergyman; he may, if he be a very militant Christian, rival the aged inhabitant, and, in extreme cases, may even drive him from his post at the head of the table. In the case of a resident chaplain an aged inhabitant of any spirit would move to another hotel. Another of the various types that welcome one at an inn is the mild man with a taste for natural science, whose vocation it is to explain, usually wrongly, the more elementary facts of astronomy. This gentle being, sometimes a clergyman who does not do duty, sometimes a retired lawyer or doctor, but invariably arrayed in a black wide-awake hat with a long puggaree, is always seeking to form a class to which he may lecture. His haunt is the portico or verandah of the hotel, where in many cases he has induced the landlord to place a brass telescope on a three-legged stand. The instrument often serves him as a decoy for recruiting his class. His simple tactics are these. He waits till he sees a stranger approach, standing not too near; oftener than not a kind of infatuation will induce the devoted man to look through the telescope; quick as thought the man in the puggaree is upon him. "Excuse me, but it is not properly adjusted; a very nice instrument; Saturn's rings can be seen quite clearly with it. This evening we" (he will always speak of his class in this way) "are going to have it put on the roof to look at Mars. Would you care

to join us?" The class invariably consider their oracle as inspired with universal wisdom, and listen to the very hazy and antiquated facts he produces as if they were new discoveries. To his class he talks of "we" in a way which seems to imply I and the astronomer-royal. "We have now obtained a more correct measurement," or "We feel almost certain," are ever on his lips. The middle-aged spinsters admire him greatly, and at dinner the wonderful information possessed by Mr. Parkins is often the subject of admiration.

We have said something of the traveller and his welcome at an inn in his individual and family aspects. We must now treat of him in the artificial family which, though it subsists side by side with the natural family, is, as Professor Stubbs has told us, a later social development. The personally conducted tour is, considered scientifically, an artificial family, and resembles in many instances — especially in its quarrels — the natural family. It is a mistake to suppose that the institution is merely English. To a traveller astonished at the sudden irruption of a horde of bearded men into a *salle-d-manger*, an intelligent waiter exclaimed, in explanation, "Sono tutti Cooki," and then, correcting himself, "Une espèce de Cook," for the party was entirely French and Italian. Sorrow and heart-achings can be no more banished from the artificial than from the real family. One among those we have just mentioned sat apart and apparently in grief. A lady, wishing if possible to relieve his suffering, seized an opportunity which occurred to probe his wound. "Ah, madam," he exclaimed, "I am miserable, miserable because I am poor. I am on my wedding tour and alone, because I was too poor to bring my bride with me." In such a case the comforts and delights of the artificial family were of no avail. When the poet Sa'adi gave way to some unpleasant and melancholy remarks, his friend "clung to his skirt and cried, 'What is the remedy?'" From this democratization of hotel life, if we cling to the skirts of the *directeur* and cry, "What is the remedy?" if he answers anything, it will most probably be "furnished lodgings." But in many cases such an answer would be a mockery. Sa'adi got out of his difficulty by saying that he would compose a book, but such a course would be of little use here. Indeed it seems that we must fain admit that there is no remedy. As the Nihil-



ists tell us, "The chariot of liberty goes rolling along, gnashing its teeth as it goes," and woe to those who try to stop it. It may stop itself, or may gnash its teeth away, but till then travellers who do not like travelling under popular forms had better stop at home.

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From Sunday at Home.  
MOONSTRUCK.

"THE sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." This beautiful verse expresses the belief, common in ancient days, that the moon exercises a baleful influence upon those exposed to her direct rays. In modern times the pernicious influence of the moon has been doubted and even denied. But whatever the influence of the moon in the temperate zones, within the tropics it is very injurious to sleep exposed to its rays, especially when at the full. On a voyage to the Antipodes, when near the line, a Maltese sailor, who was a most comical fellow, slept for some hours on the boom with his face towards the full moon. On awaking in the morning, the muscles of the right side of his face were contracted, so that every attempt to speak was attended with the most ludicrous contortions. Feeling sure that something was seriously wrong, he spoke to another sailor, who, supposing that as usual he was at his odd tricks, burst out into laughter. Off he went to another, with exactly the same result. The poor fellow now got into a rage, thereby adding not a little to the ludicrousness of the scene. After a while the truth dawned upon the captain and officers of the vessel. The doctor gave him some medicine, the muscles gradually relaxed, and in the course of a week our Maltese friend was well again. Some five or six years ago, when sailing

from Tahiti to Mangaia, a little boy of mine, in perfect health, was thoughtlessly placed by his nurse in his berth, the slanting beams of the moon falling on his face. Next morning he was feverish and ill, and it was two or three days before he was himself again. On the island of Aitutaki, a native woman was watching night after night for the return of her husband from the island of Atiu. Whilst doing so one night she fell asleep, the moon's rays pouring upon her face. On awaking she felt ill, and her eyes were drawn on one side. Considerable interest was felt by the islanders in her case. Eventually, however, her eyes were restored. These facts illustrate the injury done to human beings by the moon in the tropics. Yet I never heard of insanity or death resulting from this cause. It is well known, however, in tropical countries, that the moon's rays occasion the rapid decomposition of flesh and fish. A number of bonitas having been caught one evening near the line by a friend of mine, the spoil was hung up in the rigging of the ship, and was thus exposed to the moon through the night. Next morning it was cooked for breakfast. Symptoms of poisoning were soon exhibited by all who partook of it—their heads swelling to a great size, etc. Emetics were promptly administered, and happily no one died. The natives of the south Pacific are careful never to expose fish—a constant article of diet in many islands—to the moon's rays by any chance. They often sleep by the seashore after fishing, but never with the face uncovered. The aboriginals of Australia do the same as well as they can with their fishing-nets, etc. A fire answers the same purpose. May not the injurious influence of the moon (in addition to her beauty and utility) account for the almost universal worship of that orb throughout the heathen world?

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**TUNNEL UNDER THE ELBE.**—Under the River Elbe, at Hamburg, it has been proposed to build a tunnel to connect that city with an island a third of a mile distant. The great Hanseatic city, which has hitherto been a free port, is shortly to lose that privilege, and to be included in the Zollverein or German Customs Union. It is intended, however, to make an exception in favor of the island in question, which bears the name of Steinwarder, and to permit it to retain the privileges of the free

port. Large bonded warehouses will be built there for the accommodation of merchandise before paying duty, and in order to bring the island into closer connection with the city the above-mentioned scheme for a tunnel under the river has been started. The tunnel would be five hundred metres or nearly a third of a mile in length. This will be upwards of three hundred feet longer than the Thames Tunnel. The cost of the Elbe Tunnel is estimated at about £900,000.



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

I. NATURAL SELECTION AND NATURAL THE- OLOGY, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . .	195
II. NO NEW THING. Part VII., . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . . .	203
III. GEORGE ELIOT'S CHILDREN, . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . . .	211
IV. THE CURE'S SISTER, . . . .	<i>Argosy</i> , . . . .	219
V. LOST LOVE: A LOTHIAN TALE, . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , . . . .	229
VI. FOREIGN BIRDS AND ENGLISH POETS, . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . .	241
VII. A VISIT TO DELPHI, . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . . .	248
VIII. "PHIZ" AND "BOZ," . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . .	254

## POETRY.

IN OCTOBER, . . . . .	194	DREAMS, . . . . .	194
AD MUSAM, . . . . .	194	LIFT THINE EYES, . . . . .	194
AT EVENTIDE, . . . . .	194		
MISCELLANY, . . . . .			256

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## IN OCTOBER.

I SAW the sunlight glinting down,  
Where the tall trees stood gaunt and brown.

I saw the soft pathetic light  
Touch the stream's foam to glistening white.

I saw the tearful lustre shed,  
Where falling leaves heaped gold and red.

I heard the music that they make —  
The becks that brattle through the brake,

And toss the withered fern-fronds by,  
And laugh beneath the sombre sky.

I heard the river's ceaseless song,  
Sweeping fir-crested hills among.

The chirpings of each lingering bird  
That braves the angry North, I heard.

And a fresh yearning woke and cried,  
A voice of Love unsatisfied ;

And all the lovely autumn day,  
In burning tears seemed blurred away.

To wood and glen, to hill and plain,  
For Nature's balm I asked, in vain.

Then I said, low and suddenly,  
"God keep my darling safe for me."

SUSAN K. PHILLIPS.

Macmillan's Magazine.

## AD MUSAM.

O MAID, that, far from town's tumultuous strife,  
Leapest a country life !  
Beneath the healthy blue,  
Amidst the smiling green,  
Gathering fresh flowers of every varied hue,  
Thy form is oftenest seen.

The nightingale when singing to the night,  
Under the starry light,  
Oft sees thy upturned face  
Shining in that dark place,  
Where thou art sitting underneath the tree  
To hear her minstrelsy.

The whistling ploughman, with his brawny  
hands  
On his stopped ploughshare, stands,  
Midway in the furrow long,  
To hear thy sudden song,  
And see the flutter of thy garments white  
Just vanish out of sight.

O come, sweet nymph, and make a home with  
me,  
And happy shalt thou be ;  
Though humble is my cot,  
And small my garden-plot,  
The larger landscape, that my neighbors own,  
Is mine, not theirs alone.

Temple Bar.

GERRARD LEWIS.

## AT EVENTIDE.

OFTTIMES when all the storm-vexed day  
The sullen clouds have ceaseless passed,  
And winds have wailed as if to pray  
For peace at last ;  
Lo ! as if rolled by hand of might,  
Aside the gloom of cloud is pressed,  
And the soft eve is full of light,  
And quiet rest.

Thus, too, beyond our doubt and strife,  
Which cloudlike hide the heavenly light,  
Shadowing the fair noon of life  
With sombre night,  
Awaits a calm and peaceful eve.  
Then sorrow shall be overpast ;  
Then fear shall cease, and struggles leave  
God's peace at last.

A. J. P.

## DREAMS.

A DREAM flew out of the ivory gate  
And came to me when night was late.  
My love drew near with the proud sad eyes  
And the fathomless look of soft surprise.  
I slept in peace through the summer night  
As I dreamed of her eyes and their depth of  
light.

A dream came out from the gate of horn  
And flew to me at early morn.  
I ran to the stable and saddled my steed,  
We rushed through the dawn at a headlong  
speed ;  
When I reached my love the sun shone bright,  
And I found her dead in the morning light.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

Temple Bar.

## LIFT THINE EYES.

O TROUBLED Soul of mine ! lift up thine eyes  
Unto the mountains mighty and serene.  
Full strangely chequered hath their fortune  
been ;  
And they have suffered veriest agonies.  
And oftentimes still the tyrant tempest lies  
Heavy upon them ; with the thunder they  
Do wrestle. Yet of fear and of dismay  
Nothing they know, still rising to the skies.  
With many a thousand battles are they scarred ;  
The floods have broken on each helmless  
head ;

Yet for all this, their beauty is not marred,  
Nor in their hearts are they discomfited.  
Still they endure, whatever whirlwinds roll  
Around, — still glorious they endure, my soul !

JOHN W. HALES.

Hindscarth Cairn, August 30th.

Spectator.



From The Contemporary Review.

# NATURAL SELECTION AND NATURAL THEOLOGY.

It would be a sorry spectacle to behold a posse of scientific agnostics, fired with zeal against superstition, arming themselves with the costly implements of scientific research to make a furious onset on Westminster Abbey; piling the treasures of museums in an incendiary heap, flinging choice fossils, microscopes, and electrical apparatus through the windows; or employing a twenty-foot reflector as a battering-ram. Whatever temporary damage the venerable building might suffer, it is certain that the injury would be much more serious to the interests of science, and to the assailants themselves.

Grotesque as this supposition may be, we are compelled to witness a really more lamentable and surprising spectacle, when those rich results of modern science which are the wonder and lustre of our age, and those bold theories which are the feelers which science puts out into the unknown future, are employed by writers of cultured ability, not to deepen men's reverence and feed and quicken what is noblest in man's nature, but to blind his intellect in its heavenward gaze, and loosen his grasp on the unseen, the eternal, the divine.

A class of thinkers have arisen, not endowed with any overplus of modesty, who (so far as their writings enable us to judge) value science chiefly as a weapon with which to assail religion. A plain-spoken protest (it seems to me) is needed, in the name of science as truly as in the name of religion, against this perversion of its triumphs and its authority to a purpose utterly alien from its true spirit. For the lessons of science are yet more precious than her gifts. She has given us much and has more in store. But her gifts would be bought too dear if the price were the impoverishment of our spiritual nature and bankruptcy of faith.

Cultivators of science, I take leave to think — professors and amateurs alike — are doing not a little to loosen its authority, and especially to imperil if not destroy its educational value, by neglecting to draw the boundary line sharply round its

true domain. A great deal conventionally passes under the name, which is no more science than bricks and timber are a building. It is *art*, — the art of making science. The facts patiently accumulated, accurately analyzed and recorded, on which, step by step, scientific inductions are raised, are the precious materials of science; but they are not science. The keen eye of the naturalist, the adroit and sensitive finger of the operator; the insight, imagination, and ready invention which mark the man of scientific genius from the mere plodder, and enable him to look behind the veil before he persuades nature herself to lift it: these are admirable, invaluable, indispensable to the progress of science. But they are not science. Theories and hypotheses — the shelves on which we pack and label our facts, the luggage-vans in which we forward them on their journey — are among the most useful implements of scientific discovery. But they are not science. Above all, the dicta of individual scientists, how eminent soever, are not science. To claim for what at best can but rank as "pious opinions" the authority of infallible dogma, is both disloyal to truth and perilous to intellectual freedom.

For, be it remembered, liberty of thought — a phrase which often stands for much liberty but little thought — is inconsistent with science. Where science begins liberty ends. Any one is at liberty either to think that two ultimate atoms of matter can occupy the same space, or to think that they are impenetrable, mutually excluding one another. This liberty results from our present ignorance. But no one is at liberty to think that the angles of a plane triangle can be less than two right angles, or that they can be greater; because we certainly know them to be equal. Liberty of thought is not even the path, of which science is the goal. It is simply the throwing down of all hedges and walls, and banishment of all threatening notices, watch-dogs, patrols, and man-traps, whereby our right to explore the waste was limited; so that we are free to make our own path as the stars guide us. But we take our own risk of bogs and precipices.



Doubt may unlock the fetters of tradition, and start us, with its sharp spur deep in our heart, in quest of truth. But it guides us no step of the way; and in presence of ascertained truth it expires. The freedom of inquiry, and of provisional belief or disbelief, which is the condition of honestly working out a scientific deduction or induction, becomes irrational when once the result is known. Much nonsense about intellectual liberty might have been spared, if people would bear in mind the obvious fact that free thought and science are mutually inconsistent. The one supposes the absence of the other. Hence the immense importance of not *anticipating science* by erecting into dogma the theories, conjectures, or personal opinions of scientific leaders.

When, for example, we are told in a handbook of physical geography that "*we now know*" that the primitive ancestors of the present human race led for thousands of years the life of wild beasts in the forests, the opinion of certain anthropologists is illegitimately presented to the learner as an integral part of the body of established fact. The grounds of this opinion (such as they are) ought to be fairly stated; and, at the same time, the learner ought to be made aware, that the most ancient human remains yet discovered present a form and development of skull utterly inconsistent with the notion that the possessors of those skulls lived the life of monkeys. Were such an opinion unanimously voted by a pan-anthropological congress, it would not thereby be constituted a part of science. It would still be competent to any instructed person to say: "Your opinion seems to me at variance with the facts." And if his protest were simply hooted down as a piece of intolerable presumption in the face of such a phalanx of experts, science would no more sanction such an assertion of authority than it sanctioned the burning of Giordano Bruno or the dogma of papal infallibility.

When, again, an eminent professor is quoted as saying, with reference to the hypothesis of organic evolution: "Choose your hypothesis; I have chosen mine; and I will not run the risk of insulting

any sane man by asking him which he chooses;" we feel that such language might be justifiable—even praiseworthy—regarding a question of practical morality, but that is grievously out of place in the region of abstract truth. When, again, encouraged by such an example, the writer of what purports to be a scientific exposition of Darwinism not only tells his readers that if they don't agree with him it is because they are weak-minded, but declares that if he is mistaken the blame lies with the Creator for having so constructed the universe as to mislead him, we feel that it would be well if he could be made to understand that he has sinned as much against the laws of scientific argument as against those of decency.

Akin to these unwholesome and illegitimate methods of dealing with scientific thought for purposes outside the scope of science, is the device of representing the defenders of either natural or revealed theology as living in a state of hysterical terror at the march of science. They are supposed to "shriek" at each fresh beam of light, and to wink all the harder, like bats into whose cave the unwelcome sun is peering. The "shrieks" are, in fact, as imaginary as the danger. Nothing is more peacefully certain than that truth can never war with truth. There was a teacher, more than eighteen hundred years ago, who said to the students in his school, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Those who reckon themselves his disciples should be the last men to dread the advance of truth in any possible direction. Rather, they may well believe that the lowliest truth is akin to the highest. Even the story of an earthworm's life, truly told, may teach lessons of divine philosophy.

Protest, however, counts for little. It may even do mischief, if it be misinterpreted as the refuge of those who have been silenced in argument, as beaten players are wont to accuse their antagonists of unfair play. It may be replied to the charge of profaning and degrading science, that to explode falsehood is to aid truth; and that since all truth is akin,



to get rid of religious superstition must prove helpful to the progress of science. The science of the present is legitimately employed in the interest of the science of the future. It is needful, therefore, for the sake alike of science and of faith, seriously to examine the arguments by which it is sought to array the one against the other. Have they any real claim to philosophic depth and scientific accuracy, or is their intrinsic weakness equal to their irreverent audacity?

The weapons mainly relied on in the present assault upon the foundations of natural theology are the theories of organic evolution and natural selection. Evolution is supposed to explain the development of the existing state of things from its physical antecedents, and those again from the chain of earlier antecedents, reaching back to the primordial existence of matter and form. Natural selection is supposed to explain how, in the organic world, evolution may have been spontaneous and automatic. The two together, it is confidently asserted, enable us to dispense with the hypothesis of a Creator. In the words of the able writer before quoted, who states the case very clearly, natural selection "offers to our acceptance a scientific explanation of the numberless cases of apparent design which we everywhere meet in organic nature. For as all these cases of apparent design consist only in the *adaptation* which is shown by organisms to their environment, it is obvious that the facts are covered by the theory of natural selection no less completely than they are covered by the theory of intelligent design. . . . The whole question, as between natural selection and supernatural design resolves itself into this — were all the species of plants and animals separately created, or were they slowly evolved? For if they were specially created, the evidence of supernatural design remains unrefuted and irrefutable; whereas, if they were slowly evolved, that evidence has been utterly and forever destroyed."

It is astonishing that a writer of keen intelligence could pen this last sentence without asking himself, Is it not possible that slow evolution, and not independent

formation of each species, may have been the actual creative process? This question we shall have to ask presently. A broader view of the whole field first invites our attention. No more woful misconception of the fundamental idea of natural theology could be put into words than is contained in the assertion that the facts supposed to prove supernatural design are "covered" by the theories of organic evolution and natural selection. It would be uncourteous to call it a display of stupendous ignorance; but the cleverest man is practically ignorant on any point on which he will not take the trouble to think. Truth disdains the feeble grasp of self-confident nonchalance. The word "adaptation" stands for one grand department of the evidence of design in nature; but only one. Choice, and suiting of means to ends, are the most familiar and legible of all the marks of the presence of mind and will. But there are other marks as convincing — *e. g.*, calculation, foresight, order, intelligible law, beauty, benevolent purpose. "Adaptation of organism to environment" is an ambiguous and cursory phrase, "covering the facts" in more senses than one — disguising rather than describing; because the adaptation is not single, but multifold. If "environment" be taken in the wide sense of the universal conditions of life (as heat, light, gravity, cohesive attraction, chemical action, change of seasons, and of day and night, with numberless others), then one organism is no more adapted to this environment than another. Without such adaptation, common to all living beings, but actually existent only in individuals, life would not be possible. Clearly, of such adaptation, natural selection neither takes nor gives any account. But if by "environment" be meant the immediate surroundings of each plant or animal (as climate, soil, food, and facilities for procuring it, presence or absence of noxious influences, and so forth), we find a very elastic scale of adaptation, from that thorough health and vigor in which the creature is perfectly developed, to that stunted, sickly growth which may fitly be called a "struggle for life." The fitness



of a living being's *habits* to its *habitat* depends largely, especially in animals, on its outward form and size, which again depend on the internal growth of bone, muscle, or other organic tissue. To this must be added the growth of some suitable integument, as the fur of the bear, the scales of the fish, the skin of the earthworm, the shell of the snail. Behind this set of adaptations (which as regards their utility may be called mechanical) lies a totally distinct set—namely, the adaptation of the organs of nutrition and circulation to produce these structures and keep them (and themselves also) in constant effective repair. How are these distinct sets of adaptations—external and internal—geared together so as to work to one end? Accepting, for argument's sake, natural selection as the true account of the origin of species—and not species only, but genera and all larger classes of living things—it is concerned with the “battle of life,” the adaptation of each organism *as a whole* to the outer world. What light, even imaginary, does this shed upon that secret inward force and process by which the minute parts are every moment being formed so as to produce this whole? How can a sane thinker persuade himself that natural selection, granting it to be the actual law of life, can explain or account for those processes which are the very condition of its existence? Clearly, if the plant or animal had not the power of maintaining (as well as producing) all its parts in harmony, and of varying them, as far as it does vary them, harmoniously, natural selection could never begin to come into play. Yet it is these internal processes and structures, in which vital action, chemical action, and mechanical action are so marvellously harmonized and subordinated (in the animal) to sensation and voluntary action, which display design, skill, and intellectual order to a degree nowhere surpassed. Something still more subtle lurks behind. What may be called “constitutional” adaptation lies utterly beyond the ken of our science, and yet is one of the most palpable and familiar facts of organic life. Let any one transplant from the moors to an ordinary garden a few flourishing plants of bird's-eye primrose, or of butterwort, or water a root of parsley fern for a few months with hard spring water; and he will soon see the reality of this impalpable principle illustrated. The plants will sicken and die. The humble little tormentil, on the contrary, makes itself at

home in moorland or woodland, pasture, meadow, or seashore. Sand, peat, chalk, gravel, hard or soft water, the sea-level, or ten thousand feet above it, are almost equally acceptable to this contented and adventurous little plant. The two kinds of adaptation thus exemplified are widely diverse. The cosmopolitan plant or animal will have a superior share of wide distribution: that which has special local fitness will have the pull upon its immediate neighbors, as daisies and plantains stifle the grass on our lawns. In some plants the constitutional adaptation is such as to leave them without competitors—they grow where nothing else will; as sea-meadow grass on loose sand-hills, or ivy-leaved toad-flax and pellitory on old castle walls. In all cases, supposing natural selection a reality, the pre-existing adaptation or adaptability is its *sine quâ non*.

No blunder can be more unscientific than to ascribe to a given process the power of producing its own indispensable antecedents. But this is precisely what is done when natural selection is opposed to creative design as the cause of the “adaptation of the organism to its environment.”

This fallacy becomes more glaring when we turn the question on its other side, and look from the organism to its environment. How comes it to be possible for organized life to adapt itself to its surroundings? Simply because the surroundings, through processes stretching (as we cannot but infer) through illimitable ages, have become such as to minister to life. Even at this moment, a very slight and easily conceivable change in our surroundings—such as the raising of the temperature of the ocean to boiling-point—would speedily render all life impossible on this globe. On examining these surroundings, we find that the forces and materials of the inorganic universe are as replete with marks of design and other evidence of the all-controlling presence of MIND, as the structure and functions of organic beings. They even present them on an overwhelmingly grander scale. They are so legible, so incapable of any reading but one, that if man's intellect is not at liberty to interpret their meaning, nature becomes an unintelligible show, and science itself loses all high intellectual value and sinks to the rank of agriculture or manufacture.

Everywhere we find the existence of LAW, or rather of laws; each force, each



atom, each compound, conforming to its own laws, while these are co-ordinated under higher and more wide-reaching laws. But what is a law? A form of thought. It can exist only as a product of mind. To suppose that a force or an atom is a law to itself, regulating the result of its own activity, so as to co-ordinate it with that of totally distinct and independent elements and forces, is absurd. To deny the actual existence of law—a hierarchy of laws—throughout the universe, is to annihilate science. Is it not irresistibly plain that but one conclusion is scientifically possible? A universe resting on law must rest on mind.

But behind and beneath the domination of physical law lies something apart from which law, force, and matter could never build a platform for organic life—namely, *the precise qualities and exact proportions of the elemental forms of matter*. Now these as distinctly present the character of being *arbitrary*—i.e., fixed by an exercise of will and foresight—as the choice of materials and calculation of proportions in any human work. The actual quantity and relative proportions (for example) of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, and calcium, are among the primary conditions of life on this earth. The inseparable qualities which fit these (and other) elements to be woven into the web, built into the structure, moulded into the forms, of animal and vegetable life, are at once *latent* and *inexhaustible*. They come out only at the mutual call of each atom not to its fellows, but to those utterly unlike. And after all the work which inorganic atoms have done during millions of years in building up living forms, they emerge unchanged, neither improved nor deteriorated.

Take a fact of a totally distinct kind. The size (including weight) of our globe is as accurately adjusted to the flight of a butterfly as to the earth's distance from the sun and speed in its orbit. But on these, with the slant of its axis, and its speed of rotation, depend temperature, climate, winds, rain, rivers, seasons, with all their vital influences, as well as those electric or magnetic conditions of life of which as yet we know so little. The entire inorganic platform on which organic life is built, bears as fully and clearly the marks of ARTIFICIAL CONSTRUCTION—*q. d.* of being the product of thought, foresight, and will—as the structure of the hand, the ear, the eye; or the composition of sap, milk, flour, or gastric juice.

It would insult the reader to remind him that this vast extent and variety of facts presents no hair-breadth of room for natural selection. A historian who should propose to explain the history of England by the proportion of our native population who have blue eyes, would have as good a case (if not better) as a philosopher who pretends to explain the appearance of supernatural design throughout the whole extent of God's universe by the theory of natural selection.

It is often overlooked or forgotten that in the physical universe every existence, every occurrence, every line of hereditary life, is *individual*. Every scientific truth stands for an infinite multitude of actual facts; every law for an infinite number of events; every specific, generic, or larger type for a countless multitude of individual living units. Yet nature presents to us the appearance of a vast ORGANIC WHOLE, whose unity depends not on physical necessity, but on delicate adjustments and complicated adaptations, which (as we have seen) are essentially intellectual and arbitrary; involving relations of number, size, speed, distance, equilibrium, proportion, the balance of forces which determines *strength of material*, and the all but infinite relations involved in chemical compounds and vital structures. It is consequently at the same time an INTELLECTUAL WHOLE, in which we may be absolutely certain that every fact and law is intelligibly consistent (supposing our knowledge complete, and our intellect competent to grasp it) with every other. And it is a MORAL WHOLE: a system of benevolent foresight and mutual ministry.\*

II. I shall presently be able, I hope, clearly to prove that, even supposing the

\* Another comprehensive and profoundly impressive view of design is presented by the mutual relations of plants and animals. The constitution of the atmosphere is equally indispensable to each order of life; but each draws in from the air that which sustains its own life and is death to the other, and returns that which to itself is useless or poisonous, but which to the other is the breath of life. The relations of herbivorous and carnivorous animals are another illustration. Yet a writer whom I have before quoted has the hardihood to say that "if all, or even some, species had been so interrelated as to minister to each other's necessities, organic species might then have been likened to a countless multitude of voices all singing in one harmonious psalm of praise. But, as it is, we see no vestige of such co-ordination; every species is for itself, and for itself alone—an outcome of the always and everywhere fiercely raging struggle for life." This reckless assertion is refuted by the flavor of every peach, the chemical composition of every morsel of our daily food; by the labor of every earthworm ploughing his dark path underground; by the structure of every wheat plant storing the food on which the labor, commerce, politics, public and family life of nations depend. "*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes!*"



doctrine of natural selection true, it does not in the slightest degree weaken the evidence of supernatural design even within the range of facts which it covers. Wide as that range is, it is limited in comparison with the universe. And I trust it has been plainly shown that to the immense bulk of the evidence the theory of natural selection has no application. Let us now examine the bearing upon the fundamental doctrine of natural theology (and of revealed no less) of that wider theory known under the name of organic evolution, to which that of natural selection is supplementary. It is confidently asserted that the establishment of this doctrine will annihilate the proof which the structure of the whole universe and of its several parts, down to the smallest, has been supposed to furnish. In that case, "Natural theologians can no longer adhere to the arguments of such writers as Paley, Bell, and Chalmers, without deliberately violating the only logical principle which separates science from Fetishism." Is this true? Is there even a particle of solid warrant for these confident assertions? Let us see.

The hypothesis of "organic evolution" may be briefly stated as follows. The inconceivably varied multitudinous forms of life in the midst of which we find ourselves are the lineal offspring of earlier and less developed forms, and those again of yet simpler forms; so that if we could trace, link by link, the whole chain, or rather network, of organic existence back to the time when our earth first became capable of sustaining life, we should see it narrowing as it ascended, and should find the primeval parents of all living beings in certain nodules of animated jelly, such as the modern naturalist dredges from the ocean, and examines with feelings akin to those of a Chinaman looking at the images of his ancestors. Nowadays, unhappily, jelly-fish produce nothing but jelly-fish. But had that gelatinous morsel been fated to live, say a million or a couple of millions of centuries earlier, it might have been the progenitor of the race from which Homer and Plato, David and Paul, Shakespeare and our eminent professor, have in their order been evolved.

Whatever objections may lie against this hypothesis, it cannot justly be accused of being in itself atheistic. Impartially regarded, it casts no shade of uncertainty on the evidence of design presented to organic nature. No intelligent believer in a Creator, I suppose,

imagines that each species of plant or animal was created *out of nothing*. At all events, if this be what is intended by "independent creation of species," the first chapter of the Bible teaches nothing of the sort. Each creature is there represented as formed out of pre-existing material; man himself being distinguished by the spirit inbreathed into him by God. There was some process — whether slow or rapid — by which the successive types of life were embodied. Nor does any Bible-taught believer in a Creator hold that creative power is restricted either to the first origin of matter, or the production of new forms of life. According to Scripture, the all-pervading power of the Creator is the mainspring of the universe; and its balance-wheel his all-controlling oversight. In the noble images of Holy Writ, he opens his hand and they are filled with good; he sends forth his spirit, "they are CREATED;" with him is the fountain of life.

Should it be discovered, as it is conjectured, that the process was immeasurably longer, slower, and more complicated than has been supposed, and that the chain of animal life is one, these truths would be unaffected. The length of a process does not account for it. Long or short, it must have an adequate cause. If the nest and eggs, say of a thrush or nightingale, and the wings, legs, stomach, eyes, beak, and other organs of the birds that built the nest and laid the eggs, are brimful of those intricate and delicate adjustments, which are to common sense the unmistakable proof of design; then this proof would in no wise be affected if it could be shown that the thrush was hatched from the egg of a lizard, which lizard sprang from the spawn of a fish, the fish from the egg of a snail, the snail from a sea-anemone, which at first was nothing but a speck of live jelly. Reason must deal with the facts before us — the bird, with its nest and eggs — however they came about. And if, instead of half-a-dozen miraculously violent steps (which I beg pardon of my evolutionist friends for even imagining), the process has been conducted with imperceptible slowness, through myriads of minute transformations, the principle is the same. You may attenuate the impression of the evidence as you thin gold wire by drawing it out to a prodigious extent; but you do not lessen its quality or impair its reality. If the results show design, common sense tells us that design must have pervaded



the whole process. Why should it be accounted either philosophic or scientific to fly in the face of common sense?

Circumstances, it is pleaded, are sufficient to account both for the process and for its results. But before this plea can be allowed, three questions must be satisfactorily answered: 1. How are the circumstances themselves to be accounted for? 2. In what consists their modifying power over living tissue? 3. Above all, how comes the living tissue, already definitely organized, to be capable of modifying its organization to suit the circumstances? To these crucial questions, it is needless to say, no reply is forthcoming.

Many of the most striking facts of zoology and botany, recent and fossil, though they cannot prove as fact, yet harmonize well with the conjecture that the subordination of type to type, of species to genera, genera to broader classes, points back to a real genealogical succession. Why should this not have been the creative process? Supposing it was, what the facts point to is not a gradual tentative modification, by which a creature would rather be unfitted for its present surroundings than fitted for any other; but a series of distinct steps, at each of which the new-born creature was definitely and perfectly adapted to its condition. Whatever was the process, as each new type appeared, the mould in which it was cast was broken, and the seal of permanence set upon it. At all events, if the process was carried on gradually and tentatively, we find no record of its failures. In each case the result is as accurate as though not simply each species, but each individual, were independently created. It may even be argued that on this view the marvels, as well as the evidences, of supernatural design are indefinitely augmented, because what is on the common view presented simply as plan, here appears likewise as process.

CREATIVE EVOLUTION, therefore, is a perfectly intelligible and legitimate hypothesis. It is as perfectly in harmony with "the arguments of such writers as Paley, Bell, and Chalmers" (and, I may add, with the first chapter of Genesis), as any hypothesis of "independent creation of species." Natural theology can have no possible quarrel with any hypothesis which seeks rationally and reverently to trace the lines along which almighty power has been guided by omniscient wisdom.

III. The reader may here remind me

that I seem to be avoiding the very *crux* of the dispute, the hypothesis by means of which it is hoped that the idea of creative wisdom may be eliminated, and evolution shown to have been self-acting: the doctrine, to wit, of natural selection. Purposely I have separated the general idea of evolution from the particular supplementary idea of natural selection; because to lump them together merely begets confusion. Let us now see if the conclusions we have reached are in any way affected by the doctrine which on its first publication many of us admired as a *tour de force* of human ingenuity, but which has since been adopted with faith as enthusiastic — and sometimes as intolerant — as though it were the newest dogma of the Infallible Church.

What is needed, in fact, in order to accept the doctrine of natural selection is rather faith and imagination than logic. Nevertheless, it starts from a basis of undoubted fact. First, it is an undoubted fact that an incomparably greater number of living germs come into being than can possibly reach maturity. Millions of millions of seeds are ripened more than the surface of the earth can supply with room to grow; millions of millions of animals are born, beyond what can find food or even breathing and standing space. The many perish on the threshold, or at some early stage of existence; the few survive to maturity, and in their turn produce offspring. Hence it is assumed that there must be an incessant universal "struggle for life." And it is further assumed that in this struggle the weaker plants and animals must always be worsted, and the "fittest must survive."

A second undoubted fact is, that some species of plants and of animals have an astonishing plasticity (so to speak) — a capacity of varying so widely, in form, color, size, habits, and in the internal constitution and structure on which these outward modifications depend, that if the different types thus developed were discovered in a wild state, naturalists would unanimously assign them to different species or even genera. Familiar examples are the breeds of dogs, some of them quite recent, some of immemorial antiquity; and of pigeons, all comparatively recent; or in the plant world, the food-producing properties of certain grasses (wheat, rice, oats, etc.), and the faculty which many flowers possess (as roses, pinks, daisies, dahlias) of *doubling*, by changing stamens into petals, or fertile florets into barren but showy ones. The



processes by which these remarkable results are obtained are artificial, often requiring the most patient ingenuity and incessant care. They are carried on by man for his own service or pleasure, not for the benefit of the creatures. In some cases, as in the double flowers, the development is destructive. The double-flowering plant, having lost the power of producing seed, can be continued only by such artificial means as striking cuttings, or dividing roots. Sometimes qualities are developed which might be useful to the creature in a wild state; as for instance, the speed and keen sight of the greyhound, perhaps counterbalanced by his less hardy constitution. But, in all cases, these artificial breeds of plants and animals, left to themselves in natural circumstances, will from our point of view "degenerate," but in reality will be *regenerated*,—i.e., their progeny will tend to revert, more or less completely, to the type of their wild ancestors.

It is assumed that what man does for his own service and pleasure, nature (whatever that word may mean) can do for the benefit of the plants and animals themselves. It is assumed that the limited, though considerable, capacity of modification on which man practises in the case of a few species actually belongs, in unlimited degree, to all species. It is assumed that nature has from the beginning been incessantly at work in thus modifying living forms; and that some, at all events, of these modifications must give the plant or animal so modified an effective advantage in the struggle for life. And finally, it is assumed that not only these fittest individuals survive, but that the modifications themselves survive, and are permanently inherited, constituting the characters of a new species.

The objections to this formidable series of assumptions are both obvious and weighty. First of all, the argument from man to nature, from artificial processes to natural (the very argument which natural theology is blamed by its critics for employing), is rationally intelligible only on the supposition that behind "nature" is a supreme designing mind and controlling will. Secondly, if nature has thus worked in the past, so energetically as to evolve all existing species, the same process ought to be taking place now; evolving before our eyes, if not new species, at all events modifications tending to produce new species. It is ridiculous to say that the process goes on too slowly for us to detect it. Does it go on *at all*? Thirdly,

the differences which mark off species from species, genus from genus, are by no means identical with the differences which give either to species or to individuals special advantages in the struggle for life; as of course on the theory of natural selection they ought to be. Sometimes they are, which makes it the more significant that commonly they are not. Fourthly, the new varieties developed by man's labor are unstable, always tending back to the original type; whereas species and genera are permanent. Not but what well-marked *natural* varieties sometimes arise which wear such an appearance of permanence that (as in the case of certain English brambles) even the most accomplished naturalist may be deceived into ranking them as species. But on the disappearance of the circumstances which developed them, they vanish, and the specific type reasserts its stability.

Mr. Darwin has, upon occasion, shown courageous frankness (or what M. de Quatrefages calls "almost chivalrous loyalty") in stating some unanswerable objections to his theory. Having thus discharged his duty, he calmly takes leave of them, and goes serenely on his way. Some expounders of his doctrine pursue the simpler plan of ignoring all facts which tell against it. Let us combine these methods; forgetting the objections I have already briefly indicated, and shutting our eyes to others equally formidable. Let us have faith. Let us give scope to imagination. Let us picture to ourselves this mysterious selecting process presiding through illimitable ages over the evolution of organized life. We behold it building up the microscopic cells of protoplasm into jelly, nerve, flesh, blood, bone, cartilage, shell, hair; into sap, wood, bark, pith, leaves, flowers, seeds; evolving the gauze of the gnat's wing, the sheen of the humming-bird, the feathers, claws, beak, and eyes of the eagle; the blubber of the whale; the lithe backbone and poison-fangs of the snake, the lark's song, the rose's splendor, the violet's perfume, the flavor of the peach; the latent power stored in every grain of wheat, if permitted to grow and multiply unchecked for a few years, to spread a table at which the whole human race might feed. Multiply these examples by millions of millions in endless variety of form, size, color, material, grain, organ, habit, mechanism. These results, so fragile yet so enduring, so exquisite in beauty, rich in benevolent adaptation, accurate and intricate in mutual balance, have been (and are every



moment) wrought out by a process so absolutely automatic, a sequence of physical cause and effect, so rigidly prescribed by unswerving natural laws, that the complete twin-worlds of animal and vegetable life were virtually predestined when matter first formed itself into animated self-multiplying cells! Can either natural theology or revealed religion make any severer demand on faith, or offer any more astounding mystery than this stupendous hypothesis?

Adaptation, by automatic modification, to variable circumstances, is in human workmanship justly reckoned a triumphant proof of foresight and skill. Compensation pendulums or balance wheels, by means of which variations in temperature correct the very errors in the speed of a chronometer which they produce, are admirable examples. Suppose that a chronometer could be constructed which would lengthen or shorten its hours according to a ship's motion in longitude, in a voyage round the world, and mark Greenwich time when the ship again anchored in the Thames, such a miracle of science-guided art would immortalize the inventor. What then are we to say of a scheme of adaptation to circumstances, which reaches through all time, from the first appearance of life on our globe; which enlists all the forces of the universe, co-ordinates all the conditions of life, bases birth and growth on decay and death, and maintains in stable equilibrium this immense living whole, every member of which is momentarily undergoing dissolution and reconstruction? Results such as these must have an adequate cause. The process itself is what we have to account for. Method is not causation, any more than circumstance is cause. By what logic or philosophy does evidence lose its worth or force just when its compass and grandeur are infinitely enlarged? The compensation pendulum required a mind to account for it. Is the mechanism of natural selection (supposing it real) simpler than that of a clock?

It does not belong to my purpose to attempt the inviting task of analyzing and testing the evidence alleged in support of this doctrine. It consists of an enormous mass of facts, of richest significance and profoundest interest. All that is wanting is a logical *nexus* between the facts and the conclusions. The major premiss is conspicuous by its absence. But I have gone upon the assumption that natural selection, as well as organic evolution, is scientifically true. I have appealed not

to sentiment but to calm common sense (which means intuitive reason) to answer the question, whether, even upon that supposition, the sublime doctrines of natural theology are in even the slightest degree shaken, or its attitude towards the human intellect on the one side, and towards the universe on the other, weakened?

My contention is, that to employ scientific hypotheses, whether universally accepted or not, as engines for the suppression of religious belief, is as great a crime against science as to employ the authority of religion to suppress scientific inquiry is a crime against religion.

EUSTACE R. CONDER.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
NO NEW THING.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### MR. BRUNE GETS HIS HARVEST IN.

MRS. WINNINGTON had not lived for a matter of sixty-odd years in the world without having acquired a measure of philosophy. Experience had not, perhaps, taught her wisdom, but it had given her some knowledge of the nature of men and things, and it had dowered her with a certain dogged patience, which enabled her to put a good face upon temporary checks. When, therefore, Tom Staniforth left Longbourne without making any declaration of his sentiments with regard to Edith, she did not for a moment give way to despair. Love at first sight was, as she was aware, an exceptional phenomenon and one which could not be counted upon as likely to occur in any individual case; nor indeed had Mrs. Winnington, in her most sanguine moods, expected to bring matters to a crisis within the space of a few weeks. So speedy a success would have been a rare stroke of fortune, just as it would be a piece of singularly bad luck if Mr. Staniforth, who had remained a bachelor for more than half his life, were to yield to other fascinations before he saw Edith again. Mrs. Winnington accepted the chances of the game with all the outward equanimity of a practised player, and smiled sweetly upon her prey as she bade him good-bye, cordially re-echoing his wish that they might meet in London next spring, if not sooner. She hoped it might be sooner, she said, and added within herself an asseveration that it most



certainly should be; but that this joyful reunion was to be brought about no later than in the following month, through the instrumentality of Mr. Brune, was more than she bargained for, Mr. Stanniforth not having thought it necessary to mention the circumstance.

It is often instanced as a proof of the good-will of Providence towards mankind that horses, elephants, and other domestic animals should be ignorant of their own strength: perhaps we ought to be no less thankful that ladies of Mrs. Winnington's stamp seldom succeed in gauging the measure of man's timorousness. It would be difficult to say why Tom Stanniforth should have been afraid of a fat, smiling woman who had no hold over him and could do him no possible injury; but the fact remains that he was so, and that, knowing what her wishes were, and having very nearly made up his mind not to gratify them, he drew a long breath of relief as soon as he had escaped from her presence.

Far, however, as that mature strategist was from being dismayed, she was a little disappointed and somewhat out of temper; and when Mrs. Winnington was out of temper those about her fared sadly. For several days she made the lives of the inhabitants of Longbourne a burden to them; after which she discovered that the state of her health absolutely required three weeks of Homburg, where, as she had seen by the papers, the fashionable world which her soul loved was at that time largely represented.

"It is a ruinously expensive journey," she remarked to Margaret. "Of course we shall travel like the paupers that we are, going straight through, and engaging a couple of rooms on the second floor of some horrible little public house when we arrive. I am sorry for poor dear Edith's sake that everything will be so uncomfortable; still I feel that it is a positive duty to go."

Mrs. Stanniforth did not accompany the travellers to Germany. Her share in the expedition was confined to the defrayal of its cost and to telegraphing to secure suitable lodgings for her mother and sister at their journey's end. As the waters promptly brought the gout out of the former lady's system, and had the effect of keeping her (as she wrote) "upon the flat of her back in screaming agonies" for ten days, it may be presumed that Miss Winnington had a bad time of it. Happily, however, the workings of human affairs are such that what is one

person's loss is very commonly another's gain; and if Edith had to pass through a period of vicarious martyrdom, those whom she had left behind her at Longbourne enjoyed, by way of compensation, a brief taste of the blessings of peace.

Philip, who was much in Nellie's society at this time, declared to her that he had never been so happy before in his life. "All things considered," said he, "I am inclined to think that nothing suits me like domesticity. Meg and I lead a sort of Darby and Joan life, and we enjoy it prodigiously. We don't talk much; for there is an unspoken agreement between us to avoid all mention of absent friends and other unpleasant topics; we sit beaming at one another and hugging ourselves in a sybaritish contentment. She is very busy, as she always is, in a quiet, leisurely sort of way, with her correspondence and her charities and what not; and I twirl my thumbs and watch her, which is delightful. Did you ever notice what a soothing kind of person Meg is to watch? She is never in a hurry; she doesn't upset things, or catch her drapery upon corners of the furniture, and her dress doesn't accompany all her movements with a maddening swish-swish, like the dresses of some ladies whom we know. I should doubt whether there is another woman in the world so pleasant to live with as Meg. She never rubs you the wrong way; she never asks you whether you would like this or that; she knows by intuition what you want, and there it is always at your elbow."

"She spoils you," said Nellie.

"Just so; and if there is a thing I love it is being spoilt. I should like to go on existing in this way to the end of my days."

"It wouldn't be good for you," said Nellie, shaking her head wisely.

"Don't you think so? Perhaps you are right. Nice things never are good for one, and no doubt a little bracing is expedient from time to time. Well, we shall all be braced soon, when Mrs. Winnington comes back with renewed vigor to tell us about all the dukes and duchesses whom she has encountered at Homburg, and to ask me whether I have yet decided upon some means of making an honest livelihood. There is no complaint so tantalizing as the gout. It is forever threatening terrible things, but somehow or other it won't proceed to extremities — or rather it won't proceed beyond them. And yet there are so many vital points open to attack. Possibly Mrs. Winning-



ton may not possess a heart, but I know she has a stomach, and, considering the reckless manner in which she often treats it, it certainly ought not to be an invulnerable one. Still, it is borne in upon me that she will die in a green old age, after having worried all the rest of us into our graves. Meanwhile, let us make the most of an interval of calm."

"If you are so fond of a quiet life, why are you perpetually running away from it?" asked Miss Brune pertinently.

"Business," answered Philip. "I have business sometimes, though you might not think it, to look at me. I shouldn't go to London at this time of year if I could help it."

The answer was a moderately truthful one. It was indeed a sense of duty rather than inclination that led Mr. Marescalchi to pay occasional flying visits to Coomasie Villa at this season; and although, when once he was there, the mystery and fun of the thing pleased him well enough, he was never sorry to return to the superior luxuries and refinements of Longbourne. True to her established rule of conduct, Margaret asked no questions, thereby escaping the proverbial fate of those who thus court deception. When Philip remarked casually that he was going up to town from Saturday to Monday to do some shopping and get his hair cut, she did not remind him that Saturday afternoon is not a favorable time for making purchases in London, or point out that it was physically impossible that his hair could be any shorter than it was already. She said nothing; but went about her avocations with a smiling face and an uneasy heart, telling herself that in this she was but submitting to the destiny of all fond and wise mothers, and taking comfort from the lesson which experience had taught her, that as soon as her boy got into trouble of any serious nature, he would be tolerably certain to come to her in order to be helped out of it.

Thus the summer slipped quietly and imperceptibly away. The mornings and evenings became chilly; the fields grew ripe for the sickle, and patches of red and yellow began to show themselves upon the green of the woods. Then came harvest time and the slaughter of the partridges. It was not until the middle of September that Mrs. Winnington, who had proceeded from Homburg to Switzerland (by the doctor's orders, she averred), reappeared, bringing her sheaves with her. She was one of those persons who think it their duty, whenever they visit the Continent,

to encumber themselves with a store of cheap presents for those whom they have left behind them. It was not Mrs. Winnington's habit to give money to the servants at Longbourne; there were too many of them, she said; and, besides, they ought not to be led to expect tips from one of the family; still, she should like them to think that they had all been remembered. Consequently, on the evening of her return from abroad, she would sail majestically into the housekeeper's room, bearing an ancient leather bag, from whence issued a bountiful supply of thimbles, Palais-Royal jewellery, and the like, while at the bottom of this cornucopia there commonly lurked some specially hideous gift, destined for the mistress of the house.

"It is so difficult to choose anything that dear Margaret will like," Mrs. Winnington would often say; "but I think one is always safe with some little ornament for the drawing-room table."

This time, however, the drawing-room was spared, and it was the hall that was decorated with a loud-voiced cuckoo clock, which had been picked up a bargain at Interlaken. The slumbers of the entire household were disturbed by the periodical hootings of this delightful acquisition up to two o'clock at night, when it triumphantly gave forth its note thirty-six consecutive times; after which it suddenly ceased from troubling, and the weary had rest. Nothing would induce it to resume its labors on the following morning, and suspicions of foul play rested upon various persons; but, fortunately, Mrs. Winnington had come home in the best of humors, and was not disposed to quarrel with anybody.

At breakfast she gave, as Philip had predicted she would, a detailed description of all the exalted personages whom she had fallen in with at Homburg, and of how delighted they had been to see her again, and how they had been wondering, all through the London season, what could have become of her, and how Lady This and Lady That had inquired very kindly after dear Margaret, and had said what a pity it was that she should shut herself up so. And what made these reminiscences so cheering was that the great people had not confined themselves to empty civilities.

"Dear Margaret, I don't know what you will think of me. It seems very unkind to leave you again so soon, after having been away all this time; but I am afraid we cannot manage more than three



weeks here at present. People laugh at me when I say that my time is not my own; and they won't believe that I would far rather remain quietly here than rush about visiting from house to house. Of course there is this to be said, that, for dear Edith's sake, I ought not to drop old friends; and with so many, you know, it is a case of out of sight out of mind. Very cordial and kind if they happen to meet one; but if they don't —" Mrs. Winnington finished her sentence with an expressive shrug of her ample shoulders. "In any case, you may count upon us for Christmas," she added reassuringly.

All this was very nice; but there was a cloud upon Margaret's brow, a certain guilty unwillingness to meet her mother's eye, which that observant lady could not help detecting in the long run. As soon as breakfast was over, she took her daughter aside, and interrogated her affectionately.

"Now, my dear child, I do trust you are not feeling hurt at my running away from you. It really is a matter of duty. If it were not for dear Edith, I should ask for nothing better than to be always with you. I am sure you must be aware of that."

Margaret, without intentional irony, assured her mother that she had never entertained the smallest doubt upon that point, and added that she was only too glad that Edith should have every opportunity of seeing the world and people. "Especially men. It would be a great misfortune if she were to decide her fate, or if it were to be decided for her, too hastily."

"Oh, my dear, I have decided nothing. Mr. Stanniforth would be suitable in a great many ways, but of course I don't mean to say that she might not do better. Indeed, I almost think that she *ought* to do better, if only one were not so cut off from all society! But if it is not that, what is it that is troubling you, Margaret? I know you have something upon your mind."

"Indeed I have not."

"Oh, but, my dear, I can see," persisted Mrs. Winnington. "I am sure that there is something."

"No; at least, nothing of any importance. I was rather astonished this morning to hear that Tom Stanniforth had arrived at Broom Leas last night, that is all."

"*What!*" cried Mrs. Winnington, who, however prepared she might have been to throw Mr. Stanniforth over if it should

seem expedient to do so; had no idea of being thrown over by him; "do you mean to say that he is actually staying in the house, and never told you he was coming? Oh, I simply can't believe it!"

"I met Nellie at church this morning, and she told me," Margaret said. "I was a little annoyed about it, because I cannot understand why Tom should not have come to this house if he wanted to be in these parts at all; and also because — well, because, for many reasons, I think it is a pity that he should have come at this particular time. But Nellie says his appearance was quite unexpected. Her father gave him a sort of general invitation when he was here before, and yesterday they got a telegram from him in the morning, saying that he would arrive in time for dinner, unless he heard from them to the contrary."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mrs. Winnington. And, after a short pause — "Now I don't want to triumph over you, dear Margaret; I detest people who are forever saying 'I told you so,' and I never do it myself. Still, I can't help just reminding you — what did I always tell you about that man?"

"I don't remember. Nothing that was not in his favor, I am sure. I thought you had such a very high opinion of Tom."

"No, no; I don't mean him; I mean that Brune man. I am very seldom deceived in a face, and there is a look of slyness about his which has repelled me from the first. I warned you that he was not to be trusted, and now you see! As for the girl, she has been setting her cap at Mr. Stanniforth all along. I saw it plainly enough, but it really did not seem worth while to take any notice of it, particularly as I suspected that it was almost as much a desire to spite me as to catch him that was at the bottom of her behavior. And now their telegraphing off for him on the very day of my return puts it beyond a doubt. Oh, yes, my dear Margaret, I know what you would say. You are so innocent yourself that you fancy everybody else must be like you; but you don't know the world, my dear, and you never will. Well, I confess I am astonished. Ingratitude one expects; but a deliberate, coarse insult! — for this is nothing less — to me there is something more shocking, more repulsive in vulgar-mindedness, than in any mere external vulgarity."

Margaret did not smile, even inwardly. If her mother was vulgar-minded, she



was unaware of the fact, or at all events was able to shut her eyes to it. She felt it incumbent upon her, however, to exonerate the Brunes from the charge brought against them, explaining that Nellie positively disliked Tom Stanniforth, and had gone rather out of her way to show that she did so.

"Oh, my dear child, what a stale old trick! I should not have thought that that pretence of a little aversion could have taken in even you. I don't for a moment suppose that the girl has a chance of success, but it is sickening to think that any one can behave in that way. Poor Mr. Stanniforth! don't you think it would be as well to ask him to come on here when he gets away from those people?"

"I would rather not," answered Margaret slowly. "And, besides, I doubt whether he could come. Nellie said he was only able to run down for a day or two, and that his object was to see their harvest-home. I suppose they don't have harvest-homes in the neighborhood of Manchester."

"Harvest-home!" The depth of Mrs. Winnington's scorn was not to be expressed in words. "Of course," said she, "we shall be expected to attend this rustic festivity."

"I was thinking that perhaps we might make some excuse."

"Not for the world! They would think we were offended, which is the very last thing one would wish them to imagine. No! you may do as you like; but I shall be there."

And in the ring of Mrs. Winnington's voice, as she announced this decision, there seemed ample promise that she would not be there for nothing.

Nevertheless, when the time came, she showed herself under no aggressive aspect, and advanced to the attack with a great deal of affectionate sprightliness. She herself would have said that she was too well-bred to behave otherwise; but the truth was that she felt no serious alarm, and thoroughly despised her enemy. She was a woman of very limited perceptions, and could never really believe that there were people in the world whose tastes and opinions differed from her own. When she encountered any such, she usually set them down as mad or dishonest. Now, Mr. Stanniforth being neither the one nor the other, it was impossible that he should entangle himself with Nellie Brune—a person in whom Mrs. Winnington could see but

little to admire — when so beautiful and charming a girl as Edith might be his for the asking. Consequently there was no cause for agitation. The Brunes, to be sure, had been guilty of gross insolence, and should be duly chastised for it at a fitting opportunity; but this was only a matter of detail.

The Longbourne party walked over to Broom Leas late in the afternoon, and found Mr. Stanniforth clad in white flannels and playing a vigorous game of lawn-tennis with Walter and two younger members of the Brune family, while Nellie and her father looked on. After the usual greetings had been exchanged, and the chances of the rain holding off till night exhaustively discussed, Mrs. Winnington bore down upon the culprit with ponderous playfulness.

"We are very much offended with you; we have a great mind not to speak to you at all. Of course we know that you must have been dreadfully bored when you were in this stagnant neighborhood before; but we did think that if anything made you wish to return to it, you would have given our house the preference, dull as it is."

"But I wasn't asked," answered Tom, with a side glance at Margaret, whose eyes were resolutely fixed upon a noisy flight of rooks overhead.

"Oh, Mr. Stanniforth, I am afraid that will never do! you must really find some more plausible excuse than that. Margaret, dear, I am telling this very uncivil brother-in-law of yours that we shall certainly not forgive him unless he promises to come to us next week, and stay until he is told to go away. She won't listen to me. Do you know, Mr. Stanniforth, I really believe she is a little offended. Of course I was only in fun; but, joking apart, I think dear Margaret is the least bit in the world hurt. She is very sensitive, and you know there are not many people whom she is strongly attached to. Do you think it was quite kind to come down and stay with comparative strangers, and not even to let her know that you would be here?"

Mrs. Winnington had stationed herself in the middle of the tennis-court, and had broken up the game; a circumstance which had perhaps escaped her notice, but which would not in any case have struck her as being worthy of attention. The two boys had strolled away towards the farmyard, grumbling under their breath. Walter was talking eagerly to Edith, whose color was coming and go-



ing, and whose countenance wore that half-frightened, half-pleased expression which Hugh Kenyon had seen and understood long before. Philip had joined Mr. Brune and Nellie, and was making them laugh — doubtless at the expense of some one near at hand.

Margaret, standing alone, and marking the distribution of the groups, sighed softly, and then was seized with a sudden spasm of silent laughter. There was going to be trouble, she thought; trouble which, when it came, would be of a somewhat serious kind, and would create a lasting breach between some of those who were now conversing together so amicably. This was sad; still it was impossible not to perceive the humorous aspect of the situation. Who could see, without a smile, four blind men hurrying from the four points of the compass towards the same spot? One might sincerely grieve for them after the crash had come, when they had knocked their four poor skulls together, and were reeling backwards with groans and mutual recriminations; but the approach, at least, of the catastrophe must inevitably be comical. Margaret, whose eyes were now open, could afford to laugh at the blind; though, to be sure, it was not so very long since she herself had been one of them. She had intended to give her mother a hint of the possible state of affairs as regarded Walter and Edith; she had intended also, at one time, to speak a few friendly words to Walter himself on the same subject, but her courage had failed her in both instances; and, for that matter, it is doubtful whether she would have done any good by hastening the crisis which nothing could have warded off. Now that her own vision was so clear, she saw, or thought she saw, rather more than Edith's blushes and Walter's absurdly happy young face. For one thing, she saw that Tom Stanniforth was lending a very small part of his attention to the blandishments of his companion, and that his eyes were never once removed from the spot where Nellie stood laughing at Philip's inaudible facetiousness. Was there a clue here, then, to her brother-in-law's sudden and inexplicable interest in harvest-homes? Upon the face of it, it seemed in no wise improbable; and it was when observation had carried her thus far that Margaret was overtaken by the disposition towards laughter above mentioned.

"You look amused," said Mr. Brune, who had approached her unnoticed. "If

you are thinking of anything likely to raise the spirits of a discouraged farmer, it would be kind to mention it. Three bad harvests in succession, and no hops to speak of! If this sort of thing goes on, you will grace no more harvest-homes at Broom Leas with your presence; or at least, if you do, you will have another man for your entertainer."

"Oh, don't say that!" said Margaret; for, circumstances being as they were, the prediction struck her as somewhat ominous. "Whatever may happen, I hope I, at all events, may be with you next harvest time, and for many harvest times to come."

Mr. Brune naturally did not follow the drift of her thoughts. "Oh, well," he said, "I dare say I shall manage to keep out of the workhouse for another year or two; but you must allow me the farmer's prescriptive right to grumble, especially on a day of merry-making. By-the-bye, I trust you are prepared to go without dinner to-night, and to sit down to an indigestible supper towards nine o'clock. Poor as one's yield is, it takes a long time to get it in, and I don't suppose the last wagon will enter the gates till after sunset. Then, you know, we shall be in duty bound to look in upon the men at their supper, and to have our healths drunk and make speeches."

"I don't think we must wait for that," said Margaret. "My mother ought not to stand about in the cold, and it is getting dusk already, and the dew is beginning to fall. Besides, I did not say anything to the servants about not being back for dinner."

The truth was that she was anxious to get away as soon as might be. "If we only can avoid sudden discoveries!" she thought.

"Your mother," said Mr. Brune, "will find a blazing fire in the drawing-room. Suppose we take her in there. The young people will let us know when it is time to come out and join in the shouting."

It was thus that Mrs. Winnington was spared the pain of seeing her daughter and Walter walk slowly down the avenue, side by side, and disappear behind the belt of larches which separated the Broom Leas paddocks from the road. This couple was shortly afterwards followed by another.

"Walter has gone to see them load the last wagon, and Mr. Stanniforth wants to go too," said Nellie. "Are you coming, Philip?"



But Philip, mindful of the old adage as to the relation of odd numbers to company, shook his head, saying that he thought he would go round to the stables and smoke a pipe. He was not exactly jealous of Tom Stanniforth, but he thought that good-natured person a very great bore. Nobody enjoys retiring into the background to make room for others; and Philip perhaps disliked the sensation more than most people. Habit, and encouragement from various quarters, had led him to behave as though, and almost to believe that, he had a special right to Nellie's society. Sooner or later, of course, a day must come when he would have to publicly abrogate that pretension; but in the mean time it was pleasant to play the dog in the manger's part, and disagreeable to be ousted from it. So he strayed rather disconsolately about the stables and strawyard in the grey, chilly twilight, yawning, and saying to himself that he would not be able to stand this sort of thing long, and that he must positively go up to London, set to work with old Steinberger, and begin making some definite plans for the future. These thoughts, together with the saddening influence of the autumn evening, soon brought on one of his periodical fits of depression. He saw that things were going badly with him, and would probably go worse; the luck to which he commonly trusted seemed but a broken reed to lean upon; and finally he fell to wondering whether, if the worst came to the worst, he would ever have the pluck to cut his throat.

He had already fallen to so dismal a depth in the process of self-communion that he was trying, quite ineffectually, to persuade himself that, since suicide was in itself a cowardly action, there could not properly be said to be any cowardice in the fear of committing it, when the slow trampling of heavy hoofs, the creaking of wheels, and the shouting of many voices, told him that the term of his solitude was at hand. These cheerful sounds came nearer and nearer, and at length there appeared against the pale sky a huge, dark, moving mass, crowned by sundry indistinct human forms. As the team was brought to a standstill a few yards from the spot where Philip stood, other dim figures became visible moving about the gravel drive; Mr. Brune and the two ladies emerged from the house, and the boys at the top of the load struck up a discordant chorus, in which those on *terra firma* joined with a will —

Mr. Brune he's a very good man,  
He treats his 'osses as well as he can;  
We've once turned over and twice stuck fast,  
But we've got his harvest home at last.

This qualified song of triumph, bel-  
lowed out in a dialect which it would be  
difficult to reproduce by means of any  
wild arrangement of vowels and conso-  
nants, was followed by others equally to  
the point, each verse being received by  
a somewhat disproportionate amount of  
hooraying.

Then the wagoner stepped forward,  
whip in hand, and with much dignity de-  
livered an oration, which, like the  
speeches of some other persons in a less  
humble rank of life, started well, but  
grew unmanageable as it progressed, and  
would probably never have come to an  
end at all if, after the first five minutes,  
some one had not hit upon the expedient  
of trying a little more hooraying. Mr.  
Brune made a brief response; and with  
that the proceedings, so far as Philip and  
the ladies from Longbourne were con-  
cerned, terminated.

Mrs. Winnington was quite clear and  
decisive about returning home in time for  
dinner. She had accomplished the object  
of her visit; the ways and habits of rus-  
tics did not interest her at all, and to sit  
down to cold supper was what she could  
not contemplate without shuddering. She  
therefore expressed herself much grati-  
fied with the ceremony which she had  
witnessed, and prepared for departure.

"Now what has become of these young  
people?" she asked, peering out into the  
darkness. "Edith dear, are you there?"

"I am here, mamma," answered Edith,  
appearing at her mother's elbow, escorted  
by a tall and manly form.

"Oh! Well, I am afraid we must be  
going, much as I should have liked to re-  
main a little longer. Dear Margaret is feel-  
ing rather tired. Good-night, Mr. Stan-  
niforth. I suppose we may shake hands  
again now that we have made up our quar-  
rel," she added, extending her hand to  
Walter, who grasped it cordially, and re-  
marked, —

"Always glad to shake hands with you,  
Mrs. Winnington, though I'm not Stan-  
niforth."

"Oh! it's you, is it?" said Mrs. Win-  
nington, with a perceptible change of  
tone; "I didn't see. Where is Mr. Stan-  
niforth, then?"

"Upon my word, I can't tell you. He  
and Nellie were walking together — where  
was it? Now I come to think of it, I  
don't believe I have seen them since we



left the field. Perhaps they are there yet."

"What? Then it is high time that somebody went to look for them, I should think," said Mrs. Winnington severely.

Despite his own ill-humor, this opening was more than Philip could withstand. "Don't spoil sport," he whispered; "do you mean to say you haven't noticed that the millionaire is desperately smitten?"

"Smitten? What do you mean?" returned the agitated lady, rising most satisfactorily. "I have noticed nothing of the sort—there is nothing of the sort. You are always imagining something abominable—improbable. Edith, my dear, you are coughing. And I told you so particularly not to walk on the damp grass in your thin boots."

"But indeed it is not at all damp," pleaded Edith tremulously.

"Now, my dear child, what is the use of your saying that? You are positively drenched. If you have caught cold I shall be more than annoyed."

"I told her she oughtn't to stand about," put in Walter.

"Then why did you keep her out of doors?" retorted Mrs. Winnington very snappishly. "Come, Edith, you must walk home briskly."

Edith meekly obeyed; and Walter, as he stood at the door, listening to their retreating footsteps, heard the careful mother's voice raised to scolding pitch the whole way down the avenue.

Stanniforth and Nellie heard her too. They were not so very far off, after all, having only strolled down to the end of the paddock to see the moon rise. The sky, it was true, was overcast, and the almanack would have informed them that there would be no moon until after midnight; but perhaps they had omitted to consult the almanack. It would be hard to say exactly why neither of them spoke or moved when the departing visitors passed within a few yards of them. First came Mrs. Stanniforth and Marescalchi, walking quickly and in silence; Mrs. Winnington, breathless but eloquent, followed at a slower pace.

"Be so good as not to contradict me, Edith. You never pay the smallest attention to what I tell you; but at least you might listen when I am speaking. How can you possibly tell whether you have caught cold or not? I say that you have; and you know what an object you are when you have a cold in your head; besides which, there is always the risk of inflammation of the lungs, and you are all

of you consumptive really. However, that is not what I mind. Now don't interrupt, please; you know very well what I mean; that is not the *only* thing that I mind. When you were younger, your running wild with these young Brunes did not so much matter; but you ought to have the sense to see that it is both silly and unladylike to keep up that sort of thing now. Mind it does not happen again. Now don't interrupt, Edith, because"—etc., etc.

When distance had softened down this homily into a mere angry buzzing, the listeners had a little laugh.

"Poor things!" sighed Mr. Stanniforth compassionately.

"Poor things! whom do you mean?" asked Nellie. "Poor Edith, if you like."

"Oh, I'm sorry for them both. The girl has the worst of it now, I grant you; but the tables are sure to be turned sooner or later, and I can imagine that it must be very aggravating to be listened to in absolute silence, when you want to be contradicted and have a good row and have done with it. Mrs. Winnington isn't a bad old woman, you know, as old women go."

"I should be sorry to think that there were many like her," said Nellie.

"Oh, I don't know; I have met worse. I was talking to her for some time this afternoon, and really I was rather pleased with some things that she said. She showed a good deal more feeling than I should have expected."

"Feeling? What about?"

"Well—about vivisection, if you must know," answered Tom with a conscious laugh; "but she wasn't humbugging me; at least I don't think she was. I will say that for Mrs. Winnington, that she isn't a humbug. Worldly, of course, but honestly worldly, which is something."

"I wish I were as charitable as you are," said Nellie rather wistfully; "it must be a very pleasant sort of sensation to like everybody. The only drawback is that you can hardly be able to care for any individual very much."

"I assure you you are mistaken," cried Tom eagerly.

"Am I?"

Nellie had it upon the tip of her tongue to ask him whether he liked Edith very much, for she was rather curious to hear what his answer would be. But, upon the whole, she thought better of this and held her peace.

"Shall we go back to the house now?" she asked presently. And, without wait-



ing for a reply, she walked swiftly back across the grass, he following her in a meditative mood.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
GEORGE ELIOT'S CHILDREN.

"In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the City of Destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's."

So spake a great novelist, whose sayings are often more bitter and more epigrammatic, but seldom perhaps more true. And this is to be valued not as a mere chance utterance, but as the central idea of the beautiful prose idyl in which it occurs, and to which George Eliot has given the name, not of the bright-haired saving messenger, but of the old weaver whom she rescues, "Silas Marner."

In George Eliot's other writings it might be easy to find more passion, more subtlety, more so-called spiritual fervor; a more obvious humor and a wider and more varied range of dramatic power; but perhaps there is not one of them which is so classic in its unity, simplicity, and self-involved completeness as "Silas Marner." It is, to steal a phrase, "a pure chrysolite."

Here is a story which thrills us not so much with the love of lovers as with that eternal love which finds expression in the caresses of little dimpled hands, the kisses of baby lips, quite as truly as in the discipline of that vicarious joy and sorrow which go to make the loves and friendships of men and women. It is as if the little child who stood in the midst of it had inspired its writer with such a white heat of creative genius that the simple materials embraced within its flame had been crystallized into consummate and unlabored beauty.

Possibly time alone will determine the moral value of George Eliot's teaching; and time itself, by introducing new and complex conditions, will make its own verdict of difficult and doubtful interpretation. There are those who maintain that the subtle analysis of motive, and still more the minute diagnosis of passion, must of necessity be unhealthy reading. There are those on the other hand who assert that George Eliot is a great moral teacher, and that though she does not, like a great living poet, expressly formu-

late her intention of teaching the world the existence of "original sin," there are other doctrines of at least equal importance which George Eliot brands into the very souls of those who come under her influence. "Is there any other writer of our day," they say, "who has so effectually taught us that 'the wages of sin is death,'—moral death, and that the value of life lies not in sordid happiness, but in loving sacrifice; to say nothing of that much needed conviction that 'good carpentry is God's will,' and that 'scamped work of any sort is a moral abomination'?"

But whatever view be taken of George Eliot's ethics, he must be a daring man who will deny that she is possessed of genius; and she has that rare gift of genius, a creative and sympathetic imagination in regard to children. George Eliot's children are not the mere creatures of her fancy. They are not impossible cherubs, or wingless fairies, or idealized precocities. When we are told that "the little uns" \* addressed were Marty and Tommy, boys of nine and seven, in little fustian tailed coats and knee-breeches, relieved by rosy cheeks and black eyes; looking as much like their father as a very small elephant is like a very large one," and are in the following sentences assured, concerning their baby sister, that "Totty,† having speedily recovered from her threatened fever, had insisted on going to church to-day, and especially on wearing her red and black necklace outside her tippet;" we have an instinctive feeling that Tommy and Marty and Totty are made of real flesh and blood, and that though we may not nowadays meet little tail-coats and knee-breeches every Sunday, yet we have most of us seen chubby-faced boys and innocent, self-important Totties on their way to church any number of "Sabbath-day mornings."

And then there is that delightful small man, Job Tudge, of whom more anon; and the energetic young Benjamin Garth, who sang the refrain to his brother Alfred's declaration that Mary was "an old brick, old brick, old brick!" Those who are in all the secrets of Mr. Gilfil's love-story, will perhaps remember

Tommy Bond, who had recently quitted frocks and trousers for the severe simplicity of a tight suit of corduroys, relieved by numerous brass buttons. Tommy was a saucy boy, impervious to all impressions of reverence, and

\* Adam Bede, p. 160.

† Adam Bede.



excessively addicted to humming-tops and marbles, with which recreative resources he was in the habit of immoderately distending the pockets of his corduroys. One day, spinning his top on the garden-walk, and seeing the vicar advance directly towards it, at that exciting moment when it was beginning to "sleep" magnificently, he shouted out with all the force of his lungs, "Stop! don't knock my top down, now!" From that day "little Corduroys" had been an especial favorite with Mr. Gilfil, who delighted to provoke his ready scorn and wonder by putting questions which gave Tommy the meanest opinion of his intellect.

"Well, little Corduroys, have they milked the geese to-day?"

"Milked the geese! why, they don't milk the geese, you silly!"

"No? dear heart? why, how do the goslings live, then?"

The nutriment of goslings rather transcending Tommy's observations in natural history, he feigned to understand this question in an exclamatory rather than an interrogatory sense, and became absorbed in winding up his top.

"Ah, I see you don't know how the goslings live! But did you notice how it rained sugar-plums yesterday?" (Here Tommy became attentive.) "Why, they fell into my pocket as I rode along. You look in my pocket and see if they didn't."

Tommy, without waiting to discuss the alleged antecedent, lost no time in ascertaining the presence of the agreeable consequent, for he had a well-founded belief in the advantages of diving into the Vicar's pocket. Mr. Gilfil called it his wonderful pocket, because, as he delighted to tell the "young shavers" and "two shoes"—so he called all little boys and girls—whenever he put pennies into it, they turned into sugar-plums or ginger-bread, or some other nice thing. Indeed, little Bessie Parrot, a flaxen-headed "two shoes," very white and fat as to her neck, always had the admirable directness and sincerity to salute him with the question, "What zoo dot in zoo pottet?"\*

George Eliot was doubtless aware how much more tenderly we should think of the pipe-smoking old parson after we had caught this glimpse of him among the children of his flock. Here, as in real life, is a touchstone of character.

And how wonderfully, in a few rapid strokes, we have the vivid individuality of the two children before us.

As for the immortal Tom and Maggie, I am persuaded that they are secretly delighted in by the very critics who decry them; and among those who find fault with the portraiture of their after life there are surely few indeed who would not admit that in describing their childish days

George Eliot's drawing is nearly faultless.

But the master hand which, in "The Mill on the Floss," and elsewhere, pictured for us a "brother and sister" who had

the self-same world enlarged for each  
By loving difference of girl and boy,

has given us other and less noticed sketches of those more ordinary little mortals, who, not possessing Maggie's passion or Tom's indomitable will, are yet as lovable as they are commonplace, and grow as thick as daisies in the common paths of life.

There are Milly Barton's children, for instance. Milly's farewell to them is too sacred in its simple pathos to be rudely snatched from its context and held up for admiration here, but it is tragic in its realistic truth. The passive courage and self-restraint of the pale little Patty, the sympathetic tears of the younger children, who cried "because mamma was ill and papa looked so unhappy,"\* but thought that "perhaps next week things would be as they used to be again;" and the misery of the infantine Dicky, who had so lately stroked his mother's hand as "too yovely," and who, knowing nothing of the irrevocableness of death, was yet suddenly pierced with the idea that his mother "was going away somewhere;" all are untainted by the faintest touch of melodrama or maudlin exaggeration. Therefore they touch us to the quick.

And at the opposite pole of experience we find the red-cheeked Jacob and Addie, the pride and joy of the Israelitish pawnbroker. They are drawn with merciless accuracy; yet, despite a certain coarseness and vulgarity in their moral fibre (in startling contrast with the refined and sensitive nobleness of another Jewish child in the same story), they are so alive with all the self-importance and exuberant energy appropriate to their age and surroundings, that we love them for their very absurdities, and are refreshed by the unconscious humor which is so large an element in all young animal existence, and which Kingsley delighted to regard as an evidence of some responsive faculty in the creative mind. That man must indeed be dead to this exquisite pleasure who can read without mirth the mingled pathos and fun of that passage in "Daniel Deronda," in which the Jewish seer, trying with unselfish enthusiasm to teach Jacob

\* Scenes of Clerical Life, p. 75.

\* Scenes of Clerical Life, p. 63.



his religion of the future, is surprised to see that small but imitative Israelite suddenly vary the performance by standing on his head and licking up a bit of money. It is irresistible; though in the midst of our laughter our sympathies are somewhat painfully divided between the broken-hearted grief and indignation of the dying man, noble in his touching innocence and childlike unworldliness, and the minor woes of the earthly-minded, but very human little boy, who is finally overcome with tears in the presence of the awful warnings and denunciations which follow, naturally failing altogether to perceive why his humble mimicry of acrobatic street performances should be greeted with such a torrent of eloquence against the greed for filthy lucre.

There is a parallel passage in "Felix Holt,"\* in which Felix bids little Job put out his tongue, and frightens him into sudden weeping by a passionate dissertation on the possible future sins of that unruly member. But in laughter-provoking freshness this fails altogether in comparison with Jacob's behavior, though it is forever memorable as following on that lovely little incident in which Job precipitates Esther's fate by inquiring, when he sees the tears in her eyes, whether she has "tut her finger."

Then, too, there is Mr. Jerome's grandchild.

It is a pretty surprise [says George Eliot] when one visits an elderly couple, to see a little figure enter in a white frock with a blond head as smooth as satin, round blue eyes, and a cheek like an apple blossom. A toddling little girl is a centre of common feeling which makes the most dissimilar people understand each other: and Mr. Tryan looked at Lizzie with that quiet pleasure which is always genuine.

"Here we are, here we are!" said proud grandpapa.

"You didn't think we'd got such a little gell as this, did you, Mr. Tryan? Why, it seems but th' other day since her mother was just such another. This is our little Lizzie, this is. Come an' shake hands with Mr. Tryan, Lizzie; come."

Lizzie advanced without hesitation, and put out one hand, while she fingered her coral necklace with the other, and looked up into Mr. Tryan's face with a reconnoitring gaze. He stroked the satin head, and said in his gentlest voice, "How do you do, Lizzie; will you give me a kiss?" She put up her little bud of a mouth, and then retreating a little and glancing down at her frock, said, —

"Dit id my noo fock. I put it on 'toid you

wad toming. Tally taid you wouldn't 'look at it."

"Hush, hush, Lizzie, little gells must be seen and not heard," said Mrs. Jerome; while grandpapa, winking significantly, and looking radiant with delight at Lizzie's extraordinary promise of cleverness, set her upon her high cane chair by the side of grandma, who lost no time in shielding the beauties of the new frock with a napkin.\*

For such little wayside flowers George Eliot always finds a place in the dusty highways of life. But it is not to be wondered at that many readers pass them by unheeded. Even forget-me-nots are not always remembered; and George Eliot's children are never thrust upon our notice as angels or prigs would be. We are not asked to admire the superhuman beauty of their plumage, or the superhuman wisdom of their utterances. They are real children, and

not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food.

Nor are we, in their case, too often invited to investigate "the very pulse of the machine."

They are usually kept well in the background, as modest and well-behaved children should be, and still more such frank and "pushing" specimens of humanity as the precocious Jacob Cohen.

George Eliot does not generally give them a conspicuous place in her stories, though "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner" might, at the first glance, seem to contradict this statement. She does not label them, "This is a remarkable and deeply interesting little girl," or, "This is an unusual and exceedingly original little boy." She does not hold them up to notice and say by implication, "Look at my marvellous creative power — I have imagined and described an altogether exceptional child!" She has far too much of the real instinct of an artist. She does not insist on the beauty of what is accidental, still less of what is abnormal. Her children are just such as we might ourselves meet any day. And, perhaps, in many instances we pass them by in the novels with almost as brief a glance as we should give them in the street. They are there, but they never weary us. They must be looked for and remembered if they are to be loved.

It has been a large part of George Eliot's mission, perhaps, to teach the poetry of the commonplace, and to prove

\* Felix Holt, p. 205.

\* Scenes of Clerical Life, p. 236.



to an unbelieving world that the ideal and the real are one; that a disembodied ghost is no whit more wonderful, rather, perhaps, less so, than the ghost embodied in the shape of an unhappy Bulstrode, or even a Mrs. Vincy with pink cap-ribbons. And where shall we find more mystery in the lot of imprisoned spirits than in the lives of these little pilgrims from the unseen, for whom the veil is often still a little lifted?

Doubtless, George Eliot's loving and vivid remembrance of her own early years is, in large measure, the secret of her genius in this direction. She has herself said, "We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it."\* But many would echo that, and honestly feel its truth, who are nevertheless altogether deficient in that kind of imaginative sympathy and illuminating memory which seem to have enabled this great novelist to enter into the hidden experiences of child-nature. There is a whole mine of wisdom in what she writes concerning Maggie's impetuous and remorseful grief anent her shorn locks.

"Ah, my child, you will have real troubles to fret about by and by," is the consolation we have almost all of us had administered to us in our childhood, and have repeated to other children since we have been grown up. We have all of us sobbed so piteously, standing with tiny bare legs above our little socks, when we lost sight of our mother or nurse in some strange place; but we can no longer recall the poignancy of that moment and weep over it, as we do over the remembered sufferings of five or ten years ago. Every one of those keen moments has left its trace, and lives in us still, but such traces have blent themselves irrecoverably with the firmer texture of our youth and manhood; and so it comes that we can look on at the troubles of our children with a smiling disbelief in the reality of their pain. Is there any one who can recover the experience of his childhood, not merely with a memory of what he did and what happened to him, of what he liked and disliked when he was in frock and trousers, but with an intimate penetration, a revived consciousness of what he felt then—when it was so long from one midsummer to another? What he felt when his schoolfellows shut him out from their game because he would pitch the ball wrong out of mere wilfulness; or on a rainy day in the holidays, when he didn't know how to amuse himself, and fell from idleness into mischief, from mischief into defiance, and from defiance into sulkiness; or when his mother absolutely refused to let him have a "tailed" coat that "half," although every other boy of his age had gone into tails already? Surely if we could

recall that early bitterness, and the dim guesses, the strangely prospectiveless conception of life that gave the bitterness its intensity, we should not pooh-pooh the griefs of our children.\*

This follows immediately on the description of Maggie's discomfiture under Tom's contempt and ridicule.

He hurried down-stairs and left poor Maggie to that bitter sense of the irrevocable which was almost an everyday experience of her small soul. She could see clearly enough, now the thing was done, that it was very foolish, and that she should have to hear and think more about her hair than ever; for Maggie rushed to her deeds with passionate impulse, and then saw not only their consequences, but what would have happened if they had not been done, with all the detail and exaggerated circumstance of an active imagination. Tom never did the same sort of foolish things as Maggie, having a wonderful instinctive discernment of what would turn to his advantage or disadvantage; and so it happened, that though he was much more wilful and inflexible than Maggie, his mother hardly ever called him naughty. But if Tom did make a mistake of that sort, he espoused it and stood by it: he "didn't mind." If he broke the lash of his father's gig whip by lashing the gate, he couldn't help it—the whip shouldn't have got caught in the hinge. If Tom Tulliver whipped a gate, he was convinced, not that the whipping of gates by all boys was a justifiable act, but that he, Tom Tulliver, was justifiable in whipping that particular gate, and he wasn't going to be sorry. But Maggie, as she stood crying before the glass, felt it impossible that she should go down to dinner and endure the severe eyes and severe words of her aunts, while Tom, and Lucy, and Martha, who waited at table, and perhaps her father and her uncles would laugh at her,—for if Tom had laughed at her, of course every one else would. . . . Very trivial, perhaps, this anguish seems to weather-worn mortals who have to think of Christmas bills, dead loves, and broken friendships; but it was not less bitter to Maggie—perhaps it was even more bitter—than what we are fond of calling antithetically the real troubles of mature life.

There is here the same vibrating throb of pained memory as in that earlier passage in the same story, in which George Eliot says, doubtless with a bitter intensity of meaning:—

We learn to restrain ourselves as we get older. We keep apart when we have quarrelled, express ourselves in well-bred phrases, and in this way preserve a dignified alienation, showing much firmness on one side, and swallowing much grief on the other;†

\* Mill on the Floss, p. 33.

\* Mill on the Floss, p. 56.

† Mill on the Floss, p. 31.



But as we look at the bright or sad faces of Tom and Maggie, Eppie and Aaron, the boy Daniel and the little Pablo, of Totty and Marty, and Job and Patty, and Dorcas's children, and the rest, we feel that there are other elements besides a burning recollection in the power which calls them into being. The great artist, who never had a child of her own, seems to have thrilled with tenderness for all inarticulate and half articulate forms of being. Children, like the birds and the beasts, have often an overflowing abundance of language, but it is language which is wholly inadequate to express the blind longings and aspirations, the wounded ambitions, the moral perplexities, the hungry cravings for boundless love, with which many a sensitive child is burdened. In this deepest sense childhood is always more or less dumb, even when most noisy and talkative. He who would understand a child must not only listen for his words, which indeed are often somewhat futile, but must learn to read the unwritten speech of eyes and hands and feet, and watch with observant sympathy not only the tears and smiles, but the gay caresses and appealing gestures and quick blushes, which it is possible to ignore or to misinterpret. George Eliot evidently delights in them, and has described them with the same delicate touch as the movements of the little flying things for whom she spares a line or two in "The Spanish Gipsy":—

A fountain near, vase-shapen and broad-lipped,  
Where timorous birds alight with tiny feet,  
And hesitate and bend wise listening ears,  
And fly away again with undipped beak.

No one who has watched such birds with observant affection can miss the delicate truth of the description.

And there is the same light but veracious touch in her delineation of the bird-like movements of young human creatures—whether they have, like little Aaron Winthrop, "got a voice like a bird," or only, like little Job Tudge, the gentle timorousness of those harmless feathered things. What could be more perfect than this?—

Dolly sighed gently as she held out the cakes to Silas, who thanked her kindly, and looked very close at them, absently, being accustomed to look so at everything he took into his hand—eyed all the while by the wondering bright orbs of the small Aaron, who had made an outwork of his mother's chair, and was peeping round from behind it.

"There's letters pricked on 'em," said Dolly. "I can't read 'em myself, and there's nobody, not Mr. Macey himself, rightly knows what they mean; but they've a good meaning, for they're the same as is on the pulpit-cloth at church. What are they, Aaron, my dear?"

Aaron retreated completely behind his outwork.

"O go, that's naughty," said his mother mildly. "Well, whatever the letters are, they've a good meaning; and it's a stamp as has been in our house, Ben says, ever since he was a little un, and his mother used to put it on the cakes, and I've allays put it on too; for if there's any good, we've need of it i' this world."

"It's I. H. S.," said Silas, at which proof of learning Aaron peeped round the chair again.\*

The good Dolly then proceeds to give Marner a little theological advice:—

But now, little Aaron, having become used to the weaver's awful presence, had advanced to his mother's side, and Silas, seeming to notice him for the first time, tried to return Dolly's signs of good will by offering the lad a bit of lard-cake. Aaron shrank back a little, and rubbed his head against his mother's shoulder, but still thought the piece of cake worth the risk of putting his hand out for it.

"Oh, for shame, Aaron," said his mother, taking him on her lap, however; "why, you don't want cake again yet a while. He's wonderful hearty," she went on with a little sigh—"that he is, God knows. He's my youngest, and we spoil him sadly, for either me or the father must allays hev him in our sight—that we must."

She stroked Aaron's brown head, and thought it must do Master Marner good to see such a "pictur of a child." But Marner on the other side of the hearth, saw the neat-featured rosy face as a mere dim round, with two dark spots in it.

"And he's got a voice like a bird—you wouldn't think," Dolly went on; "he can sing a Christmas carril as his father's taught him; and I take it for a token as he'll come to good, as he can learn the good tunes so quick. Come, Aaron, stan' up and sing the carril to Master Marner, come."

Aaron replied by rubbing his forehead against his mother's shoulder.

"Oh, that's naughty," said Dolly gently. "Stan' up, when mother tells you, and let me hold the cake till you've done."

Aaron was not indisposed to display his talents, even to an ogre, under protecting circumstances; and after a few more signs of coyness, consisting chiefly in rubbing the backs of his hands over his eyes, and then peeping between them at Master Marner, to see if he looked anxious for the "carril," he at length allowed his head to be duly adjusted, and standing behind the table, which let him ap-

\* Silas Marner, p. 70.



pear above it only as far as his broad frill, so that he looked like a cherubic head untroubled with a body, he began with a clear chirp, and in a melody that had the rhythm of an industrious hammer—

"God rest you, merry, gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas Day."

What little brown-plumaged bird was ever more daintily described than this brown-headed, cherubic creature, with the clear chirp and the shy, noiseless movements, at once self-satisfied and coy?

The child heroine, Caterina, is throughout compared to "a little unobtrusive singing-bird, nestling so fondly under the wings that were outstretched for her, her heart beating only to the peaceful rhythm of love, or fluttering with some easily stifled fear," until it "had begun to know the fierce palpitations of triumph and hatred." But the intense and sceptical melancholy of that passage in which we are asked, "what were our little Tina and her trouble in this mighty torrent, rushing from one awful unknown to another? Lighter than the smallest centre of quivering life in the water-drop, hidden and uncared for as the pulse of anguish in the breast of the tiniest bird that has fluttered down to its nest with the long-sought food, and has found the nest torn and empty," is belied by the main current of the tragedy. Rather, does not every event in the sad and beautiful story impress us more and more deeply with what would seem in those days to have been the writer's own conviction, that there is One who "watches over his children and will not let them do what they would pray with their whole hearts not to do."\* Mr. Gilfil at least believed that "they had been carried through all that dark and weary way that" Caterina "might know the depth of his love. How he would cherish her—his little bird with the timid bright eye, and the sweet throat which trembled with love and music! She would nestle against him, and the poor little breast which had been so ruffled and bruised should be safe forevermore."† He tells her: "You have seen the little birds when they are very young and just begin to fly, how all their feathers are ruffled when they are frightened or angry; they have no power over themselves left, and might fall into a pit from mere fright. You were like one of those little birds."‡

\* Scenes of Clerical Life, p. 173.

† Ibid., p. 169.

‡ Ibid., p. 173.

This brave, blunt parson, who, neither to his dear love in the days of his courtship, nor to Dame Fripp\* in the days of his pipe-smoking, grey-haired bachelorhood, is at all given to "improving the occasion" or quoting texts, does not go on to say in so many words that not a sparrow can fall to the ground "without our Father;" but is not that the meaning of the whole story?

And if in later years George Eliot makes Mrs. Transome say that "God was cruel when he made women," she never lets us forget that what Mrs. Transome called "cruelty" was for her a just retribution, perhaps also a cleansing hell. In this soft and effeminate age, who shall say that we did not need the lesson!

But the mention of Mrs. Transome must take us back to the children; and the interview between her little grandson and Job Tudge cannot be omitted:—

By this time young Harry, struck even more than the dogs by the appearance of Job Tudge, had come round dragging his chariot, and placed himself close to the pale child, whom he exceeded in height and breadth, as well as in depth of coloring. He looked into Job's eyes, peeped round at the tail of his jacket and pulled it a little, and then, taking off the tiny cloth cap, observed with much interest the tight red curls which had been hidden underneath it. Job looked at his inspector with the round blue eyes of astonishment, until Harry, purely by way of experiment, took a bon-bon from a fantastic wallet which hung over his shoulder, and applied the test to Job's lips. The result was satisfactory to both. Every one had been watching the small comedy, and when Job crunched the bon-bon, while Harry looked down at him inquiringly and patted his back, there was general laughter except on the part of Mrs. Holt, who was shaking her head slowly, and slapping the back of her left hand with the painful patience of a tragedian whose part is in abeyance to an ill-timed introduction of the humorous.†

If Eppie stands next to Tom and Maggie in importance among George Eliot's children, surely this quaint little Job is not far off. If he is not, like Eppie, the child-angel sent to lead back a lost soul into the light, or, like Maggie and Caterina, destined to become the passionate heroine of a tragedy, at least his small forefinger touches with magic efficacy the tangled threads of another love-story:—

Job was a small fellow about five, with a germinal nose, large round blue eyes, and red hair that curled close to his head like the wool

\* Scenes of Clerical Life, p. 72.

† Felix Holt, p. 201.



on the back of an infantine lamb. He had evidently been crying, and the corners of his mouth were still dolorous. Felix held him on his knee as he bound and tied up very cleverly a tiny forefinger. There was a table in front of Felix against the window, covered with his watch-making implements and some open books . . .

"This is a hero, Miss Lyon. This is Job Tudge, a bold Briton whose finger hurts him, but who doesn't mean to cry." . . .

Esther seated herself on the end of the bench near Felix, much relieved that Job was the immediate object of attention; . . .

"Did you ever see," said Mrs. Holt, standing to look on, "how wonderful Felix is at that small work with his large fingers? And that's because he learnt doctoring. It isn't for want of cleverness he looks like a poor man, Miss Lyon. I've left off speaking, else I should say it's a sin and a shame."

"Mother," said Felix, who often amused himself and kept good-humored by giving his mother answers that were unintelligible to her, "you have an astonishing readiness in the Ciceronian antiphrasis, considering you have never studied oratory. There, Job—thou patient man—sit still if thou wilt; and now we can look at Miss Lyon."

Esther had taken off her watch, and was holding it in her hand. But he looked at her face, or rather at her eyes, as he said, "You want me to doctor your watch?"

Esther's expression was appealing and timid, as it had never been before in Felix's presence; but when she saw the perfect calmness, which to her seemed coldness, of his clear grey eyes, as if he saw no reason for attaching any emphasis to this first meeting, a pang swift as an electric shock darted through her. She had been very foolish to think so much of it. It seemed to her as if her inferiority to Felix made a great gulf between them. She could not at once rally her pride and self-command, but let her glance fall on her watch, and said, rather tremulously, "It loses. It is very troublesome; it has been losing a long while."

Felix took the watch from her hand; then, looking round and seeing that his mother was gone out of the room, he said very gently, "You look distressed, Miss Lyon; I hope there is no trouble at home" (Felix was thinking of the minister's agitation on the previous Sunday). "But I ought perhaps to beg your pardon for saying so much."

Poor Esther was quite helpless. The mortification, which had come like a bruise to all the sensibilities that had been in keen activity, insisted on some relief. Her eyes filled instantly, and a great tear rolled down while she said in a loud sort of whisper, as involuntary as her tears, —

"I wanted to tell you that I was not offended—that I am not ungenerous—I thought you might think—but you have not thought of it."

Was there ever more awkward speaking?—or any behaviour less like that of the graceful, self-possessed Miss Lyon, whose phrases were

usually so well turned, and whose repartees were so ready? For a moment there was silence. Esther had her two little delicately-gloved hands clasped on the table. The next moment she felt one hand of Felix covering them both, and pressing them firmly; but he did not speak. The tears were both on her cheeks now, and she could look up at him. His eyes had an expression of sadness in them, quite new to her. Suddenly little Job, who had his mental exercises on the occasion, called out impatiently, —

"She's tut her finger!"

Felix and Esther laughed, and drew their hands away; and as Esther took her handkerchief to wipe the tears from her cheeks, she said,

"You see, Job, I am a naughty coward. I can't help crying when I have hurt myself."

"Zoo soodn't kuy," said Job energetically, being much impressed with a moral doctrine which had come to him after a sufficient transgression of it.

"Job is like me," said Felix, "fonder of preaching than of practice."

Job's foster-mother, Mrs. Holt, is certainly a wonderful creation. Mrs. Poyser has been more talked about, but even Mrs. Poyser's shrewd witticisms are scarcely so exquisitely humorous as Mrs. Holt's loquacious and egotistic stupidities. Except perhaps Mrs. Tulliver's interview with Mr. Wakem, it would be difficult to find anything at once so credible and so absurd as that long conversation with Mr. Lyon, in the course of which Mistress Holt assures him that —

"When everybody gets their due, and people's doings are spoke of on the housetops, as the Bible says they will be, it'll be known what I've gone through with those medicines—the pounding, and the pouring, and the letting stand, and the weighing—up early and down late; there's nobody knows yet but One that's worthy to know; and the pasting o' the printed labels right side upwards. There's few women would have gone through with it; and it's reasonable to think it'll be made up to me; for if there's promised and purchased blessings, I should think this trouble is purchasing 'em. For if my son Felix doesn't have a straight waistcoat put on him, he'll have his way. But I say no more. I wish you good morning, Mr. Lyon, and thank you, though I well know it's your duty to act as you're doing. And I never troubled you about my own soul, as some do who look down on me for not being a church member."\*

And what mere sensation-monger would have chosen this morally obtuse old Pharisee as the woman who would not the less take soft and tender care of "the orphim child"?



Yet we feel instinctively that though Dolly Winthrop is one of nature's aristocracy and a saint among women, even Dolly's motherly delight in Silas Marner's little "angil" is not one whit more genuine than Mrs. Holt's affection for little Job.

The mention of Dolly Winthrop takes us back to the point from which we started, and the divine mission of the little child who was sent to Marner:—

"Anybody 'ud think the angils in heaven couldn't be prettier," said Dolly, rubbing the golden curls and kissing them. "And to think of its being covered wi' them dirty rags,—and the poor mother—froze to death; but there's them as took care of it, and brought it to your door, Master Marner. The door was open, and it walked in over the snow, like as if it had been a little starved robin. Didn't you say the door was open?"

"Yes," said Silas meditatively; "yes—the door was open. The money's gone I don't know where, and this is come from I don't know where."

"Ah," said Dolly, with soothing gravity, "it's like the night and the morning, and the sleeping and the waking, and the rain and the harvest—one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing how nor where. We may strive and scrat and fend, but it's little we can do arter all—the big things come and go wi' no striving o' our'n—they do, that they do; and I think you're in the right on't to keep the little un, Master Marner, seeing as it's been sent to you."

This is pretty enough, but it is, if possible, surpassed by the description of Eppie's first and last punishment:—

She had cut the bond which held her to Marner's loom, and had wandered off alone while he was busy weaving, frightening him into the belief that she had perhaps fallen into the stone pits, whereas she was all the while discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up, and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and make her remember. The idea that she might run away again and come to harm, gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he de-

termined to try the coal-hole—a small closet near the hearth.

"Naughty, naughty Eppie," he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes—"naughty to cut with the scissors, and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole." He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, "Opy, opy!" and Silas let her out again, saying, "Now Eppie 'ull never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole—a black naughty place."

The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed, and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future—though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, "Eppie in de toal-hole!"

This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas's belief in the efficacy of punishment. "She'd take it all for fun," he observed to Dolly, "if I didn't hurt her, and that I can't do, Mrs. Winthrop. If she makes me a bit o' trouble, I can bear it. And she's got no tricks but what she'll grow out of."

"Well, that's partly true, Master Marner," said Dolly sympathetically; "and if you can't bring your mind to frighten her off touching things, you must do what you can to keep 'em out of her way. That's what I do wi' the pups as the lads are allays a-rearing. They *will* worry and gnaw—worry and gnaw they will, if it was one's Sunday cap as hung anywhere so as they could drag it. They know no difference, God help 'em: it's the pushing o' the teeth as sets 'em on, that's what it is."

So Eppie was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne vicariously by father Silas. The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience: and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut for her she knew nothing of frowns or denials. . . . there was love between the child and the world—from men and women with parental looks and tones, to the red ladybirds and the round pebbles.

It had been intended to reserve the last



word for the two Tullivers, but Maggie and Tom are known and remembered wherever George Eliot's books are read; and, without entering upon grave discussions which would perhaps be out of place in this essay, it would be impossible to unravel their story:—

Its threads are Love and Life, and Death and Pain  
The shuttles of its loom.

No word has been said of Tessa or Tessa's children, though several of the most charming scenes in "Romola" are occupied with them, and there is one magnificent passage in the Epilogue in which Romola, warning Lillo against a life of easy self-pleasing, sums up in a few words the very heart and life of George Eliot's more conscious teaching, a doctrine in startling contrast with some more subtle and unspoken influences which vibrate through her work.

But it would be difficult to tear so long an extract from the context; let us leave the Epilogue and turn rather to the Proem.

I have tried to let George Eliot's innocent boys and girls speak for themselves, unspoiled by overmuch commenting on my part; and now that the bright procession has passed before us, it is with no surprise that we hear her expressing the thought which lies deep within our own hearts also, as she says to us: "The little children are still the symbol of the eternal marriage between love and duty; and men still yearn for the reign of peace and righteousness—still own *that* life to be the highest which is a conscious voluntary sacrifice."\*

ANNIE MATHESON.

\* Romola—The Proem.

From The Argosy.  
THE CURE'S SISTER.

BY F. E. M. NOTLEY, AUTHOR OF  
"OLIVE VARCOE."

I.

HER face was pale and thin, the brow too broad for the delicate cheeks, and the eyes too deeply set and too grave and earnest for a girl. She was slight and small, with a restless energy about her that seemed half a madness. She craved work as eagerly as most girls crave idleness. And even this constant toil would not still the fevered spirit in her, for I

have seen her, as her busy fingers plied her task, dash her hand across her brow suddenly, as if to fling away some thought that burned and tortured.

She grew to be for me a study—a psychological wonder, which I mused over, and could not comprehend. She was slow to see I watched her—perhaps, because her mind was full of things into which my image could not come. But when one day, looking up suddenly, she caught my eyes fixed upon her face, she flushed crimson, then turned deathly white, and sank down upon a seat, cold and trembling.

"Léonie, my poor child, are you ill?" cried the curé, starting up and coming to her hurriedly.

She was crimson again now, and her eyes were so frightened and shrinking that I pitied her.

"No, not ill, *mon frère*," she said softly; "only tired—a little tired."

"You work too much and too late," returned the curé. "I heard the loom going at midnight. Why all this toil, Léonie? Surely we are not in such great need of linen that you must perforce work all night?"

"Need of linen!" exclaimed madame, the curé's mother, "I should hope not, my son. Last summer we bleached fifty yards, which the scissors have not touched as yet."

"Then why does Léonie work so late?" persisted the curé. "The child is killing herself."

But Léonie did not hear him; with tears starting to her eyes, she had dropped her work, and stolen from the room.

"Tush! tush! she shall not do it again, I tell thee," said madame. "I will lock up the loom; 'tis true she toils too hard, and never takes her pleasure like another girl."

"Monsieur le Curé," said I, rising to go, "the next time she comes to you to confess, tell her play is as good for the young as work. I see how it is: you are too straitlaced here for this young spirit. The caged bird droops; let it fly at times, and sing among the flowers; better risk the hawk than pine its heart out. Ah, heavens! if all men's pleasures were as harmless as hers, 'twould be a good world."

I thought I saw a glow steal into the curé's cheek, as his hand rested in mine, and he answered me, in a soft tone, half sighing,—

"Léonie cares so little for the village fêtes, and she will not choose companions



as most girls do; she has no friend here, I sometimes think ——”

But he stopped, dropped my hand suddenly, and took up his book again, turning the leaves somewhat hurriedly.

“I mean,” he said, “that I think a little change would do her good. My mother, shall we seek to get a place for Léonie at Bruxelles?”

“A place!” cried madame, lifting her hands in astonishment. “I never thought to hear such words from thee, my son. Léonie would break her heart away from home. Surely thou dost not begrudge the shelter of thy roof to thy sister?”

The curé bent his eyes upon the ground — but not before I saw the shadow of a great trouble in them — and his lips shook as he spoke again.

“Do not mistake me, mother; all I have is yours and my sister’s. This is always Léonie’s home, only — only she seems so unhappy here.”

“Not at all,” returned madame cheerfully. “Léonie is happy as a bird; it is only her quiet way that makes her seem sad.”

I would not say the good woman nay, but I knew there was no quiet about Léonie now, unless a volcano be a quiet thing, or an earthquake, when the air is still with terror, and every creature draws its breath in the silence of the coming death.

“Ah, monsieur,” exclaimed the curé, “I forgot that I had somewhat to say. You spoke just now of Léonie confessing to me. Do you not know my own household never come to me to confess? My mother and sister go four miles off, to the good curé of St. Erme. The Church wisely ordains that a man shall not be confessor to his family.”

“A good rule,” said I, once more shaking his hand; “I hope the curé of St. Erme is a wise man. Adieu, madame. Make Léonie go to-morrow to the fair at Marche — ’tis brimming over with follies, which the wise would do well to look at. Ah, we are but bats and moles, when we shut our eyes to the strange fact that folly is oftentimes wisdom in disguise.”

“True, true,” answered the curé smiling; “poor human nature! it must have its cap and bells.”

With this we parted, and I struck across the hill, and through the wood, to my own home.

“A kindly man,” I said to myself. “A serene, tranquil man; not one easily stirred by the world, or moved by the passions that shake most human hearts.

Not ill-educated, either, for a village priest, and narrow only when you touch too nearly the beliefs and prejudices of his class. His mother loves him — I like a man whom his mother loves — and his sister watches his every look. Yet she seems afraid ——”

But as this thought of her broke upon my brain I heard a sound of weeping in the wood, and setting aside a branch softly, I saw Léonie at a little distance, seated on the ground, with her face hidden in her hands, and such sobs rising from her slender throat that the ear quailed as they fell upon it.

“Léonie! Léonie!” I cried, “what has happened?”

The girl started to her feet in amazed terror, and gazed at me a moment wildly. Then she staggered against a tree, and leaning on it, touching the bark with her brow, she waved her hand at me impatiently.

“Can I have peace nowhere?” she said fiercely, between her sobs. “Nothing has happened that a stranger can care for; it would be more polite if monsieur asked no questions.”

“The girl is right,” I thought. “The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its grief.” So I let the branch go, and walked away quickly, answering her not a word.

“Truly, this is indeed the quiet of the volcano when the fire is gathering,” I said sadly.

## II.

THERE was a grand château at St. Erme, with a girdle of great trees set round about it, like giants on guard. Upon the lawn there stood a broken fountain; it was the figure of a sea-god pouring water from a huge shell; but the shell was always dry now, save for the moss and weeds that clung about it, and the dead leaves that drifted towards it mournfully, when the autumn winds blew.

I cannot tell you why, but I never went to St. Erme without visiting this broken fountain. The decay and gloom about the place had a sort of weird charm that drew me to it. The old sea-god wore a grim look upon his face, defiant of time, and the dry shell that his green and mossy fingers clutched seemed to my fancy like the empty cup which the world so oft holds to the lips of the weary, the thirsty, and the heart-sick.

I sat by this fountain one summer day, parched and weary, longing for the water that would never fill it again, when a



right-hued lichen growing on the shell, caught my eye. It grew upon the lip or opening, and as I gathered it, plucking at the roots perhaps somewhat roughly, I drew forth with it a letter, which fell down into the dusty basin.

"Ah, Love! thou art very young and very old," I said. And stooping, I picked up the letter to replace in the shell. Then, much startled, I saw it was addressed to Léonie. I felt perplexed and angry, for in France and Belgium a love-affair is seldom honest and true as it should be; there is a covering of secrecy and intrigue about it which oft hides deadly things. "Has she come to this fountain to find the waters of Marah?" I asked myself, as, after replacing the letter, I walked away musingly.

What was the right and honest thing to do? Was it loyal to know this secret, and not warn the mother of the girl that a wolf was on the track of her one ewe lamb? Then, again, how did I know he was a wolf? The man might be as earnest, as true a man as ever loved woman. Might be! Yes; but true men did not hide letters, they came openly to woo; for there was no shame in an honorable love. So I would tell the mother; and he would be glad, if he were loyal, for this would give him the chance of speaking that a true love longs for, and if he were disloyal, my timely warning would enable her mother and brother to save the girl from his clutch. I came to this decision as I strolled through the park. And now I sat myself down on a bank, overlooking a grassy pool, fringed by rushes and tangled grass, and here opening my portfolio, I began to sketch. Trees, clouds, shadows, grew upon the paper, and half unconsciously to myself, there came to the pool's brink—in the drawing—a haggard figure, with Léonie's face, wan with gaunt despair, and with outstretched arms she wooed the cold death that rippled darkly at her feet.

I grew enamored of my work, painting with all my skill the anguish of a desperate soul, driven to death for a refuge. I had but to recall Léonie's face, as I came upon her in the wood, to catch an expression of haggard grief, with a touch of horror in it, that my hand half shuddered at, as my pencil seized it, and traced it on the paper.

"It is like her," I said aloud—"very like."

As I spoke, I looked down upon the rush-fringed pool, gathering the black shadows now of a coming storm; and

mingled with these on the rippling water, was the image of a stately lady. Amazed, I turned, and saw her. A handsome lady, dressed as only Paris can dress a woman, and bearing in her presence a certain ease and elegance that bespeak high rank.

"Pardon, monsieur," she said, smiling, "I trust I have not disturbed you. But you have been so absorbed in your work, you have neither seen nor heard me. I have been interested in your sketch, seeing in the figure the likeness of a young girl I know—Léonie Valmine."

"Madame knows her!" I exclaimed, startled.

I thought the lady's face paled slightly as she answered,—

"I—I have seen her at church here, and have spoken to her at times."

"And madame is interested in her?" I asked.

This time the lady colored. "Yes, I am interested in her. She is a strange girl, not like a peasant."

"But she is scarcely a peasant," I replied. "I believe her father was a small farmer, and her mother, who still lives, is a good, homely woman. Her brother, too, the curé, is no ordinary man, and he has educated her far above most girls of her station."

Gathering up my portfolio, and glancing at the lady, I saw her face was deathly white. A few drops of heavy rain were falling on us, and a loud clap of thunder broke over our heads.

"Madame is afraid of the coming storm?" I observed.

"Yes," she answered hurriedly. "Let us take shelter; will you accompany me to the château?"

"Do I speak to Madame la Comtesse de St. Erme?" I cried, astonished.

I was astonished, because the countess, who had not long been married to Monsieur de St. Erme, was spoken of as a gay Parisian lady, a widow when he married her, and one not likely to bury herself alive in this old château.

"I am Madame de St. Erme," she said, smiling wistfully. "Will you do me the favor to enter my house, and shelter yourself from the storm?"

Now a storm in the forest of the Ardennes is not much like a storm in England. It pelts, it beats, it roars, it thunders, and the rain comes down in straight torrents, driving you to the earth, while the wind in sudden gusts beats trees to the very ground. So I gladly accepted the lady's hospitality, and hurrying to the château, we reached it before the rain



began to descend in earnest. The countess had wine and fruit placed before me, and then, as she looked over my portfolio, she began again to speak of Léonie Valmine.

"You said her mother was a good, kindly woman," she observed, bending over the drawing, so low that I scarcely saw her face. "And—and fond of her, I suppose?"

There was something bitter in her tone as she said this.

"She is a most affectionate mother," I answered. "And her brother is devoted to her."

"Ah! yes, the curé! I am glad they made a priest of him."

"True, madame," I observed; "he could not have chosen better in life; he is most fitted for his office."

"Yes, yes, no doubt," she said carelessly. "But what do you think of Léonie herself? She struck me as being very different from—from other villagers; there is an air of refinement and grace about her—in one word, a *distinction* very rare, and her appearance would not shame any salon."

"Madame, you have described her well," I replied; "but you have left out the powers of her mind. Depend on it, these are great; though perhaps needing requisite culture, they may be too unformed, too vague, for her to comprehend herself their strength."

"Then you think," cried the lady eagerly, "that under instruction this girl would rapidly acquire accomplishments?"

"And something more, madame. I fear Léonie has the sad gift of genius, with all its mighty power of suffering. She has been an enigma—a study to me these three years."

"Have you known her so long?" asked Madame de St. Erme. "And you judge that hers is a nature that can suffer deeply? Ah! those coarse people doubtless try an organism like hers sadly."

"Her relations are not coarse," I said, a little coldly. "And her love for them would refine them, if they were."

The countess colored deeply, and laid her hand upon my drawing.

"Have you ever seen in Léonie," she said, and her voice shook a little, "any signs of a sorrow, which led your imagination insensibly to depict her here, on the brink of death and despair?"

I felt embarrassed at the question, and hesitated slightly in my reply.

"Madame, I have said that Léonie is an enigma to me, and whether my imagi-

nation—alas! imagination too often is a prophet!—has interpreted her there truly or not, I dare not say. But this I can safely avow, that hers is a strong, determined, yet poetic nature, with *danger* in it, and passion, and depth which God in his mercy has hidden even from the poor girl herself."

Madame de St. Erme rose and came towards me; she was very pale, and her eyes swam in tears.

"I hope you have not judged her truly, sir," she said, clasping her hands. "I trust Léonie is of a calmer, softer nature than you think. You may deem it strange that I question you thus, and that I speak thus of Léonie Valmine; but I have a reason, which you will one day know. And then you will no longer wonder at my anxiety. God help me! it is perhaps my duty to inflict, for her own benefit, a great sorrow and trial on poor Léonie."

Whatever curiosity I might feel, I could ask no questions; so I merely murmured a few words, expressive of my pleasure in being able to give her any information respecting the curé's sister.

"And I trust my opinion has not impressed you unfavorably," I added eagerly, "for Léonie is a most industrious girl, a devoted sister and daughter, and I am sure she has a noble heart."

"Thank you," said Madame de St. Erme, laying her hand on my arm. "Nothing you could say would impress me unfavorably with Léonie, but I am pleased with your words of kindness. But this power of grief you have observed in her, how can it be dangerous? What is there of *danger* in it? The young forget so soon."

"Do they?" said I; and a wistful shadow passed over my own face. "The shallow, the unfeeling, and the stupid forget, but genius remembers forever."

The countess was silent, but her lips quivered painfully.

"But the grief, the agony I have seen in Léonie," I continued, "may be only the blind outpourings of her passionate, poetic nature. And she works—she works incessantly. The woman or man that *works* will come out of the fire at last, with scarce the smell of burning on him."

"True, true," she answered eagerly. "And genius delights in its own development. Oh, I see this strange, rare girl will yet be happy!"

Does she mean to educate her? I said to myself in wonder, being greatly puzzled by her language and her interest in



Léonie Valmine. I might have asked her this question, but the door opened, and a young man of about twenty-two entered the room.

"My son, Monsieur de Villet," said madame, and as he bowed to me, she, standing behind him, placed her finger on her lip.

I thought of the letter instantly, and, blunderer that I was, I fancied I saw the whole story clear as in a crystal.

"This young man loves Léonie," I said; "and his mother, intending to inflict on the girl the agony of an eternal parting — perhaps to save her from worse sorrow — will console her with the routine of a school, and the drudgery of accomplishments."

Thus thinking, I looked upon Monsieur de Villet with a jaundiced eye. He was handsome, tall, and well-made, but his face was an ordinary face; there was no stamp of power on it, no expression, beyond a little pride, a little carelessness, a little self-conceit. A smooth face, that would take the world easily, never striking itself against the roughnesses and sorrows a harsh face would meet with and surmount. And as for love — whoever loved him would beat their heart against marble — selfish, polished marble, too happy in its insensibility to understand that human nerves can quiver beneath a careless blow.

"Léonie is mad to love such a man," I said, gathering up my portfolio, lest he should look in it. "But then, women always love such men, so why do I wonder at it?"

The young count talked well, throwing a sort of fascinating grace over his chatter of horses, Paris clubs, and barrack-life. Then, in conversation, I discovered he was not madame's son, but the only child of her first husband, the Comte de Villet. When the rain cleared, and I went away, he walked with me courteously to the gate, and I ventured to say, "I am sorry madame has no child of her own; she strikes me as having a great heart."

"Oh, but I am the same to her as her own son," answered the young man, gracefully enough. "And I never remember any other mother. She has been the best of mothers to me."

In his eyes, this was all that was necessary to make her happy; she had fulfilled her duty to him! He lifted his hat, smiling like a gracious prince, and strolled away whistling, with the most careless air in the world playing all about him, even in the swing of his cane.

### III.

I WENT to the curé's house the next day, and studied with *new* eyes — if I may use the expression — the three faces presented to my contemplation. And as I looked on Madame's Valmine's homely, unintellectual, household visage, my heart sank. Could I dare give unto her rough hands the secret of Léonie's unhappiness? The girl's nature was like some delicate fabric of gossamer, which a touch would destroy; she was one whose very reason might be shaken by injudicious treatment or sudden sorrow; it behoved me, then, to be cautious in what I did.

"Truly, her brother's hand will be the gentlest and the best to guide her," I said. "And his sacred office will help to make her deem his counsel the safest and wisest she can take."

So I decided I would tell the curé of the letter — and to gain the opportunity, I asked him to take a stroll with me in the wood. Léonie, who was sitting by the window, sewing, looked at me keenly as I spoke; and then I saw the sign of weeping on her face, the dark rims round her eyes, the quiver of the mouth, the flitting shadow on the cheeks. I felt half guilty as I met her glance, and yet it was my duty to warn her brother. Was that young popinjay, the count, to mar the peace of this quiet family, and I not raise one of my fingers to save them? At this moment, as if purposely to strengthen my resolve, the count came sauntering up the village street, riding on a showy horse, with all his dogs about him, and that nameless air of health and wealth and luxury shining round him which seems the very atmosphere of cultivated idleness.

He rode on slowly, not languidly at ease like an Englishman, but vainly, joyously conscious of the many gazers that his good looks drew to doors and windows. But I watched Léonie. At the first glimpse she caught of his sleek, shining steed, cheek and neck and hands flushed crimson; then the tide rushed back to her heart, and her face grew like a face in a shroud. But even as the grey whiteness overspread it, she started up, and ran into an inner room. Did she rush away to hide herself from the count's gaze, or was it for fear her looks would betray the truth to others? But he knew the house — he surely expected her at the window; for as he passed he bent his head, and, with a curious look of scrutiny, scanned the place, half-smiling, half-contemptuous.



Yes, my lord count, a very poor place, with windows sadly out of drawing, a door a world too narrow, and a little garden which would scarce hold your family dust. Will it please you to pass on?

No, it did not please him; for, catching sight at this minute of my sour visage, he bowed to it, and hesitated an instant, as if to speak. But seeing me stand still, he raised his military cap, and sauntered on as though he had just won some great victory, and was out airing himself in the world's eye, that it might see his triumph.

"Come to the wood, my good friend," I cried to the curé; "a house wearies me to-day."

"Ah, you know the young count?" exclaimed Madame Valmine.

"Only since yesterday," I said, "when his mother introduced him to me."

Glancing sideways at the door, I saw Léonie standing there, listening breathlessly.

"His mother!" cried madame. "Have you seen our dear lady? Ah, I hope she is happy now."

"Has she ever been unhappy?" I asked.

"Yes. When she was young, she loved our count, and they were going to marry; but his mother — the proudest lady that ever stepped — broke off the match. She suffered terribly, I have heard, and her beauty went like a shadow; but after a year or two, she married the Count de Villet, and he took her off to Paris. And there she stayed till he died, and then she came back to her own country —"

"Then is she of this neighborhood?" I said, interrupting her eagerly.

"Not quite: her own château is about twenty miles from this, and she spent her year of widowhood there; then returned to Paris. But our count, who had never married, came home from foreign lands about that time, and they were wedded a few months ago. Ah, I hope they will have a child; it will be sad for the countess to be childless in both her marriages."

Léonie was standing against the side-post of the door, and as her mother talked, she clutched it tremblingly, and there came upon her face a look of anguish that I long remembered.

"But the countess has a gallant son in that young man," said the curé, as he took his hat down from its peg.

"The young Count de Villet?" returned his mother. "He is no son to her. I mind him when his father came

to the Ardennes, a suitor to mademoiselle. A headstrong boy he was then — mischievous as an imp. You remember him, my son?"

The curé nodded assent. "But a good-looking boy," he said kindly. "My father's house and farm," he continued, turning to me, "were close by the lands and château of Madame de St. Erme's father; so you see, my mother remembers her when a girl, and knows all about her first engagement being broken, and after this her marriage to Monsieur de Villet."

"And a mighty fuss there was," said Madame Valmine. "You know a marriage broken off ruins a girl's prospects of happiness. That's how mademoiselle came to marry a Frenchman, and a man old enough to be her father, and a widower besides."

"But, doubtless, her first husband's child is a good son to her, and compensates her for being childless herself. What do you say, Mademoiselle Léonie?"

I asked her this, anxious to see how she would bear a question addressed to her respecting the young count, but I scarcely expected her agitation would be so terrible.

"I cannot say anything," she cried out, in a sharp voice. "How should I know what mothers feel? I dare not probe a mother's heart. I can tell you what a child feels — a child who is obliged to desert mother, brother, home, and all it loves — I can tell you *that*." And holding out both her hands towards us quiveringly, she set her teeth upon her lips, and so held in the cry that shook upon them.

"Léonie! Léonie!" exclaimed the curé, "what ails thee lately? Is there some trouble on thy mind, my child?"

He put his arm about her as he spoke, and for a moment she yielded to that kind embrace; then she dashed his hand aside, with cruel passion, and her whole face flamed as with sudden shame and anger.

"Do not ask me — do not caress me, Gabriel," she said, gathering her arms across her bosom with a shudder. "It is nothing I can tell to thee; I will speak to my confessor. 'Tis a point of conscience, mother" — and she looked at Madame Valmine pleadingly — "so thou could'st not quiet my soul if I told thee all."

The curé sighed heavily. "May the *bon Dieu* give the good curé of St Erme wisdom to set thy soul at peace, my sister," he said, as, bowing his head to his mother, he and I passed out at the door.



## IV.

AMONG the peace fullest shadows of the wood, where the quiet wrapped us about like a cloud from heaven, I told him of the broken fountain, and the letter I had found in the lichen-lipped shell.

"It was certainly from the count," I said; "the man is making love to her from idleness."

"But he and his mother have only been at St. Erme a month," returned the simple curé.

"A month is long enough for a man like him to win a girl's ear and heart. There, I have told you what I thought it was my duty to tell. I leave the rest to you."

The poor curé was very pale, and he put his hand helplessly to his brow.

"I know so little of the world," he said; "aid me with your counsel. What shall I do to save her? If she loves this young man, she will perish of sorrow."

"You can choose what you will do," I answered, "whether you will speak to the count, or to his mother, or to Léonie herself."

"I have never yet spoken to my sister of her lovers," he said, his cheek flushing a little; "and there has been no need; hitherto she has repulsed all admirers. Ah! I always feared she would love a gentleman."

"I am not surprised at that," I said; "her ways are not the ways of the peasants around her."

"So you have remarked her air and manner?" continued the curé sorrowfully. "Doubtless, in that lies the root of the unhappiness which I have seen in her, since she has grown old enough to think. She does not feel at home here; there is a craving in her nature for the refinements that the instincts of her blood tell her should be hers. I am certain she is of noble birth."

I looked at him in an astonishment that held me silent.

"Do you not know that Léonie is a foundling?" he asked.

"A foundling!" I repeated.

"Yes, a child from the Foundling Hospital. I had a baby sister who died, and my mother, grieved for the infant's loss, went to the hospital and asked for a child to nurse. They gave her the little Léonie, and she has loved her ever since as her own child. At twelve years of age, the foundlings are given up to the hospital by their foster-family and are then generally placed out as servants, or apprenticed to

some trade. But there are exceptions to this rule. At that age, the hospital pays no longer towards their support, but it permits the foster-mother to retain the foundling, if she and the child both wish it; and, unless very poor, they often desire it, for the affection between them is very great, and few families are pleased to part with a child, who for twelve years has been one of themselves. My mother and I both agreed we would never let Léonie leave us. That is how she came to be my sister, monsieur."

I grew agitated as I listened. This little history, like a key, unlocked for me so many of Léonie's sad feelings.

"Every one in the village knows Léonie is a foundling," continued the curé; "but as she has been with us ever since she was an infant the fact of her not being really my mother's daughter is seldom spoken of; indeed, it is almost forgotten. And as for poor Léonie herself, we are everything to her; and she, of course, has never known any other home than ours."

"And yet you fancy she is unhappy or discontented?" I said.

"She has been gloomy this three years past," he answered sadly. "And now, if she loves this young count, I fear she will be wretched indeed."

"Is there any hope of his marrying her?" I inquired.

"Marry a foundling!" cried the curé. "There is no fear of a Count de Villet doing that."

"And I think the Countess de St. Erme intends to hinder even a chance of such an alliance," I said. And then I related to him her strange conversation with me.

"Léonie will never accept money or gifts for renouncing her son's love," he cried; "but she is so eager to learn, that the offer of instruction may tempt her. I will speak to her, my friend. I will warn her against the love of this frivolous young man. I will see his mother also; perhaps she will take him back to Paris."

Here our conversation ended, and I went home wondering I had never guessed before why Léonie was unlike her family, and why her grace and delicacy had impressed me as something strangely anomalous with her position. And what are her thoughts? Does she ever dream of the mother that forsook her, the father who was a curse to her from the beginning? Does she really feel the stirrings of ancient and proud blood within her? Is she ambitious, restless, weary? Perhaps, dimly feeling some pride of race in her own veins, she deceives herself in the



thought that this young count will recognize the signet of nobility upon her, and will marry her, and restore her to the place from which her parents flung her.

Poor Léonie! it is no marvel there is a seal upon thy face, which my undiscerning eyes failed to decipher. It must be a strange, an awful feeling, not to know one's parentage — to put forth one's hand blindly in this great universe, never hoping to clasp a relation — to know one stands utterly alone, the world a blank around us, no name, no part, no inheritance written in it anywhere for the foundling. Even his share in the past is taken from him, and sealed up in darkness and mystery. For him there is no ancestry, no links going down into honored graves, and reaching thence to heaven; no holy family memories, no thought of father, mother, brother, and sister; nothing but this great loneliness, this wistful craving of the soul, this cry of the heart for natural ties.

Ah, me! And is it the shadow of all this I have seen on Léonie's face? And does there rest upon her proud spirit a darkness, which is half a curse and half a contemptuous pardon, for the parents whose selfish sin and silence have wrought in her soul this evil?

I was sitting alone that evening, thinking of this poor girl, with a pity ever growing fresher and deeper, when the curé entered abruptly. He was in great distress.

"Léonie confesses having seen the count, but she denies having received letters from him," he said. "And she will not promise not to speak to him again. Ah! my friend, I can see her heart is breaking, and I am in despair."

"But she will not permit this selfish man to blind her to her duty," I said soothingly. "Take courage, Léonie will not inflict sorrow on her mother and brother."

I spoke more hopefully than I felt, for I thought the girl's character, and the melancholy circumstances of her birth, impelling her towards romance and mystery, would greatly tend to strengthen a misplaced and ambitious love.

"Duty!" said the curé sorrowfully. "It is to that very word that Léonie clings. It is her duty, she says, to see the count. And my entreaties, my prayers, my affection, only drive her into a kind of madness. She fell on her knees at last and besought me so passionately to cease to torture her, that in very pity I came away."

On hearing this, I could only wonder how love could so blind an honest conscience; and I looked on the simple, kindly face of the young curé, deeply commiserating his grief.

"At all events," said I, wishing to comfort him, "if Léonie forsakes her home, she cannot disgrace you and Madame Valmine, since she is in reality no daughter to her, no sister to you."

"No sister to me!" exclaimed the curé; "Heaven forbid such a thought should enter my soul!"

His earnest face, always somewhat wan, grew pale and haggard as he spoke, and he rose to leave somewhat hurriedly.

"I am sorry if I have pained you," I said, grasping his hand.

"Foreigners can scarcely understand," he answered, "how completely a foundling becomes one of the family who adopt it. My mother and I never remember that Léonie is not of our blood."

His eyes met mine in saying this, and there was a something in them that startled me. Then, too, for the first time it struck me, what a young and handsome man he was, and his goodness, his piety, his simplicity seemed grander and more worthy of respect, being shown as they were by one, for whom life — were he any other but a priest — would be filled with the illusions and temptation of youth.

When he left me, his image remained on my mind, with a curious sensation of pain around it, and I began telling myself that we were all wondrous blind to the silent battles, the untold martyrdoms, the fiery victories going on around us in the hearts of our neighbors.

## V.

I CAME home from fishing late, and placed my well-filled basket on the table with some triumph, but my disdainful housekeeper scarcely glanced at it.

"Here is a letter, sir, for you," she said, "and a manservant from the château has been waiting for an answer all the afternoon."

So her curiosity about the letter swallowed up her interest in my fishing; and to show myself superior to so vulgar a feeling, I took the epistle with an air of supreme indifference.

It was from Madame de St. Erme, asking me courteously to dine with her one day in the ensuing week.

"Shall I accept this invitation, when I truly think the young count a sorry scoundrel?" I said to myself. But in spite of this mental expostulation, I did what the



rest of the world would have done. I wrote and said, I should be delighted to have the pleasure, etc. — the truth is, I would not on any account have deprived Madame Rodière of the pride she would feel in telling all the village I was going to dine at the château of St. Erme.

"Ah, here is another letter," she said, "but I would not give it until this important one was despatched. It is only from the curé's sister, wanting another English book, no doubt."

I tore open the note, and read thus: —

"I entreat you, monsieur, to meet me this evening at the fountain in the park at St. Erme. I will be there at seven. I go to the curé of St. Erme to-day to confess. — LEONIE."

It was past six now, so after a scanty meal I hurried away on horseback; and tying my horse to the park gate I sauntered towards the fountain.

It stood in a lonely and neglected part of the grounds, and as I drew near it, I saw Léonie standing there with the count by her side. He stood hat in hand, bending towards her, in an attitude of mock deference I thought. And once he stooped and would have touched her hand, but she drew back, shrinking against the fountain, and then he bowed to her with a vexed air and strode away.

I did not intercept him, for he went towards the house, and I reached Léonie just as his figure disappeared between the trees. She was not watching him, her eyes were bent towards the ground, and when she lifted them at my approach there was neither the joy nor fear of love in them.

"Léonie, I am here; why do you wish to see me?" — I said kindly.

"Oh, monsieur!" she cried, clasping her hands, "comfort them when I am gone — console them when they see my face no more!"

"Léonie, are you mad? What are you going to do?" I exclaimed.

"I am going to leave them forever," she answered. "I am asked to desert my home, my mother, and — and Gabriel, and I have almost consented to do this."

"Then you do a wicked and ungrateful thing," I cried, "and one that will plunge you into sin and death. Pause, child, before you forsake your duty thus."

"My duty!" and her bent head fell upon her hands. "It is my duty — my terrible duty to do this — there is no hope for me — no escape. I must do this, or go into perdition, body and soul."

Her agony shook her whole frame, and I dared not speak for a moment till she was calmer.

"Léonie, you are mistaken; it cannot be your duty to destroy yourself, to fling yourself into eternal shame and misery for a sinful love."

My words seemed to pierce her very heart, for after one quick look of dismay and anguish, she hid her face from my sight. I think she prayed, for starting suddenly to her feet, she pointed upwards.

"God, who has opened this way for me to escape, will not permit me to do that," she said. "Do not plead with me for my own soul," she added wildly. "Speak of his; tell me that I have no right to drag him into the ways of perdition. Oh, sir, the sin of my heart is killing me!"

The sudden way in which she flung her outstretched hands towards me, the wild agony in her eyes, showed me how terrible in its strength was her passion for this man.

"Léonie," I said softly, "calm yourself. The sinner who *owns* his sin is half saved already. Cease to meet the object of your love; flee from the man who agitates your heart thus, and earn his gratitude, his blessing for the sacrifice you make. You are right to think of his peace, as well as of your own; why should yours be the hand to draw him into the broad road that leadeth to destruction?"

She listened to me, weeping.

"Leave him then," I continued, "leave him forever; even without a farewell, if you have not strength to say it. Do not hesitate; the gulf which stands only a few steps from you is horrible in its depth."

"Go on! — go on!" she said, flinging her hands towards me again for a moment, and then covering her face as before.

"You told me to plead with you for his sake, Leonie, not your own; but for his sake, I say, never touch his hand again, never see his face again, but part with him now and FOREVER!"

Ah! may I never hear again from human lips such a cry as broke from hers, as she fell forward on her knees and seized my hand.

"You have saved me," she said. "I have strength now to obey you. Come with me at once."

She dragged herself on her knees towards me, and grasped my wrist as the drowning clutch a hand.



"Come! come! if I linger a moment I shall lose my strength. Now!—let me save him now! If you unclasp my hand, I am lost."

I raised her, and to my amazement she directed her swift steps toward the château. I still grasped her hand tightly, and her excitement was so great that her speed and strength seemed supernatural. I would not check her in her design. "She goes," I thought, "to tell the countess she renounces her son, and accepts the propositions that have been made to her."

I spoke to her but once during that hurried, fevered walk. It was when we were at the great doors of the house of St. Erme.

"Léonié, you have done well. God will bless you for it. You could never be his wife, you know."

She turned a white face on me, with the shadow of a great horror falling over it like a veil; her lips moved, but I heard no sound save the word "Wife! wife!" like some one repeating a wild echo in madness. I had no time to soothe her, for a servant opened the door, and in a moment we were in the presence of Madame de St. Erme.

She was paler than when I saw her last, and she sat listlessly on her velvet couch, as though life was a weariness to her. But as her eyes fell on us, a sudden change came over her face, and she said "Léonie!" in a surprised, anxious tone.

Then Léonie went towards her, trembling as she went, and holding out her hands, as the blind do, gropingly.

"I am come," she said—she faltered, she raised her heavy eyes tear-laden to heaven, as if for strength. "I am come," she said again. "I have forsaken them forever. Mother, I am yours—take me!"

The words were a cry of anguish, and her hands, as she flung them forward, quivered. But Madame de St. Erme sprang towards her, and caught her in her arms as she fell.

"She is my daughter," she said, turning her streaming eyes towards me. "Léon! Léon!"

Her piercing cry brought from an inner room a tall, careworn man, with white hair, and singular grey eyes. This was Monsieur de St. Erme. There was no need to tell me he was Léonie's father. I saw on his face, as on hers, the marks—the scars rather—that betray a passionate nature; and the likeness between them was vivid.

"Oh Léon, she has come to me of her own accord! she will love me now."

I pitied Madame de St. Erme. There was a world of tenderness, of sorrow, and of trembling, half-fearful joy in these few words; and her quivering voice lost itself in sobs and kisses as she fell on her daughter's neck. As for Léonie, she lay pale, cold, and speechless in her mother's arms, opening her eyes only when her father stooped and pressed his lips on her forehead. At this she struggled to rise and kneel before him, her cold hands, unresponsive to his caress, being crossed on her bosom. But the count raised her hurriedly.

"My poor injured child," he said, and his voice broke. "May Heaven forgive thy mother and myself all our wrongs towards thee. All we have is thine, and all we ask in return, Léonie, is a little love—only a little, my child."

"Kiss thy father, Léonie," said Madame de St. Erme, in a tone tear-broken and pleading.

The girl obeyed her; but her lips shook, and I saw no light of love on her pale, cold cheek or in her deep, sad eyes.

"Lionel," said the trembling countess, "I will take our daughter to my room, till this cruel agitation is calmed. She shall lie down and sleep in my bed, and I will watch by her."

I wish I could convey in words the ineffable tenderness, the *mother's* soul and heart, the pride, pain, and pity, that spoke in Madame de St. Erme's accents as she uttered this.

Then she turned to her husband. "And, meanwhile, Léon, you must explain to monsieur the meaning of all this. You have assisted, sir, at a painful, yet joyous family scene. If your persuasions brought Léonie to us, you shall have my lifelong gratitude."

"Yes, he persuaded me," said Léonie dreamily. Then, like one awaking from some terrible sleep, she broke forth in heart-rending accents: "Comfort them! console them for me! answer to them yourself for my loss. It was your doing—I have listened to you. I hold you responsible for their peace." There was such a mist before my eyes, that, save for the pressure of the countess's hand on mine in passing, I should not have known she and Léonie had quitted the room, till the sudden silence told me I was left alone with Monsieur de St. Erme to listen to his story.



From Fraser's Magazine.

LOST LOVE: A LOTHIAN TALE.

THE grey-walled, red-tiled, farm servants' or cottars' cottage — Euphemia's home, or as her old mother called her, Yeuff — lay alongside an old high stone wall skirting a plantation of firs and beeches, about three miles westwards from the county town of Haddington. Standing a few yards from off the broad, hedged-in turnpike, the old coach road leading from the northern to the southern metropolis, and running in a long, dreary, straight line against the grey eastern sky — with a small bit of garden ground in front in which potatoes were faithfully planted when the time came — in late winter or in the grey track of spring, it presents a cold, cheerless aspect. The red tiles were bare of ivy or lichen, the once whitewashed gables were only dulled by the winter's rains and the high east winds, and browned by the summer's suns. The farm-steading of Oatfield and hinds' houses lie cozily in the dip of the farm-road, a stone's throw away; but the lonely cottage has turned its side to the bleak east winds and salt showers of the German Ocean that rush in autumn, and winter, and early spring from the wild northern east shores. With its back to the high stone wall, it sets its face to the steady northern light, and to the rich, well-tilled, rounded fields which conceal the Firth of Forth from the view at Oatfield.

It is a dreamy, dreary spot. It is off the highroad to the town, and has only a passing interest in both. Late at night the carrier's cart from neighboring towns and villages rumbles along to Edinburgh with the stern watchdog tied to the axle beneath, while the carrier sits dozing on his pepper-and-salt cart-cover in front, and sometimes he will at a signal pull the reins, stop his horse beneath the dark trees, and open a padlocked box, and undertake a commission from a poacher to a poulterer in the city. And sometimes, it is said, he takes ducks and hens and new-laid eggs at quiet corners from parties who, under the sudden light of a lantern, are known not to own any farmyard produce, but to work at the travelling steam-ploughs. Only on one day in the week is there any traffic on the broad-stretching road, on the market-day at Haddington, when afar in the fields you may hear the noise of cart-wheels, and see towering above the hedgerows troops of two-wheeled carts loaded with grain, drawn

by heavy Clydesdale farm horses; and they again are passed by farmers swaying in their gigs on their weekly errand to the Corn Exchange, talking solemnly of reduction of rents and the prospects of emigration. A baker's cart calls twice a week, a hawker makes periodical visits with a load of cheap crockery — a periodical reminder to the frugal peasant folk that something is perishable about them; a tramp occasionally begs a drink of water and a bite of bread, and vends at the same time bootlaces and almanacks, or a rude song printed on rude paper; and the policeman calls at intervals to get his book signed and his pipe lit.

On a clear day you can see the spire of the town-hall at Haddington, or what local antiquarians persist in calling, from its sheltered valley situation, Hidden-town; but neither the Lammermuir Hills, with the snow lodging on the ridges, nor the shores of the Forth can be seen from the cottage, the tall firs darkening the views either way. In a hundred yards walk you may refreshen your eyes and quicken your thoughts with a view of either the hills or the sea. Away to the west you can discern the Pentlands and the veils of smoke which lie about the city of Edinburgh. In the air is breathed the grave, stolid spirit of the people, the moderate stillness, the large quietude that comes from constant work and silent companionship of broad, open grain fields, wide turnip land where sheep feed, grey pasture soil where cows ruminates, warm farm-courts where short-horned red-and-white cattle are stalled, and the dense swaying plantations and rapid undergrowth. These patient processes breed patient minds.

The wide expanses of view, the far-stretching turnpike, the brown, warm-colored ploughed fields, the extent of flat-lying farm lands, all lying so like each other, resembling patches on one piece of cloth, brought the far-off near, and by the progress of neighboring farm work the farmers judged of their own. At night the hinds would linger about the turnpike, sitting on the top rail of a field gate or a fence, with their eyes turned along the great running road waiting for visible signs of intercommunication with the world: such as a tramp on the march, a gig with a bagman, or a brewer's cart returning empty from its round of villages. Some form or shadow would be seen, or some far-off sound heard, as the old, patient woman laboring for a grandson at college, could be observed against the



grey light from the Firth, at nights returning, with figure bended with toiling and the burden of pig's meat swung on her shoulders from the town, closely followed by her toddling grandchild.

Nature in its rough, genuine way forms strength of character and individuality of purpose. The grey, cold, rough evening nights of winter can be read in any of the farm folks' countenances; their faces are not only tempered by the seasons, but down in their hearts the seasons take root and grow, and so, as you put your hand below a spade-depth of new dug soil in winter you feel a preserving glow, beneath the sombre, dull-toned face of a hind you have the strong, equal, and unchecked human feelings. Love is not withered here with recurring doubts and criticism, and marriage is within reach of all. In the wide, grey sky, in the expanse of broad fields, the affections take on the aerial tone combined with the rich strength from the brown grain fields, and in the quick life of the young plantations, love swells sweet and strong in the breast; and here one can understand its fulness in the old simile of like as a hen gathereth in her chickens.

It was a February evening, the evening of the annual hiring fair of the farm servants at Haddington. Oatfield was still and quiet; those who had reached home were sitting at an early supper, but others were yet trudging homewards. Yeuff, or as one preferred to call her, Fame, was not home. Her lonely mother, Naomi, had early in the afternoon begun to walk to the doorstep, and shaded her eyes with her hands, longing, and looked for her daughter. She had ceased knitting, and now sat with her hands clasped in her lap, with her eyes brooding over the fire of faggots gathered from the woods, and starting up at every sound on the high-road, and settling uneasily down again on her stiff-backed chair. Early in the evening she had, by the way, asked of her passing farm neighbors if they had seen Yeuff, but as one, old Jenny, had laughingly said, —

"Deed I saw 'er. She'll no be hame th' nicht at the crack o' the whip, Naomi Todrig, or else am cheated."

"Is the toon so busy th' day? It takes a ground show to keep my Yeuff late in the toon," said the mother, with an outward firmness but an inward misgiving.

"Ay, but when lasses meet lads and lay their lips th'gether, it's a bonnie lang time till they think o' hame, and them that's sitting wearying for them." Jenny's

thoughts of her own children had softened her heart for the widow's only daughter. "When love comes into lassies' heads nooadays, they begin to forget their ain folk. But Ralph is a very steady lad, very," she said, emphasizing the last word as Naomi restlessly turned into the house.

It was not in human sympathy to relieve the old widow of the deep anxiety that was struggling at her heart's cords. The outer door was left open, the lamp stood on the table unlit, the cat was curled up on the hearthrug, and the tick-tack of the wall-clock beat as regularly as her heart. A well-read copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," covered in brown paper, lay open and unread alongside her spectacles. Her thoughts were of her only one, of all her days and ways, and timidly she mistrusted herself to look into the future, which she had been brought up implicitly to believe was not in mortals' keeping nor guiding.

In the falling early night she kept restlessly crossing the threshold, walking down the narrow footpath, and going out to the main road, and once her heart leapt within her as her faded eyesight saw two heads moving against the evening sky, and heard two voices, a man's and a woman's, in the air. Her daughter came not yet. The lowing of cattle in the farm-courts, the deep cough of the sheep feeding on the turnips in the sloping field, and the strong eastern wind rustling among the swaying trees, were the only sounds heard yet.

Ralph and Yeuff had not gone to the hiring fair in search of situations; both were remaining. They had gone, though not together, simply to see the sights of the market, and it was the same desire that had drawn the flocks of farm laborers from all the parishes in the county. The first Friday in February was an annual holiday, the great annual gathering of farm hinds and laborers in East Lothian, who fully appreciated its advantages of seeing once a year old companions, old schoolmates, old friends from the extreme farms, from the shores and fenlands in the lowlands and the sheep-farms of the uplands, from the far eastern and western districts. Once a year they all met in the central county town. Women, men, and children were huddled in crowds in the stony market square and down the open stony market street, and were welded in eager, loud-talking groups. Once a year these solitary folk crowded together.

If love levels all, it, magnet-like, soon



brings a lad and lass together even in the greatest throng. Ralph and Yeuff spent hours in each other's company on the skirts of the crowds, taking ample enjoyment in the sights and stands, and in their own simple talk. It required but a little gentle persuasion to get her to sit for her photograph in a travelling booth, and he in exchange sat for his. Love drew them away from the crowded throngs early in the afternoon, led them down to the riverside of the flooded, surging Tyne, through the peaceful churchyard lying around the picturesque old Abbey Church, alongside the green haughs or meadows bordering the river and out into the broad stretching country roads. Their talk was dull to you or me; but their deep feelings had one electric current, and shone in the deep eyes of these peasant folk. The Tyne river was running in flood, and so were their hearts. Love had come to them with its fatalities, as it comes to most of us, at moments unexpected.

In the cold, silvery, grey sunset, they walked along the by-roads with their arms crossed behind them, and their hands clasped in each other's, as only country folk and children know how to walk. Their loves had been of natural growth, had come with constant sights of each other, of every-day greetings across hedges and at the kirk door, and had grown as naturally as a sapling in a wood. The tall, black-bearded, graceful, and strong young forester lad, with black eyes and sun-browned face, and the homely seriousness of the Saxon, had a manly liking, of slow growth, for the comely and handsome girl, in whose eyes sometimes flashed high spirits and proper pride. She was a sapling to this big, brawny man, whose heart was touched by her rough life on the fields and the calm earnestness of her mother's lot. To both life had now become sweeter since their closer intimacy, and their long, lonely days of outside work were tender with the frequent recollections of each other's meetings.

In the steady advance of night, as they walked along the footpath, with their hands clasped and their calm presences, Ralph said somewhat abruptly, looking in the grey distance to Yeuff's home, —

"I'll be leaving Oxtan soon. My wark is near done, an' I mun gang hame again, lass, to Berwickshire."

"Must you gang?" She trusted herself to say no more. A wealth of meaning lay in her expression of the first word.

"I mun dae what my maister bids me, and a servant can dae nae mair." His

words were said in quite a matter-of-fact way; he recognized his duty to a good master, and his duty to his father at home, who had served the master's father before him. A quick change on her lips, and a turn of her head, drew forth the words: "I'm sweer to leave you, Fame, but it'll only be for a wee while. I'll come again at the back end o' the year, an' take ye to a hame o' your ain, lass."

Her hands slackened their grip, and she fain would have walked alone. She had been so very happy to-day, why should the day close with words of parting? Parting would come soon enough, as she, like all peasant girls, knows the old words from infancy, "Out of sight, out of mind." His hands closed firmer than before, and they walked slowly on without uttering a word.

The east wind was piping and whistling among the trees. The grey track of evening had melted in night, and night's brown black shadow was settling over the hills and fields; still they lingered on their way.

"It's a long way off: it is beyond Dunbar. The railway station is Reston, an' you have to walk twa or three miles syne," said Ralph, thinking of his home. It would be their own home.

"Yes," said Yeuff, after a pause, "it mun be far away when it is oot o' East Louden."

"Far or near, our love will travel with us. Louden is no a' the world to you nor me," he said encouragingly.

"No," she replied with a slight smile, "nor Berwickshire either."

A close observer could see that her words did not convey the tender thoughts that were struggling within her. Her eyes were with her heart, thinking in a troubled manner about her mother, about whom she had been quick to notice Ralph had said nothing. Did he intend that she should leave her and cleave only to him, leave her, the only, and first, and dearest friend she had through life, leave her in her fast approaching old age, leave her solitary, uncared for, in the cottage, and that she herself should only go to this home of his father's beyond Dunbar? Her feelings rushed quickly together, and there was a swelling about her large throat, and a firm pressure about her rounded lips. Her backward womanish thoughts soon overcame the flush of warm feelings, leaving behind, however, a flash of pride in the erect head and a stiffness in the supple form. She was offended that into the question he had never intro-



duced the mention of her mother, and what was to become of her.

What had come over her? Ralph thought, as he saw she was a little cold and inclined to be formal. Had he given her offence by not making a straightforward, manly avowal. He bent his large face into hers, and wrapped her in his massive arms, and said in that touching, simple pathos which the Lowland hinds know by nature how to use, —

"Fame, my lass, I like you, and you only."

Her head fell on her breast, and her cheeks were burning with color. Outwardly these were the only effects produced by this declaration of love. Then she lifted up her head, put her hands to her eyes, and looked at him frankly and honestly.

"You are guid an' kind, Ralph. I never expected this th' nicht. You are very guid, an' clever. I feel thankful for your guid opinion. But, Ralph, I am no my ain mistress; my mother has lived all her days in the place she was born at."

To you, as to any modern Englishman, it is immaterial where a girl lives when she marries. Of course she must follow her husband as naturally and as unquestioning as the cart follows the horse, so long as the harness keeps together. She loves, why then she must be led wherever this love leads her. Introduce a limitation to this love journey at the very start, and you would no doubt say it is proof most ample that there was never any love, or that love for place overcame love for person. But is it really so?

Ralph, with his strong, if narrow, intelligence, could not understand her doubts. She had been always so frank with him and so agreeable, and had never shown any previous signs of possessing a will running counter to him. Now for the first time he felt her quiet natural strength of conviction below the hesitating sentences.

"It's you am wanting to live wi' me, Fame." Then he said in lighter tones, playing at her thoughts, as if they were whims, "What matters it whether we live at Reston, Oakfield, or Oxton? It will be the same, we will be th'gether, and wherever we are we will aye love; will we no? The same sky will shine ower us, the same winds will blow, the same rain will fall at any place; only at Reston I'll be at a guid situation; and, here or there, you can never be dearer to me than what you are, Fame, lass."

He had disposed of the case without

considering the principal question. His premises were incomplete.

"You forget, Ralph, that I am a woman, and that I have an auld mother, to me very dear, and so long as I live, where she goes I follow." She thought she had made it clear, and did not care to make it more pointed.

"Your mother? Well, yes; a mother must be provided for. Mine is dead long ago; many a year ago."

They were silent for a time. Tears gathered in her eyes and swelled in her throat. They were dear to each other in the fashion that man's and woman's love will ever be. Was the sacrifice to be all on her side for him whom she loved very much? Did he not see her trial? or, seeing it, did he shut his eyes purposely to her trial? Her whole being was stirred with her new joy and her new sorrow, which were now equally great. Was she at this trying moment to throw off the only solacement, the only old natural joy of kin, she had had in her dull existence, for this new-found endearing joy?

"Till th' nicht I never ken'd how much I like baith you and my mother," at last she said. "In my auld hame, beneath these four bare walls," pointing to the cottage far off in the dark, "where my father lived and died, and I was born, I have aye thought I would do the same under his and my master's folks. But you make me sad, Ralph, and no glad, in asking me to leave it; to leave my mother. I canna turn my back on the place, and say to mother, 'I mun leave you, for Ralph wants me to live with him far, far away, away from the auld red fields and red-tiled houses.' I canna, Ralph, lad; my heart winna allow me; and I am sure you would no have me with a false heart. Think of me sometimes, if you like, as a sister. You have my love, but I couldna forsake my mother yet. Oh no! You'll see, some morning or evening, another lass to your mind. Maybe a Berwickshire lass, Ralph, without a mother. God has willed it so; but probably you will think of me sometimes, perhaps very kindly, as I will always do of you."

Her voice rose and fell, its quiet heart-cadence bespoke the severity of the inward struggle between the love for man and the love for duty. The words were spoken with a careless effort of art, and yet in their sincerity reaching an art so high as to be beyond an actor's range. The peasants never pose nor talk of scenery, but in their still, watching, patient, nature-taught feelings they possess the



reverence of art and the innate love of scenery. Words and actions are to them always inseparably associated with the spots where they were uttered or made. They possess in the rough the true dramatic instinct.

They had passed a small farm-steading where a middle-aged farmer was heard in the stackyard calling out in angry tones to a wayward hind's wife, —

"Jean, your greedy bairns have stolen the hen's eggs from out this bean-stack here."

"Is that a', master?" was heard as loud a voice in the dark in reply. "You have little to make a' the work aboot. The bairns are only beginning to learn to be thrifty and usefu' to a body. Ye have little to complain o'."

It was now supper time at this early hour, and the dusk had fallen. So quietly the two trudged homewards towards Oatfield. The long, flat lands, the wide stretches of arable fields, the squares of field hedgerows, and rolling soil, were dull and dark in the grey February nightfall. Can he not stay in Lothian among her own folk? she is thinking. Will he not relent? If his love is so strong for her, it can surely embrace the only one she loves next to him? What objections can he have to her mother living with them? She would be helpful and industrious; she would look after the little Ayrshire cow, milk it, and attend it in the byre or feed the pigs in the sty behind the house in Berwickshire, or tend the Scots-grey or Cochin China hens. They would all thrive under her patient care, and under her constant, placid, soft attentions. Was it all to be but a bright pleasant dream, to be a thing of the past, to be among the might-have-beens, on the dull dawn of tomorrow, and numbered among the happy hours she had known rustic joy in the fresh days of haymaking in early summer, or the gladsome joyfulness when lifting the fallen bunches of oats after the horse-reapers in the bright summer mornings? Oh, why had he awakened her monotonous life with this glimpse of another life, with the gleams of fond mother's anticipations, and so rudely closed it, and so selfishly? Was this love?

To her it was more bitter than the cold offerings of friendship. It was now all past; her heart was already closing in the rebound, there could be no more eager, pleasant expectations between them. The strange river of life had suddenly turned a bend, and displayed a long-hoped-for change of scene, where she expected to

live, her heart full of new emotions, of emotions lying dormant in a lump at her heart; but the bend only opened to close, and lose itself at another bend.

The familiar cows which she knew by name lowed in their stalls in the byre at the farmstead, the fat cattle bellowed in the courts, the shepherd's dog growled at the gathering footsteps. It was supper time. The hinds, to the light of the lantern, were suppering the cart horses in the stalls of the stable. The fitful light of the wood fire lit up her mother's home, and streaks of light stole through the chinks of the door. She was at home. The oil lamp stood on the table unlit, and two blue supper plates were laid on the round table. The fitful light from the fire danced on the row of plates and bowls on the plate-rack at the wall, and on the cupboard in the corner stored with old china cups and saucers on the top of each other. Naomi watched, as she sat on a low stool, the porridge-pot at the fireside; and this was the ordinary round of her life since she was a lassie at school; Yeuff knew of no other rounds of life; it might be of no interest to Ralph, whatever his life at his home might be in Berwickshire, in that unknown shire beyond Dunbar. Naomi sat on the same low stool in spring and summer, in autumn and winter, as was her wont all the year, all her life.

As they pass the wicket gate, walk up the pebble-strewn footpath, the young forester throws his arm round her firm waist, and leans his head with his bearded cheek against hers, and spoke in a firm voice. He compressed into strong words the result of his anxious inward debates.

"Before we step across the threshold, tell me, Fame, lass, do you really like me, an' nae other lad? Dae ye only like me?"

Her hand is on the latch of the stone-walled, red-tiled cottage; it is quickly withdrawn, and she grasps his firmly in the dark. An eager glow was in her dark eyes, and her figure quivered with strong emotion.

"Like ye, Ralph?" she asked, more by way of candid reply than an echoing answer. "I ken nae other lad that e'er I liked since I was a lassie. I think I never knew love or liking till ye came to the countryside. I like ye dearly."

"Aweel, Fame, lass, it's agreed. I'll marry ye, an' your mother will gaun wher-ever we gaun, an' we'll a' live th'gether. God kens I like ye weel."

The place where they stood was as hal-



lowed to her as the kirk porch; its surroundings, where her father lived and toiled, a poor hind, and where she had played as a girl, and wrought in girlhood and womanhood, were as sacred as the kirk where she and her mother worshipped, or the kirkyard where her father and forefathers lay beneath the green sod.

"Eh! Ralph, my lad; am richt glad it's a'ower. Come away indoors, an' oo'll hae a talk wi' mother aboot it. She'll be glad, glad to see you."

The door opened, and the figures, tall and strong-built in the open air, were seen but a moment against the dim light from the opened door. Inside, he had now a place in the cottage, he had now a chair he could nearly call his own. The mother bustled about, and served the simple fare, while Yeuff took off her hat and jacket, and brushed her hair at the small looking-glass hanging on the wall, where she could not but notice, with a smile, the color in her cheeks and the new glow in her eyes.

The mother knew where she had been, and suspected the cause of her late return; now she knew, and that it was not the first time the two had been walking and talking together alone in the country roads. You could read on her face the expression of mild disapproval, but no questions were asked. Nothing was amiss. She could wait for explanations, if any were forthcoming; her dark, receptive, patient eyes bespoke that she could wait long, ay, all her short life now. She knew her daughter's heart, and was satisfied. The weary day was now ended, her daughter was home and looking happy, and the stout old woman thought confidently over her plate of warm porridge and the jug of sweet milk, "It is well. Young folks will be young folks. Where quiet happiness is there is no wrong. The end of it, what will it be? likely a wedding and a kirking. Who knows? Luck comes to poor folk as well as to the grand." Her patient quietude was like the dumb cows' in their stalls, which had, all her life, appealed to her meditative, contemplative mind as a pattern for her own. The beasts in the fields were, to her, living forces.

She was not long left in doubt. After the frugal meal, when the plates and jugs had been removed to the pantry, and the oil lamp was burning bright, and they had all settled down in strong wooden chairs round the whitewashed, clean-swept fire-side, the quiet talk passed round, led by homely questions of the mother. The

gossip of the fair; the wages in money, and the yards of potatoes and bolls of meal offered and accepted for hinds and day-laborers; how much for single men, for married men with daughters who could also work on the farm and fields; for married men with grown-up sons, who could, like their fathers, drive a pair of horses, could sow, and plough, and reap — called a double hindling? Who of their friends and neighbors were staying and leaving; where they were shifting to, the work they were to do, the wages they were getting; if they were to be allowed to keep a sow or a cow? Who of their neighbors at far-away farms she had seen and spoken to; how they and their families were; if they were increased by births or unbroken by deaths? It was talk of a homely, kindly nature. The old mother was gladdened or saddened as the news went either way. Her old neighbor workers had a place in her heart which neither the distance of time nor the distance of place could remove. Friendship is not easily wrenched from country hearts.

Then there was a lull in the talk; it lagged as light flickers before it either goes out or burns brighter. A quiet remark from the mother about the delay of Yeuff's return brought no response from her, so it was left to Ralph to explain, in an uneasy, slow manner, involving many shiftings of his position on the wooden chair, and causing many times to put his hands out and into his pockets as if they were to him, for the first time, burdens. Yeuff, with a calmness, bethought herself of washing the supper dishes in the small pantry. The simple story was simply told. It fell on a mother's grateful ears; her heart was glad; she set it down to an ever-watchful Providence; she accepted it as a divine blessing. Where her daughter goes, she goes most thankfully; willingly or gladly at leaving her old home, was not to be thought of. A young woman's life was before an old woman's few short years. It was well ordered, and it was not for her to question. Ralph was steady, clever, and acknowledged to be well-bred. Yeuff had accepted him, and she would have done the same had she been young. A good man is the best dowry, the only one Yeuff could expect; and a good woman is the best dowry Ralph would get. It was very well ordered. She thanked God most fervently.

Yeuff had returned from washing the dishes; to-night she had been longer than usual. She said the room was hot, and



the girl went now to open the back window at the time she generally shut it. She stood a minute looking into the dark night; the cold night air was grateful to her heated cheeks.

"Yeuff, my bairn, Ralph has told me all. Come here, Yeuff." Old Naomi spoke very fondly and tenderly, so unlike the usual matter-of-fact tone at supper times.

"Yes, mother," replied Yeuff, still keeping her hand on the window sneck, looking in the direction of the cold stars in the vaults of the sky, and with her back to her mother. Then she shut it, and walking across the earthen floor to where her mother sat, she stooped and threw her arms round her, and bent her cheeks to hers.

A loud noise broke in upon the stillness. Suddenly a rustling noise was heard, a crushing, cracking sound, the window was opened from the outside, and in a moment a figure came tumbling on to the floor! It was a man, a young man. He was slightly intoxicated, and was at first bewildered by the lights of the lamp and the fire, and he staggered across the floor with outstretched hands towards the mother, whom he attempted to embrace.

"Hoo are ye, Yeuff, woman? Ye're an awfu' stranger noo. Ye never come along the Ormiston road." He spoke as he groped with his open arms.

Yeuff stood behind her mother, flushed with anger, yet not knowing what to say. Naomi led him to a chair like a child. He was but a young lad, unaccustomed to the excitement of the fairs, and the power of the strong ale he had drunk there somewhat freely. The young man, when sober, was stolid, but in his cups there was a dash of rustic daring and rustic noise. He was a ploughman, and between him and other workmen, such as foresters, gardeners, or gamekeepers — hangers-on on lairds' good-will as he considered — at least in his opinion, there was that wide difference there is between a free man and a serf. Naomi hoped he would be quiet and go quietly away, but his tongue would wag.

"Freend," he said, pointing with his uplifted arm to Ralph, who had sat still on his chair with an outward appearance of every-day unconcern, "mind ye, am no stranger here. Yeuff an' me are auld freends, arent we, Yeuff, lass? 'Deed are we!"

Ralph's staid pride was touched, and he accepted the slightest challenge of rivalry in their lives which ran through the words

and looks of the intruder. In a dull, blunt manner Ralph asked, in an ordinary way, —

"Whether are you or me to shut the window?"

"Please yoursel." Then came the words as an afterthought, "Ye'll no kick up a row wi' me — mind that." A deep undercurrent of meaning was expressed in his face, and Ralph's look plainly showed that they understood each other. A wan smile came across Hope's dull brown face as he turned to Naomi and said, "He's gey clever if he kens what I mean. The De'il himsel dinna ken."

Old Naomi produced from the chest of drawers the whisky bottle, shaped like a flagon and as old as an heirloom, the sight of which alone had a soothing effect. She quietly turned the conversation to the fair, and to subjects which could not produce controversy — if that be possible, for country folks' subjects of talk are so limited, and their experiences so varied, as to produce the most contradictory opinions. It was fair night, he would taste out of her bottle; he would surely drink their healths in a glass of whisky.

"Whisky? Na, na, hang it; it makes you fou."

He was not welcome; he knew it, he saw it. Yeuff had not once spoken to him. For the old relationship and friendship of his folk with Naomi, she was kindly towards him. If a complete stranger had come into the house, the whisky bottle would have been handed to him. It was country hospitality, and he was not favored. But he would surely this night of all nights not pass unobserved the old custom, he would surely put the whisky to his lips, if no more.

"Weel, if ye will hae me to drink, I canna refuse. Am no a teetotaller, an' I'll no be ca'd yin." With the glass in his hand he remarked by the way for the information of one only: "Mind ye, am a Louden man. Dae ye think me a fool?"

"I'll no say but ye may be."

"Ye'll no kick up a row wi' me, mind ye that. But I'll take or gie a song wi' any man for pleasure."

"Ay, ay," said Naomi, whose interest in the talk was nothing to her anxiety to keep the two from quarrelling, and to get them safely out of the cottage.

"Gie's yin o' Robbie Burns's songs; his are bonnie."

"Ye tell a lie, Naomi. They're nae masons or gardeners o' that name about Ormiston."

"Come, Hope, ye're a canny chap,



Gie's a toast or a sentiment o' some sort, an' pass roond the glass. Dinna keep it to yoursel."

It was sore against her will she had to encourage him in presence of Ralph, but what will an old mother not be forced to do for a daughter?

"Here's tae ye a' in the auld words, ye ken fine," he said, with a bold swagger of his arm, spilling the whisky at the same time, and reciting the words, —

From rocks of sand, and foreign land,  
May fortune keep me free,  
And from big guns, and woman's tongues,  
The Lord deliver me.

"Ye hae naething like that in Berwickshire, man. There's nae toast like it out o' Louden, is there, Naomi? I never liked guns of any kind, and I aye need a gill of whisky before I can breast up to a woman. Do I no, Yeuff? What's the matter with ye, Yeuff? You've never spoken a word to me! I have na spoiled the company, have I? I did not mean it. We're auld friends, but I have no offended you, have I?"

"Offended? No. We have been old friends." She spoke with careless indifference. It was a test of the friendship of peasants to overlook an unwelcome intrusion of this kind, indeed it was only into friends' houses such free intrusions are made. They were equals, and though not a custom of the country, such nocturnal visits were generally made when the peasant lads were returning home with a skinful of strong spirits. Whisky lent boldness to the most timid native.

"Mind, Yeuff," he said, attempting to look sober, "though I may be had a bottle — a bottle o' ale more than my usual, I am no gaun to the Pigs an' Whistles. Na, na. I've been keeping the fair — that's a', lass."

It was late. The proverbial apathy along the northern shore which comes from the company of three lovers was felt. The talk died from want of life, not from lack of interest.

To Ralph she said "Good-night," and to Hope she said "Good-bye." Did Hope notice the difference — the difference she intended to make? They vanished into the dark, and, waiting a little at the doorstep, she recognized the strong figure of Ralph from the light of a match as he lit his pipe. No other figure was seen beside him; no doubt Hope had turned at the corner, and walked along the by-road alone. It was well they had separated, else, she thought, from strong

words they might have gone to strong blows, and strong blows might have ended in — what? She shuddered to think.

Inside the house Naomi was quietly engaged putting the little kitchen and sitting-room in order. The clock had struck the hour of nine, and astonished her. It was late, past the regular time for going to bed. With a leisurely life of patient experience, and of the knowledge gained by prosaic facts, of strange love incidents in the wide expanse of what is termed the countryside, she had a strange, feverish misgiving as to the result of to-night's incident. Her lips were pressed a little closer than usual, and her dull eyes were looking inwards with great restlessness of thought.

"Hope is a big, stupid calf," she said to herself.

"What, mother?" asked Yeuff, who had entered from locking the door, and drawing the wooden bolt across.

"Figure Hope, coming tumbling in by the window this night of all nights. He is stupid — probably with drink. He is a big calf; a muckle fool — that he is."

"Yes; Hope is thoughtless. He can never do things like other folk. At school he used to cut his hands while whittling away at sticks. But, mother, he is simple-minded."

The grate was raked of the glowing embers, the candle was lit for their own bedroom, and the oil lamp was put out. No more words were spoken. Before Yeuff fell asleep, the sweet experience of the afternoon came back again; his kindly voice, his manly figure. Her cheeks took a glow at the recollection of his kiss, and his warm pressure, his warm words, which she had often previously wondered if they would come to her as they came to ladies in fashionable love-stories, written in the weekly press, but which had now come to her with that strong force deferred expectations generally bring with their arrival — she, a solitary farm-lass, patient and calm, with few thoughts but of farm-work and farm-folk, and her own kin, and the beasts and cattle about the farm-steading and fields.

All around was in peace. A stillness hovered about the farm-steading. The hinds had long since returned from supping the horses in the stable, and were no doubt also slumbering soundly in their box-beds. The grain and bean stacks in the stack-yard, the large, stone-built straw-barn, and tall chimney of the steam-engine, rose tall against the dull sky, and made the darkness darker around the cot-



tage. But this flat country, this expanse of low-cut, hedged-in fields and borders of plantations, were to her a familiar land — the land of her affections. She could pick her way in the dark over the stiles in the stone dykes and the slaps in the hedgerows, and could tell at what spot to leave the narrow footpath, and to walk on the roadway for better footing. She travelled the distance over again, and the familiar landscape, with the rounded Gargeton Hills, the solitary Traprain Law, and the rolling Lammermuir Hills, were now looked upon as having also a tender spot in her feelings, for there her heart went out to the only lad she had yet loved. Add a strong human love to what was before a close familiarity, and you have a love as sacred as mortals can experience in the sweetness of open-air life.

"Hope is stupid and rough. No other could be so stupid and rough as he was th' nicht before folks. But Ralph took no notice of him; he was very wise," she thought, as she lay beside her mother, who was sound asleep. "He was gey bold, faith, in so coolly coming in by the window, but Ralph was there."

The cold, early grey morning found her at work. Many of the farm laborers were late at yoking time. Work after yesterday's festivities had a disagreeable earnestness, a seeming harshness, to some as they stood talking, unwilling to yoke, and only willing to spend time in talking about yesterday. Yesterdays bulk more largely in country folks' talk than do to-days. In this way they lingered about the farm-steading for an hour until the farm steward, later than usual, made his appearance. To day they are trudging in the fields, yesterday they were tripping in the town; to-day they are back to familiar work and familiar scenes, yesterday they were crowded in the throng of a fair, full of booths and shows, and they themselves quickened with the stir and noise around them in the streets; to-day they settle down as best they can to their ordinary laboring life. The seasons brought round to them their regular beaten march of work, where they must tread.

In the slow, involved talk of two companion peasant women-workers, as they were lifting and cutting the shaws from the turnips in the field to feed the sheep, reference was by slow degrees of exactness made to Yeuff's having so early left the fair, and left it, too, in company with the young forester, Ralph. Womanlike, she denied it. It was true they had seen her go, and one had seen her come home,

and one had been in the house with her. Had Hope, then, been so early at work? Oh, no! he had told one of them last night on his way home from her mother's. What had he said? What could he have said? They did not know; she would probably know best what he could say. Had she not been a long, a very long, time in reaching home along with Ralph? It was not their business to inquire too minutely into what he saw, and heard, and said; but, with a strong thickness of speech, they led her to understand the country folk had joined her name to that of Ralph, and that some folk were rather free in their actions, and another said other folk were somewhat free with their tongues. This mysterious talk was barbed, bitter talk to Yeuff; her ears rung; her cheeks flushed with anger as she kept at her bended work at the turnips. She was grateful for the cold breeze which blew the small black and red checked shawl about her drooping head and shoulders, and so concealed occasionally her head and face from the comments of her companions. This was the sort of talk that passed about men and women, but the first time she felt its power, for it was applied to herself.

This was her first serious trouble. Was the terrible finger of scorn to be pointed at her? Was she to be talked about? She had known how lasses had had to leave the countryside for lack of courage to remain beneath the scourge of public opinion. But wherein had she erred? In truth she could not look her fellow-girls in the face during their covert talk; she felt it would only have led to explanations as unpleasant to give as pleasant to them to receive. She was sorely troubled when she reached her cottage, and sat down to her midday meal. She felt wearied and heavy laden at heart for the first time in her life.

"Ralph has been here asking for you," said her mother placidly.

"Ralph?" asked Yeuff, with a quiver in her voice.

"Yes, even Ralph; he said he was only passing and would look in th' nicht if he didna see you in the fields or the roads." The mother had been a little precise with the message, as she knew that a message between lovers should be as exactly told as it is delivered.

Yeuff recovered her calmness and only nodded assent. She stretched out her wearied legs beneath the small wood table, and leaned her plump, round elbows on the table, and rested her head on her



hands, with her face drooping. A bit of pale blue ribbon peeped from out below the back of her wealth of brown-black hair. Was she but resting from work? Her mother thought otherwise, as she noticed the deep upheaval of her long, strong waist, and the quivering of her firm breasts. Surely she thought Ralph was honest, was manly, was straightforward, and did not look one who would rob a woman? Could this robust, and lithe, and strong, and tall young woman, who works in the fields, and spends a greater proportion of her life there than do the cart and plough horses, who looks at you across the hedge as she hoes the potatoes or thins the turnips, or gathers the reaped grain, as dull in the eye as the horse in the harrows or the cow on the meadow, feel the pain of the heart, taste the grief of the affections, or know what it is to carry for life the weary burden of a stone in one's heart that you, a cultured lady or gentleman of this century, experience?

"Yeuff, my bairn, Hope has been here on his way to the toon. He said he was very anxious to see you, an' I tell't him where you was. He went away wi' a curious look an' a bundle under his oxters." Old Naomi spoke a little anxiously.

This roused her from her apparent lethargy. He had been at her mother's during the day when he should have been miles away working, and he had called after last night's intrusion. She asked a little sharply, —

"What did he want? Did he leave any word?"

"Any word he had he took it away with himself. I never speired a question. He said nothing."

At last her hour of rest and repose from work came to an end. On the road was heard the sound of the horses' feet, the jingling of plough chains, and the calls of the men as they were returning to work again after their noonday meals. Old Naomi, without turning in her seat, looked sadly and affectionately at her daughter, as she sat with her bended back and drooping head watching the burning bits of gathered sticks and faggots on the fire.

"It's time to be stepping to the fields, lassie. They're away doon the road afore ye."

She slowly rose, after wearily stretching out her rounded arms over her head, and went away without a word to the daily labor and the outward life.

"Puir lassie! I am wae for 'er. She's young and strong. The days of youth

are days of trial," old Naomi kept saying to herself at long intervals, as she looked with a deep tenderness from the small window at the tall form of her daughter on the road, a form which, as it trudged wearily rather than walked, showed a deeper weariness and languor than comes from the simple toil of a daily task. There crept into the old, warm heart a wish — oh, so deep and fond! — that she could rock Yeuff's heart to rest and ease, as a mother can do to her babe, with the plaintive music of a lullaby to the rhythm of a rocking basket-cradle.

The afternoon's work was oppressive. She felt as one only suffering a short reprieve. In her heart trial she listened with deep sympathy for the first time in her existence to the restless flights and restless landings and pained-like cries of the black and white winged lapwings, to the sad sea-calls of the birds from the seashores. To her, this afternoon, they echoed her questioning, crushed heart, they were cries of anguish and sorrow like her own, and lightened a little her heavy heart. Even in the whirring noise of the belt on the drum of the steam-plough engine in the adjoining field, in the dull humming, and moaning, and panting, and clanking of the machine and its gear, she now felt that kindred sympathy which wounded hearts and laboring hands find in low sounds and the dulness of monotonous noises. The earnest gait of grey-clad men guiding the horse-ploughs this dull, grey afternoon had the look to her of men condemned to toil and struggle on the soil. Her heart felt loaded in chains, so heavy, so burdened it was.

When the hour came for yoking from work, she allowed her fellow-laborers to go together in front. She sought the nearest slap in the hedge, and stood on the open road till they turned the corner. She was not in a mood to talk to them as they trudged home with their worn sickles round their waists. She would wait. Then Ralph came up, and they walked slowly, very slowly together. Perhaps, he thought, his recurring figure would now speak to her better than he could, with no art of clearly expressing himself; perhaps his waiting for the chance of walking home with her would now bring her to a value of his worth.

Not a word was said. They had hardly looked in each other's eyes. In the gathering grey night they turned the road, and came within sight of the last field gate swung between two heavy posts, the white-walled farmhouse, the clustering



farm outhouses and cottages, the rounded, heavy cornstacks, the clump of firs, and the dull, red tiles. Yet not a word. Strange lovers!

Suddenly he stopped, and struck the staff he carried sharply against the ground. A light leaped out of his dark eyes, a light she had never before seen, a light which she quickly felt had leaped from his and lodged in her own.

"Yeuff, tell me what's the meaning o' this? What's the meaning o' last night's ongoing?"

"Meaning? I ken nae meaning. Ye saw all that happened." A calm strength was in her voice. Ralph was a blunt man, and he spoke bluntly and openly. There must, he felt, be understanding and confession.

"That'll no dae, Yeuff. Ye mun explain last night's visit of Hope Goodale by the window. A man that comes into a love lassie's house by the back window is on nae usual message, or else," his blunt voice never hesitated in his strong words, "he would come in by the door like other folk."

"I canna deny Hope came in by the window," she said, with a firmness which came, she felt, from the tightening of her heart. "What's mair, I'll no seek to deny it. Why should I? Is there only one thing a stupid chap like Hope can come in at a window for? He tells lies who says that either Hope, or you, or man or woman born, can damage my name! What is't you accuse me of?"

Eagerly, anxiously she spoke, with a rapidity of words from the quickness of the flashing suspicions he started against her—indeed an accusation—her face was flushed, the stout pride of her own, and her family reputation stood her in need, and her words came straightway from the wounded pride of a sound-minded peasantry.

"I accuse you of nothing but what I saw happen mysel," he said doggedly and bluntly. He thought, why could she not confess, and perhaps he would forgive, but surely she would not persist in denial.

"Ralph Hush!" she exclaimed in a voice that sounded chill and cold. "Last night, no further gone, you said you loved me, and I believed you—oh so truly. But can you love me, and speak so to me? Surely you dinna believe what you say? Will you not believe what I say? Hope Goodale and I are cousins by my mother's side, and that's all. You hae kent me for two years, and you ken if

Hope and me were ever sweethearts, or ever had likings for each other."

"What can I do? It's for you to clear yoursel." He spoke as chill and cold as she did. He added the words, as containing proof conclusive, "Besides, Hope has gone and listed as a sodger. He will get his fill of flash dress now."

Yeuff felt that her cousin should have taken the queen's shilling was an additional humiliation to her. To enlist as a soldiër was here felt equal to have committed a misdemeanor. They were quite separate and far apart in the thoughts of the Lothian hinds, to be respectable and to be a soldier. A young hind only thought in earnest of the army when he got into a scrape with a lass. All this she knew as every ploughman's daughter did.

"Hope, listed!" Words were useless against this steady fact that linked her fate to his. How could she persuade, when the mind liable to persuasion was not there in the face of the enlistment? Was not speech in vain after this? Her pride, her temper never blenched; in her innocency she trusted. Doubts can be dispelled; but who can prove innocency? Innocency can only be proved to an innocent mind.

Again she felt the crucial test. The severe struggle between her love for this young lad, never felt to be so sweet to her before as now she was on the eve of losing it, and the proper pride and righteous indignation which rose erect in her heart against him, of all men, making such a veiled accusation.

"Hope, listed! stupid calf! And you allow him, my cousin, to come between our likings for each other—to separate us? I didna ken that you were so fearful' suspicious an' jealous-minded! Have you asked Hope about me? Ask him! He is no so stupid but he will tell you the truth, ay, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Ask Hope? I am no daft. We mun settle this between oursells."

Moments like these are turning-points in life. The journey of life becomes single-handed, while the other life slips past beyond our reach. It is the first break of expected hope; it is an epoch in life from which we count everything backwards in place of forwards, as we fondly imagined. The past is actually past, long past, forever past beyond our control, leaving but a shred, a remnant, the memory only as our own, of the by-past days with their joys, and hopes, and feelings.



With the death or loss of love some of our own best spirits die too.

"The fellow that comes into a lass's room by the window mun be encouraged to do it; and he mun hae been there afore last nicht, am thinkin'." He talked as if he were speaking of a sale of lots of wood on his master's estate; she thought his voice showed no signs of emotion, either of pain for her or for himself. Was he only throwing up a bargain?

"Oh, what lies! You ken it's false." Her soul rose in arms within her. "You never loved, never could have loved me, and believe these false stories. You ken they are lies! don't you, Ralph Hush? Speak, man!"

"I don't. It's no for me to trail ower the countryside speiring at everybody about you, and dragging my name ahint me through glaur," he said, a little warmly. In a decided tone, he added, "Yeuff Todrig, the woman I marry mun hae nae dirt stuck tae her name; she mun be spotless."

It was over. Their lives and hearts were now drawn sharply asunder. To each they were now forever to be more distant and formal than outside strangers from the wide world. Their hearts were closed to each other; love had been killed between them.

"Keep your mind easy, man. I'll marry no man that disbelieves my word. He that loves me must pin his faith to me, and I can hold up my head wi' the best at kirk or market. My life is spotless."

They now stood opposite the cottage; to her to-night it was the world's end, the only cottage, the only shelter in the world. She looked along the broad stretching turnpike, across which a flock of crows were flying in a long, dark line homewards; an empty, large-wheeled wood cart, with trace horses walking briskly in the direction of the thin bit of grey-red sunset. To the east again the road was bare and black. The sun would rise there to-morrow morning, but her heart would be like the road to-night, bare and bleak. In her heart of hearts she cried out against this bitter, cruel, unjust accusation, but her pride held her outwardly firm and self-reliant against this alleged stain on her womanhood. A stranger would at once read in her face at least charming dignity and strength of will.

"Good-nicht, Yeuff," he said slowly, and apparently reluctantly.

"Nay, let it be good-bye, since it's a' ower atween us now." She spoke with that quietness of tone and look implying

finality. Their love—if ever there was any on his part, she doubted—was over, and the blackness of night had rounded off the bright sunshine of the day.

"Good-bye?" he asked.

"Why no? Good-bye. Forever."

She did not trust herself to look at him, as she felt her head shake perceptibly, with quivering lips, and her neck move with gulps of emotion. Her heart was stout. On her heels she turned, and soon afterwards went in doors, where her mother had been waiting for and innocently watching her standing with the young forester.

The old mother, who had so patiently borne her own weary burdens, and the young daughter, who to-night began to feel what it is to be heavy laden, sat together silently at their simple supper. Mother and daughter never spoke to each other. As the early night wore on, no one came near them, and betimes were heard the loud voices of the hinds as they were going to and returning from suppering the horses and feeding the cattle at the farmstead. How regularly the clock ticked on the wall! the wind blew in blasts among the firs in the wood, and the trees sighed and moaned behind the cottage; their lonely lives were their own, and were not broken in upon. Then in the outer world all was silent as the grave.

The old mother sat with her arms crossed and folded in the lap of her black apron. The white cap gave her pinched face a paler hue. Her daughter was very sad to-night, as she sat long resting in one calm, quiet position, leaning her arm against the table, with ruminating eyes. The mother knew it, but it was not in her intensely Scotch reticent nature to intrude into her daughter's heart; to her love was sacred, too sacred for speech. The heart knoweth no speech nor counsel in words. With her as with all country folk, love and death are like the wind of heaven, they are fatalities, they come where they list, and no one can tell where. Into this heart mystery the old mother unconsciously could read with the best, but naturally felt that it was not even for her, a mother, to seek to lift the veil and pry into its sorrow.

Her brooding, drooping eyes you would think were closed in sleep. Not so; they were closed, for she could not bear to look on the suffering face of her daughter. She, too, was sick at heart, and wished for a mouthful of fresh air. Naomi tottered to the inner door, and casting back a side look, she said gently, —



"Yeuff, lass, I'll away an' lock the hen-house door."

"Ay, mother! I'll away to bed, for am very tired and weary th' nicht, mother."

Last night her life was sweet and light with the new-found love of man; to-night her life was bitter and dark in having, beyond her own control, lost this love forever.

JAMES PURVES.

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#### FOREIGN BIRDS AND ENGLISH POETS.

OUR poets have had only an indifferent repertory of foreign birds, or rather—seeing how backward natural history was till the present century—it is perhaps more to the purpose to say that they have made only an indifferent use of those they had. Their list comprises the following—the ostrich, pelican, vulture, condor, bird of paradise, humming-bird, flamingo, stork, crane; and some caged birds—canaries, cockatoos, and parrots.

Now the natural history of poetry is derived from three sources: from Greek and Roman mythology, from fables, and from heraldry. These are all of questionable authenticity; but, on the other hand, they may, each of them, be said to present certain features specially suitable for poets' purposes, for the "facts" in myths, fables, and coats of arms rest on the vaguest authority, are hazy in outline, and sketchy in detail, and possess a delightful elasticity in application. They have no angular certainties about them, no uncompromising and positive lumps of grit in them. They never get any harder than clay, and submit readily therefore to fanciful manipulation. But these very merits, if I may call them so, have had a somewhat injurious effect upon poetry wherever it aimed, as the poets themselves assure us it always does, at *truth*. Moreover, by going one after the other to the same restricted sources of information, the poets have laid themselves open to the charge of a monotony in error almost amounting to plagiarism;

Who follows Homer takes the field too late.

Of the general result of absurdity, the inevitable consequence of looking for nature in heraldry, I need say nothing. When a Marvell actually went out into the fields and observed what he afterwards wrote, the world obtained not only poetry but poetry from the life; or when a Keats

translates into words his own intuitive and tender sympathy with the out-of-doors about him, the result is the poetry of nature herself. But with the hearth-rug poets, if I may make a phrase, the poets who sit looking into the fire and trying to remember what they have ever heard or read about a particular object in nature, the outcome appears to be invariably either a reminiscence of a myth or of some device on a coat of arms, or else a simple quotation. With regard to foreign birds, every poet has been more or less of the "hearthrug" order from necessity, as of course no amount of personal observation of English bird nature would have given the writer an insight into the appearance or character of, say, vultures or ostriches. But this being granted, it need not follow that poets should take on trust—on the authority too of professed and acknowledged nonsense—the most unfavorable views of the natures and habits of those birds. The poet's instinct, I take it, should be towards a universal tenderness. I do not mean towards that sentimentalism which leads men to wring their hands over partridge-shooting,

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,  
Mourned Adonis, darling youth,

and to gush over "the lesser celandine," but a perfectly healthy sympathy with nature, which refuses under any circumstances to call vultures "loathsome" and ostriches "unnatural." Yet nearly all the poets who refer to these birds do so in these or in similar terms, and, to add to the original offence of ever entertaining such opinions, give their reasons for doing so. As if it justifies abuse of vultures to say that one "gnawed the liver of Prometheus"!

An apologist of the vulture would have very little trouble in rehabilitating "Pharaoh's chickens." The vulture is as often as not "the eagle" of Holy Writ, and in the sacred myths of the East it occupies a position of positive grandeur as a "vehicle" of a god, and, in the person of Jatayus, the vulture king, almost divine itself. This bird is the original of the pelican, with which the poets are in full sympathy; it stood in Egyptian hieroglyphics as the symbol of virility. It gave rise to the superb fancies of the roc\*

\* Rogers, hoping to improve on Milton's terrific vulture,

"On Imaus bred,"

gives Merion the form of a "condor," which he apostrophizes as "Roc of the West;" and Campbell, ob-



and the simurg, that stand incarnate in Hindoo mythology as the feathered god Garuda. And where, in all the range of auguries, shall we find another to match that omen of the twelve vultures, which the destinies of Rome irresistibly obeyed? From its traditions alone, therefore, it would not be at all difficult to advance the vulture to a place of dignity, but in actual nature it is undeniably majestic. The vulture will bully the best eagle that ever flew in Shelley, and in power of wing far excel it. Longfellow knows the bird as it is, and what does he say?—

Circles aloft and sails on pinions majestic the  
vulture,  
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle.

And this one couplet goes a long way towards refuting the hideous prejudices of our own poets, who never saw a vulture, but constructed it by a synthetic process of their own that looks like a travesty of Professor Owen's. Taking the claw of a harpy (which mythology threw in their way as being "a vulture's") they fitted on to it legs that wade in carnage, a body stuffed with the flesh, and especially eyes, of dead men, and then a head that was perpetually plunging into Prometheus' liver—and to this monstrosity of their own creation they are perpetually paying their homage in unbounded insults like the Obi men of Africa, who dance round their fetish, which they have tagged together out of all kinds of abominable odds and ends, and shout their abuse to it.

The poets' vulture has three aspects—as a bird of prey (which it is not), a bird of ill-omen (which it was not), and a bird of general horror. There is indeed nothing too abominable to be called "vulture," and nothing too abominable for the vulture to do. The bird has therefore, as may be imagined, some terrible moments with the poets. Thus "prey-bird" is a disagreeable name, "flesh-bird" is worse, and "death-bird" is worst of all; while the odious references to "the vultures sick for battle" are sufficient to sour any birds against humanity.

The hope of torturing him, smells like a heap  
Of corpses to a death-bird after battle.

"Its wings rain contagion" (from being saturated with the reek of various carnage), and it joins "the wild-dog and the

jecting to the Russian "eagle" being considered aquiline, addresses Muscovy as "the Northern Condor." But the majestic vulture is not otherwise referred to.

snake, the wolf and the hyena grey, in a horrid truce to eat the dead." "Abominable harpies" is one poet's apostrophe of the vulture; while a dozen conspire to abuse the bird for feeding on victims that are still living. They forget that their own superlative eagle, the bird that can do no wrong, is also guilty of all these malpractices, but remember them bitterly against the vulture at every opportunity.

Conquerors that have not the approval of the poets are called vultures—thus, Alexander the Great (Thomson), France (Montgomery), Germany (Falconer), Russia (Campbell)—and the worst of human vices and most horrible of human sufferings have the handle of "vulture" fitted on to them; "the vulture of trouble," "vulture revenge," "vulture oppression," "vulture destruction," "vulture folly," "vulture greed."\*

Circe was a "vulture witch;" the Fury had "vulture claws;" a murderer has "vulture eyes," and his deeds are "vultures;" while vulture-mind, vulture-thought, and a vulture-grasp are all the worst-intentioned possible. Even a feather from a vulture's wing becomes (from the bad purpose for which it is of course used) "a cursed quill." This is the purely ideal bird, the vulture of invention; but its inaccuracies are not redeemed by any greater fidelity to fact in the poets' rendering of what they suppose to be the vulture of nature.

It springs from Savage's "high-sounding cliffs" upon the pairing dove and "bears it away," it "ravages the flocks" grazing on Milton's hillsides, "strikes at an heron" in Spenser, and is always catching Shelley's everlasting "snake." Cowley, Quarles, Akenside, Gray, and others make it a prey-hunter—and all because Homer set the mistake rolling by saying it pounced on a victim. And it is not even certain that Homer meant a vulture!

Yet, if the poets could have only seen in the flesh one of the lowest type of vultures, how ludicrous would their runaway imagination have seemed! They would have observed a shabby-looking fowl of dirty white plumage and apparently about the size of an able-bodied hen pacing seriously along the highroad, taking each

\* Many of these images, probably all, are as old as poetry itself. See Homer and Lucan.

"Despair and Hate,  
When, like twin vultures, they hung feeding,  
On each heart's wounds."

"Famine or Blight,  
Pestilence, War, and Earthquake never light  
Upon its mountain peaks, blind vultures."



step, with its legs set well wide apart, with all the circumspection of a Chinaman, but keeping its eyes as keenly about it for chance morsels of refuse as a London scavenger. The traffic, both of vehicles and foot passengers, may be considerable, but the vulture is there as a municipal institution — and knows it. No one thinks of molesting it; indeed if it chose to obstruct the footway, the natives would make way for it; children let them alone, and dogs do not run after them. So they go plodding through their day's work, solemn and shabby and hungry, uncomplaining and poor, and at night flap up into some tree and quietly doze off to sleep. This is the lowest, the meanest of all the vulture family, but what is there to lose one's temper over in the poor dust-and-dirt bird, this hardworking and dull-lived vulture? Why bombard it with such magnificent abuse and waste so much expensive poetic frenzy over a bird that will breakfast with relish off a dirty dish-clout and lunch, dine, and sup on the recollection of its breakfast? As Wordsworth said to the robin that would go on chasing a butterfly, I would say to the poets who persist in pursuing the vulture: —

Love him, or leave him alone.

Of the ostrich — “the steele digesting bird,” as Quarles delights in calling it — the poets had only the usual popular ignorance. For them this magnificent fowl was “the silliest of the feathered kind,” and a “feathered fool,” because they, the poets, believed antiquity, when it told the story of the ostrich burying its head in the sand, and thinking that it could not be seen because it could not see. So, it is true —

Whole nations, fooled by falsehood, fear, or pride,  
Their ostrich heads in self-illusion hide;

but an ostrich never does so. On the contrary, next to the goose, it is one of the very wisest of birds. It takes a good horse and a good man to make one Arab of the desert, and it takes three Arabs of the desert to hunt one ostrich — and then they do not kill it, as a rule; while if the ostrich only gets the wind fairly afterwards, they have not a chance.

It is also one of the most careful of parents — the male and female vying with each other, even to a breach of the domestic peace, in attending to their eggs and young. Yet the poets said it was “formed of God, without a parent's

mind”! and believed (or pretended to believe, which, in Cowper especially, was worse) that it “committed its eggs incautious to the dust”! It is amusing to find Montgomery thus apologizing for the ostrich's supposed neglect of its treasures: —

Hast thou expelled the mother from thy heart,  
And to the desert's mercies left thy nest?  
Ah! no. The mother in me knows her part.  
Yon glorious sun is warmer than my heart.

It seems almost a pity that the poets did not know the tradition that the ostrich hatches her eggs simply by looking at them. What openings here for imagination and metaphor!

“Greedy” is a favorite ostrich, or “optridge,” epithet in poetry; but it was reserved for Lovelace to condense their animadversions into a quatrain of errors: —

Ostrich! Thou feathered fool, and easy prey,  
That larger sails to thy house vessel need'st!  
Snakes through thy gutter-neck hiss all the day,  
Then in thy iron mess at supper feed'st!

Such, then, is the sum of the poets' ostrich love; but I would hesitate to pronounce it adequate in either quantity or quality.

The sad pelican — subject divine  
For poetry,

says Marvell. And yet, but for one very notable exception, the poets' pelican might be summed up as an “indulgent desert-bird,” that kills herself to feed her young. The absurdity of this might have been supposed immense enough even to strike a poet, but no — one after the other we find them insisting on the mother pelican sacrificing her life to give her children a meal. It was well enough for Savage to say, —

In the soft pelican is love expressed,  
Who opens to the young her tender breast;

but those who extend this devotion unto self-destruction stretch the idea too far. Thus, Moore, always an enemy to sense, sings, —

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,

But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons —

Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,

Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

The “notable exception” alluded to above is, of course, Montgomery's lengthy poem, “The Pelican Island,” in which the



"solemn pellicon" receives such an elaborate delineation as has not fallen to the lot of any other bird in all the range of poetry. For the most part the natural history of the poem is of a high order, and this, too, without detracting materially from the beauty of the passages in which we meet with such very unpoet-like accuracy.

The noble birds, with skill spontaneous, framed  
A nest of weeds among the giant grass,  
That waved in lights and shadows o'er the soil.  
There, in sweet thralldom, yet unknowing why,  
The patient dam, who ne'er till now had known  
Parental instinct, brooded o'er her eggs,  
Long e'er she found the curious secret out,  
That life was hatching in their brittle shells.  
Then from a wild, rapacious bird of prey,  
Tamed by the kindly process, she became  
That gentlest of all living things—a mother;  
Gentlest while yearning o'er her naked young,  
Fiercest when stirred by anger to defend them.  
Her mate himself the softening power confessed,

Forgot his sloth, restrained his appetite,  
And ranged the sky and fished the stream for her;

Or, when o'er-wearied nature forced her off  
To shake her torpid feathers in the breeze,  
And bathe her bosom in the cooling flood,  
He took her place, and felt through every nerve,

While the plump nestlings throbbed against his heart,

The tenderness that makes the vulture mild;  
Yea, half unwillingly his post resigned,  
When, homesick with the absence of an hour,  
She hurried back, and drove him from her seat  
With pecking bill and cry of fond distress,  
Answered by him with murmurs of delight,  
Whose gutturals, harsh to her, were love's own music.

Then, settling down, like foam upon the wave,  
White, flickering, effervescent, soon subsiding  
Her ruffled pinions smoothly she composed,  
And, while beneath the comfort of her wings,  
Her crowded progeny quite filled the nest:  
The halcyon sleeps not sounder, when the wind  
Is breathless, and the sea without a curl,  
Nor dreams the halcyon of serenest days,  
Or nights more beautiful with silent stars,  
Than, in that hour, the mother Pelican,  
When the warm tumults of affection sunk  
Into calm sleep and dreams of what they were,  
Dreams more delicious than reality.  
He sentinel beside her stood, and watched  
With jealous eye the raven in the clouds,  
And the rank sea-mews whirling round the cliffs.

The remarkable poem from which this extract is made rescues the pelican very effectually from the category of totally neglected birds. Otherwise, it would only have lived in verse as a "desert-bird," which it is not—that commits suicide out of affection, which it does not.

His crest, an ibis brandishing her beak,  
And winding in loose folds her spiral neck.

Garth's solitary reference to the ibis—a bird upon which rested so much of the superstition of old Egypt—is a striking instance of the curious preferences shown by the poets. The sanctity and mystic potencies of the ibis are among the earliest records of bird-lore, and its absence from poetry can only be accounted for by its corresponding absence from heraldry; Garth's single reference to the bird resulting from his own creation of an imaginary crest. Another illustration of the same caprice as to birds is the complete silence of our poets as to the flamingo, and except again in Montgomery (and an incidental allusion in Shelley) I do not know where I should look for it between Chaucer and Wordsworth.

Wading through marshes where the rank seaweed

With spongy moss and flaccid lichens strove,  
Flamingos in their crimson tunics stalked  
On stately legs with far-exploring eye;  
Or fed and slept in regimental lines,  
Watched by their sentinels, whose clarion scream

All in an instant woke the startled troop,  
That mounted like a glorious exhalation  
Nor paused till, on some lonely coast alighting,  
Again their gorgeous cohort took the field.

The flamingo is not, of course, a bird that our poets need be expected to know well, seeing how little they know of their own nightingales and doves, but it is well worth noting how, while they ignore such notable birds as the ibis and flamingo, they should conspire to immortalize the "sic-sac" plover.

One of the most conspicuous curiosities of natural history is, no doubt, the friendly alliance between Leviathan and the "sic-sac" plover—

The bold bird on the banks of the Nile,  
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile.

Herodotus was the first to tell Europe of this phase of Egyptian crocodile worship, and there is nothing to add to his account. The sic-sac, finding the crocodile asleep with its jaws open, flits round the reptile's head, hawking for insects that infest its maw, and even pecks up those that have settled inside the jaws, the crocodile lying as placid and contented during the soothing operation as a cow when starlings are keeping off flies from its face. Spenser, curiously enough, cites the procedure of the sic-sac as an instance of the small compelling the great, making it enter the



jaws of Leviathan as a conqueror rather than a humble minister:—

Besides the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,  
Upon a sunnie bank outstretched lay  
In monstrous length a mightie crocodile,  
That, cram'd with guiltless blood and greedy  
prayer

Of wretched people travailing that way,  
Thought all things lesse than his disdainful  
pride.

I saw a little bird called Tedula,  
The least of thousands which on earth abide,  
That forced this hideous beast to open wide  
The grisly gates of his devouring hell,  
And let him feede, as nature doth provide,  
Upon his jaws that with black vermine swell;  
Why then should greatest things the least dis-  
dain,

Sith that so small so mightie can constrain?

I am not sure that this extension of the natural parable, itself so very poetical, is attended with any advantage. Nor does Moore's translation of it benefit the original fact.

The puny bird that dares with teasing hum  
Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come,

is the poet's characteristically inaccurate reference to the sic-sac, for he makes the error of supposing it—from its legendary name of trochilus—to be a "humming" bird. It does not "hum" at all, its own note being "sic-sac." He then says it is "teasing," when, of course, it is especially comforting to Leviathan, and is present at the banquet by his express invitation. Indeed, the crocodile always takes care to warn the sic-sac that it is going to shut its jaws, for fear its little friend should get accidentally hurt! The real point, therefore, and which the poets carefully avoid, is the curious league and compact, for mutual comfort, between such incongruous creatures.

The stork has very few, but they are all thoroughly appreciative, references; for even Quarles's "chattering" is meant in a complimentary sense—that the bird is sociable and of a chattery kind. They are "by God's appointment" the birds of "Lebanon's aspiring pride of cedars," and wherever nesting are "by liberty and peace carest." Their migrations are considered, perhaps, from the eye of the birds, to be something more intelligent than ordinary; and, while several poets ask in wonder how the stork can possibly do so, one poet boldly attributes to them "human virtues." They are, moreover, the emblems of "true piety" (for the poets still hold with the fiction of the young stork carrying its mother about on its back),

and of liberty; but why of liberty they do not explain.

Part more wise,  
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Their airy caravan; high over seas  
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
Easing their flight—so steers the prudent  
crane.

This "embody'd flight" of the migrating crane is a poetical image as old as the Iliad—and therefore older—but it is one to which many besides Milton have recourse as a simile from nature for discipline and mutual reliance. It is a pity that the "mutual wing" should be a fiction, for the idea that each bird rests its head on the back of the bird before it in flight, is a charming one. But the other feature of the crane's personality—its stateliness in walking—which is popular with the poets, is undeniably accurate; for, as Drayton says,—

The stately crane doth stryde\* as though he  
marched to Warre.

It is, however, as usual, a legend that chiefly attracts the poets to the bird, and reference to "that small infantry warred on by the cranes" is, as a rule, the pretext for its introduction. These pigmies,† of which we read so much, were, the poets tell us, a tiny race of doubtful localization, who plundered the nests of the cranes "of Scythia," as they needed the shells for building themselves houses. But, as it happens, they were chiefly "cavalry," and *not* infantry, for they rode to the campaigns on lambs and kids. The general impression seems to be that the cranes used to get the best of the fighting—which is hardly to be wondered at, seeing that the warrior "longshanks"‡ had so much the better of their opponents in size; for the pigmies, it would appear, were of such indifferent stature and strength that they had to fell corn with hatchets, as if it had been a forest, and to clear away from under it when the stalks came crashing down. Yet they were a race of an admirable fortitude.

But in itself the crane has much to commend it to more poetical consideration than it has ever received. Its trumpet-note deserved some more dignified ref-

\* Spenser says, "And stalking stately as a crane, doth stryde at every step." The image is a favorite one.

† "Tribes of pigmy birth,  
Who freeze alive, nor dead in dust repose,  
High hung in forests to the casing snows."  
Rogers.

‡ "Crane" = "Long-shanks."



erence than mere "clamor" or "scream," while its conspicuous elegance would command remark in any one who wrote of it from observation. Cranes are also of singular intelligence (punctuality is in itself wisdom, and "punctual" is one of its poetical epithets from antiquity), for though they do *not* carry stones in their claws to balance themselves when they fly, nor sand in their beaks, as the ancients thought, and heraldry still believes; and though they have not that sagacity in the detection of crime which is supposed to have brought the murderers of Ibycus to the gallows; yet they are as wise as shepherds' dogs — and I do not know anything wiser than that, unless it be Mother Shipton or the "Vox Stellarum" of Old Moore.

It was a favorite, both as a pet and a roast, among all the nations of antiquity, and in more modern times has been the dish of honor at royal banquets in all the countries of Europe. It was and is a favorite device and crest, and heraldry is full of cranes. It was a favorite in fables — was a favorite wedding present;\* in fact, a favorite everywhere, and with everybody, except the poets.

As the bird of paradise is a crow, it shares its conscious clumsiness of leg and foot. The poetical savage of New Guinea recognized these appendages as a blemish, and when preparing the bird's skin for sale, used to cut them off.

The "bird of paradise" — the "phœnix" birds of the sun, "birds of God," for these are among its titles — therefore came into the European market legless, and, still legless, found its way into heraldry and poetry. Whenever used as a crest (and it has splendid heraldic traditions) it bore some such motto as "Nil mihi terra," "Semper sublimis," "Terram indignata fugit," "Non sum terra tua;" and whenever it occurs in poetry it is either as being perpetually afloat, feeding on dew, sleeping on the wing, or "resting" in mid-air.

Linnæus himself gave an apparent confirmation to the myth by naming the emerald birds of paradise, *apoda*; and Buffon seems really to have believed they were legless; while Tavernica recording the fiction of their becoming intoxicated on nutmegs, and of ants eating off their legs as they lay helpless on the ground, misled Moore into singing of

\* "From the fact of nine cranes being recorded among the presents received at the wedding of the daughter of Mr. More, of Loseley, in 1567, it would appear that these birds were tolerably common in England at that date." (British Birds and their Haunts).

Those golden birds that, in the spice time,  
drop

About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food  
Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer  
flood.

The plumage of the birds of paradise has always been in great request all over the East, their price being paid in pearls by Indian princes, or in slaves; the perfect skin of the "emerald" species being considered a fair equivalent for a beautiful girl. In one solitary instance its flesh also was placed beyond price, for Helio-gabalus, determined to eat "the phoenix," ordered the rare fowl in Arabian woods embossed,

That no second knows nor kind,

to be caught for the table. Eventually he received a bird of paradise, and convinced from its beauty that it was the veritable phoenix, he ate it up and went to his fathers contented.

In nature, nothing can be more strangely poetical than this feathered wonder, and never surely was any beauty so false; for the pride that it takes in its own loveliness often betrays the bird of paradise to the hunter, whilst its floating, trailing plumes prevent it from finding refuge where other birds are safe. In conspicuous contrast to such exquisite adornments is its coarse beak, harsh raven's voice, and favorite cockroach diet. Altogether, it abounds with such "morals" as poets usually delight to draw, but in this case they have been rejected even by Eliza Cook and Mrs. Hemans. It is very difficult to discover any principle in such rejection of "opportunities;" but as it is with the bird of paradise, so it is with the humming-bird.

Art thou a bird, or bee, or butterfly?

asks one poet, and the rest answer the question each to his own fancy. Some say half fly, half bird; others, half bee and half bird. Some make it all bee, and others all fly, while the remainder distribute it in irregular fractions over the three.

But there is little or no beauty in the poet's treatment of the humming-bird — a theme that prose writers have often invested with such bewitching charm.

Thou lovely Bee-bird, may'st thou rove  
Thro' spicy vale and citron grove,  
And woo and win thy fluttering love

With plume so bright,

is only very indifferently "poetical;" while the continuation,

The rapid fly, *more heard than seen*,  
Mid orange-boughs of polished green,



is, further, incorrect. The silent flash of a humming-bird, if once seen, can never be forgotten, nor ever "heard."

Nor, when a poet begins an ode to the humming-bird,

Minstrel of the feathered kind,

is it possible to entertain any serious respect for the writer's appreciation of nature, however pretty it may be to represent the humming-bird as being the "bird-kind's epitome."

It possesses, apparently, a special attraction for lady poets — Mrs. Hemans, Eliza Cook, Mary Howitt, and Charlotte Smith, all expatiating, but without any originality, upon this feathered miracle. Campbell calls the humming-birds "swans of rainbows," and the same attractive idea seems to be conveyed in Montgomery's "showers" of humming-birds, while Rogers's "fairy king of flowers" is unmistakably good; but he shares in the poets' error of the humming-bird's "song divine."

As a bird of beauty, then, the humming-bird is wasted, while regard is canvassed for it on the fictitious virtue of its song! This is surely a curious reversal of nature's intention.

Among the "caged birds" of the poets, exotics prized either for song or plumage, are the canary, cockatoo, macaw, and parrot. Lyttelton rescues the first from total neglect by his charming verse: —

A bird for Thee in silken bonds I hold,  
Whose yellow plumage shines like polished  
gold:

From distant isles the lovely stranger came,  
And bears the fortunate Canaries' name.

Gay finds a simile for Frenchmen in the cockatoo, —

Monkeys in action, parrots in talk,  
They're crowned with feathers like a cockatoo;

and for courtiers in macaws. The parrots, poor wretches! "cursed with a posulating resemblance to man," find no friend or even apologist. But Sir William Jones — and *he* knew this bird's delightful Oriental associations — has a word of admiration for it: —

Nor absent he who leaves the human sound,  
With wavy gold and moving emeralds crown'd:  
Whose head and breast with polish'd sapphires  
glow,

And on whose wings the gens of Ind do grow.

And again, in the hymn to Camdeo, the Cupid of Hindostan, —

O thou for ages born, yet ever young,  
For ages may thy Brahmin's lay be sung!  
And when thy lory spreads his emerald wings  
To waft thee high above the tower of kings.

For the parrot is a notable bird in the East, and, above all, as the bird of love and the steed of the god of the blossom-headed snows, exacts the reverence of the Hindoo millions. But in English poetry it is only the ape among the birds; "an odious libel on the human voice." Cowper especially went out of his way to affront the parrot — simply because it can be taught to imitate human speech, and because it can only say as much as it is taught! To base a reproach against the poet for such a display of ill-nature may seem trivial and whimsical enough, but if many such instances of unnecessary and commonplace prejudice are accumulated, it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that the poet's perpetually vaunted "sympathy with nature" does not really exist. The parrot is a bird of extraordinary beauty and astonishing intelligence. Few feathered things rival it in brilliance and variety of plumage, and none in the size of its brain. Moreover, it is emphatically a creature of freedom and space, and requires for its proper setting a background with at least a grove of trees, or a great sweep of open sky, or an old ruin with its battlement fretted by age into crevices and loopholes — and above all it is a creature of sunlight. Those who have heard them gossiping together in pleasant, soft undertones, as they swung like blossoms on the trees; or have seen them, as if some swift gust of wind had suddenly taken color, sweep across an open space, never think of parrots as mere old-maids' pets. Indeed, for any one to do so shows a lack of tenderness towards nature that is not either attractive or poetical. It is we, the men and women of a sunless country, that cage up parrots in our small rooms, and it seems hardly worthy, therefore, of the poet of the Idiot Lad to sneer at the captive stranger —

Fraught with antics as the Indian bird,  
That writhes and chatters in her wiry cage.

Nor, seeing that it is human beings who teach parrots the use and abuse of words, does it seem to me fair of the poets to hang so much prejudice against the bird on such a peg.

PHIL. ROBINSON.



From The Cornhill Magazine.

## A VISIT TO DELPHI.

THE facilities for inland travelling in modern Greece are not great, nor is the aim of the explorer rendered easier by prompt and easy access to such information as is to be had concerning routes, methods, and safety of communication. At Athens, the necessary instruction is, after a little trouble, to be picked up; but it is not everybody who approaches Greece from its capital. My object was to pass leisurely from Corfu to the Ægean by the Isthmus of Corinth, halting on the way to visit some, at least, of the memorable places that lie to right and left of that famous track. One of the sacred spots I aspired to scan was Delphi, the cradle of Hellenic civilization, though now a mere *magni nominis umbra*. All, however, I could ascertain, after the most diligent inquiry at Corfu, was that I must postpone the gratification of my curiosity till I reached Patras. There, doubtless, I should learn how best to wend my way to the Castalian Fountain and the ancient haunt of vanished oracles.

But though it is not possible in the chief of the Ionian Islands to ascertain anything whatever concerning the roads, conveyances, and security of the Grecian mainland, no one can help feeling that Corfu is thoroughly Hellenic, in the modern sense of that word. The Greek of to-day, as far as I have observed him, is an inferior Italian — with inferior traditions, inferior aspirations, and inferior character, yet recalling in his tastes, habits, and manners the people of Magna Græcia. Save for the picturesque dresses of the fellows from the opposite Albanian coast, you might fancy that Corfu was one of the small seaboard cities of the "Regno." One observes the same familiar talent for doing nothing inoffensively; the same remarkable capacity for making a cup of coffee or a tumbler of lemonade, supplemented by a small newspaper, consisting mostly of advertisements, serve for the occupation of a couple of hours; the same eager facility for talking about nothing at all, and consuming as much tobacco as a reasonable economy will permit. Outside the town of Corfu you find yourself in a very inferior Italy indeed; for the Italians are genuinely proud of their recovered greatness and acquired liberty, and have borne without a murmur heavier taxation than is inflicted on any other European people, in order to *far figura*, to cut a figure commensurate with

the suppressed importance of their country. But the Greeks, and the inhabitants of Corfu more especially, make little or no effort to maintain even the material advantages that have been bequeathed them. Nothing could well have been more costly than the barracks England erected at Corfu while the Ionian Islands yet belonged to us; and the solid walls and almost cyclopean masonry of the forts still remain. But what in them, and about them, can go to wreck and ruin, are gradually tending to that consummation. Not a shilling is spent to preserve buildings upon which untold sums were originally lavished. The barracks were crammed with troops, for the controversy was still going on concerning the Greco-Turkish frontier; and the dirt and neglect that surrounded and stamped the place are indescribable. The magnificent roads made during our occupation are left to the untender mercies of time and the seasons; and in driving from Corfu to Paleocastrizza, a distance of some sixteen miles, the journey is considerably lengthened by the necessity to which by no means fastidious drivers must defer of steering perpetually from one side of the road to the other, in order to avoid the ruts, holes, and pitfalls with which a once splendid highway is now seamed. Even as it was, my companion and I had to put up with a considerable amount of jolting; so that, in spite of the hoary olive-woods, carpeted with wild flowers, through which the road for the most part passes, it was with some satisfaction we descried the convent-crowned crag of Paleocastrizza soaring into the blue air from the blue sea, only another half hour in front of us. In a little land-locked bay at the foot of the hill, sitting on the myrtle and arbutus that grow stuntedly out of the very shingle, we ate our bread, figs, and oranges, and concurred in believing that here it was Nausicaa received Ulysses, after washing the garments destined for her nuptials, and conducted him to the court of Alcinous. Here, too, we convinced ourselves, all difficulties and authorities to the contrary notwithstanding, the Phæacian galley which conveyed Ulysses to Ithaca was on its return changed to stone, as described in the thirteenth book of the Odyssey, by the vengeance of Neptune, just as it was entering the port. If any one doubts it, let him go to Paleocastrizza. There, sitting where we sat, he will see a rock as strongly resembling a petrified galley as either nature or art could make it. Let him also



ascend to the convent, and learn how dull, ignorant, and abject, piety can become in unworthy hands. I never visited an Italian monastery, no matter how poor or how remote, without finding abundant intelligence and sympathy, if of a singular kind. But the sea-gulls lazily flapping over the Adriatic seemed more human than the two tonsured custodians of the convent of Paleocastrizza.

On the following evening, an hour before sunset, we were on board the Austrian steamer that was to convey us to the Gulf of Corinth. No one had been able to say when it would start, and in all such matters you must take your chance when you sail in Grecian seas. Once fairly started, however, one is amply rewarded for past uncertainty and confusion. No indolence of man can alter the highway of the sea. Its ruts are of its own making, and these it speedily repairs. It happened to be smoother on this occasion than macadam or asphalte, and in the color of the dying day the Albanian coast stood out, transfigured. "Suli's rock and Parga's shore" were within hail, while on the right towered the mountains of the island of Santa Maura, better known to the stranger as Leucadia. Shortly, all these, and more, were wrapped in night. But morning brought kindred sights, and long before we anchored off Zante we could scent the flowers for which the island "Zante, Zante, Fior di Levante," is celebrated. For less than a shilling I bought a huge bouquet of the rarest flowers, for which in Covent Garden one would have had to disburse three guineas, to find half an hour later that my travelling companion had got one still larger and still more beautiful for sixpence. It was well on into the afternoon before we lifted anchor, drawing ever nearer to Ithaca, and seeming to pass among almost as many islands as form the Cyclades. Long before we approached Mesolonghi darkness again had descended. We could descry it only by its lights, and it was evident that it would be late before we reached Patras, where we proposed to disembark and pass the night. Our notion was that we should be able to get across from Patras to the Scala of Salona somehow or other; and once at Salona, Delphi would be accessible. We knew that our steamer did not stop at Scala, but from Patras made for the head of the gulf. So, as soon as Patras was reached, we dropped down with our baggage, amid a clamor of boatmen, strongly recalling Naples, and were rowed in dark-

ness to the shore. My companion, with our effects, was to make for the Hôtel de la Grande-Bretagne as best he could, and I was to go straight to a certain consul, and learn from him, if still out of bed, how to get to Delphi.

Once face to face with this worthy person, all my schemes for performing the journey were dissipated. There was no earthly means of getting from Patras to Scala unless one took one's chance of tossing about several days in the gulf in a sailing boat. The winds, the currents, all were declared to be incalculable. I inquired if there was not a little steam-tug of some kind. Yes, there was, but it did not carry more coal than would take it across the gulf, and how was it to get back again? Suddenly this question was put to me, "But why did you not go on by the steamer you came by? It does not touch at Scala in going up the gulf, but it does in coming down, and you would thus be at Salona shortly after noon to-morrow."

Matters would have been greatly simplified had I been vouchsafed this information at Corfu. We should not have quitted the steamer, and should willingly have resigned ourselves to another night on board to achieve our object. Had the steamer already left Patras? For it was only to touch there, and then proceed on its journey, and of that we must take our chance. It was night, and pitch dark; and there were no signals in the harbor to tell us whether the boat had gone or not. I rushed off to the hotel as fast as ill-paved streets would let me, to find my travelling companion comfortably ensconced in bed. I hurriedly explained the situation, and that if we did not succeed in getting aboard again before the steamer had started we should have to wait another week before we could make for the abode of the Muses. A hand-barrow for the reconveyance of our luggage was with difficulty obtained, and away we went stumbling through the dark streets of Patras down to the equally dark quay. "Had the boat gone?" "No;" and away we were pulled through the still water by four urchins, who at once began quarrelling about the division of the spoil we had promised them in case we were not too late. Presently we saw something black and big loom out of the water, and then we knew it was all right. It was all right, however, only in one sense. Our berths had gone, and it was plain we should have to spend the night on deck. In ordinary times this is no great hard-



ship in such a climate as that of Greece, even at the end of March; but the vessel was crowded with Albanian volunteers, and as soon as steam was up they poured into the fore part of the vessel with their beds, their rugs, and their malodorous selves, and made night hideous with unsavory snoring.

It is not every night, however, that is spent under the consciousness that with dawn the summits of Helicon and Parnassus will tower into view on one side, and Acro-Corinth will soar into the air on the other; and that all around will be mountains and shores still peopled with the prehistoric fables and the human history of a people who have left behind them a matchless mass of myths and social records. We may soon expect to see the Isthmus of Corinth disappear, and steamers will then proceed straight up the Gulf of Corinth to Athens. At present they are brought up short at Lutràki; passengers and goods are conveyed across the neck of land in omnibuses and wagons to Kalamàki, and there they are put upon another steamer and conveyed in a few hours through the Gulf of Salamis to Athens. There is nothing, therefore, to detain the steamers that traffic in the Corinthian Gulf long at Lutràki; and, intending as we did to visit Corinth later, we were glad to be again descending the gulf on our way to the Scala of Salona.

A big name, particularly in Greece, often does duty for a very small thing; and Scala is the "port" of Salona, the ancient Amphissa. Scala consists of a khan, a few houses, many boatmen, and half a dozen vehicles. One of these last we engaged to take us to Salona, or, as I will call it, Amphissa, a distance of about ten miles. This journey we were assured we must make if we wanted to visit Delphi; for at Amphissa, and from Amphissa alone, was there a good road thither, and at Amphissa we should procure horses or mules for the expedition. The information was utterly incorrect; for there is a road from Scala to Delphi by Chryso, though from Chryso to Delphi it is only a mule-track, and it was unnecessary to go to Amphissa at all. The mistake, however, was immaterial, and, indeed, perhaps a fortunate one, for Amphissa is worth a visit. Such madcap driving as our charioteer indulged in from Scala to Amphissa I never elsewhere experienced. Indeed, it cannot properly be designated driving at all. Sitting with his legs dangling over the side of the driving-box, and twisting cigarettes or

smoking them, he talked to his rough competent little horses, but never handled the whip or the reins. Amid clouds of dust—all roads in Greece are dusty—the animals galloped along at about fourteen miles an hour, twisting from side to side of the road, and only kept from leaving it by the charm that lurked in the mystic oburgations addressed to them at critical moments by our Hellenic Jehu. Shortly before we reached Amphissa we were overtaken by another vehicle of exactly the same pattern, and urged along in precisely the same manner, and by dint of similar incantations. Then a regular chariot race began, as to which should enter Amphissa first; and between rows of olives we raised Olympian dust with axles that must indeed have glowed. We won by about two lengths, drawing up before a khan that scarcely boded either a warm welcome or goodly cheer. We had fortified ourselves with a letter to a shopkeeper in the place, whom we found doling out an infinitesimal quantity of sugar to a barefooted, bareheaded maiden, his only customer. He seemed delighted to have an excuse for leaving his store and accompanying us back to the khan. As, however, he spoke no known language but his own, and as I found that what there lingers with me of the Homeric speech of my schooldays is scant, and was utterly unintelligible, we wandered about in search of a pundit who the worthy grocer and haberdasher had made us understand could talk Italian. In the course of the search we made acquaintance with several citizens of the place, dressed in the picturesque Albanian costume, who all offered us coffee and gum arabic sweetened with honey. The discovery of the interpreter seemed a matter of utter indifference as compared with this hospitable ceremonial. At last the linguistic go-between was unearthed, and then we were able to make known our wishes to visit Delphi, alias Castrì, the name by which it is now known to the natives of Greece. A bargain was soon struck, and two horses, with two guides, were to be outside the khan at six o'clock the following morning.

Partly, no doubt, from a genuine wish to be polite and good-natured, but partly also from a deep-seated craving for human society, no matter how unenterprising, our newly made friends never deserted us for the rest of the day. Only one of them could really hold discourse with us; but that seemed immaterial. A Greek, like an Italian, cannot conceive



that any human being should wish to be alone; and his notion of performing the rites of hospitality is to give just as much of his presence as possible. One would gladly have exchanged this for some food that could be eaten, or for some bed that could be slept upon. But there was neither; and we managed as best we could without them. Even had there been anything to lie down upon but floors of unutterable filth, and bundles of wrappers that seemed to have been huddled round the unwashed forms of many generations of the descendants of the Locrisians, sleep would have been out of the question. In Amphissa the day belongs to the children; the night belongs to the dogs. Both are about equally noisy. All through the darkness the dogs, a huge, shaggy breed, howled, bayed, and battled. I doubt if any one could have turned on his pillow, supposing him to have possessed such a thing, without arousing the watchful ears and awakening the deep-mouthed throats of that canine chorus. Amphissa was once a mighty town; it is now an unnoticeable village; all that is left of the greatness of old, mentioned by Pausanias, being the ruins of the walls of its Acropolis, and these had been so pulled down and built up again for other purposes, and again let go to ruin, that they no longer possess any meaning or significance, beyond affording a fresh text for any one who wishes to preach upon the vanity of human life and the mutability of human greatness. The situation of Amphissa is still beautiful, and that is all that can be said of it. The mountains are behind it, the Crissean plain and the Gulf of Corinth below it; and its little peddling trade is supported by the people who till the olive-groves around it.

I should think the whole world presents no such contrast between past greatness and present nothingness as the site and neighborhood of Delphi. The Chryso that has been spoken of is of course the ancient Crisa, founded by the Cretans on an agreeable slope at the lower end of the gorge of the Pleistus; and Delphi originally was only a local Crissean sanctuary. But when the Dorians settled at the foot of Parnassus, Delphi was brought into association with Tempe, and by degrees was placed under the protection of the Amphictyonic States, and became the sacred centre of the Hellenic world, being withdrawn from the authority of its mother city, though not without considerable resistance on the part of Crisa. All this one may read in many an erudite volume;

but there is nothing to help the imagination to confirm it in the barren, stony, all but trackless mountain territory that surrounds the former haunt of Apollo. In going to Delphi, or, as I have said it is called by the country folk, Castrì, we left Chryso below us, and so got nearer to the home of the eagles. It goes without saying that the ride abounded in charm—the charm of solitude; wild flowers, mountain outlines, blossoming scrub, and recurrent glimpses of the lake-like Gulf of Corinth far below. But streams there are none, woods there are none, ruins there are none, roads there are none. It is like riding through a primeval world, where nothing has ever happened save the periodical revolution of the unpeopled seasons. It is almost impossible to believe, and wholly impossible to picture to yourself, that you are journeying where once tens of thousands of enthusiastic and highly civilized pilgrims annually journeyed to the seat of learning and religion, the home of poetry and prophecy, the centre of wealth, law-giving, and national aspiration. Delphi was the headquarters of Apollo; and Apollo was, as Curtius says, the supreme Exegetes, the ultimate source of legality. "In all questions concerning the foundation of new sanctuaries, and the institution of the worship of gods, heroes, and the dead, he sate as the native maker of the law to all the world, on his throne in the centre of the earth." Once, and once only, we met some sheep, tended by a couple of shepherd lads, with an earthenware vessel at their side. One of our guides, a young, good-looking chap, as lithe and supple as a chamois, darted off at the top of his speed, raised the vessel to his lips, and drained deeply. Water is sadly scarce in Greece, and the very name of it inspirits the Greek peasant as the mention of beer or cider inspirits the English bucolic. So excited was he by his pull at the cold water that he drew his pistol from his girdle, cocked it, made believe to aim at an eagle that was flying overhead many hundred yards beyond range, exclaimed "Turchia!" and made the mountains ring with patriotic laughter. It was his way of conveying to us that if Greece had to fight Turkey, Turkey would share the fate of the eagle when brought within reach of the sportsman.

Probably so much power, temporal and spiritual, was never before or since concentrated in one spot as once at Delphi. Here Apollo announced to man the mind and dictates of Zeus. Even the Greek



calendar fell under the superintendence of Delphi. It was under the sanction of Delphi that the Olympian festivals were established. It was Delphi that taught the great Hellenic doctrine of harmonious development. "Know thyself" and "Moderation in all things" were two of the inscriptions to be read over the porch of the temple. Though Apollo came to Delphi through trackless forests, it was imperative that roads not only secure but commodious should lead to his sanctuary. Hence the very width of the road to Delphi acquired sacred significance, and its gauge of five feet four inches prevailed throughout the greater part of Greece. Thus Delphi, both directly and indirectly, helped to maintain the sentiment of common nationality, to regulate religious worship, to determine chronology, to deepen the moral consciousness of the people, to advance colonization, and to spread a many-sided culture. Its influence upon art was equally strong. The Temple of Apollo was the germ of the noblest architecture of Greece; and thence music and poetry drew their most powerful inspiration, just as at the same time it remained a great political centre for the entire Hellenic world. But it was its political character that concealed the seeds of its ruin. The time came when, by reason of the fratricidal struggle between the States of Greece, and mainly between Athens and Sparta, Delphi had to take a side. For a season it strove craftily to hold the balance between the two; but when that operation became impossible, its influence declined, and its authority as a central umpire necessarily disappeared. Even by the time of the great Persian War it had fallen into discredit. Its oracles had proved cowardly and irresolute, and strove to keep back some of the Amphictyonic States from patriotic action. At last its original aim and purport vanished, and, in flagrant violation of its fundamental law and meaning, sanguinary victories won by Hellenes over Hellenes were commemorated by tablets at Delphi.

The village or hamlet of Castrì occupies the site of ancient Delphi. Some few excavations have been made by German enthusiasts; some small sections of fallen columns have been set on end; a narrow strip of marble pavement has been cleared of superincumbent rubbish, and on one side of the excavation Greek inscriptions have been let into the earthen wall. They all seem utterly out of place; and despite the fact of remembering where one is standing, one cannot help wondering how

they got there. Round them are small, primitive dwellings, tenanted by a simple and unlettered people. Nor are there many of these. The place scarcely deserves the name of a village. We had fortified ourselves with a line from our friend the grocer and haberdasher at Amphissa to the head man of the place. There was no difficulty in finding him. He was a splendid fellow to look at, six-foot two in his buskins, with a head like St. Luke, a magnificent model for any one in search of the picturesque. His general appearance was savage enough, but his eyes had an unusual mildness in them; and after reading the letter, he was evidently disposed to do anything he could for us. But again the difficulty of oral communication arose. Again, however, it was settled by the appearance of a peasant who had been a sailor, who had command of perhaps fifty Italian words, most of them pertinent to common conversation. Every male denizen of the place mustered round us as soon as they perceived that we were under the protection of the head man of Castrì; and we were favored with their society for the rest of our visit. They were keenly anxious to know how much territory Greece was to get from Turkey, and with the aid of a small map we were able to enlighten them. They understood all about the value of Epirus and the worth of Janina, and shook their heads gloomily when we said that all present hope of obtaining the latter must be abandoned. In the War of Independence Castrì was attacked and plundered by the Turks, and the horrible traditions of the time still flourish among its dwellers.

In order to give any lengthened description of Delphi, as Delphi, or Castrì, is now, one would have to indulge in some romancing. There is nothing to describe. Mountains, wild flowers, and silence—that is all. Our hosts—for such they evidently considered themselves to be—trooped after us towards the Castalian Fountain, where their wives and daughters were washing the family linen. Their kirtles were tucked up, and it is needless to say that the young and pretty members of this classical laundry let out a reef or two as we approached, while the old crones thought that operation superfluous. The Pythia bathes in the fountain and sits on her tripod no more. The oracles are dumb. We drank of the sacred water above where it was muddied by the industrious vestals of to-day, and chewed some of its cresses.



What Muses there were, were up to the elbow in soapsuds. Was there ever such a commentary on the *Sic transit gloria mundi*? Hard by there is still a shrine, but it is dedicated, not to Apollo, but to Saint Elias, who, despite his nominal patronage of the little chapel, is completely overshadowed, as in so many other Greek churches, by the Mother of God. That is the title she is always given; no metaphorical word like a Madonna being employed to mitigate the stern directness of the doctrine with which the blessed among women is associated. Her face, as pictured in sacred Greek frescoes, is neither gentle nor sad, but awful, far-away, austere, I might almost say abstract. You may see something of it in Cimabue. But the Italians soon made the Mother of God in their own more human image, and dowered her with tears, smiles, and indulgent pity. Nor does one see among Greek believers the same vulgar familiarity with things supposed to be sacred that strikes one among the sacristans, beadles, and ciceroni of Italy. The little church was literally covered with mural decorations, all of them dedicated to the lives of saints, or to the story of the Redemption. One of these represented "the Resurrection;" and while my companion and I were admiring it for its artistic value, the retired mariner, who evidently thought that to us heretical Englishmen the theme of the fresco was novel, attempted to describe it to us in short, crisp sentences denuded of copulatives, and compressed to accommodate his extremely limited acquaintance with the language in which he tried to speak. But his enthusiasm made him roughly eloquent; and when, accompanying the words with pertinent gesticulation, and winding up the story by narrating the triumph of Christ over Death and Hell, he exclaimed, "Cristo morto; Cristo sepolto; niente a Dio! Sorge Cristo, Evviva Cristo!" all the male denizens of Delphi crossed themselves at mention of the name, and Apollo and the Pythia and the Muses seemed, as Milton says, "with hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving."

Close by the church is the Monastery of St. Elias, containing one monk. Under an ilex-tree he spread out a mattress and pillows, that we might repose; and as it was impossible to get rid of our retinue even for an instant, much as we naturally desired to be left to that silent solitude

which is the true *genius loci* of all places that have a past, we threw ourselves down and feigned slumber. On the grass, and under the trees around, our Delphic following likewise flung themselves, and were soon sleeping and snoring in good earnest. Then we opened our eyes, gazed at the bright blue sky through the dark green foliage, listened to the distant murmur of the most sacred fountain in the world, and pondered many things.

The midday siesta over, we were invited to the house of the head man, and there regaled with dried olives, curds, sour bread, Castalian watercresses steeped in vinegar, and what I should call turpentine if my hospitable friends had not offered it as wine. As we ate, women and children came and timidly glanced at us; one young creature very beautiful, and holding a child in her arms as none but a Greek or an Italian mother knows how to hold a child. All these people are picturesque by unconscious and inevitable instinct. That laborer leaning on his spade is a picture. That matron marching to the well is a flawless composition. That fellow lying along the wall is attitudinizing unawares. The various group around us as we fed arranged itself as at the prompting of some cunning artist. But were we really going? Would we not stay three days? If we would they would kill a kid, and we would all be merry together. The temptation would have been great but for the reflection that for three mortal days we should never be able to stir without being accompanied by the whole population of Delphi. They attended us somewhat on our way, and then once more we were in the company of the mountains. We returned to Amphissa by Chryso, a far more flourishing place than Castrì, though nothing more than a good-sized village. A little way below it, just as the Gulf of Corinth began to broaden out to our gaze, we met a civil engineer, with two attendants and a theodolite. He was making a survey for a road from Scala to Delphi. So, by-and-by, Delphi will be accessible by carriage; and those who want to see it as it still is, had better make haste. For the company of Mr. Cook will soon invade the Castalian Fount, and the personally conducted tours of Mr. Gaze will become familiar with the shrine of Apollo. You will telegraph or telephone to the Pythia Hotel for a bed, and the oracles of the place will be valets and couriers.



From The Spectator.

## "PHIZ" AND "BOZ."

WHEN Mr. Dickens was making his last tour in the United States, the following incident occurred at one of the Western towns, where he gave a series of readings. The programme included the trial scene from "Pickwick;" a very large and attentive audience was assembled, and all seemed pleased, with the exception of one individual, a burly and emphatic person, who, accosting a member of the reader's party, inquired whether the gentleman to whom he had been listening was really Mr. Dickens. "Certainly, that is Mr. Dickens," was the reply. "He who wrote 'Pickwick'?" "Yes, the same." "Then you just tell him," said the aggrieved questioner, "that he knows no more about Sam Weller than a cow knows about pleating a shirt!" How often has one heard the same thing (not so graphically expressed) said by disappointed listeners to the heavy, lumpish, drawling rendering of the "Sam" of whom one has so totally different an idea, by the humorist to whom we were accustomed to think ourselves entirely indebted for him! *That* Sam could never have "bestowed a wink the intense significance of which passes description" on anybody, or been capable of catching the tone of the "friendly swarry" of the Bath footmen. *That* Sam was a hoarse, vulgar lout, needing a great deal of room to turn himself round in, and no more like the smart fellow who plays a return match with Job Trotter in Mr. Nubbles's kitchen, than the Single Gentleman of the "Old Curiosity Shop" is like the pathetic figure of Master Humphrey seated in the corner by the clock, though the identity of these two is indicated to the reader in a passage which both the author and the illustrator seemed to have overlooked. The truth is, our Sam Weller—the Sam of that frank Western farmer—is Hablot Browne's Sam Weller, and it is impossible to accept any other. This is a striking instance of the power of the distinguished artist whom we have so lately lost, and who is indissolubly associated with one of the most precious of the treasures of memory—that of the books that delighted us, and the fancies that were realities to us in early days. It is, however, only one among many, for every one of the characters in the works of Dickens and Lever which have a peculiarly strong hold upon the memory, mean and are what "Phiz" has made them. He put the

fine point on the humor of Dickens, and catching—especially in the illustrations to "Master Humphrey's Clock"—that delightful vein of extravagance, which a lesser artist of a duller wit would have swollen into sheer caricature, he gives us two such finely differentiated figures as the delightful Dick and the whimsical Chuckster, and then Quilp, with the "dog-like smile" and the bow-legs; Codlin, Short, Jerry, the dancing dogs, and Whisker. The latter we hold to be the most characteristic four-legged portrait in existence. Think of him, as he stands at Mr. Witherden's door, steadily turning a deaf ear to the mild remonstrances of Mr. Abel, and the "Dear, dear, what a naughty Whisker!" of the old lady; as he dashes off, full of purpose, with the Marchioness hanging on behind the little carriage, in the act of losing her one shoe forever, and as he submits to be hugged by the rescued Kit, and say whether playfulness, obstinacy, good living, and a serene consciousness of being master of the situation, could find more perfect expression in the form of a pony. Again, think of the half-tipsy horror in the faces of Mrs. Jiniwin and Sampson Brass, the suspended motion of the teaspoon in the hand of the cruelly disappointed mother-in-law, and the lifting of her warning finger, as Quilp interrupts the calumnious description of his nose, by "Aquiline, you hag!" Could anything beat the expressiveness of that little picture, with the stolid men in sou-westers, who have been dragging the river (it is to drown the dwarf, in the end, so that there is a touch of iron grimness in this conceit), and are requested by Quilp to "keep everything they find—upon the body." It is a good plan to turn at once from this scene to the fine picture of Quilp's corpse, when the river, after it has "toyed and jested with its ghastly freight," has flung it on the bank, amid the weeds and stones and stumps of a lonely place, where pirates had been hung in chains. The reaches of the winding river, the long, flat shores, the rough, heavy, numbered posts, the heavily swooping birds of prey, the tumbled, dishonored corpse tossed there, head downwards, with the clenched hand, bared arm, and one leg, with the claw-like foot in its torn stocking, crooked over a stump, form a composition that "Phiz" has rarely excelled. And if he has been the one interpreter of Dickens who adorned every humorous conception which he touched, he has also done away with much of the mawkishness of Dickens's



sentiment, and modified his vulgarity. Edith Dombey, Lady Dedlock, and Mrs. Merdle are instances that will occur to every one; the three are caricatures in the books, but they are sympathetic personages in the artist's presentments. It is, indeed, owing to the two fine illustrations of the Carker episode, that the whole story of the elopement in "Dombey and Son" fails to strike the reader at once as simply a mock-heroic treatment of the feat of "cutting off one's nose to spite one's face." When "Phiz" fails as the illustrator of Dickens, it is because he has had to illustrate a failure; he never missed the humor of the author, because he always felt it; the sentiment he probably despised. The self-conscious, affected Esther Summerson, in "Bleak House," would be altogether odious; the less tiresome, but feeble and lachrymose Amy Dorrit; and the shadowy Mary Graham, of "Martin Chuzzlewit," would be nobodies, but for their portraiture by "Phiz." Both author and artist failed equally to interest the reader in Madeline Bray. Kate Nickleby is charming; Ralph, one of Mr. Hablot Browne's memorable works; Squeers, though caricatured, is admirable; Smike, the Kenwigses, and the Crummleses, are very clever; Morleena in the barber's shop, with the coal-heaver who is on the wrong side of "the line," scratching his head in puzzled disconcertedness, is as good as Mr. Pickwick going down the slide; but Nicholas Nickleby's ladylove, with a big face, and no figure inside her clothes, is as feeble a creature as Minnie Gowan in "Little Dorrit."

The tea and quarrel scene between Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Prig is one of the author's masterpieces; the same may certainly be said of the illustration, from the toppling pippins on the bedstead, and the extinguisher handboxes, to the symptoms of inflammation in the faces and tempers of the ladies. Wonderfully good, also, is the scene of Mr. Pecksniff's discomfiture; the detected humbug's face, as he rests his head against the wainscot, "with an expression of disconcerted meekness enormously ridiculous," is perfect. Among the semi-comical, as distinguished from the broadly farcical characters whom "Phiz" had to portray for "Boz," Tim Linkinwater is highly meritorious; the smiling, yet anxious solicitude with which he watches Nicholas Nickleby's *début*, the wave of his pen with which he invites the brothers to silence and motionlessness, the tilted stool, the natty shoes, all are admi-

rably characteristic. Miss La Creevy is sheer caricature, and this is a pity. "Phiz" might have made them "a comfortable couple."

It is difficult to believe that "Phiz" might not have induced Mr. Dickens to suppress the introductory chapter of "Martin Chuzzlewit,"—it is not surpassed in vulgarity and puerile, would-be humor by any of his earlier "Sketches," or even by certain parts of his "Pictures from Italy" (which we take to be the low-water mark of his performances)—for the frontispiece to that work, in some respects, the author's best, is one of Mr. Hablot's Browne's happiest achievements. So graceful is the conceit, so beautiful is the musing, vision-seeing figure of Tom Pinch, with all the aerial fabric of the story floating round him, that we cannot bear to reflect that a real Tom Pinch would be an insufferable idiot, and that a real Pecksniff could not take in even such a fool as he.

"Phiz" found Mr. Dombey a difficult ideal to portray, and made no less than seventeen sketches, before he hit upon that one to which he generally, not always, adhered. Mr. Dombey, in his courting days at Leamington, is not like Mr. Dombey talking about "a cold spring" to deceive the world; but the artist's perplexity is not surprising, for the author varied his Dombey considerably, making him merely a pompous ass in the first part of the story, intensifying his purse-pride and folly in the second part, and turning him into a brute and the dupe of the coarsest chicanery in the third. This tendency to exaggeration, a note of Dickens's lack of education which, but for his wonderful humor, must have been fatal to his fictions, was in most instances toned down by the sympathetic, but more refined taste of the artist, who, after "Pickwick," almost always avoided caricature in illustrating Dickens. In his illustrations to the works of Lever and Ainsworth, "Phiz" showed that he could enter into and render human interests, emotions, and passions which were out of the range of Dickens's humor and of narrative power.

To Mr. F. G. Kitton we are indebted for a slight memoir of "Phiz," which is chiefly concerned, as it ought to be, with the artist. The man chose to live in retirement, to "keep himself to himself" in the strictest sense of the phrase; and he was in his right so to choose, and it is the artist, and not the man, with whom the public are concerned. We do not want



to know for what reason "Phiz" and "Boz" quarrelled in 1859, just after "Phiz" had illustrated "A Tale of Two Cities," with etchings which come nearer to those in "Barnaby Rudge" than any other of the artist's works of this kind. "Phiz" was not the only friend whom Dickens lost, for he had played the part of iconoclast to himself. The quarrel, however, was a disaster for the readers of Dickens. Mr. Marcus Stone and Mr. Luke Fildes illustrated "Our Mutual Friend" and the fragment of "Edwin Drood." Mr. Kitton truly says that these

accomplished painters avoided caricature and forced humor; but those two works are full of both, and they failed either to illustrate, or to palliate them. We doubt whether any of the thousands of readers to whom the Pickwickians, Dick Swiveller, Mark Tapley, Pecksniff, Peggotty, Barnaby Rudge, Maypole Hugh, Grip, Guppy, Skimpole, and Inspector Bucket, are images as familiar and recognizable as their own in a glass, have the least idea of the personages of either story, or have ever cared to form one, by the assistance of Mr. Stone and Mr. Fildes.

ADULTERATION IN THE OLDEN TIME. — As early as the reign of Edward the Confessor, we find it recorded in Domesday Book that in the city of Chester a knavish brewer, "*malam cerevisiam faciens, in cathedra ponebatur stercoreis*" — in other words, the offender was taken round the town in the cart in which the refuse of the place had been collected, and to this degradation was often added corporal chastisement. In many towns in the sixteenth century, we find "ale-tasters," whose duty it was to inspect the beer. In 1529, for example, the mayor of Guildford ordered that the brewers make a good useful ale, and that they sell none until it be tasted by the "ale-taster." The ale was not only tasted, but some of it was spilt on a wooden seat, and on the wet place the taster sat, attired in leathern breeches, then common enough. If sugar had been added to the beer, the taster became so adherent that rising was difficult; but if sugar had not been added, it was then considered that the dried extract had no adhesive property. A less coarse, but not dissimilar, method was also applied by the earlier inspectors to test the purity of milk. The frauds of the vintners or wine-sellers attracted some share of public attention in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as shown by municipal records, fugitive tracts and broadsides. In August, 1553, a certain Paul Barnardo brought into the port of London some wine, and there is extant an order in council directing the lord mayor to find five or six vintners to rack and draw off the said pipes of wine into another vessel, and to certify what drugs or ingredients they found in the said wine or cask to sophisticate the same. At a later date the records of the Common Council contain a certificate from the lord mayor to the lords of the council, stating that the wines of a certain "Peter Van Payne" had been drawn off in his presence, and that in eight of the pipes had been found bundles of weeds, in four others some quantities of sulphur, in another a piece of match, and in all of them a kind of gravel mixture sticking to the casks; that they were conceived to be unwholesome and of a nature similar to others formerly condemned and destroyed. In "The

Search after Claret," by Richard Ames, a thin quarto, the last leaf is occupied by the following advertisement: "If any vintner, wine-cooper, etc., between Whitechapel and Westminster Abbey, have some tuns or hogsheads of old rich unadulterated claret, and will sell it as the law directs for sixpence per quart, this is to give notice, that he shall have more customers than half his profession, and his house be as full from morning to night as a conventicle or Westminster Hall the first day of term." Later, the vintners became more scientific in their operations. Addison (in "The Tatler," No. 131, 1710) alluded to a certain fraternity of chemical operators who wrought underground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observations of mankind. "These subtle philosophers are daily employed in the transmutation of liquors, and by the power of magical drugs and incantations raise under the streets of London the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France; they squeeze Bordeaux out of the sloe, and draw champagne from an apple."

Country Brewers' Gazette.

A GIANT BIRD. — In the neighborhood of Rheims, recently, M. De Lemoine found sufficient remains of a remarkable bird (of new species), belonging to the eocene epoch, to give a fair idea of its structure. A thigh bone of the same animal had before been discovered by M. Planté, the well-known physicist, at Meudon; it was about eighteen inches long. The bird was of gigantic size, having a height, when erect, of at least ten feet. The skull was comparatively large, and less disproportionate than that of the ostrich. In the opinion of M. Alph. Milne-Edwards, judging by the skeleton, the bird had affinities to the duck, but it has peculiarities which forbid the ranking of it in any of the present natural groups. It has been called *Gastornis Edwardsii*. Various anatomical details, with a representation of the skeleton, are given by M. Meunier in *La Nature*, 466.



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## CONTENTS.

I. THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	259
II. ROBIN. By Mrs. Parr, author of "Adam and Eve." Part XVIII., . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	266
III. COMETS. By R. A. Proctor, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review,</i> . . . . .	274
IV. THE LADIES LINDORES. Part XII., . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	282
V. PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL SCOBELLEFF, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . . . .	291
VI. A GLIMPSE OF MEXICO, . . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . . . .	300
VII. THE PURITAN ELEMENT IN LONGFELLOW, . . . . .	<i>British Quarterly Review,</i> . . . . .	306
VIII. AMERICAN NOVELS, . . . . .	<i>London Times,</i> . . . . .	315

## POETRY.

A MIDWAY MILESTONE, . . . . .	258
MISCELLANY, . . . . .	320

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## A MIDWAY MILESTONE.

"Come down," the simple letter says,  
 "And keep your Sabbath birthday here,  
 Come down and hear the church bells ring,  
 And hear the song the thrushes sing  
 Among the leafy bowers;  
 Come forth from dreary city ways,  
 And glad us with your presence, dear,  
 And longed for as the summer flowers.

"Come down, and we will take once more  
 The heathy path across the hill;  
 Or saunter through the dewy lane,  
 Wherein we parted with such pain  
 A little year ago.  
 The heath is sweet with honey store,  
 The fair green lane is dewy still,  
 And I — I long to see you so!

"Come down, and we will sit again  
 Beside the milestone grey and old,  
 That stands without our garden gate,  
 The spot where I was wont to wait,  
 And listen, while your feet  
 Passed to the highway from the lane,  
 And my heart seemed too full to hold  
 Its tender bliss, so new and sweet."

I sit me in the summer dusk,  
 The sultry dusk of city ways,  
 I put the letter from my hand,  
 And memory brings at my command  
 The past before mine eyes.  
 I see a garden, sweet with musk  
 And lilies, wrapped in silver haze,  
 And sleeping under summer skies.

A garden gateway, clothed about  
 With cream and crimson woodbine flowers,  
 And in the copse across the way,  
 The bird that singeth not by day,  
 Chants of her cruel fate.  
 The long white highway stretches ont,  
 And faint pink eglantine embowers  
 A milestone by the garden gate.

A stone that on its ancient face  
 A magic number shows to me,  
 In quaint old figures mossy-brown,  
 So many miles to London town —  
 So many years have I;  
 Ah, little girl! the barren space  
 Of my spent youth 'twixt me and thee,  
 Forevermore must coldly lie.

I think the moonlight touched my brain  
 That summer night a year ago;  
 Though sweet thy love, I had no right  
 To win the sacred blossom white  
 Of thy pure girlish heart;  
 Thy tears fell down like summer rain,  
 To hear me tell my tale of woe,  
 Would God they could have healed the  
 smart!

Would God that to my empty home,  
 Where sombre shadows come at will,  
 Mine hand could lead thee, to dispel  
 The doleful memories that dwell  
 Beside its hearthstone cold;  
 Or would that I with thee could roam  
 The dewy lane, the heath-clad hill,  
 And sit beside the milestone old.

Would God, sweet child, that I could share  
 The simple glee that fills thine heart,  
 That all the griefs and all the tears  
 That filled my life of forty years,  
 Might pass like morning dew;  
 Would God that I could pray thy prayer,  
 From all the world's illusions part,  
 And twine thy roses with my rue.

"Is it too late?" my heart cries out;  
 "Too late, too late!" I make reply;  
 I had no right to speak of love,  
 The eagle mates not with the dove,  
 I know the truth to-night;  
 I see the way too clear for doubt,  
 I lay the simple letter by;  
 The midway milestone fades from sight.

If I have harmed thee, gentle child,  
 I will not deepen yet the wrong;  
 I could not quit my busy strife  
 To share thy simple country life;  
 The freshness of my soul  
 Has faded in world-pathways wild;  
 Pass on, and sing thy simple song,  
 I am too rough for love's control.

I could not sit in peaceful ease  
 With thee among the garden flowers;  
 Nor could I sip — whose lips have quaffed  
 Life's strongest wine — the simple draught  
 Thou offerest gay and glad;  
 The soothing murmur of the trees,  
 The incense of the woodbine bowers,  
 Year after year, would drive me mad!

And so I lay thy letter down,  
 And keep my birthday here apart;  
 Pass on, my little darling, free,  
 A brighter future waits for thee  
 In life's untrodden ways;  
 Pass on, and win thy woman's crown  
 And kingdom, in a youthful heart;  
 God give thee good, and length of days!

And I, life's midway milestone past,  
 What more with love have I to do?  
 My heart's lone memories, bitter-sweet,  
 Bestrew the ground before my feet,  
 Like wrecks on winter's sea;  
 God grant the young their dreams may last,  
 Mine early died — yet love is true  
 I well believe, though dead for me!  
 All The Year Round.



From Macmillan's Magazine.

# THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE object of this paper will be to show in a large survey of the course of English history through the eighteenth century the truth of the following position, viz., that the development of England in that century is essentially a territorial expansion, that it is, in short, the development of Great Britain into what Sir Charles Dilke calls Greater Britain.

I constantly remark both in our popular histories and in occasional allusions to the history of the eighteenth century, what a faint and confused impression that period has left upon the national memory. Nothing seems to hold together the series of its events; the wars seem to lead to nothing; at home we do not perceive the working of great new ideas leading to new political creations; altogether it seems as if nothing was evolved out of the struggle of that time, so that we can only think of it as prosperous and prosaic, not memorable. Those dim figures, George I. and George II., the long, tame administrations of Walpole and Pelham, the buccaneering war with Spain, the useless campaigns in Germany and the Low Countries, the foolish prime minister Newcastle, the dull brawls of the Wilkes period, everywhere alike we seem to remark a want of greatness, a commonness and flatness in men and in affairs, which distress us in the history of a great nation. What we chiefly miss is unity. In France the corresponding period has just as little greatness, but it has unity; it is intelligible; we can describe it in one word as the age of the approach of the Revolution. But what is the English eighteenth century, and what has come of it? What was approaching then?

This is the question I attempt here to answer.

We have an unfortunate habit of distributing historical affairs under *reigns*. Even where monarchy is extremely powerful, it is seldom that an age ought to be called after a monarch. It would be better not to speak even of the *Siècle de Louis XIV.* The English monarchs of the eighteenth century were by no means

the *faineants* they are sometimes made to appear; still it is absurd to represent them as determining the character of their age. The first step in arranging and dividing any period of English history is to get rid of such useless headings as Reign of Queen Anne, Reign of George I., Reign of George II. In the place of these we must study to put divisions founded upon some real stage of progress in the national life. We must look onward not from king to king, but from great event to great event. And in order to do this we must estimate events, measure their greatness; a thing which cannot be done without considering and analyzing them closely. When with respect to any event we have satisfied ourselves that it deserves to rank among the leading events of the national history, the next step is to put it in connection with its causes. In this way each event takes the character of a development, and each development of this kind forms a chapter in the national history, a chapter which will get its name from the event.

As a plain example of this principle, take the reign of George III. What can be more absurd than to treat those sixty years as constituting one period, simply because one man was king during the whole of them? What, then, are we to substitute for the king as a principle of division? Evidently great events. One part of the reign will make a chapter by itself as the period of the loss of America, another as that of the struggle with the French Revolution.

But in a national history there are larger as well as smaller divisions. Besides chapters, there are, as it were, books or parts. This is because the great events, when examined closely, are seen to be connected with each other; those which are chronologically nearest to each other are seen to be similar; they fall into groups, each of which may be regarded as a single complex event, and the complex events give their names to the parts, as the simpler events give their names to the separate chapters, of the history.

In some periods of history this arrangement is so natural that we adopt it almost unconsciously. The events bear their



significance written on their face, and the connection of events is also obvious. When you read the reign of Louis XV. of France, you feel, without waiting to reason, that you are reading of the fall of the French monarchy. But in other parts of history the clue is less easy to find, and it is here that we feel that embarrassment and want of interest which, as I have said, Englishmen are conscious of when they look back upon their eighteenth century. In most cases of this kind the fault is in the reader; he would be interested in the period if he had the clue to it, and he would find the clue if he sought it deliberately.

We are to look then at the great events of the eighteenth century, examine each to see its precise significance, and compare them together with a view to discovering any general tendency there may be. I speak roughly, of course, when I say the eighteenth century. More precisely I mean the period which begins with the Revolution of 1688 and ends with the peace of 1815. Now what are the great events during this period? There are no revolutions. In the way of internal disturbance all that we find is two abortive Jacobite insurrections in 1715 and 1745. There is a change of dynasty, and one of an unusual kind, but it is accomplished peacefully in accordance with an act of Parliament. The great events are all of one kind, they are *foreign wars*.

These wars are on a much larger scale than any which England had waged before since the Hundred Years' War of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They are also of a more formal, business-like kind than earlier wars. For England has now, for the first time, a standing army and navy. The great English navy first took definite shape in the wars of the Commonwealth, and the English army, founded on the Mutiny Bill, dates from the reign of William III. Between the Revolution and the battle of Waterloo it may be reckoned that we waged seven great wars, of which the shortest lasted seven years and the longest about twelve. Of the whole period, comprising a hundred and twenty-six years, sixty-four years, or more than half, were spent in war.

That these wars were on a greater scale than any which had preceded may be estimated by the burden which they laid upon the country. Before this period England had of course often been at war; still, at the commencement of it, England had no debt, that is, her debt was less than a million, but at the end of this period, in 1817, her debt amounted to 840,000,000*l*. And we are to beware of taking even this large amount as measuring the expensiveness of the wars. Eight hundred and forty millions was not the cost of the wars; it was only that part of the cost which the nation could not meet at once, but an enormous amount had been paid at once. And yet this debt alone, contracted in a period of a hundred and twenty years, is equivalent to seven millions a year spent on war during the whole time, while for a good part of the eighteenth century the whole annual cost of government did not exceed seven millions.

This series of great wars is evidently the characteristic feature of the period, for not only does it begin with this period, but also appears to end with it. Since 1815 we have had local wars in India and some of our colonies, but of struggles against great European powers such as this period saw seven times, we have only seen one since, in a period more than half as long, and it lasted but two years.

Let us pass these wars in review. There was first the war in which England was involved by the Revolution of 1688. It is pretty well remembered, since the story of it has been told by Macaulay. It lasted eight years, from 1689 to 1697. There was then the great war which arose out of the Spanish succession, and which we shall never cease to remember because it was the war of Marlborough's victories. It lasted eleven years, from 1702 to 1713. The next great war has now passed almost entirely out of memory, not having brought to light any very great commander, nor achieved any definite result. But we have all heard speak of the fable of Jenkins' Ears, and we have heard of the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, though perhaps few of us could give a rational account either of the reason for



fighting them, or of the result that came of them. And yet this war too lasted nine years, from 1739 to 1748. Next comes the Seven Years' War, of which the German part has been made famous by the victories of Frederick. In the English part of it we all remember one grand incident, the Battle of the Heights of Abraham, in which we lost Wolfe and gained Canada. And yet in the case of this war also it may be observed how much the eighteenth century has faded out of our imaginations. We have quite forgotten that that victory was but one of a long series, which to contemporaries seemed fabulous, so that the nation came out of the struggle intoxicated with glory, and England stood upon a pinnacle of greatness which she had never reached before. We have forgotten how, through all that remained of the eighteenth century, the nation looked back upon those two or three splendid years as upon a happiness that could never return, and how long it continued to be the unique boast of the Englishman, —

That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,  
And Wolfe's great heart compatriot with his own.

This is the fourth war. It is in sharp contrast with the fifth, which we have tacitly agreed to mention as seldom as we can. What we call the American War, which from the first outbreak of hostilities to the Peace of Paris lasted eight years, from 1775 to 1783, was indeed ignominious enough to us in America, but in its latter part it spread into a grand naval war in which England stood at bay against almost all the world, and in this, through the victories of Rodney, we came off with credit. The sixth and seventh are the two great wars with Revolutionary France, which we are not likely to forget though we ought to keep them more separate in our minds than we do. The first lasted nine years, from 1793 to 1802, the second twelve, from 1803 to 1815.

Now probably it has occurred to few of us to connect these wars together or to look for any unity of plan or purpose pervading them. And if such a thought did occur we should probably find ourselves

hopelessly baffled in our first attempts. In one war the question was of the method of succession to the crown of Spain; in another war it was of the Austrian succession and of the succession to the Empire. But if there seems so far some resemblance, what have these succession questions to do with the right of search claimed by the Spaniards along the Spanish Main, or the limits of Acadie, or the principles of the French Revolution? And as the grounds of quarrel seem quite accidental, so we are bewildered by the straggling, haphazard character of the wars themselves. Hostilities may break out, so it seems, in the Low Countries, or in the heart of Germany, but the war is waged anywhere or everywhere, at Madras, or at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, or on the banks of the Ohio. As Macaulay says, speaking of Frederick's invasion of Silesia, "In consequence of his unprincipled ambition black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America." On a first survey such is the confused appearance which these wars present.

But look a little closer, and after all you will discover some uniformities. For example, out of these seven wars, if we look at them from the English point of view, five are wars with France from the beginning, and both the other two, though the opposite belligerent at the outset was in the first Spain, and in the second our own colonies, yet became in a short time and ended as wars of England and France.

Now here is one of those general facts which we are in search of. The full magnitude of it is not usually perceived because the whole middle part of the eighteenth century has passed too much into oblivion. We have not forgotten the pair of great wars with France at the junction of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, nor the other pair of great wars with France about the junction of the seventeenth and eighteenth, but we have half forgotten that near the middle of the eighteenth century there was also a great war between England and France, and that as prelude and afterpiece to this war there was a war with Spain which



turned into a war with France, and a war with America which turned into a war with France. The truth is, these wars group themselves very symmetrically, and the whole period stands out as an age of gigantic rivalry between England and France, a kind of second Hundred Years' War. In fact in those times and down to our own memory the eternal discord of England and France appeared so much a law of nature that it was seldom spoken of. The wars of their own times blending with vague recollections of Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt created an impression in the minds of those generations that England and France always had been at war and always would be. But this was a pure illusion. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries England and France had not been these persistent enemies. The two States had often been in alliance against Spain. In the seventeenth century an Anglo-French alliance had been almost the rule. Charles I. has a French queen, Cromwell allies himself with Mazarin, Charles II. and James II. make themselves dependent upon Louis XIV.

But may not this frequent recurrence of war with France in the eighteenth century have been a mere accident arising from the nearness of France and the necessary frequency of collisions with her? On examination we shall find that it is not merely accidental, but that these wars are connected together in internal causation as well as in time. It is rather the occasional cessation of war that is accidental; the recurrence of it is natural and inevitable. There is indeed one long truce of twenty-seven years after the Treaty of Utrecht; this was the natural effect of the exhaustion in which all Europe was left by the War of the Spanish Succession, a war almost as great in comparison with the then magnitude of the European States as the great struggle with Napoleon. But when this truce was over we may almost regard all the wars which followed as constituting one war, interrupted by occasional pauses. At any rate the three wars between 1740 and 1783, those commonly called the War of the Austrian Succession, the Seven Years' War, and the American War, are, so far as they are wars of England and France, intimately connected together, and form as it were a trilogy of wars. This fact is especially to be noticed here, because this group of wars, considered as one great event with a single great object and result, supplies just the grand feature which that time

seems so sadly to want. It is only our own blindness which leads us to overlook the grandeur of that phase in our history, while we fix our eyes upon petty domestic occurrences, Parliamentary quarrels, party intrigue, and court gossip.

It so happens that the accession of George III. falls in the middle of this period, and seems to us, with our childish mode of arranging history, to create a division where there is no real division but rather unusually manifest continuity. And as in Parliamentary and party politics the accession of George III. really did make a considerable epoch, and the temptation of our historians is always to write the history rather of the Parliament than of the State and nation, a false scent misleads us here, and we remain quite blind to one of the grandest and most memorable turning-points in our history. I say these wars make one grand and decisive struggle between England and France. For look at the facts. Nominally the first of these three wars was ended by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. Nominally there followed eight years of peace between England and France. But really it was not so at all. Whatever virtue the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle may have had towards settling the quarrels of the other European powers concerned in the war, it scarcely interrupted for a moment the conflict between England and France. It scarcely even appeared to do so, for the great question of the boundary of the English and French settlements in America, of the limits of Acadie and Canada, was disputed with just as much heat after the treaty as before it. And not in words only but by arms, just as much as if war were still going on. Moreover what I remark of the American frontier is equally true of another frontier along which at that time the English and French met each other, namely, in India. It is a remarkable, little-noticed fact, that some of the most memorable encounters between the English and the French which have ever taken place in the course of their long rivalry, some of the classic occurrences of our military history, took place in these eight years when, nominally, England and France were at peace. We have all heard how the French built Fort Duquesne on the Ohio River, how our colony of Virginia sent a body of four hundred men under the command of George Washington, then a very young man and a British subject, to attack it, and how Washington was surrounded and forced to capitulate.



We have heard, too, of the defeat and death of General Braddock in the same parts. Still better do we remember the struggle between Dupleix and Clive in India, the defence of Arcot, and the deeds which led to the founding of our Indian empire. All these events were part of a desperate struggle for supremacy between England and France, and yet most of them took place after the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 and before the commencement of the next war in 1756.

We have then one great conflict lasting from 1744, or a little earlier, to the Peace of Paris in 1763, through a period of about twenty years. It ended in the most disastrous defeat that has ever in modern times been suffered by France except in 1870, a defeat which in fact sealed the doom of the house of Bourbon. But fifteen years later, and just within the lifetime of the great statesman who had guided us to victory, England and France were at war again. France entered into relations with our insurgent colonies, acknowledged their independence, and assisted them with troops. Once more, for five years, there was war by land and sea between England and France. But are we to suppose that this was a wholly new war, and not rather a sort of after-swell of the great disturbance that had so recently been stilled? It was not for a moment concealed or disguised that France now, in our hour of distress, took vengeance for what she had suffered from us. This was her revenge for the loss of Canada, namely, to create the United States. In the words which on a later occasion became so celebrated, "She called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old."

Thus these three great wars are more closely connected together than they might appear to be. But how closely connected they are we shall not see until we ask ourselves what the ground of quarrel was, and whether the same ground of quarrel runs under all of them. At first sight it appears to be otherwise. For the war of England and France does not at any time stand out distinct and isolated, but is mixed up with other wars which are going on at the same time. Such immense complex medleys are characteristic of the eighteenth century. What, for instance, can the capture of Quebec have to do with the struggle of Frederick and Maria Theresa for Silesia? In such medleys there is great room for historical mistake, for premature generalization. What is really at issue may be misunder-

stood; as, for instance, when we remark that in the Seven Years' War the Protestant powers of Europe were ranged on one side, we should go very far astray if we tried to make out that it was Protestantism that prevailed in India or in Canada over the spirit of Catholicism.

What I have undertaken to show is that the extension of England into the New World and into Asia is the formula which sums up for England the history of the eighteenth century. I point out now that the great triple war of the middle of that century is neither more nor less than the great decisive duel between England and France for the possession of the New World. It was scarcely perceived at the time, and has been seldom remarked since; but the secret of that second Hundred Years' War between England and France, which fills the eighteenth century, was that they were rival candidates for the possession of the New World, and the triple war which fills the middle of the century is, as it were, the decisive campaign in that great world-struggle.

We did not take possession of the New World simply because we found it empty, and had more ships than other nations by which we might carry colonists into it. Not, indeed, that we conquered it from another power which already had possession of it. But we had a competitor in the work of settlement, a competitor who in some respects had got the start of us, namely, France.

The simple fact about North America is this, that about the same time that James I. was giving charters to Virginia and New England, the French were founding further north the two settlements of Acadie and Canada; and, again, about the time that William Penn got his charter for Pennsylvania from Charles II., the Frenchman, Lasalle, by one of the greatest feats of discovery ever achieved, made his way from the Great Lakes to the sources of the Mississippi, and putting his boats upon the stream descended the whole vast river to the Gulf of Mexico, laying open a great territory, which immediately afterwards became the French colony of Louisiana. Such was the relation of France and England in North America at the time when the Revolution of 1688 opened what I have called the second Hundred Years' War of England and France. England had a row of thriving colonies lying from north to south along the eastern coast, but France had the two great rivers, the St. Lawrence



and the Mississippi. A political prophet comparing the prospects of the two colonizing powers at the time of our Revolution, and indeed much later, might have been led by observing what an advantage the two rivers gave to France, to think that in the future North America would belong to her rather than to England.

But now it is most curious to observe further that not only in America France and England in that age advanced side by side, but in Asia also. The conquest of India by English merchants seems a unique and abnormal phenomenon, but we should be mistaken if we supposed that there was anything peculiarly English, either in the originality which conceived the idea, or in the energy which carried it into execution. So far as an idea of conquering India was deliberately conceived at all, it was conceived by Frenchmen; Frenchmen first observed that it was possible, and saw the manner in which it could be done; Frenchmen first set about it, and advanced some way towards accomplishing it. In India, indeed, they had the start of us much more decidedly than in North America; in India alone we had at the outset a sense of inferiority in comparison with them, and fought in a spirit of hopeless self-defence. And I find when I study the English conquest of India that we were inspired neither by ambition, nor yet by mere desire to advance our trade, but that from first to last, that is, from the first efforts of Clive to the time when Lord Wellesley, Lord Minto, and Lord Hastings established our empire over the whole vast peninsula, we were actuated by fear of the French; behind every movement of the native powers we saw French intrigue, French gold, French ambition, and never until we were masters of the whole country got rid of that feeling that the French were driving us out of it, which had descended from the days of Dupleix and Labourdonnais.

This consideration, then, that both in America and in Asia France and England stood in direct competition for a prize of absolutely incalculable value explains the fact that France and England fought a second Hundred Years' War. This is the ultimate explanation. But the true ground of discord was not always equally apparent, even to the belligerents themselves, and still less to the rest of the world. For as in other ages so in that; occasional causes of difference frequently arose between such near neighbors, causes often sufficient in themselves to

produce a war; and it is only in those three wars of the middle of the eighteenth century that they fight quite visibly and evidently for the New World. In the earlier wars of William III. and of Anne, other causes are more, or certainly not less, operative, for the New World quarrel is not yet at its height. And again in the later wars, that is the two that followed the French Revolution, the question of the New World is again falling into the background, because France has fairly lost her hold both upon America and India, and can now do no more than make despairing efforts to regain it. But in those three wars, between 1740 and 1783, the struggle as between England and France is entirely for the New World. In the first of them the issue is fairly joined; in the second France suffers her fatal fall; in the third she takes her signal revenge. This is the first grand chapter in the history of Greater Britain, for it is the first great struggle in which the empire fights as a whole, the colonies and settlements outside Europe being here not merely dragged in the wake of the mother country, but actually taking the lead. We ought to distinguish this event with a very broad mark in our calendar of the eighteenth century. The principal and most decisive incidents of it belong to the latter half of the reign of George II.

But in our wars with Louis XIV. before and in our wars with the French Revolution afterwards, it will be found on examination that much more than might be supposed the real bone of contention between England and France is the New World. Let us look first at the wars of William and Anne. The colonial question had been growing in magnitude throughout the seventeenth century, while the other burning question of that age, the quarrel of the two Churches, had been falling somewhat into the background. Thus when Cromwell made war on Spain it is a question whether he attacked her as the great Catholic power or as the great monopolist of the New World. In the same age the two great Protestant States, England and Holland, who ought in the interest of religion to have stood side by side, are found waging furious war upon each other as rival colonial powers. Now it was by the great discovery and settlement of Louisiana in 1683 that France was brought into the forefront of colonial powers, and within six years of that event the Hundred Years' War of England and France began.



In the first war of the series, however, the colonial question is not very prominent. But it is prominent in the second, which has been called the War of the Spanish Succession. We must not be misled by this name. Much has been said of the wicked waste of blood and treasure of which we were guilty when we interfered in a Spanish question with which we had no concern, or terrified ourselves with a phantom of French ascendancy which had no reality. How much better, it has been said, to devote ourselves to the civilizing pursuits of trade! But read in Ranke how the war broke out. You will find that it was precisely trade that led us into it. The Spanish succession affected us because France threatened by establishing her influence in Spain to enter into the Spanish monopoly of the New World, and to shut us irrevocably out of it. Accordingly the great practical results of this war to England were colonial and commercial, namely, the conquest of Acadie and the Asiento compact, which for the first time made England on the great scale a slave-trading power.

Still more true is it of our wars with the French Revolution and with Napoleon that the possession of the New World was among the grounds of quarrel. As in the American War France avenges on England her expulsion from the New World, so under Napoleon she makes Titanic efforts to recover her lost place there. This indeed is Napoleon's fixed view with regard to England. He sees in England never the island, the European State, but always the world-empire, the net-work of dependencies and colonies and islands covering every sea, among which he was himself destined at last to find his prison and his grave. Thus when in 1798 he was put in charge for the first time of the war with England, he begins by examining the British Channel, and no doubt glances at Ireland. But what he sees does not tempt him, although a few months afterwards Ireland broke out in a terrible rebellion, during which if the conqueror of Italy had suddenly landed at the head of a French army, undoubtedly he would have struck a heavier blow at England than any she has yet suffered. But no, his mind is occupied with other thoughts. He is thinking how France once seemed on the point of conquering India, until England drove her out; accordingly he decides and convinces the Directory that the proper way to carry on war with England is by occupying Egypt,

and at the same time by stirring Tippoo Sooltan to war with the East India Company. And he actually carries out this plan, so that the whole struggle is transferred from the British Channel into the boundless spaces of Greater Britain, and when the Irish shortly afterwards rise they find to their bitter disappointment that France cannot spare them Bonaparte, but only General Humbert with eleven hundred men.

When this war was brought to an end by the Treaty of Amiens in 1802 the results of it were such as to make that treaty a great epoch in the history of the English empire. In the first place Egypt is finally evacuated by France, in other words Bonaparte's grand scheme of attack against our Indian empire has failed. His ally Tippoo — *Citoyen Tipou* as he was called — had been defeated and slain some time before, and General Baird had moved with an English force up the Red Sea to take part with General Hutchinson in the final defeat of the French in Egypt. In the colonial world at the same time England remained mistress of Ceylon and Trinidad.

But the last war, that which lasted from 1803 to 1815, was this in any sense a war for the New World? It does not at first sight appear to be so; and very naturally, because England from the beginning had such a naval superiority that Napoleon could never again succeed in making his way back into the New World. But yet it was so, as I find after a closer examination. In the first place look at the origin and cause of it. It was at the outset a war for Malta. By the treaty of Amiens England had engaged within a given time to evacuate Malta, and this for certain reasons, which this is not the place to discuss, she afterwards refused to do. Now why did Napoleon want her to leave Malta, and why did she refuse to do so? It was because Malta was the key of Egypt, and she believed, certainly not without strong reasons, that Bonaparte would in a moment reoccupy Egypt, and that the struggle for India would begin again. Thus the war was ultimately for India, and further I find that though by the retention of Malta we did effectually and once for all ward off this attack, yet we did not ourselves know how successful we had been. We still believed India to be full of French intrigue; we believed the Mahratta and Afghan princes and the Persian shah to be puppets worked by the French, as indeed they had many French officers in their service. I imagine that



the great Mahratta War of 1803 seemed to Lord Wellesley to be a part of the war with France, and that Sir Arthur Wellesley believed that at Assaye and Argaum he struck at the same enemy as afterwards at Salamanca and Waterloo. On the other hand we can trace throughout Napoleon's desperate effort to break through the toils with which England has enveloped him. He tries for a time to make something of Louisiana, and then sells it to the United States in order that at least England may not get possession of it. He takes possession of Portugal and Spain in order to compensate himself in South and Central America for what France has lost in North America, and Colonel Malleison tells us, in his "Later Struggles of France in the East" what a destructive privateering war the French were able to keep up in the Indian Ocean from their island of Mauritius long after their naval power had been destroyed at Trafalgar. It was by the English conquest of this island and by its retention at the peace that the Hundred Years' War of England and France for the New World came to an end.

These are the facts which show that the eighteenth century ought always to be thought of as the period of the world-wide expansion of England. They show at the same time that this proposition is much more pregnant than might at first sight appear. At first sight it seems to mean merely that the acquisition of Canada and that of India are greater events in intrinsic importance than other more conspicuous events nearer home, such as Marlborough's victories, or Chatham's politics, or the national struggle with Napoleon. It really means that the expansion of England is at the bottom of one class of events just as much as of the other. At first sight it may seem to mean that the European policy of England in that century is of less importance than its extra-European policy. But it really means that the European policy and the extra-European policy are but different aspects of the same great national development. So much has been shown; much more might be shown. For this single conception brings together not only the European with the colonial affairs, but also the military struggles with the whole peaceful expansion of the country, with that industrial and commercial growth which during the same century exceeded in England all previous example. But enough—*jam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.*

J. R. SEELEY.

From Temple Bar.

ROBIN.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "ADAM AND EVE."

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MADE thoughtful by the contents of Mr. Cameron's letter, it did not seem strange that for the rest of the evening Christopher should be unusually silent. He did not tell Robin he felt so weary that mere ordinary speaking was an effort to him. In his own mind he set down this sense of fatigue to his late indisposition. "That attack has pulled me down," he said, "and made me weaker than I thought myself."

There had been a time in Christopher's life when his weakly health, except so far as it interfered with his comfort, was a matter of very little concern to him; the world had not held out many attractions, and he was not disturbed in the least to think he might possibly be called on to leave it early. But since Robin had been his wife, and more particularly since this renewal of a good understanding between them, Christopher had been conscious of a desperate clinging to life, of building on the future, counting on long years to come, to be spent by Robin and him together.

"I feel rather tired," he said at length, noticing that Robin had put down her book and was looking at him.

"Still you don't seem disposed to move."

"No, that's just it. I could drop off to sleep here where I am, sitting in my chair."

"Get along," she said, giving him a shake; "you go up-stairs, and I'll tell them about calling us, and giving us our breakfast early."

Naturally a light sleeper, Robin was surprised to find Christopher already asleep when she went into the room, and so soundly that he did not hear her enter.

He seemed to continue sleeping until morning, when, between three and four, he was awakened by a fit of shivering, increasing in violence, and becoming so severe, that Robin implored him to let her send for a doctor.

No; he thought it would pass; it was but a return of his cold. If she would put some more clothes on the bed, and, as soon as they were stirring, ask for some hot tea, he thought he should be better.

But in spite of all that Robin could do, her suggestions and remedies were of no avail; a terrible pain in the side seized



him—it was like the sticking of a knife each time he drew a breath. He got restless, feverish, and the suggestion of a doctor again made, he no longer opposed it.

The next day Christopher was announced to be suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia and pleurisy following on his previous indisposition. The doctor viewed the case gravely. "He has caught cold again; got another chill," he said. And Robin feared he had; but, unacquainted with illness as she was, a cold, which he frequently caught and always recovered from, gave her no serious alarm.

"He'll soon be all right again, don't you think?"

"Oh, I quite hope so. Why? Were you thinking of sending for some one to help you?" The wish was put warily.

"No; I can do all the nursing he wants. But he had thought of going to see his father."

"Ah! I'm afraid he will have to put that off for some little time now. Would it not be as well to ask his father to come and see him?"

"Not at present, I think; we shouldn't care to." And seeing there was actually at present no necessity, the doctor did not urge it further.

The next day, however, Christopher was worse. Then his mind began to wander; and Robin, frightened beyond measure at a symptom always distressing to those around, sent off a telegram to Mr. Blunt:—

"Come directly this reaches you. Christopher is very ill."

Again and again Mr. Blunt read these words over. The sight of them seemed to paralyze him; he was seized with the certainty that his son was dying—perhaps even dead before now. What should he do? When did the next train go? Already he had summoned a servant and sent him to seek information.

The next train was the 5.50, there was none before; it was now three o'clock. Three hours to wait! How should he endure them? The suggestions that went coursing through his mind seemed like to madden him.

"Go to Mr. Cameron," he said at length, in desperation. "Ask him to come to me. Say—I want him."

He had meant to send word that Christopher was ill, but was unable to speak his son's name. At the moment when he was going to mention it, his voice had failed him.

From the servant Mr. Cameron learned the cause of the summons, and with ready sympathy at once obeyed it. How strangely altered seemed their relative positions since they last met! then Mr. Blunt's hectoring and bluster had completely cowed the sensitive organization of the curate; his loud voice jarred upon him and drove him to silence. Now it was Mr. Cameron who spoke, Mr. Blunt who listened, hanging on every word of assurance and encouragement the other gave him.

Skilled in administering comfort, Mr. Blunt found himself gaining courage; he was another being since Mr. Cameron had come. But what would happen when he left him? There was still to be bridged over that two hours' journey in the train, and the drive from the station. Oh, the delay was sickening!

"Shall I go up with you? Would you like it?"

Mr. Blunt almost broke down under the weight of his gratitude; it was the very thing he had been longing for, but had not dared to ask. Those who never put themselves out to accommodate others, when wanting favors for themselves are apt to overestimate their obligation.

It was nothing to Mr. Cameron to accompany him to London. He would have made the same offer, only more readily, to the poorest parishioner.

"Then pick me up at my lodgings as you go past," he said; and away he rushed to run in at the rectory, so that they might know for what reason he had gone away.

"I'll walk down with you," said Georgy; and there she was standing when Mr. Blunt drove up, ready with cheery words and good wishes to start them on their way.

"And tell Mrs. Christopher if she wants any help to send for me; I'm a first-rate hand at sick-nursing, you know."

Who, at parting, shall say what their next meeting may be?

Mr. Blunt and Robin had never seen each other since that day when Christopher had come between them; then, furious, exasperated, their thoughts had been centred on themselves, their anger on each other. Now, when, with noiseless steps and knees that trembled under him, Mr. Blunt found himself at the door of the sick-room out of which Robin had come, both he and she seemed to have merged their individuality. For her, he was Christopher's father: for him, she was Christopher's wife. Had he taken



her hand? Had she given it? What matter? they did not stop to consider. All Mr. Blunt knew was that to his ear there came a muffled whisper: "He will not know you, but he has been talking about you all day;" and then he tip-toed inside, and Robin went down to speak to Mr. Cameron.

They were still talking when Mr. Blunt joined them. His face was drawn, and there was an anxious look in his eyes; but the terrible fear, that by some accident his son had been killed—was already dead—had been relieved. He could breathe again, and hope had returned with the reaction.

"Who's the doctor you've called in?" he said to Robin. "They spoke to me about a Mr. Martin; is that him? I shall send off at once for Gull, and I'll go myself for Sir William Jenner; he's the one you ought to have had, he's seen him before. And who was it that gentleman in the train was speaking of, Mr. Cameron, as being so clever? Ah, yes, Lamb—that was the name; we'll have him."

"But he's a homœopath!" said Mr. Cameron.

"I don't care what he is, so long as he cures my son!"

"You know in the profession they don't agree!"

"Then let 'em fight it out! I shan't ask the reason why, provided they'll set him on his legs again. I'll have every doctor in London, no matter who they are or what they call 'em: it's all one to me, so long as they can make a cure of him."

The old bluster was coming back. The belief in his luck, and that things always came round right with him, was returning; he put his hands deep down into his pockets, opening and shutting his palms on the imaginary gold that he would shower on the fortunate restorer of his son's health. Mr. Cameron, looking at him, sighed, and then he cast a glance at Robin.

"You seem very tired," he said gently. "I am afraid you have not had much rest."

The remark attracted Mr. Blunt's notice.

"That was a nurse, wasn't it, I saw up there?"

"Yes, there is a nurse; but until somebody came I wouldn't leave him alone with her."

"That was right—quite right," said Mr. Blunt approvingly; adding in a more kindly tone: "But you can go to bed

now. I'm here now; I'll see after him. He shan't want for nothing; he shall have the best that money can get. Ah! the prince himself shan't ha' been better 'tended on than he shall be. How it happened that he's laid up like this I can't think. Whatever brought it on? Can you form an idea, eh?"

"The carriage we came in from Whitby was so cold and draughty," said Robin; "that was the first of it. He was very unwell then for more than a week, but he was so anxious to go and get lodgings and find out about you. Oh, I can see it all now!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears suddenly. "His coat was so thin, and the day was bitterly cold, and the omnibuses were so full, that he had to go outside two of them."

"Outside! Outside a 'bus! My son!" Mr. Blunt staggered a full pace back, staring at her.

"And he was away almost the whole day long," she continued, "without having anything proper to eat."

"Why he must have been mad—clean gone out of his senses; and you too, to have let him!"

She shook her head.

"You forget how anxious we were to go away from here. He knew how little money there was left, and a long bill owing."

Mr. Blunt dropped down into a chair as if he had been shot at.

"My God!" he cried, "I've killed him! He'll die—he'll die! I know he will. O Lord, what shall I do, what shall I do? what will become of me?" And hiding his face in his hands, the wretched old man burst into tears.

Robin jumped up and stood gazing at him with alarm. Mr. Cameron, with a ready guess at the remorse which had seized him, went over and put his hand upon his shoulder.

"Th' Almighty's going to punish me by taking him from me," he went on brokenly; "I holding out, and he wanting. O Lord, spare him! only spare him, and I don't care what else comes to me!"

"Hush!" said Mr. Cameron sternly. "You forget that God is not man. Do you think that our heavenly Father is influenced by such motives as have made you stubborn and revengeful to your son? Let us down on our knees and ask mercy of him; let us beg him to spare Christopher to us. I will offer up a prayer in which we will all join."

And they all three knelt down, Mr. Blunt the first to shuffle off his chair, the



last to rise. All his pomposity and swagger had gone from him; there was no more talk of what he was going to do; the all-important *I—I*—had dropped out of his conversation. Only when Mr. Cameron spoke of returning, he implored him not to leave them; and when Robin bade him good-night, he whispered in her ear,—

“Pray for him again. Pray God to spare him!”

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

EVERY one was agreed that few things were more touching than old Blunt's devotion to his son. Really, he might be pompous and vulgar, but he must certainly be a kind-hearted man.

Most of us are caught by sentiment, and in Wadpole the story of the father's distress, his suffering, and now his joy at the so-far-made recovery, appealed to people's sympathies and opened their hearts towards him.

The whole neighborhood far and near, for miles around, called to make inquiries after Christopher; and in place of ignoring Mr. Blunt, as formerly, he was asked for especially, to receive the congratulations every one was anxious to give to him.

Snatched from the very jaws of death, Christopher had been brought back to Priors. Again he and Robin were living under the same roof as his father.

It was Robin herself who made the proposal. Mr. Blunt had not dared to, and though Christopher was filled with an unspeakable yearning to be back in his old home, with its quiet and comforts around him, he forebore to let drop even a hint that might influence Robin in any way; but the one wish of her heart now was to make amends to Christopher. She wanted him to see, by her devotion, how she had learned to value his generosity. For far beyond anything it is possible to put into words had been his tenderness towards her—so enduring and so great that the confidence between them was complete; and saving only where the knowledge would now give him pain, nothing was hidden by her. In this offer to return to Priors with his father, Robin saw another opportunity; and in the joy with which Christopher received it, the pleasure and satisfaction he evinced, she was amply rewarded for any sacrifice it had cost her.

Still far too weak to be able to receive ordinary visitors, Mr. Cameron, and with him Georgy Temple, came daily to see

him. Their engagement had become an acknowledged fact now, and the wonder and amazement of it past, no one except Mrs. Temple troubled themselves about it. Mr. Blunt had to confess himself staggered, and did not feel easy until he had trumpeted forth his penetration, and how he had hinted as much to her mother.

“Not,” he said, “that then I took it by any means for granted, you know; but she was happening to be mentioning a certain gentleman who had popped off in a hurry after getting his *congee*,” and he nodded his head and winked his eye meaningly; “and I asked her if it mightn't have something to do with a certain Mr. C——, who didn't live fifty miles off from here.”

Robin was close by, and Georgy for a moment felt a little confused before her. What would she think of this story, her mother had gone about telling, that she had refused Jack? Looking at Robin, she said frankly,—

“My mother will have it that my cousin made an offer to me; but those who know him and me best are better informed on the matter.”

It was Robin's turn now to grow red, Christopher's to come to the rescue.

“But every one knew,” he said, “that Mr. Dorian-Chandos meant always to go. I remember the very first time I saw him he spoke of his intention to travel.”

“And he did go once,” said Mr. Cameron, “and came back again. Oh, how I did dislike that fellow that night! and the odd thing was, I couldn't think why, for it hadn't struck me then about being in love with Georgy, you know.”

The laugh turned against him gave the conversation a little diversion, and it wandered away from Jack into a discussion on the prospects of marriage, and hopes entertained by Mr. Cameron regarding a living. How pleasant it was to lie there and listen to the banter which went on between them! Many times Christopher found himself laughing quietly, more especially when, after a time, Robin had been drawn in and was led away to be as merry as it was her wont to be.

That night, walking home, Mr. Cameron gave Georgy the history of the probation their two friends had gone through, and how close the recent trial had drawn them together.

“I love that girl,” he said, speaking of Robin; “and you, Georgy, you must love her too.”



"Well," she said, "I don't say that I won't. I'm a little inclined that way already, which speaks volumes for my good disposition, seeing that the two men I think most of have each separately made that same demand of me already."

"Yes; but mine is in a very different way."

"No," she said stoutly; "I don't know that it is. When Jack asked me to be good to her, he had not a thought beyond being her friend; the mistake he made was in being over-confident."

Later on, when Georgy had convinced herself by seeing the good understanding which existed between the husband and wife, she purposely introduced Jack's name.

"I want to get over," she said, "the little awkwardness there seems to be in talking about him. Some day he will return, and then what are we to do?"

So to Robin when alone, or if together with Christopher, she began speaking of Jack, telling them where he had been, what he had seen, what he was doing.

"He had just reached Calcutta when he wrote last," she said, on one occasion.

"It must be a great pleasure to see his mother," Robin ventured to say.

"H'm!" and Georgy puckered up her face. "I can't say; from the tone of his letter it did not particularly strike me that he would break his heart over their parting. But I know her—at least I know her through my father, and that is quite enough for me."

"Does he intend to stay long?" asked Christopher.

"Not with her—I don't think he does. I don't think he quite knows what he means to do; sometimes he speaks of returning, sometimes of going on. Papa wants him to come home at once, but I don't know whether he'll do so. He hasn't asked my advice, or I'd settle his plans in the twinkling of an eye."

"Why, what advice would you give him?" said Christopher. "I'm curious to know."

"In the first place, I should tell him to come back for reasons that make it important he should be here; and secondly I should recommend him to settle down and take a wife to look after him—he'll have to marry—he must! Who's the estate to go to?"

Jack marry! Jack have a wife! The thought rushed upon Robin as if such an idea had never presented itself to her before. She felt obliged to move, to alter her position. She put down the work

she had in her hand, and stood up for a moment, almost unconscious of what she was doing.

"Are you going for my medicine?" Christopher asked, and Robin was off, relieved by the necessity of something to do.

All that evening she was more than ordinarily devoted to Christopher; watching him, she seemed to anticipate every wish and want, and when the others had left, and they two were alone she went over to him, and while settling his cushions, said,—

"Christopher, I want you to get strong; you must make haste, and be as quick as ever you can, and let us get away from here and go to some place where it is sunny and warm, and you will get well. I am longing to be off with you again."

"Oh, you may depend upon me! I'm not going to waste my time; I'm going to put my back into it, I can tell you!"

He spoke cheerily, although his heart was not in what he said. Far rather than go anywhere away, would he remain where he was. Already the invalid dread of travel and bustle possessed him, while each day seemed to increase the sweet repose which had come to him since he had been here. Surely never before had the place looked so lovely, the fields so green, the sky so blue; in every passing change of nature a fresh beauty seemed opened to Christopher's eyes. The budding trees, the bursting blossom, all seemed to him to speak of that hand which made these things so fair to see.

"What are you thinking of, Christopher?" Robin would ask, as he lay there with his eyes fixed, silent, lost in thought; and brought back to earth, Christopher would say,—

"I don't think I was thinking at all. I was only wondering, when all is so beautiful here, what can heaven be?"

Although removed from immediate danger, Christopher's recovery was anything but complete. The doctors who had seen him dwelt much on the benefit to be derived from a milder climate, and the efforts of those around him were directed towards building up strength sufficient for him to undertake the journey. Since his return to Wadpole his improvement had been so marked as to justify hopes being entertained for a speedy departure.

"It'll be a hard matter for me to bear up when he goes away," Mr. Blunt had said to Mr. Cameron; adding in answer to the curate: "Oh, they won't want me;



there's never been a mention of my going. I should only be one in the way — as I expect I am now very often!"

Jealous as he still remained, the old man was at length learning the hard task of yielding up his will for the sake of his son.

"Here, you give it to him," he would say to Robin, when he had been at much pains to procure something he fancied Christopher might like. "He'll take it from you — eat it, if you ask him."

Little did Robin ever guess the sting it gave him to say those words. Mr. Blunt had suffered a martyrdom before he had been brought to confess that she might have a precedence before himself.

Since Christopher had been mending, except in an indirect way to Mr. Cameron, Mr. Blunt had never reverted to the circumstances which had caused his son's illness. Finding when he came home that every one attributed it to the draughty carriage in which he had travelled from Whitby, Mr. Blunt adopted the reason which the curate had circulated; but compunction was still the main-spring of all his actions, and often when sitting silently by, as those around thought dozing, he would be going over that six months' struggle, every detail of which, in those first few days of the illness, he had made Robin relate to him.

With Christopher he had never approached the subject: to hint at it in any way he found impossible. Actions, not words, must tell Christopher how sorely he repented.

To every one his changed manner to his son was visible, and it established their good opinion of him that he continued to show so much feeling and delicacy. Among others, the rector noticed it; and one day, paying a visit to Christopher, in token of his interest he said, —

"I wish your father had something that would interest and occupy him. He must find time hang very heavily on his hands."

"I fear he does," said Christopher. "I often wish he had something to do; but at his age a fresh pursuit is difficult to take up."

"It is."

"Particularly to one accustomed to manual labor, as he has been. Work — if not the actual work itself, superintending such as he has been used to — that is what would really interest him, and he'd do it well, too."

"Then why don't you give him the opportunity? He was talking before you came down of finding you a house: ex-

press a wish that he should build one for you."

A slight flush came into Christopher's face.

"Sometimes," he said, "I think I may never want one."

"Come, you must not talk like that," said the rector encouragingly. "I trust before long we shall see you on your legs again."

Christopher smiled.

"Oh, so do I," he said. "But I asked Cameron, the other day, to tell me the truth, what they said about me."

"Well?"

"Yes, he told me. I knew I must be in a very critical state; not without hope — yet not without danger. It's best to know, isn't it?"

"It's best that you should think so, my good fellow;" and the rector sighed softly.

"Yes; because, too, of anything one would like to do. I should like to have a church built. If I could persuade my father, Mr. Temple, would you help me?"

"I, Christopher?"

"Yes; because I want it built at Uplands; and it's your parish, you know."

"Those two, Georgy and Colin Cameron, have been talking to you, I can see." The rector shook his head a little gravely.

"Not to me they haven't; but I have heard them laughing together when they were sitting with Robin. It was she principally who told me about it, and we both said what a nice thank-offering it would be."

Mr. Temple's face brightened.

"Well, yes it would," he said; "but I know you, Christopher. You had a little thought of Cameron and Georgy all the time."

"Knowing about them didn't present any objection."

"Ah, so I fancied." And he sat, thoughtful, for a little time. "No, no," he said, shaking his head; "it's too much to hope it will ever come to pass. They'll have to wait for something else to turn up — my toes, most likely. I'm not as young as I used to be, and it's a comfort to me to think, if anything should happen, that Jack would be certain to pass on the living to Georgy's husband."

"Should we have to get his consent about Uplands?"

"I suppose we should. I'm not very well up in such matters, but of course he'd have to be asked; he's patron of the living and lord of the manor too."



"When you write, would you ask him?"

Mr. Temple hesitated.

"I don't know that I have any right to say no; but the cost would be very great, and your father ——"

"Oh, leave my father to me." He laid his hand on his heart. "Something here tells me," he said, "that when I see my way to asking him he won't refuse me."

"Neither will I, then. Make your mind easy; I'll write to the squire for you."

#### CHAPTER XL.

THE same mail which took out Mr. Temple's letter to Jack, took one also from Georgy.

"... Every one is wishing you back," she wrote. "The other night, at Priors, with the Christopher Blunts, we were all talking of you. Have you heard how ill he has been — not expected to recover, but now mending, and ordered abroad immediately? They will start as soon as he can go, and I do not know when it is likely they will be back again. Perhaps I may as well say I have grown much more lenient to your once-upon-a-time weakness for Robin; the truth is, I know her now, and my verdict on you would be, 'He couldn't help it.' You have no idea how devoted to her husband she is — quite different to anything we used to see. The love is by no means all on one side now, as I once feared it might be."

"I have no separate news to tell, and, as papa is writing, you shall be spared repetition. He will let you know how much you are wanted at home, but by no one more than me; so come back, Jack, *do!* Your would-be cousin, Colin Cameron, still continues spasmodically jealous of you. Yet my cry is, come — come soon, by return of post if you can; only come! come! come!"

Who shall separate love from jealousy?

Jack crushed up the letter in his hand, as if it contained something he could not bear to see. Then he said, —

"Well! why not? What good is there in staying away? If they are not there, I may as well go." And he stood hesitating, frowning, measuring the attraction to return with the temptation which had driven him away.

When a man has come out of such a furnace as Jack had passed through, he dreads the heat of the fire, although it is afar. But subtle as love's power is, most men have interests in life in which it plays no part. On these, of late, Jack

had tried to fix his thoughts. It was in the distraction they would bring that his hopes were centred.

He had done with love forever, so he said; and, saying it, he would straightway fall to dreaming about Robin, recalling bitterly the time when, knowing her love was solely his, he had held it but cheaply.

"If I had but spoken to her then!"

Ah, little *if*, how great a part you play in many a lifelong tragedy!

Besides these two letters from Georgy and Mr. Temple, there were several others of more or less importance, all bearing on the advisability of return.

The country was in an agitated state; the county member was an old man; there was a very general feeling in Wad-dole that his mantle would fall befittingly on the shoulders of Mr. Dorian-Chandos. But how could it reach him when so far away? Moreover it was highly essential to the Liberal interest that a popular representative ready to step in should be near. Then on the estate the tenants were dissatisfied; a fear was spreading that, like his uncle, Jack did not mean to live among them.

"I must go back," he said; "I can't go farther on, that's plain. And if what Georgy says is true, it ought to make my task easier. After the first I need not live there altogether; and when they are there I need not see much of them. At all events the thing has to be done, and I must do it!"

For the moment decision generally makes us feel lighter. Jack gathered up his correspondence, spread out Georgy's letter, folded it up, and with the rector's put those two separate together. "I can't make out what he means about Uplands, and the Blunts building a church there." And in truth the rector had intentionally been rather vague; he was somewhat in doubt himself whether it might not prove a sick man's fancy. Every one could see that Christopher's state was critical; but then he had always been delicate, and those creaking doors were proverbial for lasting out those that looked stronger. However, if it never came to anything — and raising it on old Blunt's gratitude was very much like a foundation of sand — so long as it helped to bring Jack home he did not mind. Mr. Temple had a keen relish for politics; and since this distant rumor of a dissolution he had been anxious beyond measure that Jack should return. The half of his letter had been filled with what this one thought, and that one said; and these expressions of his



neighbors' good opinion naturally gratified Jack's pride immensely.

A man is worth little who feels no ambition. And already Jack's thoughts had run so far ahead that his canvassing was over; he had obtained his seat and was making his maiden speech in Parliament.

What is it that oftentimes, in a moment, turns the current of our thoughts, and of a sudden brings us face to face with some forgotten danger? There, spread out before him as he had never seen it until now, lay the whole of that misery which, had not Christopher interfered and his better self prevailed, would have been now entailed on him and his forever! "Thank God!" he said fervently; and so great a hold had it taken on him that he had to wipe the damp moisture from his forehead.

Perhaps until now Jack had never realized how much value he set on all he would have forfeited. Mentally he drew a picture of himself as he would have been, with the world condemning him and its back turned on him — exiled from his home, dreading to meet friends and neighbors, forced into company with those he despised, driven to seek distraction where he could find it. And then Robin! Oh! his soul was stirred, his heart grew sick recalling women he had known in the position she would have been in. Although they might be separated forever, a thousand times rather as they were! He had her memory still to hold dear, the memory of his pet, his plaything, his child-love Robin, with which none living could interfere; and those days coming back, they brought with them recollections of her, games they had had together, lessons he had taught her, little things she had learnt to do, for him. Again he watched the would-be nimble fingers struggling with the buttons she wanted to master. And then once when something ailed him, her ecstasy at his consenting to take some *tisane* she had made, the eager face, the loving, tender eyes — ah, how little changed since then! "Never!" he said. "No other one could ever fill her place!" Love lay buried in his heart, and over it "Sacred to Robin" was written.

A very sober mood hung over Jack that day, set down by his mother to their approaching separation. Lady Malcolm, never having troubled herself about her son in her life, suddenly discovered for him the most ardent affection. "And the dear boy is so attached to me," she said

to those around; "naturally he feels, who else is there that can take such an interest in his welfare?" And in token of this, Jack was let have no peace on one subject — he must get married; he ought to get married; whom would he marry?

"But think, my dear — only consider. You must some day marry somebody."

Lady Malcolm felt her time was short; she must make the most of it.

"Must I?" said Jack, unmoved. "I don't see the necessity. I have spent twenty-seven years of single life very happily."

"You forget that your uncle was alive. You had nothing to leave then — no responsibility." Jack looked no more convinced. "What would become of the estate, with no brothers; unfortunately, none that can inherit after you."

So far as the small Malcolms were concerned, Jack felt devoutly thankful.

"Oh, there are the Temples," he said inadvertently.

"The Temples! What Temples? the George Temples? *that* family!"

"*That* family," echoed Jack, imitating her emphasis.

Lady Malcolm sniffed the air with contracted nostrils, as if even at that distance their odor was offensive to her. "I always detested Maria Temple," she said, "and I dislike her husband inexpressibly; and there are no sons there." The want made her voice more cheerful.

"There are daughters, though," said Jack maliciously, his back a little up now. When she had not cared what became of him, the Temples had always made a home for the lonely boy. "Isabel, the married one; Dora, the youngest; and Georgy."

"Georgy! why does she get separate mention?"

"Because she is deserving of separate notice, besides being an especial favorite with me."

"Oh, really! I was not aware! My future daughter-in-law, I presume, that is to be?"

"No," said Jack stolidly; "she wouldn't have me."

His mother gave a contemptuous little laugh.

"I don't see how you can possibly suppose that;" and then her tone altered, and with a sharp look at him she added: "unless you've asked her already."

Jack did not reply.

"I won't believe it!" she said angrily; "don't tell me that one of those girls —



one of Maria Temple's daughters — has refused you?"

"My good mother, pray spare me! As you yourself often say, we must draw a line somewhere, and I draw mine at naming the young ladies who have rejected me."

"Ridiculous! absurd!" said Lady Malcolm. "I hate mysteries! if you can't have confidence between a mother and a son, where is it to be?" and fearing if she stayed longer her ruffled feelings might lead to a further display of temper, she left Jack to himself, determined to write to Wadpole by that mail and find out what truth there was in this story.

Few moments come more sadly than those in which we realize that some one very near to us has no part in what we feel or what we do. Just now Jack had a terrible hungering after a little sympathy, not so much in speech as in person. He wanted to talk with some one, to open himself out, in a way; and he had to confess that his mother was farther off from him now than when they were, except in name, absolutely strangers one to another. Looking at her picture from time to time — she was a very beautiful woman when the portrait had been taken — Jack had built a castle in the air, which had crumbled in pieces the very day after his arrival. It was his first experience of worldliness in the midst of domesticity, and the atmosphere of the home disagreed with him entirely.

He felt at once that after having fulfilled the decent requirements entailed by such a far-off visit, he should be only too glad to get away; and he set down to this feeling the hurry he was in to make the arrangements for his departure. He did not write to say he was coming, because he should get to England almost as soon as his letter; and he had seldom experienced a more thorough sense of relief than when he had made his farewells and was fairly started on his homeward journey. A feverish haste possessed him to get back; and now, the monotony of steamer-life beginning, it struck him a little drearily that he had not much of personal interest to go back to — he could not even claim Georgy now as he used.

"I suppose," he thought, "she'll be wanting to get married. Fancy her choosing that curate chap!" There was a *souffçon* of humiliation in the fact. Certainly, even up to the time of his leaving, Jack had always believed in an under-current of more than sisterly regard entertained for himself by Georgy. "I won-

der," he said, "if nothing of this sort had come about, whether in time I should have brought myself to think about it." And after a few minutes' reflection: "No," he said, "never; it would be like marrying a sister to marry Georgy."

Jack had got rid of his mother, but the thoughts of marriage still pursued him. When we have something to leave, we want somebody to leave it to. Who was that somebody to be?

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From The Contemporary Review.  
COMETS.

DURING the last two years several comets — some telescopic, others visible to the naked eye, and even conspicuous objects in the heavens — have been observed, not only by the older methods, but by some which have only been available within recent years. It is naturally expected, therefore, by the general public that some new light should be thrown on these mysterious objects, whose phenomena still remain among the unexplained, seemingly the inexplicable, problems of the celestial depths.

We propose to consider here what has thus been learned, and what also (unfortunately it is much more) remains still to be learned, respecting comets. But first it will be well to show what are the special phenomena which present themselves for explanation.

A comet apparently comes out from the remote depths of space in a condition of comparative calm. It appears as a small, round, nebulous object, looking like a tiny cloud of extreme tenuity — the idea of tenuity being suggested by the exceeding faintness of the comet's light. This cloud appears somewhat condensed towards the middle. As the comet draws nearer to the sun, it usually grows somewhat long in the direction of the sun; and before long a portion within the part nearest the sun is seen to be brighter than the rest, and to have a more or less defined outline. This is the *nucleus* — sometimes seen as a dull disc of nearly uniform brightness, at others as a mere bright point, not unlike a star. The fainter light around this is the *coma*, or hair, which resembles a luminous fog round the nucleus, usually brighter on the side towards the sun, and on the other side growing fainter and fainter till it can no longer be seen. Later this lengthening of the comet in directions towards and from the sun becomes more



marked, until at length the comet may fairly be said to have a head directed towards the sun and a tail directed from him. Nucleus, coma, and tail may be very different in appearance in different comets, and in particular the tail may be more or less complicated in structure, being sometimes a mere straight streak, at others twofold, multiple, curved, with thwart streaks, and so forth — no two comets, in fine, having tails resembling each other except in general details.

Dr. Huggins, in a rather disappointing article on comets, recently communicated to a contemporary, remarks that the nucleus, though an apparently insignificant speck, "is truly the heart and kernel of the whole thing — potentially it is the comet." This has scarcely yet been proved, though it appears exceedingly probable. It is true, however, as he adds, that this part only of the comet conforms rigorously to the laws of gravitation, and moves strictly in its orbit. "If we could see a great comet," he proceeds, "during its distant wanderings, when it has put off the gala trappings of perihelion excitement, it would appear as a very sober object, and consist of little more than nucleus alone." This again seems probable, though it has never yet been proved, and the division of some comets into two or more parts, each having coma, nucleus, and tail of its own, shows that the nucleus cannot be, in every case, what Dr. Huggins seems here to suggest. Dr. Huggins has done well in saying (though scarcely with sufficient emphasis, considering how often the mistake is repeated) that "though many telescopic comets are of extremely small mass, nucleus included — so small, indeed, that they are unable to perturb such small bodies as Jupiter's satellites — yet we should mistake greatly if we were to suppose that all comets are 'airy nothings.' In some large comets the nucleus may be a few hundred miles in diameter, or even very much larger, and may consist of solid matter. It is not necessary to say that the collision of a cometary nucleus of this order with the earth would produce destruction on a wide scale."

It is even more necessary to correct the widely spread misapprehension as to the relations between meteors and comets. We hear it stated that the nucleus of a comet is made up of meteoric stones (Professor P. G. Tait says — for unknown reasons — that they resemble "paving-stones or even bricks") as confidently as though the earth had at some time passed

through the nucleus of a comet, and some of our streets were now paved with stones which had fallen to earth on such an occasion. As a matter of fact, all that has yet been proved is that meteoric bodies follow in the track (which is very different from the tail) of some known comets, and that probably all comets are followed by trains of meteors. These may have come out of the head or nucleus in some way as yet unexplained; but it is by no means certain that they have done so, and is by many astronomers regarded as more than doubtful.

The most important points to be noticed in the behavior of large comets, as they approach the sun, is that usually the side of the coma which lies towards the sun is the scene of intense disturbance. Streams of luminous matter seem to rise continually towards the sun, attaining a certain distance from the head, when, assuming a cloudlike appearance, they seem to form an envelope around the nucleus. This envelope gradually increases its distance from the sun, growing fainter and larger, while within it the process is repeated, and a new envelope is formed. This in turn ascends from the nucleus, expanding as it does so, while within it a new envelope is formed. Meanwhile, the one first formed has grown fainter, perhaps has disappeared. But sometimes the process goes on so rapidly (a day or two sufficing for the formation of a complete new envelope) that several envelopes will be seen at the same time, the outermost faintest, the innermost most irregular in shape and most varied in brightness, while the envelope or envelopes between are the best developed and most regular.

The matter raised up in these envelopes seems to have undergone a certain change of character, causing it no longer to obey the sun's attractive influence, but to experience a strong repulsive action from him, whereby it is apparently swept away with great rapidity to form the tail. "It flows past the nucleus," says Dr. Huggins, "on all sides, still ever expanding and shooting backwards until a tail is formed in a direction opposite to the sun. This tail is usually curved, though sometimes rays or extra tails sensibly straight are also seen." The description is, however, incomplete in one important respect. The matter raised from the nucleus to form the envelopes may be, and probably is, carried past the nucleus *on all sides*; but the appearance presented by the tail just behind the nucleus is not exactly in ac-



cordance with our ideas as to what should result from the flowing past "on all sides." There is a dark space immediately behind the nucleus, that is, where the nucleus, if solid, would throw its shadow, if there were matter to receive the light all round so that the shadow could be seen. Now it may be thought at first that this corresponds exactly with what should be seen: when we look just behind the nucleus there is no light, or very little; when we look on either side of that dark space there is the luminous matter which has been driven back from the envelopes in front of the nucleus. But if the luminous matter flows past the nucleus on all sides, it must flow past the nucleus on the side nearest to the observer, and also on the side farthest away; and it is just where the line of sight passes through these two regions of brightness that a dark streak is seen just behind the nucleus. Let the reader draw two concentric circles — one an inch in diameter, the other two inches — and let him then draw two parallel tangents to the inner circle on opposite sides of it. Supposing now the space between the two circles to represent in section the luminous matter which flows all round the nucleus, while the surface of the inner circle represents the unilluminated part behind the nucleus, the two tangent lines will represent the lines of sight on either side of the dark region, where, as we might expect, we get plenty of light; and we can also understand very well why outside of that the line of sight through the luminous matter (or the chords to our outer circle) getting shorter and shorter, the light of the luminous streaks bounding this part of the tail gets fainter and fainter: but if just inside either of the two tangents, chords are drawn parallel to them, crossing the inner circle, the parts of these chords which lie between the two circles are very nearly equal in length to the tangent lines themselves; and even a common diameter to both circles has, lying between them, two portions together equal to the radius of the outer. Hence, since the line of sight even across the middle of the space behind the nucleus, passes through a considerable range of luminous matter, while a line within but near the outskirts of that space passes through nearly as great a range of luminous matter as one just outside that space, there should be plenty of light where yet to the eye there seems to be something like absolute darkness. Either then the eye is greatly deceived, or else we must find some explanation of darkness exist-

ing where considerable brightness might be expected.\*

The matter which forms the tail, seems, as I have said, to be swept off from the envelopes raised by the sun's action on the nucleus. It seems as though the matter thus raised had undergone in some way a change of character, which caused it no longer to obey the law of gravity as it had done when forming part of the nucleus, but instead of yielding to the sun's attraction to submit rather to an intense repulsive action, carrying it at a much greater rate from the sun than, under the action of gravity — starting from rest and free from all perturbing influences — it could have been drawn towards him. Dr. Huggins thus words his account of what seems to happen: "Now is seen to take place a change which is most puzzling — namely, these envelopes of light appear to give up their substance under the influence of a strong repulsive force exerted from the sun, and to be forced backwards." Sir John Herschel, after his long and careful study of the comet of 1830 (Halley's at its second return) came to the conclusion that repulsive action exerted by the sun on the matter raised in these envelopes had been distinctly proved.

Yet here, where we seem to have our first firm ground for hypothesis respecting these mysterious objects — comets' tails — we meet with stupendous difficulties. Consider, for instance, the phenomena presented by Newton's comet. That comet had traversed the last ninety millions of miles of its approach towards the sun in four weeks. At the end of that time it passed out of view for a few days, having then a tail ninety millions of miles, at least, in length. Four days passed, and it reappeared on the other side of the sun — having in the interval traversed nearly a semicircle — in reality, of course, the perihelion end of its long oval path. At its reappearance, it had a tail still ninety millions of miles in length, but the tail with which it reappeared had, of

\* If the careful examination of satisfactory photographs should seem to show that the darkness (almost blackness) behind the nucleus is an objective and not merely a subjective phenomenon, the following explanation would seem forced upon us. If the particles forming the envelopes are minute flat bodies, and if anything in the circumstances under which these particles are driven off into the tail causes them to always so arrange themselves that the planes in which they severally lie pass through the axis of the tail (which, if the tail is an electrical phenomenon, might very well happen) then we should find the region behind the nucleus very dark or almost black, for the particles in the direction of the line of sight then would be turned edgewise towards us, whereas those on either side or in the prolongation of the envelopes would turn their faces towards the observer.



course, a direction entirely different from that of the tail which had been seen before — the two directions were inclined about one hundred and sixty degrees to each other. Now, as Sir John Herschel remarks, we cannot look on the tail of a comet as something whirled round like a stick, as the comet circles around its perihelion sweep. The tail with which the comet reappeared must have been an entirely new formation. Nor can we doubt that if the comet could have been watched as it swept around the sun, the changes in the tail's position which had been observed to the time of disappearance, would have been observed to progress continuously, the tail passing by a uniform motion from the position it then had to that which it was observed to have at the time of reappearance. So that we may fairly suppose the tail with which the comet reappeared to have been formed in much less than the time during which the comet had been out of sight. Probably its farthest part had been formed in much less than a day, the part near the head being, of course, formed later. But if the matter repelled from the head was thus driven over a distance of ninety million miles in twenty-four hours, at the outside, the average velocity of its motion was about a thousand miles per second, or nearly three times as great as the greatest velocity which the sun can communicate by his attractive energy to matter approaching him from without, even though such matter come to him from an almost infinite distance, and in a perfectly straight line — the conditions most favorable for giving a high rate of final velocity. Such velocity as the sun *can* thus give by his attractive energy is only given to matter which has been exposed a long time to his influence; but here, in the tail of the great comet of 1680, matter seems to have acquired almost instantaneously a velocity sufficing to carry it over ninety million miles with an average speed three times as great as the sun can thus, after long effort, communicate by means of his attractive power!

The difficulty is so great that many efforts — some bold and daring, others positively wild in the unscientific absurdity of their nature — have been made to overcome it.

Among the most ingenious of these is (or rather was, for I think it is no longer maintained even by its eminent author), Professor Tyndall's theory of a comet's tail as an actinic cloud, generated by the passage of the solar rays through exceed-

ingly tenuous matter after those rays had been in part deprived of their heating power, during their passage through the comet's head. According to this theory the actinic cloud cannot be formed under the heating rays, but so soon as the actinic rays fall on the tenuous matter alone, the cloud is formed, — so that all round the region in which would be the comet's shadow, there is no luminous cloud, while along that region the cloud exists. The rapidity with which light travels would of course make this explanation absolutely perfect in explaining cometic tails lying always exactly in a straight line directed from the sun, or with their axis so situated. But unfortunately this exceedingly rapid formation of the tail (a tail of ninety million miles in length would be formed in about eight minutes) is more than observation requires or can explain. Professor Tyndall made a slight oversight in dealing with this part of his theory. Noticing that the actinic cloud, as he called it, is not formed instantly, but after a delay of a few seconds, in his experiments, he reasoned as though it would follow from this that the formation of the actinic cloud behind a comet's head in space might be a process extending its action in distance from the head at a rate considerably less than that at which light travels, yet still fast enough to account for the exceedingly rapid formation of the tail of Newton's comet, and of other similar tails. But a little consideration will show that the few seconds following the fall of light on the vapors dealt with by Tyndall, before the luminous cloud appeared, would produce no such effect as he imagined. The rate of formation of the tail would still be that at which light travels. Imagine the head at A, for the sake of argument, and the sun's light after reaching A, passing on to B, C, D, E, etc., to Z, a distance say of one hundred million miles, in nine minutes: —

A .... B .... C .... D .... E .... Z.

Suppose that, when the light has reached the vaporous matter lying at B, an interval of one full minute (much greater than any noticed in Tyndall's experiments), occurs before the actinic cloud comes into view, a similar interval after the light has passed C before the cloud is seen there, and so on, up to the time of the arrival of the light at Z. Professor Tyndall's reasoning implied that all the time intervals thus occurring at B, C, D, E, etc., up to Z, had to be added together, to give the total time of the formation of



the tail from A to Z, and hence naturally a long time might elapse, and the head having at the end of this time reached a different position from that which it had occupied at the beginning, the divergence of the tail from the direction exactly opposite to the sun, and the curvature of the tail, would be alike readily accounted for. But what are the actual facts of the case? The part of the tail formed latest by the supposed solar actinic action, namely, the part at Z, would be formed just nine minutes after the light had left A, and ten minutes after the part nearest to A had been formed (by the same light waves), for, nine minutes after leaving A, the light would be at Z, and a minute after each epoch (according to our supposition) the actinic cloud would be formed respectively at A and at Z. We get just the same interval — nine minutes — whether the actinic cloud appears immediately after light has traversed the vapor which is to form the cloud, or a minute after, or an hour after. In every case the tail would be formed outwards from A, at the rate at which light travels. This does not accord with the phenomena, — in fact, the supposition that a tail could be formed at the rate at which light travels, will be found, on examination, to lead to many most manifest absurdities, which Professor Tyndall doubtless recognized when he sought escape from the supposition of such rapid tail formation, through the effects he attributed to the delayed appearance of the actinic cloud.

Another theory in explanation of the rapid formation of such a tail as that of Newton's comet is worthy of far less notice. Professor Tyndall's theory was based on an interesting physical fact, which he had himself discovered, and which was also manifestly akin in character to the formation of a comet's tail. The one to be now noticed was suggested to a mathematician by a rather familiar phenomenon, the effects of which on his imagination he seems to have been never able to entirely overcome, — at any rate no amount of evidence against the theory seems to counterbalance in his mind the notion once conceived that the theory might be true. (It is a way some theorists have.)

Professor Tait was once looking at a part of the sky which seemed clear. As he looked, a long streak rapidly formed, which presently disappeared (if I remember his original description aright) almost as rapidly as it had formed. At any rate, the appearance of the streak was rapid

enough to remind him of what astronomers said about the rapid (apparent) development of comets' tails. The phenomenon itself was easily explained. There had been a flight of seabirds, travelling after their wont in a widely extended layer, which when he began his observations had been looked at somewhat askant, so that — the distance being too great for the birds to be seen individually — nothing of the flight could be discerned at all. But it is evident that in such a case a very slight movement on the part of each bird would suffice so to shift the position of the layer in which they were travelling, that it would be seen edgewise, and then the birds, being so situated that the range of sight towards any part of the layer passed athwart a great number of them, would of course be seen, not individually but as a cloud, or long, straight streak, a side view in fact of the layer in which they were travelling. *Eureka!* shouted Professor Tait; and presently announced to the world the marvellous theory that the rapid formation of comets' tails may be accounted for on the same general principle. Astronomers have found that along the tracks of some comets (where the tails never lie, by the way, but that is a detail) are countless millions of meteoric bodies separately undiscernible (and never yet discerned as a cloud — another detail); therefore it follows that the tails of all comets are formed by movements of "brickbats and paving-stones" in them (Professor Tait's own description of meteors), after the manner of the seabirds he saw from Arthur's Seat. Professor Thomson at the Edinburgh meeting of the British Association endorsed this theory with special reference to the value of the "seabird analogy" in explaining the phenomena of Newton's comet. Dr. Huggins, who, as he does not claim to be a mathematician (or to speak more correctly, as his labors in physical research have not given him time for profound mathematical research,) may be more readily excused, also speaks of this seabird theory as if it had some legitimate standing. "The tail, he conceives," he says, referring to Dr. Tait, "to be a portion of the less dense part of the train illuminated by sunlight, and visible or invisible to us, according, not only to circumstances of density, illumination, and nearness, but also of tactic arrangement, as of a flock of birds under different conditions of perspective." Of course, the theory is utterly untenable — by astronomers who know something of the actual



facts, and have enough mathematics to consider simple geometrical relations. Bodies moving in a plane surface like birds, if they individually travel in the same plane, keep its position unchanged. But if they move individually at an angle to that plane (as they occasionally do), they change its position, — the surface however in which they collectively are at any moment, still remaining plane. In such a case only could such a phenomenon as was observed by Professor Tait be seen. But in such a case the visibility of the streak formed by the flight of birds would last but a few minutes, for the same motion which had in a few minutes brought the streak into view would in the next few minutes take it out of view. During the short time that a flight is visible in this way, it has an unchanging position, or a scarcely changing one. If the tail of Newton's comet had rapidly formed and as rapidly vanished, remaining, while visible, in an almost unchanging position, the "seabird analogy" might explain that particular phenomenon, however inadequate to explain multitudes of others. But the phenomena to be explained are entirely different. Leaving out of the question the varying position and length of the tail as it approached the sun, and after it left the sun's neighborhood, all of which were entirely inconsistent with the seabird analogy, what we are called upon to explain is that a visible tail ninety millions of miles in



length, seen in position 1A on one day, was seen three days later in position 3A (having manifestly in the mean while passed through all the intermediate positions, including 2A). If Professor Tait, profound mathematician though he be, though he may "differentiate and integrate like Harlequin," can show how any flight of bodies, like or unlike seabirds, can accomplish such a feat as the above, appearing first to form a thin streak A1, and in less than four days a thin streak A3, each ninety millions of miles long, without *some* of them having had to travel a distance nearly equal to the line one to three — or some one hundred and fifty millions of miles long, instead of the trifling journeys he assigned

them, he should take a rank above Newton and Laplace as a mathematician. But there is another feat, apparently equally difficult to him, which he might achieve very readily with great advantage to those non-mathematicians among astronomers whom his name — well deserved too — as a mathematician has hitherto misled, and with not less advantage to his own reputation: he might frankly admit that the idea which occurred to him while watching those unfortunate seabirds, had not quite the value which at the moment he mistakenly attached to it, and has since *seemed* to do.

But apart from the consideration of theories such as those, either demonstrably untenable, though ingenious, like Professor Tyndall's, or altogether and obviously untenable like Professor Tait's, there are certain phenomena of comets' tails which force upon us the belief that they are phenomena of repulsion, though the repulsive action is of a kind not yet known to physicists.

Amongst these are: —

1. The curvature of all the cometic tails when not seen from a point in or near the place of their motion.
2. The existence of more tails than one to the same comet, the different tails being differently curved.
3. The phenomena of striations athwart the tail.

It is evident that all these phenomena are such as we might fairly expect if a comet's tail is caused by the sun's repulsive action on molecules, raised by his heating action on the head. The matter thus swept away would resemble smoke, driven upwards from the funnel of a moving steamer, and then swept in any given direction by a steady wind; we should see a curved train of such matter just as we see a curved streak of smoke. If the matter raised from the head is not all of one kind (and it is antecedently unlikely that it should be), there would be more than one trail of matter, if the sun's repulsive action were different on these different kinds of matter. Lastly, the striations seen athwart the tail, as in the well-known case of Donati's great comet, would be explained, either as due to the observed pulsational manner in which the envelopes are raised (if matter were raised uniformly from the head there could be no formation of successive envelopes), or else as due to the carrying off into the main tail, where alone such striations are seen, of matter which, had it freed itself at the beginning, would have been swept



off into the smaller tails, but being as it were entangled in the great outflow of matter forming the large tail, escapes later, and when it does, gets swept off at its own more rapid rate, and there forms a streak lying at an angle with the direction of the principal tail.

Bredichin has shown that where there are three tails to a comet, their forms correspond with the theory that the envelopes raised from the head are principally formed of hydrogen, carbon, and iron. But this, which, if established, would be the most important physical discovery yet made respecting comets, seems open at present to considerable doubt, though confirmation seems to be given to it, in some respects, by the results of spectroscopic analysis.

To spectroscopic analysis we must in all probability look for such information respecting comets, as may hereafter enable us to understand their nature. On this point let us consider what is said by one who, if not the greatest living astronomical spectroscopist, is *facile princeps* in this country — Dr. W. Huggins. First, however, we must consider the past of this method of research as applied to comets.

The first successful application of the spectroscope to comets was made by Donati in 1864 — the light of the comet being then divided into three bright bands, whose position, however, was not exactly determined. In 1866 Dr. Huggins obtained two kinds of light from a telescopic comet, part of the comet's light giving a continuous spectrum, probably reflected sunlight, the other a spectrum of three bands. In 1868 a comet was observed (Brorsen's) with more success. Three bands were seen in the spectrum of the light from the comet's head, and a comparison of these with measures of similar bright bands belonging to the spectra of various combinations of carbon, showed, or rather seemed to suggest, that "combinations of carbon might be present in the comet."

In conjunction with my friend, the late Dr. W. Allen Miller [says Dr. Huggins] I confronted directly with the spectroscope attached to the telescope, the comet's light with that from inductive sparks passing in olefiant gas. The sensible identity of the two spectra left no doubt of the essential oneness of the cometary stuff with the gas composed of carbon and hydrogen that was employed for comparison. Since that time [proceeds Dr. Huggins] the light from some twenty comets has been examined by different observers. The general close agreement in all cases, notwithstanding some small divergences, of the bright bands in the

cometary light with those seen in the spectra of hydrocarbons, justifies us fully in ascribing the original light of these comets to matter which contains carbon in combination with hydrogen.

Last year photography was applied to this spectroscopic work. The spectrum of the brightest comet of that year was partly continuous, and on this continuous spectrum many of the well-known Fraunhofer lines could be traced. This made it certain that part of the comet's light was reflected sunlight; though Dr. Huggins considers also that a part of the continuous spectrum of every comet is due to inherent light. On this point some doubt may be permitted. It is one thing for special bands to show themselves, for some substances may become self-luminous under special conditions at very moderate temperatures; it is quite another thing that the solid parts of a comet's substance should become incandescent. I venture to express my own belief that this can scarcely happen except in the case of comets which approach very near to the sun. Besides the continuous spectrum with dark lines, the photograph showed also a spectrum of bright lines.

These lines [says Dr. Huggins] possessed extreme interest, for there was certainly contained within this hieroglyphic writing some new information. A discussion of the position of these new lines showed them to be undoubtedly the same lines which appear in certain compounds of carbon. Not long before, Professors Liveing and Dewar had found from their laboratory experiments that these lines are only present when nitrogen is also present, and that they indicate a nitrogen compound of carbon, namely, — cyanogen. Two other bright groups were also seen in the photograph, confirming the presence of hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen.

It is worthy of notice that, only a few days later, Dr. H. Draper succeeded in obtaining a photograph of the same comet's spectrum. It appeared to him to confirm Dr. Huggins's statements, except only that the dark Fraunhofer lines were not visible — the photograph having probably been taken under less favorable conditions.

So far, then, it seems clear that comets shine in part by reflecting sunlight, partly with light of their own; the part of the cometic substance which certainly shines with its own light is gaseous, and this gas in most comets "contains carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, possibly also oxygen, in the form of hydrocarbons, cyanogen, and possibly oxygen compounds of carbon."



But the latest comet has brought with it fresh news. Its spectrum is not like that given by the comets we have been considering. The bright lines of sodium are seen in it, and also other bright lines and groups of lines, which have not yet been shown to be identical with any belonging to the hydrocarbon groups, but probably are so. Dr. Huggins's photograph shows, he considers, "that the original light of the comet, which gives a continuous spectrum (he means that portion of the original light which does so), was too strong to allow of the Fraunhofer lines being recognized in the reflected solar light." We demur to this as being *shown*, it may fairly be said to be *suggested*. The cyanogen groups are not seen.

Such is Dr. Huggins's account; but it is manifest that this comet underwent important changes, of which — we are surprised to note — Dr. Huggins has taken no account. Thus, in April, Professors Tacchini and Vogel found simply a faint continuous spectrum. In May, Vogel found that the three bands associated with carbon were present, though faint, while there was no trace whatever of the sodium band. On the contrary, on the nights of June 4, 5, and 7, Dr. B. Hasselberg, of the observatory of Pulkowa, found that the nucleus of the comet gave a very strong and extended continuous spectrum, with an "excessively strong" bright line in the orange yellow, proved by micrometrical measurement to be identical with the D line — the well-known double sodium line of the solar spectrum. The observation was confirmed by Dunér, Bredichin, and Vogel. On this Mr. Hind remarks, "It is necessary to conclude that, during the last fortnight of May, the spectrum of Wells's comet had changed in a manner of which the history of science furnishes no precedent." It must, however, be remembered that as yet no comets have been examined under sufficiently favorable conditions, to enable us to say whether the change thus observed was really exceptional, or only exceptional in being for the first time noted. Whenever such a comet as Donati's comes favorably under spectroscopic scrutiny, we shall probably learn something about these changes which will throw more light than anything yet discovered on the physical economy of these mysterious bodies.

What, then, do we know certainly respecting comets? What may we surmise with more or less probability? And in

what direction may we look with most hope for future information? We know certainly that, in whatever way they are formed, the sun excites intense disturbance in them as they approach him. Professor Stokes remarks that these effects, so much greater at a first view than we might fairly expect in the case of many of the comets observed, which have approached the sun no nearer than our own earth does, or not so near, may be accounted for by the circumstance that comets travel in what must be regarded as, to all intents and purposes, a vacuum. From Dr. Crooke's experiments on very high vacua we may infer that there is very little loss of heat, except by radiation. Thus the heat received by the meteoric components of a comet would be much greater than might otherwise be expected. Dr. Huggins mentions, in the same connection, the remarkable persistence of the bright trains of meteors in the rare upper air, which sometimes remain visible for three-quarters of an hour before the light fades, as the heat is gradually radiated away. "Our reasoning on these points," he remarks, in his dry way, "would undergo considerable modification if we accept the views as to the condition of interplanetary space and of the sun's action which have been recently suggested by Dr. Siemens in his solar theory" — but of course we do not.

Bredichin's researches, showing that three distinct curvatures in comets' tails correspond to the winnowing out by solar repulsive action of (1) hydrogen, (2) carbon, and (3) iron, seem worthy of careful study and investigation. It accords well with spectroscopic evidence as to the condition of the matter raised in gaseous form from the nucleus; and if as yet we have had no direct spectroscopic evidence of the existence of iron in comets, we know that meteors are closely connected with comets, and that many meteors contain iron. Moreover, as unexpected spectroscopic evidence of the presence of the substance sodium, common in so many meteors, has been found in the case of one comet, we may fairly hope that under yet more favorable conditions, the presence of iron also may be recognized in the same way.

How far electricity may be looked to for an explanation of cometic phenomena, is a doubtful point among astronomers and physicists. For my own part, I must confess I share the strong objections which many physicists have expressed against the mere vague suggestion that



perhaps *this* is an electrical phenomenon, perhaps *that other feature* is electrical too, perhaps *all or most* of the phenomena of comets depend on electricity. It is so easy to make such suggestions, so difficult to obtain evidence in their favor having the slightest scientific value. Still I hold the electrical idea to be well worth careful study. Whatever credit may hereafter be given to any electrical theory of comets, will be solely and entirely due to those who may help to establish it upon a basis of sound evidence—none whatever to the mere suggestion, which has been made time and again since it was first advanced by Fontenelle. Dr. Huggins says that he finds there is a rapidly growing feeling among physicists that both the inherent light (which he prefers to call the self-light) of comets and the phenomena of their tails belong to the order of electrical phenomena. An American astronomer recently wrote to him, as to American views of the self-light of comets: "I cannot speak with authority for any one but myself; still I think the prevailing impression amongst us is that this light is due to an electric, or, if I may coin the word, "(far better not) "an electric-oid action of some kind." On this Dr. Huggins himself remarks:—

The spectroscopic results fail to give conclusive evidence on this point; still, perhaps, upon the whole, especially if we consider the photographs of last year, the teachings of the spectroscope are in favor of the view that the self-light of comets is due to electric discharges. Those who are disposed to believe that the truth lies in this direction, differ from each other in the precise modes in which they would apply the known laws of electric action to the phenomena of comets. Broadly, the different applications of principles of electricity which have been suggested, group themselves about the common idea, that great electrical disturbances are set up by the sun's action in connection with the vaporization of some of the matter of the nucleus, and that the tail is probably matter carried away, possibly in connection with electric discharges, under an electrical influence of repulsion exerted by the sun. This view necessitates the supposition that the sun is strongly electrified, either negatively or positively, and further, that in the processes taking place in the comet, either of vaporization or of some other kind, the matter thrown out by the nucleus has become strongly electrified in the same way as the sun—that is, negatively if the sun's electricity is negative, or positively if the sun's is positive. The enormous disturbances which the spectroscope shows to be always at work in the sun must be accompanied by electrical changes of equal magnitude, but we know nothing as to how far

these are all, or the great majority of them, in one direction, so as to cause the sun to maintain permanently a high electrical state, whether positive or negative.

Unless some such state of things exists, Sir John Herschel's statement "that this force" (the repulsive force forming the tail) "cannot be of the nature of electric or magnetic forces," must be accepted, for, as he points out, "the centre of gravity of each particle would not be affected; the attraction on one of its sides would precisely equal the repulsion on the other." Repulsion of the cometary matter could only take place if this matter, after it has been driven off from the nucleus and the sun, have both high electric potentials of the same kind. Further, it is suggested that luminous jets, streams, halos, and envelopes belong to the same order of phenomena as the aurora, the electrical brush, and the stratified discharges of exhausted tubes.

All this, it will be noticed, is at present merely hypothetical. It is, however, worthy of notice that *outside* of electricity there is nothing known to physicists which seems to afford even a promise of explanation, so far at least as the grander and more striking (also the most mysterious), of cometic phenomena are concerned. It may well be that with our advancing knowledge of meteors and meteor systems, the spectroscopic analysis of the next few comets of the larger and completer types—comets like Donati's comet, the great comet of 1811, and the comet of 1861—may throw unexpected light on mysteries which still remain among the most profound and unpromising problems presented to modern science.

R. A. PROCTOR.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE LADIES LINDORES.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

JOHN ERSKINE woke with the singing of the birds on the morning of midsummer-day. It was early—far before any civilized hour of waking. When he suddenly opened his eyes in the sweet strangeness of that unearthly moment, the sensation came back to his mind of childish wakings in summer mornings long departed; of getting up in the unutterable stillness with the sense of being the first adventurer into an unknown world; of stealing down-stairs through the silent,



visionary house all full of unseen sleepers, like ghosts behind the closed doors; of finding, with heart beating and little hands trembling, half with alarm, half with delight, the bolt low down on some easily opened door; and of stepping out into the sweet dews, into the ineffable glory of sunshine in which there was no shadow but that little one which was his own. Nobody alive, nobody awake, except that riot of the birds in every tree which wounded the ideal sense of unearthly calm, yet gave a consolatory consciousness of life and motion in the strange quiet, though a life incomprehensible, a language unknown. Strange that this was the first recollection brought to him in his waking — for the next was very different. The next was a confused sweet tumult in the air, a sound in his ears, an echo in his heart: "They are coming, they are coming!" He could not feel sure that somewhere or other in the words there were not joy-bells ringing — a tinkle of chimes, now rising, now falling, "as if a door were shut between us and the sound." "They are coming," everything seemed to say. The air of the morning blowing in by the open window puffed it at him with playful sweetness. The birds sang it, the trees shaped their rustlings to the words, "They are coming."

Well, it was perfectly true. The Earl and Countess of Lindores, and their daughter Lady Edith Lindores, and perhaps their son Lord Rintoul, and it might be other noble persons in their train, were certainly expected to arrive that day; but what was that to John Erskine of Dalrulzian, a country gentleman of the most moderate pretensions, with nothing about him above mediocrity, and no claim to any part or share in the life led by these great people? For the moment John did not ask himself that question. He only felt after this long interval of solitude and abandonment that they were coming back. He had been as it were shipwrecked in this country with which he was so little acquainted, though it was his own country; and the time of their absence had appeared very long to him. He said to himself their absence — but it will be understood that the absence of Lord Lindores, for example, had very little importance to the young man. He would not have been deeply concerned if that nobleman had been induced to serve his country and his party in any other sphere. But it was safer, easier to say *their*, and to make to himself a little picture of the re-

opening of the house, the feeling of population and warmth that would breathe about it, the chance even of meeting any day or hour smiles and pleasant looks on the very road, and a sense of society in the atmosphere. He tried to persuade himself that this was what he was thinking of, or rather he refused to enter into any analysis of his feelings at all, and allowed his mind to float upon a vague and delightful current of anticipations, which he preferred not to examine too closely, or put into any certain and definite form.

John had not seen either Lady Caroline or her husband since that unlucky evening. When he returned home and took out once more Beaufort's letter, it seemed to him that he could now read between the lines enough to have enlightened him as to the real state of affairs. Why should Beaufort hesitate to accept Lord Lindores's invitation, and ask to be received into a much humbler house, if there had been no stringent reason for such a preference? Beaufort had been very cautious in the wording of his letter. He said that it was entirely uncertain whether he could make up his mind to come at all; whether, indeed, in the circumstances he ought to come. He explained the position in which he stood to Lord Millefleurs, — not his tutor, which would have been ridiculous, but his friend, to whom, to please his father, the young man paid a certain deference. The control which he thus exercised was merely nominal, Beaufort added, and quite unnecessarily, since nobody could be more capable of taking care of himself than Millefleurs; but it was a satisfaction to the duke — and as his future prospects depended upon the duke's favor, Beaufort did not need to point out to his friend the expediency on his part of doing what that potentate required. He was unwilling to relinquish all these prospects, and the permanent appointment which he could confidently expect from the duke's favor; but still, at the same time, there were reasons which might make him do so, and he was not at all sure that it would not be better to make this sacrifice than to intrude himself where he was not wanted in the capacity of attendant on Lord Millefleurs. Thus, he explained elaborately twice over, his coming at all was quite uncertain; but if he did decide to come, it would be an advantage and ease to him in every way, to be sure of a *pied-à-terre* in his friend's house, instead of being forced to thrust himself into a party where his presence was only invited as an ap-



pendage to his charge. It had occurred to John to wonder why there was so much hesitation in Beaufort's mind as to an ordinary visit; but he had accepted it, as a susceptibility natural enough to such a mind—with perhaps a little inconvenient recollection of those far-past days in which he had been admitted so entirely into the intimacy of the family which it was possible enough he might dislike to visit on another standing. But now he saw what was the true meaning of the anxious, cautious letter. Beaufort's object had been to ascertain from him how the circumstances stood; whether he ought or ought not to show himself among people who once held to him such very different relations. The light of poor Carry's haggard face threw illumination upon the whole matter. And what was he to reply?

It might give the reader but a poor idea of John's intellect if I were to tell how long it took him to concoct his reply. Never had a task so difficult fallen into his hands. It was not his part to betray Carry's alarm and distress, or her husband's fierce and vindictive gratification in this new way of humbling her. He assured Beaufort diplomatically that Dalrulzian was at his entire command then and always, but owned that he saw all the difficulties of the position, and felt that his friend had a delicate part to play. To appear as bear-leader to Millefleurs among people who had known him in different circumstances would of itself be disagreeable, and all the more that the position was nominal, and he had in reality nothing to do. John had known Millefleurs at Eton, where he was always the drollest little beggar, but quite able to take care of himself. It was too funny to find him cropping up again. "But to waste such talents as yours," he cried, with the greatest sincerity, "looking after Millefleurs!" The duke ought indeed to show his gratitude for such self-abnegation. Thus John went on for a page or two, allowing it to be seen that he thought the position undesirable, and that he did not encourage Beaufort's appearance in it. "Of course you know beforehand that my house is yours in all circumstances," he repeated, "that goes without saying;" but even this was so put that it seemed to say, not "come," but "stay away." It was not a pleasant office to John. To be inhospitable, to shut his doors upon a friend, was unspeakably painful to him. It was something of which he had thought that he never could be guilty. He longed to

modify this coldness by some explanation of what he meant, but he dared not. He had promised to be a brother to Carry, and was it possible that he should betray her? It seemed to him that he was betraying Beaufort instead, who was more to him than Carry had ever been—pretending to open his doors to him with one hand while he closed them with another. In such circumstances a letter is very hard to write. Two or three copies of it were written before one was produced good enough to be sent. At least he put together the best version of his plea which he could accomplish, and sent it off, very doubtfully. He might be losing his friend. Beaufort could not fail to see the want of welcome in it, and he could not be sure that it would save Carry after all.

All this had passed some time before the day of the return, and John was convinced at heart that the purpose of his letter had been accomplished; that Beaufort had understood him, and intended rather to sacrifice his prospects than to make his appearance in a false position. John was satisfied, and yet he was wounded to think that he had been the means of wounding his friend. This, however, and all connected with it—all the painful part of his life and of theirs, so far as he was acquainted with it—passed out of his mind in the excitement and elation of the consciousness that this day he should see "them" again. John spent the morning in a kind of suppressed ecstasy, altogether out of reason. He did not even ask himself what their return was to him. What it was to him! a change of heaven and earth, a filling up of the veins of life and quickening of every faculty. He did all he had to do in the morning, with the consciousness of this coming event running through everything, filling up every moment with that altogether foolish elation and rapture. For this it was: a kind of subtle penetration of every thought by something which was nothing—by an air, a breath, as from the celestial fields. They were to arrive about three o'clock, and John's foolish ecstasy lasted till about the moment when, if he were going to meet them, it was time to set off for the station. He had taken his hat in his hand, with a vague smile about the corners of his mouth, a light in his eyes, and was just about to step forth for this happy purpose, when there suddenly struck him, like a blow, this question, "What right have you to go to meet them?" He was so entirely taken aback by it, that he re-



treated a step as if some one in actual bodily presence had put the question to him, and opposed his exit. He gazed round him once, appalled, to see where it came from; but, alas! it came from nowhere,—from a monitor more intimate than any intruder could be—from his own judgment, which seemed to have been lying dormant while his imagination and heart were at work. What right had he to go to meet them? Was he a relative, a retainer, a member of the family in any way? What was he to the Lindores, or they to him? Everything, but nothing; a neighbor in the county, a friend that they were so good as to be very kind to; but this gave him nothing as a right,—only the position of gratitude—no more.

He stood in a confusion of doubt and pain for ten minutes in his own hall. There seemed an invisible barrier before his feet, something which prevented him from moving. His smile turned to a sort of deprecating, appealing gaze—to whom? to nobody—to himself; for was it not indeed he, and only he, that stopped his own steps? At last he stepped out boldly, flinging scruples to the winds. Why should he say to any one, even himself, that he was going to meet them? Nobody could prevent him walking along the highroad where everybody walked; and if they came that way, and he by chance encountered them? The smile returned to John's mouth, lurking behind his soft, young, silky moustache. In that case it would be ludicrous to think that there could be anything wrong. Saying which to himself he hurried down the avenue, feeling that the ten minutes' delay was enough to have made him late. He walked on quickly, like a man with a serious object, his heart beating, his pulse going at full speed. For a long way off he watched a white plume of steam floating across the landscape. He could see it creeping along for miles, stopping now and then, taking little runs as if to amuse itself. No, that was not the train, but only one of those stray locomotives which torment expectant spectators by wandering wildly up and down like spirits of mischief. Before he reached the station, Lady Caroline's carriage drove past, and she bent forward to smile and wave her hand to John. But this encouraging gesture brought back all his personal doubts: she was going by right of nature. And even Torrance had a right to come, though he had no affection for any of them, nor they for him. Once more John

lingered and delayed. He knew very well they would be pleased to see him, and if an extreme desire to see them and welcome them justified his going, then surely he had that right. But the earl would look politely surprised; and Rintoul, if Rintoul was there, would look broadly at him with that stony British stare which petrifies an intruder. John did not at all like the idea of Rintoul. If there is a natural sense of opposition (as people say) between women who may be considered rival beauties, the sentiment is so natural a one that it is shared by that sex which is so much the nobler; and as a woman sees through a woman's wiles, so does a man see through the instincts of another man. John felt that Rintoul would see through him—that he would set up an instant opposition and hostility—that he would let him perceive that where Edith was, a small country squire, a little Scotch laird, had no business to push himself in. Rintoul, when John knew him, had been an innocent little lieutenant—as innocent as a lieutenant could be expected to be; yet he knew very well by instinct that this was what was to be expected from him. And what if he were there to change the character of the group?

John's pace slackened at the thought. From the moment when Lady Caroline's carriage passed him he went slower and slower—still, indeed, turning his face towards the station, but almost hoping that the train would arrive before he did. However, country trains are not of that expeditious character. They do not anticipate the hour, nor the appearance of those who are coming to meet them. When he reached the entrance of the station it was not yet in sight, and he had no further excuse for dallying. But he did not go in. He walked up behind to a spot where he could see without being seen, and there waited, with a sense of humiliation, yet eagerness. It was a very undignified position. If he meant to meet them, he should have done it openly: if he did not intend to do so, he ought to have gone away. But John did neither: he watched them coming with his heart in his mouth; but he did not go forward to greet them when they came. He saw them get out of the carriage one by one. He saw the hurried embrace and greeting of Lady Car to her mother and sister. Then there could not be any doubt about it. Edith gave a searching glance all about, sweeping the highway with her glance both up and down. She was looking for some one. Who was it? Some-



thing of the elation of the morning came back into his mind. For whom was she looking? She even stood for a moment shading her eyes with her hand before she followed her mother to the carriage, to cast another glance round her. Could it be that she was looking for — oh, never mind who she was looking for, John cried to himself, springing over a wall or two, and speeding along by all the turns he could think of, till he reached a point of the road where he turned and came quickly back. He had resolution enough to forego the greeting at that first moment of arrival; but the chance of still seeing them, and thus saving both his pride and his pleasure, seduced him from all higher thoughts of self-abnegation. He walked on slowly, but with his heart beating, and at length heard the roll of the wheels coming towards him, the sound of voices in the air. The family were all together in one carriage, all joyful and beaming in the reunion. Even Lady Car's pale face was lighted with smiles; and Lord Lindores, if he did not take much part in the family talk, did not frown upon it. The coachman drew up of himself as John appeared, and Lady Lindores called to him almost before the carriage stopped. "Late, Mr. Erskine, late!" she cried. "Carry told us you were coming to meet us." John was half wounded, half consoled by the accusation; he could not hear himself blamed without an impulse of self-defence. "Indeed I was not late; I saw you arrive; but I thought — you might think — it seemed presumptuous to thrust myself in." "Why, here is chivalry!" said Lady Lindores with a smile, giving him her hand. And then the flutter of conversation was resumed, one voice interrupting another, putting questions to which there was no answer, and making statements to which nobody paid any attention. John stood and nodded and smiled by the side of the carriage for a minute or two. And then that moving little world of expressive faces, of hasty words, understood *à demi-mot*, of hearts so closely united, yet so different, swept past him again with ringing of the horses' hoofs and jingle of the harness, and lively murmur of the voices. It swept past, and John was left, — why, just as he had been before — just as he knew he would be left, — out of it — altogether out of it! as he knew very well he should be. He walked along the way he had been going, away from his own house, away from anywhere that he could possibly want to go, plodding very silently and

solemnly along, as if he had some serious purpose, but meaning nothing — thinking of nothing. What a fool he was! Had he even for a moment expected to be taken away with them, to follow them up to Lindores, to be admitted into all their first talk and confidence? Not he: he had known well enough that his place was outside, — that a roadside greeting, a genial smile, a kindly hand held out, was all the share he could have in the pleasure of the home-coming. Nothing more — what could there be more? He knew all that as well as he knew anything. Why then was he such an idiot as to walk on mile after mile he did not know where, with his head down, and the most deadly seriousness depicted on his countenance? At length he burst into a sudden short laugh, and turning back went home slowly. Never had his house looked so dreary, so secluded, so shut in before. He went in and ate his dinner humbly, without a word (so people say) to throw at a dog. He had been quite aware that he was to dine alone; he knew exactly the dimensions of the room, the shabby air of the old furniture, the lowness of the roof, — why then should he have been so depressed by all these familiar objects? There was nothing at all to account for it, except that event which had filled him with such delightful anticipations, and brightened earth and heaven to him this morning. They were coming home. They had come home. This, which was enough to change the very temperature and turn earth into heaven, was now the cause of a depth of moral depression which seemed to cloud the very skies; and this without any unkindness, any offence, anything that he had not fully expected, and been certain would happen. But human nature is very fantastic, and so it was.

"You would hear, sir," said old Rolls, "that my lord and her ladyship, they've come home."

"Oh, yes; I have just met them; all very well and very bright," said John, trying to assume an air of satisfaction. What he did succeed in putting on was a look of jaunty and defiant discontent.

"They would naturally be bright coming out of that weary London to their own place," said Rolls, with grave approbation. And then he added, after a pause, "You'll be thinking now, sir, of making some return of a' the ceevilities that's been shown you."

"Making a return!" this was a new idea to John. He looked up at the Mentor who condescended to wait upon him,



with alarm and almost awe. "To be sure — you are quite right, Rolls," he said, with humility; "I wonder I did not think of it before. But can we?" John looked round ruefully at his old walls.

"Can we?" cried Rolls in high disdain. "You neither ken me, nor Bauby, nor yet yourself, to ask such a question. If we can! That can we! If you'll take my advice, ye'll include a' classes, sir. Ye'll have the elders to their denner; and the youngsters, ye'll give a ball to them."

"A ball!" cried John, opening his eyes. The boldness of the suggestion, the determined air with which Rolls faced his master, setting down his foot as one who was ready to face all dangers for the carrying out of a great design, touched the humorous sense in the young man's mind. He laughed, forgetting the previous burden of his desolation. "But how to give a ball, Rolls," he said, "in this small house?"

"I ask your pardon, sir," said Rolls gravely. "In the light o' Tinto, maybe it's a small house; but Tinto never was a popular place. Oh ay, there were balls there, when he was a seeker himsel' — I'm meaning when he was looking out for a wife, before he married her ladyship, poor thing! But this is not a small house if ye consider the other houses, where everything that's lightsome goes on. And it's you that's the seeker now. You're wanting a leddy yoursel', — that stands to reason."

Here John felt that he ought to be angry, and shut the mouth of so inappropriate a counsellor. But Rolls had no sense of his own inappropriateness. He went on calmly, notwithstanding the laugh and exclamation with which his master interrupted him.

"That's aye an attraction," said the old servant. "I'm not saying, sir, though I think far more of you in a moral point of view — that ye're the equal of Tinto as a worldly question. Na, we must keep a hold of reason. Ye're no' a grand catch like the like o' him. But ye're far better; ye're a son-in-law any gentleman in the country-side might be proud o'; and any lady, which is far mair important —"

"Come, Rolls, no more of this," cried John. "A joke is a joke; but you know you are going too far."

"Me joking! I'm most serious in earnest, sir, if you'll believe me. I served the house before you were born. I was here when your father brought his wife home. Na, I'm not joking. I'm thinking what's best for my maister and the

credit of the house. The hail county will come; and if ye think we're not enough to wait upon them, there's Andrew will put on his blacks; and that sma' groom of yours — I would have likit him bigger — is a smart lad, though he's little. The three of us will do fine. I would recommend a denner, say the Wednesday. I'm fond of the middle of the week, no' too near the Sabbath-day, neither one side nor the other. The denner on Wednesday; and syne on Thursday night the ball. There would be cauld things left that would eke out the supper, and it would all be like one expense. The fiddlers you could have from Dundee, or even Edinburgh. And the eatables — there would be no difficulty about that. We mostly have them within ourselves. Chickens is aye the staple at a supper. And I make bold to say, sir, though she is my sister, that there's no person can tell what Bauby Rolls is capable of till they've seen her try."

"Rolls," cried John, "your ideas are too magnificent; you take away my breath."

"No' a bit, sir; no' a bit," said Rolls encouragingly; "if ye'll leave it to me, I'll take all the trouble. We have always said — Bauby and me — that if we were just left to ourselves — You will make out the list, sir, and settle the day, and send the invitations; and if I might advise, I would say to consult with Miss Barbara, who naturally would come over for the occasion, as being your next friend, and take the place of the mistress; and to send for some of your friends (I would recommend officers for choice) would not be a bad thing; for young men are aye scarce in the country, mair especially at this time of the year. We could put up half a dozen," Rolls proceeded, "and trouble nobody; and that would be a great help if they were good dancers, and fine lads — which I make no doubt, sir," he added, with a little inclination of his head, "friends o' yours would be."

This unexpected new idea was of great service to John in the dreariness of the long summer evening. He laughed loud and long, and was infinitely tickled by the gravity of the project in which Rolls saw no laughing matter; but when he strolled listlessly along the walk in the long, long endless light, with no better companion than a cigar, with wistful eyes which sought the clear, wistful horizon far away, and thoughts that seemed to fill the whole wide atmosphere with an unreal yet unconquerable sadness, the idea of making



this silence gay, and seeing *her* here who had come home, who had changed the world, but not for him; but who yet for him—who could tell?—might still turn earth into heaven,—seized upon him with a curious charm. A ball at Dalrulzian would not be a very magnificent entertainment, nor was there anything very elevated or poetical in the idea. But there are certain conditions of mind and moments of life in which that vague terrestrial paradise which belongs to youth is always very close at hand, and ready to descend by the humblest means, by almost any machinery, out of the skies, making of the commonest territory enchanted ground.

## CHAPTER XX.

THEY were very glad to see him,—very kind to him—impossible to be kinder; ready to enter into all their experiences of town, and to find out who were the people he knew among their friends, and to discuss all their amusements and occupations. Perhaps the fact that there were few people with whom they could discuss these proceedings had something to do with it; for the county in general went little to town, and was jealous and easily offended by the superior privileges of others. But this was a cynical view to take of the friendly effusion of the ladies when John paid them the visit which he thought he had timed religiously, so as neither to be too early, as presuming on the intimacy they had accorded him, nor too late, as showing any indifference to it. No such calculation was in the cordial greeting he received from Lady Lindores. "You are a great deal too timid, Mr. Erskine," she said. "No, it is not a fault for a young man,—but you know what I mean. You would not come to meet us though you were there, and you have let two days pass without coming to see us. Fie! As your aunt Barbara says, you should have more confidence in your friends."

Was it possible to be more encouraging, more delightful than this? and then they plunged into the inevitable personalities which are so offensive to outsiders, but which people with any mutual knowledge of a certain restricted society are scarcely able to refrain from. "You know the Setons. There have been great changes among them. Two of the girls are married. To whom? Well, I scarcely remember. Yes, to be sure. Sir Percy Faraway married the eldest, and they went off to California on their wedding-

trip. And Charley is with his regiment at Cabul. Old Lady Seton, the grandmother—you know that delightful old lady—is——" and so on, and so on. The county people thought, with strong disapproval, that for intelligent people like the Lindores, who gave themselves airs on this score, it was both frivolous and derogatory to talk so much about individuals; but John, who knew the individuals, was not so critical.

"Rintoul has come with us," said Lady Lindores. "He has paused on the way to pay a little visit; but we expect him this evening. He will stay only a very short time; but he is coming back again in August, when the house will be full."

John made a little bow, and no reply. He did not care for the intelligence. Rintoul, he felt instinctively, would be no friend to him. And in the little contrariety produced by this, he, too, brought forth his piece of news. "I heard of one of your visitors—Lord Millefleurs. He was my fag at Eton, and the drollest little fellow. How has he grown up? I have not seen him since the Eton days."

"He is droll still—like a little fat robin-redbreast," said Edith, with a laugh.

Lady Lindores checked her daughter with a look. "He is—odd," she said, "but very original and—entertaining." She had begun in her heart to feel that something was worth sacrificing to the chance of seeing Edith a duchess. "They say he has been a kind of prodigal—but a very virtuous one, wandering—over the world to see life, as he calls it—a very different thing from what many of you young men call life, Mr. Erskine."

John felt nettled, he did not quite know why. "I am glad to know Millefleurs has become so interesting," he said. "The only thing that now gives him interest to me is that I hear Beaufort—you will perhaps recollect Beaufort, Lady Lindores——"

The two ladies started a little, then gave each other a mutually warning look.

"Indeed I remember Mr. Beaufort very well," said Lady Lindores, shaking her head,— "very well. We have seen him—seen a good deal of him lately. He is perhaps coming here."

"But we hope not," said Edith, under her breath.

"Edith, you must not say anything so unkind."

"Oh, mamma, what is the use of pretending to Mr. Erskine? either he knows already, or he will be sure to find it out."

"There is nothing to find out," said



Lady Lindores hastily; and then her countenance melted, and she turned to John, holding out her hand. "You are an old friend—and I am sure you are a true friend, Mr. Erskine."

"I am sure I am true," he said.

"Yes, I know it—I know it! Mr. Erskine, there was—something between Carry and Mr. Beaufort. You guessed it even if you did not know? But afterwards it became impossible. Her father objected—as he had a good right to object. And now you know everything is changed. We women, who take all these things so much to heart—we don't want Mr. Beaufort to come here. We think it might be painful. Lord Lindores, who probably has never given the subject another thought, has invited him to come with Lord Millefleurs. You know he is acting as a sort of—best friend to Lord Millefleurs."

"I must tell you now on my side that I have heard from Beaufort," said John. "He wrote to me asking to come to Dalrulzian, if it was decided that he should come north at all. I answered him that I did not think he had better come. Pardon me, there was no betrayal. He did not explain—nor did I explain. I could not; it was a mere—intuition with me. I can scarcely tell even what induced me to do it. I thought he would find everything so different, and get no pleasure out of it. I told him he might come to Dalrulzian whenever he liked; but I think I showed him that it would be better not to do so. So that is all I know of it, Lady Lindores."

She looked somewhat anxiously in his face. Was that all he knew? Edith, who had been a keen spectator of the latter part of this conversation, shook her head slightly, with a faint, incredulous smile; but Lady Lindores saw no reason to doubt him. She answered with a little excitement and agitation. "You were quite right, Mr. Erskine—no pleasure, especially to him. He could not but feel the difference, indeed. Thanks for your kind and sensible advice to him. I hope he will take it. Naturally we had a delicacy——" And here she looked again at her daughter, who made no reply. Edith had in some points more insight than her mother, and she had been reading John's meaning in his looks, while his other listener considered his words only. Edith thought enough had been made of Beaufort. She changed the immediate subject with a laugh, which provoked Lady Lindores.

"Will Lord Millefleurs," she said, "be permitted, do you think, mother, to come by himself? Is it safe to allow him to run about by himself? He is a dangerous little person, you know, and one can never tell what is the next wild thing he may do."

"You are speaking very disrespectfully of Lord Millefleurs," said Lady Lindores, provoked.

"I never intended to be respectful," Edith said. But her mother was really annoyed, and put a summary conclusion to the talk. She was angry because her daughter's opinion had not changed, as her own, all imperceptibly and within herself, had done. Lady Lindores had gone through a great deal on account of the little marquis, whom she had persisted so long in thinking a nice boy. Rintoul's sermons had become almost beyond endurance before they left London, and even her husband had intimated to her that she was treating a very important suitor far too lightly. It is hard for a sympathetic woman to remain uninfluenced, even when she disapproves of them, by the sentiments expressed around her. Millefleurs had become of additional importance in her eyes unconsciously, unwillingly almost, with every word that was said. And when she had no longer his plump little figure before her eyes—when he was left behind, and his amusing personal peculiarities were veiled over by distance—she ceased to have the relief of that laugh which had always hitherto delivered her from too grave a consideration of this subject. The idea of paying court to any man (much less a fat boy!), in order to secure him as a husband for Edith, was revolting to her mind; but worried and troubled as she was on the subject, Lady Lindores fell, first, into the snare of feeling, with relief, that to escape from further persecution of the same kind was an advantage worth a sacrifice; and second, that Millefleurs, if he was fat, was good and true, and that to be a duchess was something when all that could be said was said against it. For, to be sure, the season in town had its influences, and she was more susceptible to the attractions of greatness, wealth, and high title before it than after. Indeed he was not the husband she would have desired for her child; and she wanted—imprudent woman!—no husband at all for her child, who was the chief consolation left to her in the world. Still, if Edith must marry, as Rintoul said—if she must marry to increase the family importance and influ-



ence, which was what Lord Lindores had insisted upon in respect to that pitiful sacrifice at Tinto — why then, influence, wealth, greatness, everything, were united in the little person of Millefleurs, who was, besides, a very nice boy, and amused Edith, and would never harm any woman. This was the conclusion to which a thousand harassing lectures and remonstrances had brought her. She had not said a word of the change, which had worked imperceptibly, and chiefly in the long, sleepless night of the railway journey, to Edith; and yet, with natural inconsistency, she was vexed and annoyed that Edith should still laugh, as they had so often laughed together, at little Millefleurs. And both Edith and John, though his suspicions were not yet aroused on this subject, felt the keenness of irritation and vexed dissatisfaction in her tone. He withdrew soon after — for even the merest insinuation of a family jar is painful to an outsider — but not before Lord Lindores had come in, with much friendliness, to beg him to come back to dinner, and engage his immediate aid in the scheme which had already brought our young man some trouble. “I want you to meet Rintoul,” said the earl. “I want you both to make your appearance at Dunearn next week at the county meeting. I am going to produce those plans I spoke to you about, and I hope to move them to some definite step. We shall have a strong opposition, and the more support I can calculate on the better. Rintoul has no gift of speech; he’ll say his say in his solid, straightforward, positive sort of manner. But the Scotch are proud of good speaking. I don’t know what your gifts may be in that way.”

“Oh, *nil*,” said John.

“If you were a Frenchman, I should take you at your word; but in England there’s no telling. A young man has but one formula. If he is a natural orator, he gives just the same answer as if he can’t put two words together. That is what we call our national modesty. I wish for the moment you were as vain as a Frenchman, Erskine — then I should know the facts of the case. I dare say you speak very well — you have the looks of it; and it will be a great thing for me if you will second and stand by Rintoul. If he muddles his statement — which is quite likely, for the boy is as ignorant as a pig — you must set him right, and laugh a little at the defects of English education: that pleases a Scotch audience.”

“I think,” said Lady Lindores, “that

you are putting a great deal upon Mr. Erskine.”

“Am I?” said her husband; “but it is in a good cause.”

Perhaps this was too lightly said. John took his leave with a half-mortified, half-humorous consciousness that he was to have about the person of this young nobleman something like the same post enjoyed by Beaufort in respect to Millefleurs, but with neither present emolument nor prospect of promotion. And he felt sure that he should not like the fellow, John said to himself. Nevertheless seven o’clock (they kept early hours in the country) saw him walking lightly, as no man ever walked to a disagreeable appointment, towards the Castle. Impossible to thread those shrubberies, to cross those lawns, without a rising of the heart. “Doors where my heart was wont to beat.” Nowhere else in the world did he hasten with the same step, did he feel the very neighborhood of the place affect his pulses in the same way. It was the home to which his thoughts went before him, imagining many happinesses which perhaps did not come, but which always might come — which lived there, to be tasted one time or another. This occupation with the affairs of Lindores, with the new-comer, and the earl’s schemes, and so many secondary subjects, prevented him from entering into the questions which had so deeply discouraged him on the night of their return. He did not ask himself what he had to expect, what he had to do with them. He had a great deal to do with them in the mean time, and that by their own desire.

But John’s instinct had not been at fault in respect to Rintoul. They met as a gamekeeper and poacher might meet, if persons of these classes had an indifferent meeting-ground in polite society, like their masters. A mutual scrutiny and suspicion were in their eyes. John, the more generous of the two, made up his mind to nothing save an instinctive hostility to the heir of the house, and a conviction that Rintoul would stand in his way, though he scarcely knew how. But Rintoul, on his side, being what his mother called positive and practical in the highest degree, had no hesitation whatever in deciding upon John’s meaning and motives. They were each so much preoccupied in this hostile sense with each other, that Lord Lindores’ exhortations after dinner, as to the part he expected both to play, were received with small appreciation. Rintoul yawned visibly, and asked



his father whether it was in reason to expect a fellow to plunge into business the moment he got home. John's natural desire to say something conciliatory to the father thus contradicted by his son, which is the instinct of every spectator, was strengthened by his opposition to the special son in question; but even he could not cast off his personality enough to embrace an abstract subject at such a moment: and the two young men escaped, by the only mutual impulse they seemed likely to feel, to the ladies, leaving Lord Lindores to take his share of the vexation and disappointment which visit most mortals impartially in their time. The ladies were out upon the lawn, which lay under the windows of the drawing-room, and from which, as from most places in the neighborhood, a wide expanse of landscape, culminating in the house of Tinto with its red flag, was visible. The house of Tinto was to the Lindores family that culminating point of human care, the one evil that heightens all others, which is almost invariable in family experiences. Here their one prevailing pain, the one trouble that would not allow itself to be forgotten; and sometimes they felt the very sight of the scene to be intolerable. But quiet was in the air of the lingering, endless night, so sweet, so unearthly, so long continued, making the hours like days.

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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL SCOBELLEFF.

Too often the panegyrics pronounced by great sovereigns over departed servants or devoted adherents must be relegated to the category of "insincerities heard around open graves." But never were more transparently truthful sentiments given expression to than those wrung from the heart of the czar of all the Russias when informed of the demise of the Russian Bayard, General Scobelev, and contained in the message which his imperial Majesty despatched to the general's sister, the Princess Bielozelsky. "I am," said the czar, "deeply shocked and afflicted at the sudden death of your brother. His loss for the Russian army is one which it is hard to repair, and it must be deeply lamented by all true soldiers. It is very painful to lose the support of such a man." But besides being endowed with the highest military

genius, Scobelev's influence was commanding in the development of the living question of Panslavism. Nor was it remote upon the curiously mixed and ever-changing current of general European politics. His loss to his imperial master, to whom he was personally deeply attached, is a great blow at the present critical moment in Russia, but it is a greater to the national or Panslavistic party, the realization of whose aspirations is the guarantee for reform in the great Eastern empire and the saving counter-check to the spread of the demoniac principles of Nihilism.

The idol of a race numbering between eighty and ninety millions; the unconfessed dread of another and rival nationality; the admiration of all imbued with the military instinct; the tenderly beloved of those who had the rare felicity of his friendship; the object of passionate devotion on the side of the thousands who had come under the magnetic influence of him whom Carlyle would have described as kingly, — all this, and more, was General Scobelev, and a nation's tears and the stirred emotions of two continents testify to the greatness of the personality which a few days ago made his exit from the world's stage, and to the deep feeling which the sad and abrupt close of a heroic career has excited.

In describing him as the Russian Bayard I am only making use of a happy predictive phrase which a prince of the empire employed in conversation with me three years ago. Scobelev's military genius has been universally admitted, and of late generally confessed, but few, at least in western Europe, were aware of his wide and varied culture, his chivalrous character, his burning love of country and race, of his deep and earnest religious convictions, of the almost womanly tenderness of affection which he had for the inner circle of his friends. And the purpose of these personal reminiscences is to present General Scobelev in the light in which he appeared to me throughout a somewhat prolonged intercourse.

Michael Dimitrich Scobelev was born on the 29th September, 1843, and had thus barely attained his thirty-ninth year. He did not come of an old or noble Russian family, though his father was a general, and had won considerable reputation as a cavalry commander in the campaign against Turkey in 1854. Baron Stuart, Russian minister at Bucharest, himself, as his name indicates, of Scotch descent,



informed a common friend that the elder Scobelev was the grandson of a Scotch emigrant to Russia, Scobie by name. I remember asking young Scobelev as to the truth of this report, whereupon he replied: "I believe there is something in it, but I make little account of genealogical trees. Mere family never made a man great. Thought and deed alone, not pedigree, are the passports to enduring fame."

Young Scobelev's general education was received mainly at home, on the paternal estate of Spasskaje and at Moscow, under the superintendence of his mother, and with the assistance of a tutor of French nationality. Scobelev was warmly attached to his tutor, who remained as a friend of the family, at Spasskaje, till the close of his brilliant pupil's too short life. I had frequent opportunities of meeting with this excellent man. Possessing little of the sprightliness of his race, he was reserved, shy, and unobtrusive in the presence of strangers, but *en famille* frank and animated in conversation, which displayed, though not pedantically, his profound learning and varied reading. It was easy to see under what influence Scobelev had developed the taste for letters which he had inherited from his mother.

Carlyle has somewhere said that every student and reader of history who strives earnestly to conceive for himself what manner of fact and man this or the other historical name can have been, never rests till he has made out what the man's natural bearing and face was. Let me present a portrait of the Russian Bayard. About six feet two inches in height, well proportioned, square-shouldered, he had a firmly-knit body, muscular and lithe rather than stout, clean limbs, with free and graceful movement. His hand was not large, but sinewy, with the nervous grip denoting ready decision and warmth of heart. A woman would have described his face as handsome, and it was manly in every lineament. With short-peaked, fair, almost golden, whiskers, the clean shaven chin and well-cut mouth, almost covered by a long, silky moustache, indicated great firmness of purpose and strength of will. His nose was large, straight, finely moulded, and not too prominent. The flexible nostrils dilated in the excitement of battle or animated discourse: this and the flashing light of his bright blue eyes being the only indications of the volcanic energy of the man. His forehead was lofty, rounded rather

than broad, and his head, covered with short, silky golden hair, of a fine dome shape. On foot his tall and graceful presence, his free, open, and courteous manner, riveted attention. One felt instinctively that he was face to face with a king among men. He was the best horseman I ever sawstride a thoroughbred, and his splendid personal bearing at the head of a column of cavalry or the central figure of a brilliant staff fully realized one's idea of the knightly character. His mount was a white or light grey thoroughbred. In a campaign he had always three re-mounts of these white chargers, which were bred on his own estate at Spasskaje. his attachment to his horses was as that of an Arab, and next to cruelty to men, nothing roused him more than inattention or cruelty to his equine favorites. He admired the English thoroughbred as the most perfect of the equine species, and declared that the best cavalry horses in the world were a cross between it and the horse of the Ukraine. From his white uniform and white charger he received among his Turkish foes the name of Aak Pasha. Wherever the fire was hottest or the combat most deadly there was the Aak, or White Pasha, and Scobelev came to be regarded by the superstitious Turkish soldiery as a species of demon with a charmed life.

This reputation, by the way, was not confined to the Turkish army, though with the simple Russian soldiers his charmed life was believed to be due to the special interposition of Saint Demetrius. A sister of mercy who was a nurse in one of the field hospitals in the ravine close to the Lovacha road at Plevna told me that a wounded soldier whom she was tending had solemnly assured her that nothing could hurt the general. The bullet which had shattered his arm had, he said, first passed clean through the general, but as usual without injuring him in the slightest.

An apocryphal story comes from Paris that General Scobelev was extremely superstitious, and that the reason why he always rode a white horse was "that a gipsy had foretold he would never come to harm while mounted in that fashion." What I have related above completely disproves the gipsy fable, and nothing could be further from the truth than the allegation that so robust-minded a man was superstitious, taking that word either in its grosser or its more spiritual acceptation. But, like every other generous or high-minded man, he regarded the super-



stitutions of a simple and ignorant people more with compassion than with contempt, and on more than one occasion, touching on this very subject, he expressed to me the hope that superstitious observances, which he wisely insisted degraded both individuals and nations, would by-and-by be eradicated by the spread of education. During the hundreds of years of Turkish rule in Bulgaria, the dominant authorities sternly prohibited the public display of the cross — the symbol of the Bulgarians' faith. Immediately after the Russian occupation, with childish delight they hung up crosses of wood, of flowers, of grasses, across the highways, on trees, on houses, in fact everywhere. I remember directing the general's attention to this patent fact and rather admiring the feeling which prompted the act. He neither approved nor condemned the practice; it was, he said, but the natural and simple expression of the faith of a deeply religious people. On another occasion, eighteen months after the battle of Senova, I accompanied General Scobeleff on a farewell visit which he made to the scene of the bloodiest battle of the war. In the gathering twilight he said to me, "Are you afraid to sleep over the graves of twenty-five thousand men?" The question had never occurred to my own mind. At home, as a matter of choice, I certainly would not have selected a graveyard as a bivouac, but in Bulgaria one had to submit to many little inconveniences. Besides, neither at home nor abroad had I ever seen a ghost, and as an answer to his somewhat quaint inquiry I was about to repeat aloud this latter thought, when the general added: "There are thousands of men, even brave men, who would not do it, and few women in the world would have the courage. But we have no belief in the old ballads which tell us that the dead rise at twelve o'clock at night and bemoan their untimely fate."

Again, during the investment of Plevna I paid a visit to the late Mr. McGahan, the war-correspondent of the *New York Herald*, in a peasant's little house, where he was laid up from the effects of a fall from his horse. I found there our common friend, General Scobeleff, with whom I strolled in the courtyard after chatting for a time with the disabled and genial American. We came upon the good woman of the establishment, engaged in what appeared to her a deeply important task. Her husband was sitting on the ground, shaking with aguish fever, and she was leaning over him—in one hand

a rod of wood, over which was hung a skein of yarn, and in the other an open knife. Touching the poor patient's head and shoulders and arms, etc., with the rod, she tapped the latter with the knife, and uttered the while what seemed certain set phrases. The general, who knew Bulgarian perfectly, informed me that the woman was performing an incantation, and he asked her the purpose of her mysterious procedure. She replied that it was to drive away the fever, adding that she had cured a former husband in a like manner. When this was explained to me, both of us laughed heartily at the naïve remark, and the general said that she would have a much better chance of preserving this husband if she were to consult a doctor. With thoughtful kindness the general afterwards sent a Russian army surgeon to prescribe for the patient.

Genial good-nature and a remarkable warmth of heart were eminently characteristic of this chivalrous soldier. I remember seeing him cast his cloak over a wounded linesman who had had his leg shattered by a shell on the vine-clad slopes leading from the ravine to the Green Hill at Plevna; and at a subsequent date, when McGahan was hurt, he sent him his only remaining wrap. When the 16th Division, of which he then held command, was quartered in and around Slivno, I accompanied him one day in his round of inspection. And here is an exact report of the visit written at the time to a little friend in England: "General Scobeleff carefully goes over the soldiers' quarters, to see that the men are comfortable and that their food is good. He tastes their broth, and millet porridge, and bread and meat, and woe be to the contractor who supplies bad stuff. When we made our unexpected entrance into the yard which constituted the kitchen of the regiment, we found a lot of hungry little boys and girls whose parents had been killed by the Turks. They were hanging about quietly watching the soldier-cooks with hungry eyes, and hoping that they might come in for a little bit of the dinner. The soldiers, when they saw the general, whom they all love and admire, were not very sure that they were doing what would be approved of in giving a share of their dinner to the poor starving orphans. So they tried to screen them when they drew themselves up to salute the general. General Scobeleff, however, observed the urchins, and at once surmised what they had come into the yard for. And he said



to the soldiers, 'Do you give some of your dinner to these ragged children?' They saluted, and said, 'Yes, your Excellency.' 'Do they come every day?' again asked the general. 'Yes, your Excellency,' was the answer of the soldiers. Then the general, quite moved, dropped his angry tone and said: 'That is right, my men; a brave soldier is always a kind comrade; and a kind man is always a brave soldier. Never forget,' he added, 'to share your little with the poor and the starving.' The soldiers thereupon gave a hurrah, and Scobeleff instructed his aide-de-camp to distribute some money among the little things."

Some time before the last-recorded incident I was travelling with General Scobeleff from Philippopolis to Kazanlik, when our carriage broke down at Kalofer. During our enforced stay the general, as was his wont, went in and out among the inhabitants, making kindly inquiries as to their lot in life. A woman who had taken to her home two children, orphaned during the massacre at that place by the retreating Turks on Gourko's first advance across the Balkans, was earnestly commended for her disinterested behavior by the general, who added that "it was the duty as well as the privilege of the poor to help each other at a time when God sent misfortunes upon them." I wished to offer a little money to the woman, but the general, speaking in English, forbade it, stating that it might take the edge off the very proper feeling which had manifestly prompted her good action, and blunt the spirit of independence which he was glad to observe was the rule among the peasants of Bulgaria. But the general himself comforted the hearts of a crowd of children who had collected by a free distribution of sugar—the whole stock of which he had purchased from a little store in a half-ruined house.

Closely connected with this aspect of Scobeleff's character was his deep religiousness. His religion was broader than creed and deeper than form, with its roots, mayhap, in the pietistic side of human nature so strongly developed in the members of all the branches of the great Slavonic race. Naturally conforming to the orthodox Greek Church, which he thought, with his friend Aksakoff, peculiarly suited to the genius of the Slav people, he was so little of a fanatic as to recognize that religion did not consist in either belief in Church or confessions of faith, nor in profession, but in a lofty conception of duty, discharged as earnestly as the

strength of the hour permitted. The sum of his doctrine seemed to be, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," leaving the rest with God. And it was in this light—not the blind fatalism of the Turk, but the assured faith of the Christian—that I heard his remark on being driven out of the Green Hill redoubts after the disastrous assault on Plevna in September, 1877. "I have done my best; I could do no more. I blame nobody; it is the will of God." Nothing could have been finer than the high-strung fervor and the clear-ringing emotion of a soul stirred to its depths, with which he recited to me on the battlefield of Senova a poem by, I think, Aksakoff, in which the entrance to the tomb is, at a distance, pictured by the imagination as terrible, but when encountered in a holy cause loses all its terrors, and becomes the entrance to heaven itself. I was forcibly reminded of Wolfe declaiming Gray's "Elegy in a Churchyard" on the eve of the assault upon Quebec.

Nor shall I ever forget a solemn service for the repose of the souls of the dead which was held on the same battlefield of Senova by the general and a score of companions. Scobeleff's chaplain chanted the mass, with a simple dragoon for clerk. "Every head was uncovered" (so I noted at the time); "the party stood in respectful groups around a monumental column with its cross—the general to the right of the priest. The sun shone in unclouded splendor, nature seemed hushed for the moment, and the white mists floated hazily about the head of St. Nicholas—the highest peak of the Balkans. I have witnessed the gorgeous ceremonial of Continental Catholic cathedrals—have taken part in the rich ritual of Anglican churches—have listened to the sonorous mass in a Greek cathedral—have worshipped in the simple chapels of Presbyterian Scotland—but have never been present at a more impressive religious service than that on the battle-field of Senova. Creeds and forms were forgotten in the solemnity of the act and the earnestness and devotion of the worshippers; and as the trembling accents of the priest, with the deep but sweet responses of the dragoon-clerk, were borne on the still morning air, one could not but hope that 'all was well' with the thousands of brave men who had perished in the discharge of duty. As the service progressed the general wept like a child, and among the small but deeply moved congregation there were few dry eyes, albeit these



hardy and sometimes rough warriors are seldom used to the melting mood."

Scobeleff's intercourse with his parents was peculiarly touching. It is seldom that there is such perfect confidence and mutual regard between father and son as existed in the case of the older and the younger Scobeleff. An incident which illustrates the father's fondness for his famous son occurred in my presence. It happened two or three days after the successful crossing of the Danube by the Russians at Zimnitsa—at which the younger Scobeleff had fought as a volunteer, carrying rifle and bayonet, and leading the charge up the steep slopes of Sistova. The mighty river was as yet unbridged, and it became necessary to strengthen the force of cavalry in Turkish territory. The engineers, for the purpose of building the bridge of boats, had taken possession of the pontoons which had been previously employed in ferrying across the few detachments of horsemen then on the Sistova side. Young Scobeleff suggested that the cavalry should swim across, and he offered to demonstrate the practicability of his scheme. No sooner said than done. He mounted his white charger, wound his way down the scarped clay cliffs at Zimnitsa, across the small bridge which spanned a creek to the island of Ada, and then, entering the river, the gallant horse, guided by Scobeleff's skilful hands, made for the further shore. The bold experiment was watched with breathless interest from the high ground on the Roumanian bank, and no more moved spectator of the daring enterprise stood there than the grey-haired father. With his binocular he eagerly followed the progress of his son and his gallant charger through the swift current. Then his arms began to shake, and his hands refused to hold the glasses to his eyes. He who had headed eight hundred troopers in a fierce onslaught upon five thousand Turks was unnerved at the sight of so venturesome a deed. Prince Tzeretleff, who was by his side, noting the slow course of his comrade in his unequal struggle with the moving waters, in response to the earnest appeals of the old general, reported every circumstance of the exciting adventure. By-and-by emotion broke the voice of the father as he exclaimed, ever and anon, "Oh, my brave boy! Is he drowned yet?" And when young Scobeleff touched the little shelving bay below Sistova in safety, a ringing cheer was given by the Russian soldiery who had witnessed the rash feat; and the

group which surrounded the grey-haired warrior echoed his "Thank God!" as much for his sake, as for the success of an undertaking almost unparalleled in its temerity.

The affection of Scobeleff for his mother and hers for him was extremely beautiful. I recollect at Philippopolis, in 1879, she spoke to me of her "noble, handsome boy." He was always a boy to her. And the fine mobile features of the stately, high-bred, and courteous dame worked with emotion as she deftly touched on the "deeds o' derring do" by which he had attained his well-merited fame. She had taken a deep interest in the Russo-Turkish campaign both because husband and son were prominent figures in the great drama, and because, with Aksakoff, she believed that its results would be "the regeneration not only of the Slavs of the Balkans but of the whole Slavonic world." At the close of the war, her husband no more, she came to Bulgaria, and found at once consolation in her bereavement and an outlet for her abounding energy in the organization of hospitals for Bulgarian children, and in the foundation of schools—for, like her son, she had an enthusiastic belief in education. When I met her, she was in the midst of the preparations for establishing in the neighborhood of the battle-field a school, hospital, and church, to be endowed out of her private estate, in memory of her son's great victory of Senova.

By the irony of fate, it was Scobeleff's great love for his mother that was the means of her sad and untimely death. He had detailed as her attendant and guard one of his own aides-de-camp—a young Russian whom he had literally out of compassion raised to the position which he then held. This scoundrel formed the diabolical plan of murdering his patron's mother and robbing her of her jewels and a sum of £5,000 which she had in her possession for distribution among certain institutions which she had founded or taken under her protection; and the fell purpose was accomplished while Madame Scobeleff was on a journey from Philippopolis to Sofia. Scobeleff was at that time engaged in his latest campaign of subduing the Turkomans of the Yeok Tepe, and I believe that he never fully recovered from the stroke of the cruel blow which his beloved mother's terrible fate gave him.

"Had he not been a soldier, he would have been a student," said Scobeleff's old tutor to me one day, referring to his pu-



pill's love of books and to the marvellous range of his knowledge, and using the word "student" in its widest sense. The extent and accuracy of Scobelev's literary acquirements were astonishing; but when one considered that from youth he had been a man of action in the tented field and a victim "of most disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field, of hairbreadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach"—it was simply amazing. How he ever had time to read and digest his reading was a mystery. On one occasion, in discussing with him what both of us considered the most unjust and unjustifiable attacks that had been made upon Russia, Russian patriots, and the conduct of the Russian army, I suggested that no one, from his literary power, his accurate acquaintance with all the facts, and his honorable position, was more fitted than he to undertake the task of silencing calumnious misrepresentation and defending the standpoint assumed by the leaders of thought in Russia. He brushed aside the suggestion, not, one could perceive, from conscious inability for the task, but with the remark: "I am a soldier, and so long as I have fighting to do, I will not enter the arena of polemics." From the speeches which he delivered in St. Petersburg, Paris, and Warsaw, within the last year of his life, perhaps he felt that the time was approaching when he ought to enter the lists of polemical discussion, but, unhappily, that period never did arrive for him.

Thorough master of his own language, and passionately fond of the productions of the poets and authors of the new birth of Russian literature, he was likewise an accomplished Latin, English (which he spoke without the slightest foreign accent), French, German, and Italian scholar. He had studied Greek in youth, but did not retain any great love for it in manhood, although he spoke modern Greek. He was well versed in the classical works of England, France, and Germany, and his favorite authors seemed Horace—whom he was never tired of citing—Schiller in German, and Byron in English, though he was quite apt in quotations from Shakespeare. The other languages which he spoke were Wallach, Bulgarian, Serb, Kirghiz, and I believe one or two other central Asian dialects. In a select circle of private friends his conversation was animated, elegant, polished, and bright with flashes of ready humor. He was extremely frank in the expression of opinion, urging his point

with incisive directness. In peculiarly military matters he had read a great deal; and while his headquarters were at Slivno during the Russian occupation of Bulgaria following the war, the walls of his private office were surrounded with bookcases filled with volumes all bearing on the art of war. He did most of his reading early in the morning, before receiving the members of his staff. A large proportion of his collection, I noticed, were in English and French, many of the former being records of British Indian campaigns, with at least half a dozen on the great American civil war.

One morning he related an incident which illustrates the extent of his reading and the advantages of accurate historical information to a soldier. In the war in Turkestan he was on the staff of General Kaufmann, and when the Russian expeditionary force swept down on Makhran it found opposed to it an overwhelming native army, numbering by more than ten to one that of the invaders, and occupying a strong position. This position he proceeded to illustrate by a rough diagram drawn on the table with the charred ends of the matches with which we had been lighting our cigarettes. The right flank of the enemy, he showed, was protected by the walled city of Makhran, its front was what seemed a wide grassy plain, while the left rested on a low range of stony hills. Scobelev, in surveying the position, was struck with its similarity to that described in the record of, I think, one of the Napier's Indian campaigns, though unfortunately I neglected to note down at the time the names of the book, author, and city referred to. Scobelev at once communicated to General Kaufmann his impression, and the latter general sententiously asked him, "And what did Napier do?" Whereupon Scobelev gave an outline of the Anglo-Indian action; how at first the British troops delivered their attack in front and found themselves floundering in the grassy plain, which proved to be a treacherous swamp; how the British general had to retire for the night; how next morning he executed a flank movement and surprised, demoralized, and hopelessly crushed the huge native army, and captured both it and the city. At the close of Scobelev's recital, General Kaufmann quietly rejoined, "And that is exactly what we will do, except fall into the mistake of attacking in front, and to-night." With the concurrence of his chief, Scobelev organized his celebrated flanking movement with his



cavalry, and, in combination with Kaufmann's attack on the left front of the enemy, they re-enacted Napier's feat, completely routed the immense native army, and captured Makhran. Amongst one hundred and fifty-eight cannon taken were two which had been previously seized from the Russians by the Khokandians, and a large number of exact replicas of excellent workmanship made by the natives. This ingenuity of the natives of central Asia found its parallel in Afghanistan, where our own troops discovered native ordnance of admirable finish, modelled on the artillery presented to the Ameer Shere Ali by the British government.

Scobelev's genius as a general has been acknowledged by the highest scientific military critics in his own country, in Germany, in France, and also in England, and it would be impertinent for me to speak of it. Apart from his Asian campaigns, of which I know nothing from personal experience, I may only point to his passage of the Balkans at Senova (which for skill and daring and success excelled any feat of arms performed during the Russo-Turkish War), to his rapid march on Adrianople, and the later encircling of Constantinople. Like all great commanders, Scobelev inspired in the officers and men under him the warmest attachment and devotion. To use an old phrase, "they would go through fire and water for him." It is difficult to define exactly to what peculiar attributes in the young general this was due. It was perhaps to a combination of many great and lovable qualities. A general at twenty-eight; a conspicuous figure in every despatch from central Asia; at thirty-four the victorious general of the most decisive battle of the great Bulgarian campaign; the leader of the Russian hosts on the historic capital of the traditional enemy of the empire of the north; at thirty-five the commander of a *corps d'armée*, — Scobelev was naturally the object of much jealous irritation on the part of the older generals in the service of the czar. I remember him referring to this unpleasant state of matters, and stating that with him honors brought additional labor and greater weight of cares, and enforced the most unwearied vigilance against the slightest mistake. And knowing the enormous amount of work which he undertook and successfully accomplished, it is not a matter of surprise, though of grief, that he should have died of disease of the heart at thirty-nine.

With the officers of his own command he was frank and friendly, but he never lost his dignity or proper reserve even in moments when his natural geniality led him to unbend. His keen glance took in all the details of an action, and he never failed to note, commend, and reward any display of gallantry. The fall of a comrade, however humble, he sincerely mourned. Let me give one instance of this. A lad of about sixteen, of good family, ran away from school in St. Petersburg during the war and joined Scobelev as a volunteer at Plevna. He fought with great courage at the assault and capture of Plevna, and Scobelev promoted him to a company of the 32nd Regiment. At the battle of Senova the boy led the attack on the central Turkish redoubt, escaped the hail of bullets only to be bayoneted as he gallantly showed the way to his men into the redoubt. Scobelev's words were, in afterwards ordering a monument to be erected over the brave boy's grave — which he himself selected under the shadow of four beeches — "His was a brief but heroic life."

It has been well said that Scobelev had "an almost magic power of identifying himself on occasions with the humblest of his men." It was a proud day for a private to be selected for even the slightest notice by the general, and, mayhap, to have his ears gently pulled — a favorite and peculiarly caressing habit of Scobelev's when he was in good humor. In a campaign he shared the privations and the food of the meanest soldier in the ranks, he shirked no hardship which his men were compelled to bear: if they were in want, no luxury was spread on his board. On their part, the men admired his intrepidity and his brilliant dash. Under such a nature even the faint-hearted became brave warriors. When, after a three days' struggle with the snows, the ravines, the precipices of the pass of Hemedli, during which guns, wagons, tents, even much ammunition had to be abandoned — Scobelev's tired column emerged on the valley of Tundza and came face to face with Vessel Pasha's army which had just victoriously driven back Radetsky's and Mirsky's columns — General Scobelev rode along the line, informing his men that there was no retreat: all that was left to them was death, glory, or — after a pause — shame. "Death or glory!" was the cry, with loud huzzas for their loved and devoted leader, and right nobly did they vindicate their choice. Many instances of his consum-



mate courage and coolness in danger are already well known to readers in western Europe. Let me add one or two. On the day before the assault on the Green Hill redoubt at Plevna, I was with him on a vine-covered ridge which commanded a view of the Turkish position. Scobelev was making preparations for the assault. He had from personal inspection made a plan of the surrounding ground, and was, quite in view of the enemy, making a series of sketches of the exact points and the ground leading to them which were to be the objects of attack by each of his battalions. The Turks opened fire: at first the shells were short, then they flew overhead, but suddenly two shrieked unpleasantly near. One burst within a few yards of where Scobelev was sitting on a camp-stool, drawing, and he and his paper were covered with the friable soil of the vineyard. Without a word or a wince he simply shook the soil off the paper and finished the preparation of his plans, ordering his staff, when he observed that the fire continued exact, to find cover under a sloping bank some twenty yards off. At the battle of Senova — and I refer to this engagement frequently because the details of it are almost wholly unknown in England — Scobelev, mounted on his white charger, went out alone to reconnoitre the Turkish position. Of course he was the mark for a pretty hot fusillade from both infantry and artillery. Suddenly a shell appeared to strike the ground right beneath his charger and exploded. Thousands thought his temerity had at last brought the death he seemed to court. But when the smoke cleared away the white charger was observed plunging gallantly onward, and his rider, unharmed, soon afterwards rejoined his own troops. Scobelev told me that when the shell exploded he was almost suffocated with the sulphurous smoke, and that for a moment he actually believed his hour was come. The plunging of his horse, as it were, awoke him from the shock, and he was able to finish his survey unnerved. It would be wearisome to multiply instances of his escapes or of his daring.

As a disciplinarian he was firm and strict. No point was too minute to be overlooked. Scobelev's vedettes were never caught napping. His knowledge of the detail of military duty was universal — even to sounding all the bugle calls. An illustration of the discipline of his corps occurs to me. I had been talking with him of military breech-loaders and

discussing the merits of various systems. Taking a "Berdan," with which the troops were latterly armed, from a soldier, he undid the breech and lock and explained the mechanism with the precision of a gunsmith. Returning the rifle to the soldier, he turned, and walking up to a sentry a few paces distant, he said: "Let me see your rifle" — extending his hand as he spoke. The man saluted and replied: "I cannot, your Excellency." "But I want to see if it is clean," persisted the general. "I cannot, your Excellency," again said the sentry, as firm as a rock. Scobelev smiled, pulled his ears, and walked on. I asked an explanation, whereupon he said that a rule of war with him was that no sentry on duty was on any account to give up possession of his arms — not even to the czar himself. "But," said I, "suppose the sentry had given up his rifle when you were seemingly so serious in asking it. What then?" "He would have been shot," quietly replied the general, "for disobedience to orders in time of war."

In many quarters in the course of the last few weeks it has been said that General Scobelev was the enemy of England. In no sense do I think was this a truthful description of the man. He was an ardent admirer of England and of English institutions, though he did not believe that the latter were adapted for his own country. It is true that before and after the signature of the Berlin Treaty he bluntly expressed his hatred of the policy of the Beaconsfield government. This is his exact language as noted at the time: "Cannot you see how this policy should stir us so? For two years we have deluged this land (Bulgaria) with our blood. Our brothers are slain, our country has made enormous sacrifices, widows mourn, children weep, and fathers lament the loss of promising sons. All this we would have borne with the patience which God gives, had the full freedom which we had won for our brothers in race and religion, in language and faith, been accorded to them. But accursed diplomacy steps in and says, 'No; only the smaller half of them shall be free, and the greater number shall be again handed over to the tender mercies of the Turks.' You know yourself what the Turks have been, and are, and ever will be; and placing yourself in our position, would you not also be consumed with wrath that our sacrifices are to be in vain, and that the men over whose graves we are now treading should have died for nought?" More especially



Scobelleff, with many other influential Russians, complained bitterly of the clause in the Berlin Treaty providing for the partitioning of the Balkans. Such a measure, it was declared, could only weaken the Bulgarian principality, and place Eastern Roumelia at the mercy of the Turkish pashas. I believe that had the English government persisted, in 1879, in demanding the literal fulfilment of this part of the treaty, war would have been declared once more by Russia. And it is an open secret that the Russians were well prepared for it. The whole of the European population of eastern Roumelia had been organized by General Scobelleff into a well-drilled, fairly equipped militia; while that of the principality of Bulgaria had been similarly organized by Prince Alexander. And in view of such a contingency as a new war, General Scobelleff had prepared the most elaborate plans of the campaign. He himself had ridden over almost every mile of Turkey from Constantinople to the Danube, had surveyed every position capable of defence or attack, and a new military map had been constructed. I have no doubt that the plan of the campaign, which embraced several volumes of sketches, is now in the archives of the Russian War Ministry ready for future eventualities. Scobelleff had no belief that Russia and England need necessarily come into hostile conflict in Asia. I was with him towards the close of the British campaign in Afghanistan, and discussing the question, he frankly stated that Afghanistan was without the sphere of Russian conquest, which he recognized was confined to the northern division of the great continent of Asia, and did not extend to India. "But," he added, "had Russian ambition stretched towards Hindostan, the invasion of Afghanistan under the Beaconsfield and Lytton administrations, and the proceedings which followed thereupon, was a policy than which a better could not have been devised to subserve supposed Russian views. It would throw the Afghans into the arms of Russia." As a soldier, he admired the conduct of the Afghan campaign.

He seldom spoke on what may be termed the home politics of Russia. In this sense he might be said to have been a staunch Imperialist. In other words, he seemed to think that the genius of the Slav race was adapted for what my friend Professor Lorimer, in his "Institutes of

International Law," has called the "delegation of power," as contradistinguished from constitutional methods of government. For the development of Russia he looked to the growth of a purely Slavonic civilization based on Slavonic ideas, and it was this sentiment which led to his hatred of and by a certain section of German politicians. These latter, through their organs and the press, have unblushingly rejoiced over the death of General Scobelleff, as the removal of a living force which would have excited not only Russia, but the Slavonic world generally, to fight against "Germany and that civilization which Russia can only get from the West."

Panslavism, as understood by Scobelleff and by thousands more of the enlightened sons of Russia, means the principle of nationality. And why in the name of equity should not there be a legitimate Slavonic ideal, if it be right and proper that there should be a Teutonic ideal, a Gallic ideal, and even an Anglo-Saxon ideal? And it is an historic fact that much of the trouble in Russia during the past two hundred years is due to the attempted enforcement of Germanic ideas of civilization upon an unwilling Slavonic people. Scobelleff was only giving utterance to the sentiments of the majority of the Russian nation and of the Slavonic race when he said at Paris: "If Russia does not always show herself equal to her patriotic ideas in general, and to her Slav rôle in particular, it is because both within and without she is held in check by a foreign influence. We are not at home in our own house. The foreigner is everywhere and his hand in everything. We are the dupes of his policy, victims of his intrigues, the slaves of his power."

Prévost Paradol, in one of his famous orations, said that "France and Germany were like two locomotives on the same line of rails, going at full speed in opposite directions, and bound to collide at some point." History proved the truth of his forecast. And it needs but little prescience to assent to Scobelleff's prediction that "a struggle between the Slav and the Teuton is inevitable; and it will be long, sanguinary, and terrible;" though we may somewhat doubt his patriotic self-assurance, "that the Slav will triumph."

Scobelleff's equally famous speech at Warsaw expressed not a new sentiment, but was simply an echo of a proposal made in the sixteenth century by a sover-



eign of Poland. "I wish," said Scobelev, "the best to the Poles, and sincerely desire that they may form one body with us, as Servia and Bulgaria should do. Are we not all brethren?" About 1580, Stephen Bathory, king of Poland, thus addressed the Russian ambassador to his court: "Let us abandon vain quarrels. Are we not brothers? What matters some slight differences in religious belief? Why should we not have the same flag, the same chief?" Panslavism is, therefore, not a thing of this day, and Scobelev knew it; he only wished to give it vitality. So far as I could judge from the conversations I had with him, Scobelev's ideal future for the Slavonic race appeared to be—(1) The federal union of the different Slav States under a democratic-imperialistic government; and (2) that this democratic-imperialistic government in each of the States should be based and developed on the lines of the *mir*—the Russian system of communal peasant proprietary—which seems to be approved by, and adapted for, the genius of the Slav people. Into whatever form his opinions may have ripened it is needless here to speculate. His eloquent voice shall be no more heard forever; his sword is sheathed in the tomb. *Requiescat in pace.* W. KINNAIRD ROSE.

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
A GLIMPSE OF MEXICO.

SAN FRANCISCO is rapidly forsaking the "dandy rig" of the gambler, and assuming the sober garb of commercial propriety. Stocks have gone "all endways." The old times when fortunes were made and lost in a day, when a man might go to bed a pauper and wake a millionaire, or wake a millionaire and go to bed a pauper, have vanished. Nor is it probable that they ever will return. Those were times! Refer to them in the presence of any one who knew them in their golden prime and mark how his eyes will glisten. How eagerly will he launch forth upon a sea of anecdote! how he will revel in the train of recollections thus induced!

"Dog gone if I know the place!" said an old fellow to me when I was last there. "Ye never see a shot fired from year's end to year's end now. No, sir. Why, it isn't often ye even hear a champagne cork drawn. 'Stead of the chink of gold, ye hear nothing but the scratching of pens. All the boys are gone, and there's only

store clerks and society men—bummer we call 'em—t' associate with. Ye never saw such a change in all your life. I be dog if the women's half as pretty as they were. Hell! 'Tain't no sort of place to what it used to be. No, sir."

Nevertheless, to the stranger it would seem that a spirit of princely extravagance still characterizes the inhabitants of the Golden City. With his last ten dollar piece the true San Franciscan will dine sumptuously, take a box at the theatre, or a drive out to the Cliff House. His last twenty-five cents will be invested in a good cigar. The veriest "dead beat" who asks you for money in the street would feel insulted by a tender of coins. The Californian will starve rather than pinch. Fortunately, he has only work to be rich. There is no fight for existence there. No man need jostle his neighbor. Such being the case, men accept greater risks and experience loss with less concern than is the case in Europe.

Returning to San Francisco after an absence of twelve months, I discovered that several men who during my previous visit had appeared to possess bottomless purses, had vanished from the club circle.

"Where is A.?" I asked.

"A.? Oh, he's got a mine down Arizona. When the bottom tumbled out of that Pole Star silver mine, A. had skin out of this."

"And what has become of B.?"

"Well, one of the boys met him prospecting down in New Mexico the other day. Said he was carrying his own pack and dead broke. B. will be up again though. He's a ruffler. You'll hear of him soon."

"Has C. gone too?"

"Yes. Soon after you left, they knocked Golcondas higher'n a kite. C. was large holder. They do say he's prospecting a new mine down in Toombston country, and it's likely to turn out a lnanza. Hope it will, anyhow."

Amongst these incogniti was a prince of good fellows, at whose hands I had formerly experienced the warmest hospitality. I determined to go south and visit him at his new mine in Sonora. In due course the Southern Pacific Railway landed me at Tucson. Thence the journey had to be continued by stage. I was driven to the Metropolitan Hotel, the proprietor of which, Mr. Maloney, I had a message of introduction.

"What time does the stage start Magdalena?" was my first inquiry.

"Magdalena? Well, I guess you



me to wait here till Saturday now. I went out this morning at eight o'clock," said the bar-keeper. It was nine o'clock on Tuesday. I had seen enough of Tucson *en route* from the station to exempt an impolite apostrophe to my illness. The bar-keeper did not seem to minimize any misfortune in a delay of four days at Tucson.

"Take a drink?" said he. "Thar's worse places than Tucson. Thar's places where you can't get a drink."

I took a drink. The bar-keeper joined me.

"Is Mr. Maloney in?" I inquired.

"Mr. Maloney has not long gone to bed. The boys was having a little game 'freeze out' last night. I guess he'll be about again at midday."

I was assigned a bedroom, or rather a cose box, in the quadrangle of bedrooms at the back of the saloon. After breakfasting, I strolled out to look at the town. Until, twelve months previously, the railway reached it, Tucson was an unimportant dobe village. Now it is growing rapidly. Edifices of brick are springing up. Practically it is the gateway betwixt Mexico and the Western States, and in a few years it will be a considerable town.

Under the shop awnings in the main street loitered a crowd of handsome, bearded, bronzed miners from the neighboring mining districts. To and fro flitted a few busy store-clothed storekeepers and clerks. Here and there a knot of men might be seen examining some specimen of quartz. Here and there a couple of leather-breeched cowboys, ostentatiously "heeled,"\* rode past on their Mexican-saddled bronchos. Yonder a chain-and-ball gang of convicts slowly advanced, sweeping the dusty road.

In a place of this kind the barber's shop, next to the drinking-saloons, is the chief place of resort. The barber, in importance, ranks second only to the artistic mixer of cool drinks. He is hail-fellow-well-met with every one. Especially cheery and amusingly ceremonious is Figaro if he happens to be a colored man. His memory is prodigious. Men enter that he has not seen for months, and with whom he is perhaps only slightly acquainted. Yet will he resume the conversation precisely where it was terminated. He will remind his visitor exactly of what he said and what his projects were when he last was shaved, and he will persist-

tently inquire how far those assertions have been verified and those intentions fulfilled. Having posted himself up to the latest date in all that concerns the victim of his curiosity, he proceeds in return to furnish him with biographical sketches of such later passages in the lives of his friends as may have escaped his knowledge.

Returning to the hotel I found that Mr. Paul Maloney had arisen. I also found a card of invitation from (I think it was) the Union Club, awaiting me. Being somewhat dubious as to the nature of a club in Tucson, I interrogated Maloney on the subject.

"Do you care to play monte?" he asked, weighing the card in his hand.

"Not particularly."

"Well."

That "well," drawled out and sustained, and the look that accompanied it, told me quite as much about the club as I desired to know. Paul and I cemented our acquaintance with cocktails.

Conversation at any time, on any topic, or with any person in Tucson, invariably led to this ceremony. Cocktail-drinking has a peculiar charm of its own which lifts it above drinking as otherwise practised. Your confirmed cocktail-drinker is not to be confused with the ordinary sot. He is a true artist. With what exquisite feeling will he graduate his cups, from the gentle "smile" of early morn to the potent "smash" of night. The analytic skill of a chemist marks his swift and unerring detection of the very faintest dissonance in the harmony of the ingredients that compose his beverage. He has an antidote to dispel, a tonic to induce every mood and humor that man knows. Endless variety rewards a single-hearted devotion to cocktails; whilst the refinement and artistic spirit that may be displayed in such an attachment, redeem it from intemperance. It becomes an art. It is drinking etherealized, rescued from vulgar appetite and brutality, purified of its low origin and ennobled. A cocktail hath the soul of wit, it is brief. It is a jest, a bon-mot, happy thought, a gibe, a word of sympathy, a tear, an inspiration, a short prayer. A list of your experienced cocktail-drinker's potations for the day forms a complete picture, fraught with every nuance of delicate shading. Nothing is so delightful in nature as the effects created by liquid. Why should this not be so in human nature too?

At length the four days passed, and

\* Armed.



seated in the corpulent, dropsical old coach with its team of four wheelers and four leaders, we rumbled slowly out of Tucson.

The passengers were a Mexican dame with a baby, a Mexican man, a miner, and myself. There was a coachman, and a second whip who sat beside him, with a short but powerful weapon. Thus armed he made short excursions from the box-seat to the ground, whilst the coach was in motion, and fought it out with any refractory member of the team as he ran along. Collecting a pocketful of the wickedest stones he could find, he would then return and pelt the bronchos from his proper elevation. Another of his duties was to disentangle the team when, as not unfrequently occurred, so many of the leaders faced the wheelers that further progress became impossible. It also fell to his lot to tie the coach together when its dissolution was imminent. In the performance of his various duties, this individual displayed considerable agility, ability, and resource.

The Mexican dame was frightful. It was evident that the baby was her own. Nor was the family likeness the only proof of their relationship. It was a musical baby. Mother and infant left us at the end of the first stage. The male Mexican slept all day. Towards evening he awoke and reduced himself to a state of complete intoxication with mescal. The miner never opened his lips until the following morning, just before we entered Magdalena, when we happened to pass a jackass rabbit.

"Next jackass rabbit we see, I'll be dog durned if I don't shoot him," said he.

He forthwith produced one of the largest Colt's revolvers that is made and cocked it. But we did not see another rabbit, so I missed this exhibition of his skill. He subsequently proved to be an Englishman.

By the pace at which we proceeded during the night, I judged that the Mexican's bottle of mescal was not the only one we had on board. The jolting was terrific. Besides encountering the regular ruts and inequalities in the ground, we struck every now and then full gallop against a loose boulder, or the projecting surface of a rock, the shock of which brought our heads in stunning contact with the brass-capped nails that studded the roof of the coach. I was sometimes in doubt whether my neck was broken or not. When Magdalena was reached my

scalp was raw, and every angle I possessed was bruised.

Stage-travelling in Mexico, if this was a fair sample of it, is neither luxurious nor speedy. Owing to the irregularity with which the coach is conducted, it is impossible for relays to be in attendance. No until the coach arrives is a man sent out to drive in fresh horses from the country. As they roam free over the broad mesas they may be miles from home, consequently it is no unusual occurrence for the best part of a day to be wasted before they are found. Outward bound, we were singularly fortunate in this respect. On the return journey our delays were all prolonged, in some cases exceeding even five or six hours. The wattled sheds and huts at which these intervals are passed are of the filthiest description.

Some of the teams were curiously mixed. One consisted of three donkeys, two mules, and three bronchos. Most of them were partly composed of mules. Some were poor, others remarkably good. Particularly noteworthy was the performance of a level team of sturdy bronchos that we picked up late in the afternoon and that of a fine team of mules which took us into Magdalena on the following morning. The stages were about sixteen and eighteen miles respectively. With the exception of a few short stoppages occasioned by trouble with the harness these distances were covered at full gallop notwithstanding which, the teams pulled up almost as fresh as they started.

In one instance a deficiency of stock necessitated the lassoing of a horse that had never been broken. He fought gallantly, and an exhibition of singular brutality ensued which lasted nearly half an hour. In the corral,\* however, there was no escape for him, and eventually he was thrown half-strangled on the ground, when the lasso was loosened, and a few minutes were given him for recovery. Not until these tactics had been thrice repeated did he allow himself to be harnessed. Once in the collar, he had to go with the rest. I must do our driver the justice to say that he handled the ribbons with admirable skill and audacity. To add to the interest of the trip, it was expected that we should be stopped by cowboys. These knight-errants had lately "gone through" the coaches with great regularity, and in anticipation of an encounter our driver and his aide were armed to the teeth. Fortunately, neither

\* Pound or enclosure.



our wealth nor valor was called into requisition.

With demoniacal yells and a furious cracking of whips, we dashed into Magdalena and pulled up in the square. It was Sunday. The good people were just issuing from the church. Mexican maidens in white or brilliant robes trooped out in twos and threes, and hand in hand went laughingly homewards. And here I feel the scribbling traveller's temptation to romance. A fanciful picture of some dark-eyed beauty, with proud Castilian features, and playful dignity and grace of manner, would fit my tale so well. You would be none the wiser. In a Mexican sketch one expects a pretty woman, even as one looks for lions in African and elephants in Indian scenery. But I will be conscientious. I was so disgusted myself that I would have you also somewhat disappointed. Expect, therefore, no glowing description of female loveliness from me. Good-looking women doubtless exist in Mexico, but I have only been a few miles over the border, and have not seen them. A hazy recollection of flowers, in connection with this scene of church-going damsels, haunts me. But whether they were worn in the hair, or in the dress, or simply carried, I no longer recollect. Men in their colored zarapas and broad-brimmed hats chatted and smoked the eternal cigarette. Old women in black robes loitered about and gossiped. The commandante and a few officials sat on one of the old stone seats. A few miners loafed before the American hotel, the name of which I forget, as also that of the plump, jovial, masterful hostess and her tame English husband. Here I breakfasted, and in the afternoon went out to the mine—a distance of about twenty-three miles.

Past the Sierra Ventana (so-called on account of the hole or window by which a shoulder of it is perforated) and over wave after wave of rolling country sparsely scattered with mesketis-bush we rode, my guide and I, towards some ruddy hills in the distance. And dusk had fallen and night had come, when we ascended the mountain spur on which the mine was situated. The stalwart form of my friend, whom I will call by his nickname, Don Cabeza, came out of the cottage. Not expecting me, he took me for a new mining hand.

"Buenas noches, señor," said I.

"Buenas noches."

"Habla V. Castellano?"

"No hablo so much as all that comes to."

Then I burst out laughing.

"Why! If it isn't Francis!"

What a warm-hearted greeting he gave me! How hospitably he spread the best of everything he had before me! and even would he have relinquished his bed to me, had I allowed him to do so. I had a quantity of news for him, but much as he longed to hear it, he insisted on its narration being deferred until I should have slept and rested.

There is much that is very admirable in the character of these Western men. I speak not of the "store clerks and society men or bummers" for whom my old 'Frisco friend had such undisguised contempt, but of those who came in early days to California. They are lost in a crowd of a different type and of a later date now; wherever you find one though, you will find a large-hearted, generous man, with nothing "small or mean" in his whole character. In the better stamp of old Californian there is less of the snob than in any man in the world. He cares very little for what Pall Mall would call "good form," but he cares a great deal for what is manly and unselfish, and in carrying out these views he is as fearless of what others may think or say as he is of what they may do.

Those days were very pleasant up at the mine. Lazy? Well, yes; I fancy everything in Mexico is more or less lazy. We were so entirely out of the world; the trip moreover was so utterly disconnected with anything that came before or followed it, that, when I look back upon it, it stands out in solitary relief.

The Santa Ana was a new purchase; Don Cabeza was prospecting it. It promised well, but as yet he had not commenced to work it on a large scale. A dobe cottage of three rooms had been built for him and the foreman, and here we lived. Below us, in wattled huts, dwelt the Yaqui miners and their families. A little removed from the cottage was an open bough-thatched arbor, in which we took our meals. Betwixt this and the cottage was a stunted tree that served various purposes, besides being shady and ornamental. Lodged in the first fork was our water-barrel. The coffee-grinder was nailed to its trunk. In a certain crevice the soap was always to be found. Upon one bough hung the towels; the looking-glass depended from another. One branch supported the long iron drill that, used as



a gong, measured with beautifully musical tones the various watches of the miners. Amidst the roots, the axe in its leisure moments invariably reposed. Our tree, in short, was a kind of dumb-waiter, without which we should have been lost.

The country teemed with quail and jackass rabbits. We bought an old Westley Richards shot-gun in Magdalena, and did great slaughter amongst them. Deer were reported to be numerous, but during my stay we saw none. A great part of our time was spent in cooking. The China boy, nominally *chef*, was so wondrously dirty that, one day we rebelled and degraded him to the post of scullion; and, being rather proud of our culinary skill, we undertook the preparation of the meals ourselves. Jerked beef, bacon, quails, jackass rabbit, beans, and rice were the articles we had to work upon. Don Cabeza mixed the introductory cocktail, and took charge of the jerked beef and beans; the quails and jackass rabbit fell to my care; bacon was a neutral property; the rice we left to the Celestial. Most elaborate, at least in the titles, were the *menus* we produced. One Mexican dish that the don used to prepare, of jerked beef pounded and fried with a little butter and a few chopped chillies, was worthy of note. Jerked beef and jackass rabbit! We laughed as we compared these frugal meals with the extravagant breakfasts and dinners of a year ago at Marchand's, the California, and the Poodledog in San Francisco. And, by the way, if you are known at either of the above restaurants, you can be served there with a dinner that neither the *Trois Frères* nor Bignon's could easily excel.

Every now and then, some Yaqui men or women would come up from their little colony below to purchase something from the storeroom which, owing to the distance from town, it was necessary to keep for their benefit. Great was the mirth of the women to see Don Cabeza and me cooking. They said we were "loco" or mad. Good-tempered creatures were these Yaquis and easily pleased, for they regarded it as a signal compliment if I sketched one of them.

I never could understand why time sped so rapidly at the mine. There was really nothing to do there. So far as I was concerned this was fortunate, for, had there been, I never should have found time in which to do it. *Poco tiempo* is a phrase very easily adopted in this land of idleness and procrastination. Before morn-

ing had fairly broken, evening approached. And what evenings they were!

In the rear of the cottage, the spur led up to rocky cañons and gaunt ridges; before it, vast mesas stretched like a sea away to a far-off horizon of mountains that, in the distance, looked as soft as low-down clouds. Behind these purple ranges we lost the sun at night, when it sank to rest a molten mass of glowing, gleaming, iridescent fire, blinding to gaze upon. Swiftly it passed beyond ken, and sable shadows fell and dimmed the landscape. With imperceptible process they knit its distances together, shrouding the intervals in mystery and obscurity, till nought but the deceptively near sky-line was clearly visible. And above it like a halo on the mountains, the glow of orange deepening into red still suffused the heavens with subdued illumination. Thus on the one hand might be seen, high set in a fathomless depth of blue, amidst glittering cohorts of stars that were far and near twinkling and fixed, blue and white and red and yellow, the silver beauty of a crescent moon; on the other the lingering glory of the vanished sun. The effect was curious.

The foreman went early to bed and was early abroad. Not so Don Cabeza and I. When the mocking-bird in the mesquit-bush had ceased its plaintive song, and silence fell upon the land, we would light our largest pipes, endue us in our easiest garments, and sit (he on a carpenter's bench, I in a barrow) smoking and yarn-ing, yarn-ing and smoking, without thought of time, through the still watches of those enchanting southern nights. How many and what pleasant hours did we spend thus! But then Cabeza possessed a shrewd, crisp vein of wit, and an inexhaustible fund of experiences, yarns, anecdotes, and arguments. No more amusing fellow to sit and smoke with ever breathed.

Occasionally we went into Magdalena for stores and letters. Magdalena can boast of a past of some prosperity; a more important future lies before it. At present it bears the stamp of dilapidation, poverty, and squalor that characterizes most Spanish towns. Probably not a dozen of the inhabitants are unincumbered with debt, nevertheless everybody, even to the beggar in the street, possesses from two or three to ten or a dozen mines. It sounds absurd to hear a fellow in rags discoursing glibly about his mines. Still more absurd is it to know that many of



them are really of great value. The iron safe, however, is only to be opened by a golden key, and a coined dollar in Magdalena is worth a fortune underground. Little doubt exists that, when the railways now entering from the States are completed, and capital and energy pour into the country, enormous wealth will be found hidden in its veins of quartz. The hills around Magdalena give evidence of gold, silver, and galena ore in every direction. Nor is gold wanting in the riverbeds and valleys. All that is required is energy and capital.

Scarcity of water circumscribes the relative area of country suitable for cultivation; but where it is to be obtained its effect is magical, and the fertility of the land becomes almost incredible. Not a tithe of that which is eligible is cultivated, for the indolence of the natives is remarkable. Even such ordinary vegetables as potatoes and onions are scarcely to be obtained. A zarapa, a handful of beans, and a little tobacco suffice for all the Mexican's requirements. If his vocabulary were limited to "*Porque?*" and "*Poco tiempo,*" it would not inconvenience him.

Northern Sonora derives its chief support from cattle. In most instances the ranches are of large extent, but poorly stocked. Formerly they were in better condition, but they suffered severely from Apache raids, from which it is said that they have never entirely recovered. The Indians drove off or killed all but the very poorest animals, and the ranches have been restocked by the slow process of breeding from those they left. Lately a few bulls and stallions of a better class have been imported from the States. It is difficult to obtain a title to rancho property here. The rancho usually belongs to all such members of the family as choose to remain and live upon it. In some cases, therefore, the proprietors have become very numerous, and as families are not more apt to agree upon any given point in Mexico than they are elsewhere, a vast amount of bribery and diplomacy is required to effect a purchase.

One day the don and I came into Magdalena with the avowed intention of hiring a cook. The foreman, and Charley the Chinese boy, had been despatched once or twice unsuccessfully on the same errand, but Cabeza said: "I guess if we go ourselves, and they see how real nice we are, they'll all want to come." Accordingly we enlisted all the storekeepers in

the place in a search for "a real way-up cook who can make chile-con-carne, tamales, and all the best Mexican dishes, besides understanding American cookery." "And say," Cabeza would conclude, in giving his directions, "she's got to be a beautiful woman too, because we're good-looking ourselves, and we don't like to see homely women about the place."

Having posted our requirements in the various stores, we went off to the American hotel, where, by dint of making desperate love to the plump hostess, we succeeded in obtaining a sack of potatoes and half a sack of onions — part of a consignment she had lately received from Hermosillo. She had just been engaged in a battle royal with the waiter, whom she had demolished with the kitchen coal-shovel. She was inclined, therefore, to be very affable and good-humored, nay, she even volunteered, for a consideration, to come out to the mine and cook for us herself.

"You want a boss cook and a beauty, Don Cabeza, eh? Well, I guess I'm both. What'll you give me to come out to the mine and cook?"

The don was equal to the occasion.

"The fact is, Mrs. —, if we got you out there we should lose the only pleasure we have; we should never be able to get away, to come in here and see you," said he.

In the principal square in Magdalena stood the church; near it were the ruins of a still more ancient edifice. To the latter, called the Church of San Francisco, a legend was attached. I give it as it was related to me by a miner.

"Wal see, San wan't always a saint, San wan't. They do say he was 'customed sometimes to go on the scoop, on a bend as it were. However, he changed over in time and come to be a bishop. This here district was in his claim. Wal, happened once when the bishop was prospecting round, to see that the sky pilots on his claim was all at work, that the outfit banked up here for the night. Next morning, when they was all hitched up and ready for a start, they come to hoist old San on his mule and couldn't prize him up anyhow. They put on fresh hands and tried all they durned knew, but San he'd kind o' taken root, and thar he sat like an oyster on a rock, and weighed as heavy as a ton of lead. 'Boys,' says he at last, 'ye can let up hauling, soon as ye durned please. Guess I'll stay right here. Waltz in now an' put



up a church right away." And thar he stopped sure 'nough. An' that's how this here church an' town come to be built; least, so folks say hereabout. But they do lie here, too," he added reflectively after a pause.

I was making a sketch of this ruin one day, when the hostess of the American hotel came up and looked on.

"Why, if that ain't the old church! Say, are you a drawing-master?" she asked.

"Yes," said I mendaciously. "Do you think I could get any pupils about here?"

"Don't know; guess they don't go much for drawing here. You might get a few girls if you were cheap."

After the dusty and dirty town, we returned to the prettily situated dobe cottage at the mine with renewed pleasure. At length the time came for me to depart. The horses were driven in from the mesas; the near fore cart-wheel (which, when not in use, was invalided and kept in water, to prevent the wood shrinking from the iron tire) was fixed on; the old cart was lined with blankets, and we started one night after dinner to drive into Magdalena for the last time.

The day had been oppressive, but now there was a refreshing softness in the air. At every pace as we jogged along, hares lolloped across the road or played amidst the scattered mesquit-bush on either side of it. Occasionally the howl of a distant cayote might be heard. Night-hawks and owls flitted silently to and fro, and "shard-borne beetles" drowsily sang as they wheeled in the dreamy welkin. The stars, the stillness, and the silken winds combined to work a charm. Night wore her richest jewellery, sang low her softest melody, whispered her sweetest poem, and showed her beauty all unveiled even by the lightest fleece of silver cloud. Until I saw these Mexican skies I never knew how much more beautiful night was than day. For every star you dimly distinguish here, a thousand are clearly visible there. Their number and refulgence startle you. Were I to live in Mexico, I should be strongly tempted to rise at sundown and go to rest at dawn.

Once more the corpulent coach looms into view. Once more am I uncomfortably ensconced therein. With a torrent of Spanish invective and a terrific cracking of whips, we slowly start. The coach turns round a corner and I catch a last glimpse of Don Cabeza, with his hat off in the road, waving a kindly adieu to me.

F. FRANCIS.

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THE PURITAN ELEMENT IN  
LONGFELLOW.

ONE peculiar merit of Mr. Longfellow's poems is in some danger of being overlooked. It has never, so far as we are aware, been commemorated in such a form as to do it complete justice. The simpler side of his genius has secured for him such a reputation as has entirely overshadowed his rarer and subtler powers—the expression of which, in several instances, exalts him, in our idea, almost to the rank of the Greek dramatists. He has received his full meed of praise as a sweet lyrical poet. His songs and ballads and bits from his "Evangeline" are in all mouths, "familiar as household words." His delicate perception of the grace and beauty that inform commonplace life, and the affecting and felicitous touch with which he presents them to the imagination, combine to place him in a sphere apart, as the successful interpreter of some of those emotions of which Herder must have been thinking when he declared that the difference between cultivated and uncultivated men was not specific. Longfellow reveals the precise point where they can meet on common ground. He is pre-eminently the poet of the domestic affections, the poet of youth and childhood. But he strikes the universal note the more surely, because he reinforces it by a still but poignant sense of regret, which would probably tend to become depressing were it not that the moment it reaches its highest point of intensity, the imagination recovers itself by embracing a grand religious idea. Novalis has said that all "ultimate feeling is religious;" Longfellow's hold on "ultimate feeling" is that which makes him something more than the lyrical poet. A strong, half-dramatic opposition of two currents of emotion or experience is constantly suggested, if not plainly enforced, by him. Age and youth, success and failure, life and death, joy and sorrow, these are the two poles of his thought. That which gives at once the profound pathos and the captivating sense of a solemn gladness and a serene faith to Longfellow's lyrics is that also which is found to lie at the basis of his greater and more subtle efforts. It may, perhaps, be regarded as a service by some readers if we try to make this point clear, and give it illustration by extracts from the poems.

The peculiar mixture of sombreness and brightness in Mr. Longfellow's genius needs to be emphasized at the outset.



should be noted, however, that there is nothing of gloom about the one, nothing of dazzlingness or unrestful flash about the other. All is subdued, mellowed; there is throughout middle tint and tone. The sombreness is the gloom of the shy, retired recesses of the forest; the brightness is the sunlight that, coming sifted through the thick clusters of pine-needles, steals waveringly round the red stems of the firs, transfiguring them. The dew of the morning lies on the leaves there even at midday. The innocent, inspiring freshness owes something to the gloom as well as to the sun. This is the secret of the great attraction that must always lie in his lyrics alike for the old and the young. No poet of ancient or modern times has more successfully preserved the purity of youth alongside the meditative regretfulness of age, with no touch of cynicism or life-weariness. Nowhere, perhaps, is this more strikingly seen than in those of his lyrics which deal directly with childhood. The light, the grace, the innocent expectancy of hope, as of the springtime, suggests ever the gathering coldness, the solitariness, the gloom that threatens to steal on the heart of age. But it is kept in abeyance, because glimpses of the heaven of the past continually visit him and work their blessed reparations. He has given voice to this fact in such poems as "The Children's Hour," "Maidenhood," and "Weariness," the last two stanzas of which are from our present point of view as suggestive and striking as they are in themselves sweetly and simply expressive of a true emotion:—

O little hearts! that throb and beat  
With such impatient, feverish heat,  
Such limitless and strong desires;  
Mine that so long has glowed and burned  
With passions into ashes turned,  
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven, their source divine;  
Refracted through the mist of years,  
How red my setting sun appears,  
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

We have illustrations of the same thing in the poems entitled "Something left Undone" and "The Meeting," which so exactly illustrates this point that we must be allowed to quote it:—

#### THE MEETING.

After so long an absence  
At last we meet again:  
Does the meeting give us pleasure,  
Or does it give us pain?

The tree of life has been shaken,  
And but few of us linger now,  
Like the Prophet's two or three berries  
In the top of the uppermost bough.

We cordially greet each other  
In the old, familiar tone;  
And we think though we do not say it,  
How old and gray he is grown!

We speak of a Merry Christmas,  
And many a Happy New Year;  
But each in his heart is thinking  
Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their fortunes,  
And of what they did and said,  
Till the dead alone seem living,  
And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish  
Between the ghosts and the guests;  
And a mist and shadow of sadness  
Steals over our merriest jests.

Now, though to many it may come as a surprise, we hazard the statement that this peculiar mingling of brightness and shadowiness, in the outflow of his lyrical genius, owes much to the Puritan element in Longfellow, and has in fact a profoundly spiritual root. The idea of a world—unseen yet real—which stands in immediate relation with the visible one, and is influential over it, is ever present with him. It sometimes imparts a sense of solitariness, of remoteness, in spite of his geniality and strict simplicity of character as evinced in the poems. He looks out on the active and existing life around him; but he sees it through a medium of faith. The real thing becomes shadowy and remote, and the shadows are not seldom more real than the substance. Much as there is to distinguish Longfellow from his great fellow-Puritan poet, Nathaniel Hawthorne, he resembles him in this. Only Longfellow has a simpler and more hopeful faith, fed by a constant retreat on the consoling compensations of commonplace life, and maintained by careful escape from all pessimistic speculation. This is the special outcome of the Puritan influence, so strong and defined that we could hardly conceive what Mr. Longfellow would have been without it. It informs his earlier lyrical utterances, giving at once elevation and depth, a grave serenity, a mild and calm regretfulness, a serious repose, a strain of hopefulness and of deeper sentiment than could else have been realized. What Cotton Mather and Hawthorne say to each other about the spiritual world in "Giles Corey" may be taken not only as the utterance of the



prevailing Puritan sentiment as given by Longfellow, but as the main articles in the poet's own confession of faith:—

HATHORNE.

Some men there are, I have known such, who  
think  
That the two worlds—the seen and the un-  
seen,  
The world of matter and the world of spirit—  
Are like the hemispheres upon our maps,  
And touch each other only at a point.  
But these two worlds are not divided thus,  
Save for the purposes of common speech.  
They form one globe, in which the parted seas  
All flow together and are intermingled,  
While the great continents remain distinct.

MATHER.

I doubt it not. The spiritual world  
Lies all about us, and its avenues  
Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms  
That come and go, and we perceive them not  
Save by their influence, or when at times  
A most mysterious Providence permits them  
To manifest themselves to mortal eyes.

In the "New England Tragedies" we have the complete expression of this side of Mr. Longfellow's genius. He desires to make us understand the source of that iron strength of character and will which so distinguished those remarkable men who built up a grand polity in the West. With this end in view he presents them precisely in the situations which most directly show the triumph of conviction and the religious principle over all conflicting motives, and yet which bring into view their share in common human passion and weakness. To believe that the New England Puritans were merely like so many pieces of animated statuary, without soul, without blood, without passion, were totally to misconceive the men, and to lay down an utterly unintelligible canon of judgment. To associate men of such cold and frosty temperament with tragedy would, at all events, have been a mistake. But under the coarse jerkins there beat fiery hearts, under the steeple-hats lay brains that were not always in repose, though self-restraint was the first of virtues. The tragedy arises from the complete submergence of strong passion under a stern energy of will and lofty sense of duty. The "natural man"—mere inclination—which stands for so much in the lives of others is regarded by the Puritan as the source of all temptation, and must be ruthlessly gainsaid. Simple as it seems, the apprehension of this and the efficient rendering of it, without touch of didacticism, in art as unob-

trusive as it is massive and simple, is the greatest testimony to Mr. Longfellow's genius. To make us realize the force and grandeur of conviction which alone could have sustained these men through the cruel persecutions of the Quakers—women as well as men—and to make us love and revere the Quakers for their devotedness, in spite of their occasional follies, while not lessening our regard for the Puritans, shows the highest dramatic power. It was comparatively easy for Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his sketch "Endicott and the Red Cross," to enlist our sympathy for the hero. There the interest results simply from decisive action. There was in that case no inward conflict of the character which gives such tragic intensity to "Salem Farms." The stern independence and patriotism of the old Puritan governor alone appear there, and old and young alike must feel a spontaneous thrill of admiration for his braided in cutting out from the flag what he took for the sign and symbol of a great wrong done by England to the conscience of the Puritans. But when the old man is divided in mind, when his will is no longer at one with itself in carrying out the behests of conscience, when natural affection is set at war with religious zeal, then we realize the possibility of the deepest tragedy, of which Mr. Longfellow has made such admirable use.

This is the secret of the power of the tragedies. We are made to feel for Endicott as true a sympathy as we experience for the persecuted Quakers. When his own favorite son separates from him, not only in sympathy but in declared act, and passes to the side of the young Quaker who had been doomed to death, resolved to share her fate, if he may only be permitted, the height of tragic interest is attained. And Mr. Longfellow efficiently deals with it. We are as glad that death comes when it does come to relieve the Puritan governor from the fatal conflict of head and heart, as we are at the repentance that arrives from England for the Quakers. This is of the very essence of tragedy, and scarcely is there to be found a more salient illustration of it outside the works of dramatists of the first rank. This indeed is "pity teaching by fear."

We feel we can do justice to Longfellow and efficiently support the position we have taken only by quoting the closing scene of Endicott, wherein, after having done stern duty on the Quakers, he renders himself to the demands of natural affection:—



ENDICOTT.

lost, O loved! wilt thou return no more?  
 loved and lost, and loved the more when  
 lost!

How many men are dragged into their graves  
 their rebellious children! I now feel  
 the agony of a father's breaking heart  
 David's cry, "O Absalom, my son."

BELLINGHAM.

Do you not turn your thoughts a little while  
 to public matters? There are papers here  
 that need attention.

ENDICOTT.

Trouble me no more!  
 My business now is with another world.  
 Richard Bellingham! I greatly fear  
 that in my righteous zeal I have been led  
 to doing many things which, left undone,  
 my mind would now be easier. Did I dream  
 of it,  
 has some person told me, that John Norton  
 is dead?

BELLINGHAM.

You have not dreamed it. He is dead  
 and gone to his reward. It was no dream.

ENDICOTT.

When it was very sudden; for I saw him  
 standing where you now stand not long ago.

BELLINGHAM.

By his own fireside, in the afternoon,  
 faintness and a giddiness came o'er him;  
 and, leaning on the chimney-piece, he cried,  
 "The hand of God is on me!" and fell dead.

ENDICOTT.

Had did not some one say, or have I dreamed  
 of it,  
 that Humphrey Atherton is dead?

BELLINGHAM.

Alas!  
 He too is gone, and by a death as sudden.  
 Returning home one evening, at the place  
 where usually the Quakers have been scourged,  
 his horse took fright, and threw him on the  
 ground,  
 so that his brains were dashed about the  
 street.

ENDICOTT.

I am not superstitious, Bellingham,  
 and yet I tremble lest it may have been  
 judgment on him.

BELLINGHAM.

So the people think.  
 They say his horse saw standing in the way  
 the ghost of William Leddra, and was fright-  
 ened.  
 And furthermore, brave Richard Davenport,  
 the captain of the Castle, in the storm  
 was been struck dead by lightning.

ENDICOTT.

Speak no more.  
 For as I listen to your voice it seems

As if the Seven Thunders uttered their voices,  
 And the dead bodies lay about the streets  
 Of the disconsolate city! Bellingham,  
 I did not put those wretched men to death.  
 I did but guard the passage with the sword  
 Pointed towards them, and they rushed upon  
 it!

Yet now I would that I had taken no part  
 In all that bloody work.

BELLINGHAM.

The guilt of it  
 Be on their heads, not ours.

ENDICOTT.

Are all set free?

BELLINGHAM.

All are at large.

ENDICOTT.

And none have been sent back  
 To England to malign us with the king?

BELLINGHAM.

The ship that brought them sails this very  
 hour,  
 But carries no one back.

[A distant cannon.

ENDICOTT.

What is that gun?

BELLINGHAM.

Her parting signal. Through the window  
 there,  
 Look, you can see her sails, above the roofs,  
 Dropping below the Castle, outward bound.

ENDICOTT.

O white, white, white! Would that my soul  
 had wings  
 As spotless as those shining sails to fly with!  
 Now lay this cushion straight. I thank you.  
 Hark!  
 I thought I heard the hall-door open and shut!  
 I thought I heard the footsteps of my boy!

BELLINGHAM.

It was the wind. There's no one in the pas-  
 sage.

ENDICOTT.

O Absalom, my son! I feel the world  
 Sinking beneath me, sinking, sinking!  
 Death knocks! I go to meet him! Wel-  
 come, Death!

[Rises and sinks back dead; his head falling  
 aside upon his shoulder.

BELLINGHAM.

O ghastly sight! Like one who has been  
 hanged!

Endicott! Endicott! He makes no answer.

[Raises ENDICOTT'S head.

He breathes no more! how bright this signet-  
 ring

Glitters upon his hand, where he has worn it  
 Through such long years of trouble, as if  
 Death



Had given him this memento of affection,  
And whispered in his ear, "Remember me!"  
How placid and how quiet is his face,  
Now that the struggle and the strife are ended!  
Only the acrid spirit of the times  
Corroded this true steel. O, rest in peace,  
Courageous heart! Forever rest in peace!

The reaction to a tender mood of mind through these thoughts about his son — his Absalom — prepares him for so much else — to see for one thing the possibility that it might have been better for him had much of the work he did been left by him undone. Here the pathos of profound regret comes to add a softening grace to the unattractive rigor of the old man's character as at first presented to us.

In the drama of "Giles Corey," the first aim is to show us that the individual Puritans in their fierce outbreak against witchcraft were not actuated by malicious motives merely — that they were so far the victims of their own times, as Bel-lingham says at the close of *Endicott*, which laid upon them the sad task of healing, as far as they could, what was then, as they held, the "open sore of the world." For the dread of witchcraft and the hatred of it was not confined to the Puritans; it was then universal, only the intense religious convictions of the Puritans, which laid it upon them actively to deal with and defeat all evident machinations of the devil, impelled them, for conscience' sake, to exercise all means to put it down. Mr. Longfellow admirably expresses the thought, which is, indeed, *the* master-thought of the drama, in his prologue: —

The only men of dignity and state  
Were then the Minister and the Magistrate,  
Who ruled their little realm with iron rod,  
*Less in the love than in the fear of God.*  
And who believed devoutly in the Powers  
Of darkness, working in this world of ours  
In spells of witchcraft, incantations, dread  
And shrouded apparitions of the dead;  
Upon this simple folk "with fire and flame,"  
Saith the old Chronicle, "the Devil came,"  
Scattering his firebrands and his poisonous  
    darts,  
To set on fire of hell all tongues and hearts.  
And 'tis no wonder; for, with all his host,  
There most he rages where he hateth most,  
And is most hated; so on us he brings  
All those stupendous and portentous things!  
Something of this our scene to-night will  
    show;  
And ye who listen to the Tale of Woe,  
Be not too swift in casting the first stone,  
Nor think New England bears the guilt alone.  
This sudden burst of wickedness and crime  
Was but the common madness of the time,

When in all lands, that lie within the sound  
Of Sabbath bells, a witch was burned or  
    drowned.

The peculiar interest of "Giles Corey" lies in the view of fatality or prevision that runs through it. Martha Corey, yet unsuspect, has dreadful dreams, being accused along with her husband — her forecasts are only too faithful fore-runners of her fate. She says to her husband: —

I dreamt that you and I were both in prison;  
That we had fetters on our hands and feet;  
That we were taken before the Magistrates,  
And tried for witchcraft and condemned to  
    death!

I wished to pray, they would not let me pray;  
You tried to comfort me, and they forbade it.  
But the most dreadful thing in all my dream  
Was that they made you testify against me!  
And then there came a kind of mist between  
    us;

I could not see you; and I woke in terror.  
I never was more thankful in my life  
Than when I found you sleeping at my side!

The portraits of Hathorne — the witch judge and progenitor of Nathaniel Hawthorne — in his grim, unbending severity and of Gardner and Mather, are done with a few severe but decisive touches. There is no attempt at rhetorical adornment; but the fateful air of a conscience supported superstition pervades it all, and only the sense of a stern integrity that could sacrifice itself for conscience' sake on the part of the persecutors makes it at all tolerable.

Considering that Mr. Longfellow has kept so close to the facts as found in the most authoritative records of the period it is astonishing how he has maintained unity of effect. Now and then the bald and almost prosaic introduction of actual matters of fact only helps him here. The severe and bare style of the verse is thus found to have a good reason. Rhetorical effect would have spoiled the whole. In no portion of the volume is this more noticeable than in the passage which represents Giles Corey called to give evidence against his wife Martha —

MARTHA.

Give me leave to speak  
Will you condemn me on such evidence, —  
You who have known me for so many years!  
Will you condemn me in this house of God,  
Where I so long have worshipped with you all  
Where I have eaten the bread and drunk the  
    wine  
So many times at our Lord's Table with you  
Bear witness, you that hear me; you all know  
That I have led a blameless life among you;



That never any whisper of suspicion  
Was breathed against me till this accusation.  
And shall this count for nothing? Will you  
take

My life away from me because this girl,  
Who is distraught, and not in her right mind,  
Accuses me of things I blush to name?

HATHORNE.

What! is it not enough? Would you hear  
more?  
Giles Corey!

[Enter COREY.]

COREY.

I am here.

HATHORNE.

Come forward, then.

[COREY ascends a platform.]

Is it not true, that on a certain night  
You were impeded strangely in your prayers?  
That something hindered you? and that you  
left

This woman here, your wife, kneeling alone  
Upon the hearth?

COREY.

Yes; I cannot deny it.

HATHORNE.

Did you not say the devil hindered you?

COREY.

I think I said some words to that effect.

HATHORNE.

Is it not true, that fourteen head of cattle,  
To you belonging, broke from their enclosure  
And leaped into the river, and were drowned?

COREY.

It is most true.

HATHORNE.

And did you not then say  
That they were overlooked?

COREY.

So much I said.

I see; they're drawing round me closer, closer,  
A net I cannot break, cannot escape from.

[Aside.]

HATHORNE.

Who did these things?

COREY.

I do not know who did them.

HATHORNE.

Then I will tell you. It is some one near you;  
You see her now; this woman, your own wife.

COREY.

I call the heavens to witness; it is false!  
She never harmed me, never hindered me  
In anything but what I should not do.  
And I bear witness in the sight of heaven,  
And in God's house here, that I never knew  
her

As otherwise than patient, brave, and true,  
Faithful, forgiving, full of charity,  
A faithful and industrious goodwife.

HATHORNE.

Tut, tut, man! do not rant so in your speech.  
You are a witness, not an advocate.  
Here, Sheriff, take this woman back to prison!

MARTHA.

O Giles, this day you've sworn away my life!

COREY.

The dream! the dream! the dream!

HATHORNE.

What does he say?

Giles Corey, go not hence! You are yourself  
Accused of witchcraft and of sorcery  
By many witnesses. Say, are you guilty?

COREY.

I know my death is foreordained by you —  
Mine and my wife's. Therefore I will not an-  
swer.

And then evidence is adduced, that of  
Gloyd and others, and Giles is condemned  
also.

But Mr. Longfellow would have been  
unjust to the earlier Puritan life of Mas-  
sachusetts if he had dealt only with the  
fatality and terror of it. The poet is pre-  
eminently the man of vision, who must  
deal with the light and joy of life as well  
as with its sombre gloom and shadow.  
He relieved the shadow for us, as if under  
dramatic necessity, even while dealing  
with the most tragic elements, by showing  
faithfully the conflict of inner motives; he  
must also, to be faithful, reflect independ-  
ently the brightness and gladness of it,  
so as to maintain his hold on the univer-  
sal, and find the balance without which all  
nature, as well as human nature, were but  
a problem and a terror. This result is  
due to the refined spirituality of the poet's  
nature working in harmony with true if  
not very robust imaginative health. There  
is hardly a more hopeless position than  
that of the poet who dwells only on the  
painful and repulsive, who gloats on the  
horrors, the disorders, the defeated aims  
and aspirations, the blank disappoint-  
ments, the hopeless efforts of men. Mr.  
Longfellow did something to reflect the  
light and tenderness of Puritanism before  
he touched its more tragic side, and this,  
too, is quite consistent with his character  
and genius. This showed not only his  
insight, but his art.

We spoke of Mr. Longfellow's genius  
as having, in its mingled strain of sombre-  
ness and brightness, something suggestive  
of the primeval forests of his own coun-  
try. This we regard as a more efficient



criticism than might at first appear. Mr. Longfellow's love for the primeval wilderness, whose shadowy and romantic past he has done so much to restore for us, with a simple sylvan freedom and grace, is dominant and distinguishing. It forms one of the chief features of "Evangeline," as it does of "Hiawatha," of "Elizabeth," in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," as well as of "The Courtship of Miles Standish;" and even in "Kavanaugh" the forest is the background of the village. In truth, with Mr. Longfellow the forest is always conceived as a background for human figures, who softly harmonize with it; and this, notwithstanding that they are invariably animated by some passion lying close to a sentiment or conviction which is, as we have said, intimately allied with religion, if it is not religious. This is well seen in "Elizabeth," "Evangeline," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish." He never seeks to gain effect by forcible and weird contrast of the quiet and calm of nature with the searching, fiery pang, the sudden, stinging beat of the heart, as Nathaniel Hawthorne often does, and very strikingly in that passage in "The Scarlet Letter" where little Pearl runs and catches the fatal emblem which Hester had cast into the forest stream, and insists in replacing on her mother's breast. This weird and inconsistent artistic casuistry would disturb his sense of harmony. He delights not in such painful surprises, but would rather indulge in the touches that reconcile and speak for the good side of those he would paint for us. He would fain show that these severe Puritans had more of heart and affection than their outward conduct often showed, just as he aims at subduing the more repulsive features in the Red Indians. The fiendishness of Chillingworth in "The Scarlet Letter" would have paralyzed his artistic powers. From this point of view, the poems representing the more attractive elements of Puritanism and the "Tragedy of the Salem Farms" have one and the same aim — a point which might be illustrated by extensive citations.

We shall not further refer to "Evangeline" here, as it is familiar to every ordinarily well-read person, nor to any of the others further than to present the following picture from "Miles Standish," in which, as we may say, are gathered up all the character and sentiment of Puritan life in early New England in its more attractive aspects: —

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists up-  
rose from the meadows,  
There was a stir and a sound in the slumber-  
ing village of Plymouth;  
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order  
imperative — "Forward!"  
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and  
then silence;  
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out  
of the village.  
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his  
valorous army,  
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok,  
friend of the white men,  
Northward marching to quell the wild revolt  
of the savage.  
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty  
men of King David;  
Giants in heart they were, who believed in  
God and the Bible: —  
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites  
and Philistines.  
Over them gleamed far off the crimson ban-  
ners of morning;  
Under them loud on the sands, the serried bil-  
lows, advancing,  
Fired along the line, and in regular order re-  
treated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at  
length the village of Plymouth  
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its  
manifold labors.  
Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the  
smoke from the chimneys  
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed stead-  
ily eastward;  
Men came forth from the doors, and paused  
and talked of the weather,  
Said that the wind had changed, and was  
blowing fair for the May Flower;  
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all  
the dangers that menaced,  
He being gone, the town, and what should be  
done in his absence.  
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices  
of women  
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of  
the household.  
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows  
rejoiced at his coming;  
Beautiful were his feet as the purple tops of  
the mountains;  
Beautiful on the sails of the May Flower riding  
at anchor,  
Battered and blackened and worn by all the  
storms of the winter.  
Loosely against her masts was hanging and  
flapping her canvas,  
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the  
hands of the sailors.  
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over  
the ocean,  
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward;  
anon rang  
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar,  
and the echoes



Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun  
of departure !  
Ah ! but with louder echoes replied the hearts  
of the people !  
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was  
read from the Bible,  
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in  
fervent entreaty !  
Then from their houses in haste came forth  
the Pilgrims of Plymouth,  
Men and women and children, all hurrying  
down to the seashore,  
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the  
May Flower,  
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving  
them here in the desert.

When the reader has set this faithfully  
alongside of the more tragic passages we  
have already quoted from the "Salem  
Farms," etc., he will, we think, be pre-  
pared to endorse generally what we just  
now said.

"Hiawatha" is, in one important re-  
spect, the most remarkable of Mr. Long-  
fellow's poems. It is unique. The sub-  
ject was by no means promising. To the  
prosaic intellect, to the sharp and exact-  
ing common sense of the American na-  
tion, the Red Indian had become repel-  
lent. Instead of the romance with which  
some story-tellers had surrounded him,  
he was simply a "loafing," drinking, un-  
scrupulous wretch, who to the vices of  
savagery had wedded some of the worst  
indulgences of civilized man. As Artemus  
Ward says, only too truly reflecting the  
national feeling, "Injins is pison wherever  
found." But the Indian had a past, full  
of its own wild beauty of song and love  
and legend ; he had, therefore, a right to  
existence in the imagination as well as in  
the common sense. No act of Congress,  
no introduction of civilized vices that  
degraded and ruined him, body and soul,  
could annihilate that. The primeval  
American forest in its true character, as  
Mr. Longfellow loved to think of it and  
to brood over it in fancy, could not be  
restored without glimpses of the head-  
feathers, the moccasins, and the belts of  
wampum being at least caught through  
the thickets of trees. Mr. Longfellow's  
demand for the picturesque allied itself  
with his demand for truth and for human  
interest, and the forest must be peopled  
with its own proper tenants. And as the  
forest existed for him through the senti-  
ment that it inspired, so the Indian life  
existed for him only in imagination ; it  
translated itself into an ideal in his mind  
as he dwelt upon its poetry and associa-  
tions. He gives us, therefore, the typical  
life of the uncorrupted Indian, relieved

from the accidental and degrading accom-  
paniments which even then may have  
characterized it. And just as there is no  
surer means of arousing pity and forbear-  
ance for those who have "fallen," than to  
recall some touch of generosity, some  
grace of manner, some noble inclination,  
some lofty impulse issuing in self-denying  
deed, so we may say that Mr. Longfellow  
put in the strongest plea for the Indians  
by saying in effect, "Behold the Indian  
as he may have been in the days of his  
prime, before he became the victim of  
your own influence, for which you now  
abhor and hate and punish him." In  
writing thus, Mr. Longfellow was, as the  
poet always should be, the reconciler. To  
see things in their ideal aspects is always  
to see them on their attractive side ; and  
something is done for humanity when  
anything whatever is so revealed and in-  
terpreted. "The poet bestows on every  
object its fit proportions, neither more nor  
less. He is the arbiter of the diverse,  
and he is the key. He is the equalizer of  
his age and land. He supplies what  
wants supplying, and checks what wants  
checking. . . . He is no arguer, he is  
judgment. He judges not as the judge  
judges, but as the sun falling around a  
helpless thing. As he sees the farthest,  
he has the most faith. His thoughts are  
the hymns of the praise of things. The  
presence of the greatest poet conquers ;  
not parleying or struggling, or any pre-  
pared attempts. Now he has passed that  
way, see after him ! there is not left any  
vestige of despair or misanthropy, or  
cunning or exclusiveness, or the ignominy  
of a nativity or a color ; and no man  
thenceforward shall be degraded for igno-  
rance, or weakness, or sin. The great  
poet hardly knows pettiness or triviality.  
If he breathes into anything that was be-  
fore thought small or coarse, it dilates  
with the grandeur and life of the uni-  
verse."

And precisely on this principle has Mr.  
Longfellow recreated the Indian, and  
compelled the American people, and in-  
deed all civilized people, to recognize his  
brotherhood by right of the beauty of the  
soul that once was in him. Therefore, in  
the true spirit of appeal to the universal  
instincts and longings of human nature  
for freshness, for beauty, for poetic truth,  
he makes this introduction : —

Should you ask me, whence these stories ?  
Whence these legends and traditions,  
With the odors of the forest,  
With the dew and damp of meadows,  
With the curling smoke of wigwams,



With the rushing of great rivers,  
With their frequent repetitions,  
And their wild reverberations,  
As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,  
"From the forests and the prairies,  
From the great lakes of the Northland,  
From the land of the Ojibways,  
From the land of the Dacotahs,  
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands,  
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.  
I repeat them as I heard them  
From the lips of Nawadaha,  
The musician, the sweet singer."

Should you ask where Nawadaha  
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,  
Found these legends and traditions,  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
"In the bird's-nests of the forest,  
In the lodges of the beaver,  
In the hoof-prints of the bison,  
In the eyry of the eagle!

"All the wild-fowl sang them to him,  
In the moorlands and the fenlands,  
In the melancholy marshes;  
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,  
Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose, Wawa,  
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
And the grouse, the Mushkodosa!"

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,  
Love the sunshine of the meadow,  
Love the shadow of the forest,  
Love the wind among the branches,  
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,  
And the rushing of great rivers  
Through their palisades of pine-trees,  
And the thunder in the mountains,  
Whose innumerable echoes  
Flap like eagles in their eyries;  
Listen to these wild traditions,  
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,  
Love the ballads of a people,  
That like voices from afar off  
Call to us to pause and listen,  
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,  
Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
Whether they are sung or spoken; —  
Listen to this Indian Legend,  
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,  
Who have faith in God and Nature,  
Who believe, that in all ages  
Every human heart is human,  
That in even savage bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings, strivings  
For the good they comprehend not,  
That the feeble hands and helpless,  
Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,  
And are lifted up and strengthened: —  
Listen to this simple story,  
To this Song of Hiawatha!

The method in which Mr. Longfellow  
has told the story of Hiawatha — the hero

of miraculous birth, who was sent among  
the Indians to clear their rivers, forests,  
and fishing-grounds, and who taught them  
many other elevating arts, especially that  
of picture-writing — is singularly well  
fitted for its purpose. The metre has  
precisely the mixture of simplicity and  
sweet, wild strangeness that marks the  
matter. Whether he tells of Old Noko-  
mis, the nurse, or the visit to the old  
arrow-maker, and Hiawatha's wooing and  
wedding of Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
or the picture of the Famine, or the White  
Man's Foot, all is touched with the breath  
of the forest.

Very picturesque and faithful is the ac-  
count of Hiawatha's wooing and wedding,  
and also of his journey homeward with  
Minnehaha. It certainly has all the col-  
or, all the subdued stir and glow of the  
forest: —

All the travelling winds went with them,  
O'er the meadow, through the forest;  
All the stars of night looked at them,  
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;  
From his ambush in the oak-tree  
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Scampered from the path before them,  
Peering, peeping from his burrow,  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.  
Pleasant was the journey homeward!  
All the birds sang loud and sweetly  
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;  
Sang the blue bird, the Owaissa,  
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,  
Having such a wife to love!"  
Sang the Opechee, the Robin,  
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,  
Having such a noble husband."

From the sky the sun benignant  
Looked upon them through the branches,  
Saying to them, "O my children,  
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,  
Life is chequered shade and sunshine,  
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,  
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,  
Whispered to them, "O my children,  
Day is restless, night is quiet,  
Man imperious, woman feeble;  
Half is mine, although I follow;  
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Even here there steals in some suggestion  
of the tone of regret of which we have  
spoken, justifying fully what we have said  
on that point and its bearing on Longfel-  
low's general conceptions of life.

Finally, we must add that the departure  
of Hiawatha from among his people, for  
the good of his people, is touched with  
the true glamor of legend, but it is spirit-



ualized and beautified in the light of a later gospel. It is here that the Puritan sentiment, which so informs all Mr. Longfellow's poems, comes into play in this poem where we should least expect to find it:—

Forth into the village went he,  
Bade farewell to all the warriors,  
Bade farewell to all the young men,  
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:

"I am going, O my people,  
On a long and distant journey;  
Many moons and many winters  
Will have come, and will have vanished,  
Ere I come again to see you.  
But my guests I leave behind me;  
Listen to their words of wisdom,  
Listen to the truth they tell you,  
For the Master of Life hath sent them  
From the land of light and morning!"

On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
Turned and waved his hand at parting;  
On the clear and luminous water  
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,  
From the pebbles of the margin  
Shoved it forth into the water:  
Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"  
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending  
Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,  
Left upon the level water  
One long track and trail of splendor,  
Down whose stream as down a river,  
Westward, westward Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
Sailed into the purple vapors,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin  
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,  
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted  
High into that sea of splendor,  
Till it sank into the vapors  
Like the new moon, slowly, slowly  
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"  
Said "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
And the forests, dark and lonely,  
Moved through all their mists of darkness,  
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
And the waves upon the margin  
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,  
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her haunts among the fenlands  
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,  
Hiawatha the Beloved,  
In the glory of the sunset,  
In the purple mists of evening,  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the North-west wind Keewaydin,  
To the islands of the Blessed,  
To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter.

The peculiar idea of a mysterious disappearance into an unknown and yet not

an unblessed region, at once brings "Hiawatha" into association with that wonderful circle of legend, of which Mr. Moncure Conway has written so interestingly in his suggestive volume titled, "The Wandering Jew." It is here that Puritanism, with its constant sense of a mysterious spiritual world which lies around us, and may at any moment claim us, weds with the wild instinctive religious longings of the savage man. Mr. Longfellow has found for both a justification and a home in the imagination; and has made us feel that no form of life is without relation to other forms, that whatever sects may do, the poet cannot absolutely anathematize anything; but in finding its point of universality finds also its point of beauty, and thus adds a new element to our common humanity and its possibilities of sympathetic comprehension.

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From The London Times.  
AMERICAN NOVELS.

#### I.

SOME little time ago a writer in the *American Art Review*, after an elaborate casting up of the present tendencies and results of American art came to the conclusion that "a time is approaching when artists native born and native bred will give us works of genius in every respect sprung from the soil, and yet approximating to or surpassing foreign works in technical excellence." As far as figure-painting is concerned, indeed, our critic admits that this expected day of triumph for a native-born American art is still far off. American figure drawing, he believes, will not succeed in emancipating itself from foreign ideas and foreign models until "our artists, whether painters or sculptors, have become imbued with the characteristics of the mental and physical race types which are being evolved on this continent." And such an assimilative process is a slow one, constantly retarded as it is by all the attractions of Old World types and traditions. But with regard to landscape and decorative art we are confidently told a time of original and rapid development is approaching. On the whole, most observers will agree that in the now flourishing and vigorous schools of American etching and engraving this prophecy of the *American Art Review* is every year finding a larger measure of fulfilment. America may be still a long way from her Meissonier, but



at the same time in many of her etchers and engravers she now possesses men of independent power, whose art, originally learnt from France or England, has been passed through the crucible of American feeling and American association, and has come out re-made, inspired by a spirit which is neither French nor English, but essentially and distinctively American. Instead of drawing Venice or Constantinople, the etchers of Boston or New York are beginning to find flavor and charm in New England towns or Virginian woods, in the dreary stretches of the salt marshes, or in the long lines of barges floating on the broad breast of the Hudson. The true sentiment of the country, with all its peculiarities and its native incomparable features, is passing into their work, and the result is an art which, however imperfect, is yet spontaneous and original. From the stage when it was a mere reflection of European schools, it has advanced to one of independence, and when we think of it we put it at least in a place of its own.

This conquest of an individual and special place is a turning-point in the history of a country's art. And as with art so with literature, or at least with all those sections of literature which are concerned with imaginative expression. The all-important thing is to learn to see with your own eyes, to make the methods which others have taught you serve your own new and home-born purposes. When the writers of a young country have reached this point, those around are witnesses to the birth of a literature, which, however callow and immature, is still a fresh entity, and opens a fresh chapter in the development of the human mind. There are many signs that at the present moment such a new literature is coming into being in America. For although America has had a few great writers, she can scarcely be said hitherto to have possessed a literature. No distinctive school of imaginative composition, whether in verse or prose, has until recent years risen within her bounds. Such a school, however, in our opinion, is now rising. The beginnings, indeed, are modest and unpretending, and may easily be overlooked by those who ask for more ambitious things. Nor are they like the beginnings of any Old World literature. Each young European nation entered upon an independent literary life through ballads and romances. But Western civilization has grown too old for ballads, and its youngest children must learn their lessons differently.

American imaginative literature, at any rate, is likely to have its birth in a national school of novel-writing, and the stories of Mr. James, Mr. Howells, or Mr. Cable, stand for the New World's *chansons de geste*.

The rise of a new school of fiction is not an event which in these days of literary staleness should be lightly passed over. Henceforward, we begin to perceive, American novels are to rank as a fresh source of imaginative pleasure. We may well ask with some interest to what writers and to what books do we owe our new possession? What are its features in the present and its promise for the future? In the first place, we may perhaps insist upon it that the new school dates from to-day, and has been planted by living men. Hawthorne was a great writer and a powerful novelist, but in most respects he stood alone, conditioned only by his own personal gifts and immediate surroundings, nor was his genius in any sense distinctively American. His best known, although not his greatest, novel, "Transformation," is steeped in the subtlest European sentiment; his greatest book, "The Scarlet Letter," deals with that earliest America which, in the midst of much that was striking and novel, was still in spirit but an exiled Europe. Of the youth, the stir, the enormous range, the peculiar problems of modern American life, his books show no reflection, for the "Blithedale Romance" echoed merely the fanciful social philosophy of a few *esprits d'élite*, and the America of to-day finds its descriptions and its theorizings equally unreal. Only on one side can his work be said to survive in that of the younger school of writers. His "American Note-Books," which are far too little read in England, show very much the same power of delicate and yet realistic observation which is the predominant quality of Mr. Howells's and of Mr. James's writings. The tramping pedlar, the little laughing sempstress who comes to make his wife's dresses, the travelling surgeon-dentist, who "has given me an account, among other matters, of all his love affairs, which are rather curious as illustrative of the life of a smart young country fellow in relation to the gentle sex;" the elderly blacksmith, whose conversation "has much strong, unlettered sense, imbued with humor, as everybody's talk is in New England;" the newly wedded couple, both leaning sideways against the back of the coach, perusing their mutual comeliness, and apparently mak-



ing complimentary observations upon it to one another;" or the "underwitted old man," who meets Hawthorne on his walks, insists on his right to shake hands with him "as a friend of mankind," and chatters to him of his dead wife, his circus-riding children, and the sprightly widow to whom he is paying foolish, half-witted court,—these figures and a hundred others stand out from the pages of the "Note-Books" with the same frank simplicity, the same sharpness and daintiness of outline which mark the character-drawing of "Roderick Hudson" and "The Lady of the Aroostook." But this proves no more than that a certain faculty of close sub-humorous observation is native to the American mind, the peculiar product perhaps of American conditions. The credit of having first found for it a definite field in literature, of having made it the controlling force of a new kind and species of imaginative work, belongs not to Hawthorne, great as he was, but to his modern successors. It was Mr. Henry James who first familiarized English readers with the type of American novel we are discussing, and we have already named him as the head of the school. His strong analytic sense of character, his contempt for the ordinary novelist's machinery, his delicate feeling now for the contrasts and now for the sympathies of human life, have taught English writers valuable lessons, which are already bearing fruit. But as an American novelist, he is less representative, less prophetic of future development than one or two of his contemporaries. Mr. James has perhaps written too much for foreign publics, and America perceives her revenge in a certain detachment from American interests and types which makes some of his work rather dry and ineffective. His readers are apt to wonder whether or not Mr. James does not sometimes resent his American nationality. He writes of American things and persons because he knows them, and because they present a new field of observation. His American girls, in spite of an abnormal capacity for self-analysis, are delightfully naïve and honest, his men are shrewd, forcible creatures, who make their mark upon you, but in the end a sort of subtle coldness communicates itself from writer to reader. The strangenesses and crudities of American life, which in the pages of Mr. Howells have the sort of charm which belongs to everything young and half-grown, are rather repellent than attractive in those of Mr. James. The one writer belongs

to the world he describes, he is of it heart and soul, even when he is laughing at it; the other is practically outside it. And as on the whole a mood of affection is more likely to produce lasting imaginative work than a mood of criticism, it is from Mr. Howells we believe rather than from Mr. James that this new school of American writing will receive its decisive and shaping impulse.

A recent paper in the *Century*, has given us a pleasant account of Mr. Howells and his work. He began life as a compositor under his father, who was the editor and publisher of an Ohio newspaper. During all the early years of his life he was spending half his time on the technicalities of printing and publishing, and the other half in an eager pursuit of books and ideas. These lives alternately filled with manual labor and mental cultivation are common in America, and their product is often a peculiar elasticity and originality of temperament. Mr. Howells, as a young man, seems to have gathered his impressions over a wide range of experiences, from the homeliest upwards, and when he began to write he came to his task equipped with a genuinely American combination of refinement with unconventionality. His first ventures were in poetry. Verse, however, was not his true instrument, and his next attempts in realistic prose revealed where his strength lay. These were made in the shape of Italian journals and sketch-books written after his first sojourn in Italy as American consul at Venice; for in 1861, at the age of twenty-four, he left Ohio for Boston, and after a short stay there the post at Venice presented itself. The "Venetian Sketch-Book" published in 1865 and the admirable novel called "A Foregone Conclusion" are proofs of the kindling and ripening influence exerted upon the young writer by these changes of scene. But although they enriched his genius they did not alter its main bent. His faculty of shrewd, sympathetic observation possessed itself easily of Italian sights and characters, but through all the talk of Venetian lagoons or Florentine streets one feels the racy American temper, nothing daunted by the Old World. No descriptions of Venice could be, as far as they go, more daintily, affectionately true than those which form the setting of "A Foregone Conclusion," but there is no surrender of individuality to the charm of the island city. Mrs. Vervain, Florida, and Ferris carry the atmosphere of Providence or Boston about them, even on the



Grand Canal. Hawthorne's American characters in "Transformation" are too apt to forfeit their nationality, to pay toll from it, as it were, to the power of Rome. Mr. Howells himself, in his two books of Italian sketches, and the *dramatis personæ* of his Venetian novel, pass through Italy without any such loss, without, in other words, parting with a shred of any fundamental or characteristic American quality. This of itself shows a strength of literary and artistic fibre from which great things might be expected.

His persistent Americanism, however, is but the setting to more positive literary merits. "A Wedding Journey" (Boston: Houghton and Co.), his first real novel, published in 1871, when, after his return from Italy, he was acting as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, struck those readers who were able to judge as a piece of work wholly different in aim and treatment from anything which had yet appeared in American fiction. It describes nothing more than the wanderings of a young American couple in search of scenery on their wedding tour. The scenery is wholly American, and its climax is the vulgarized and much-bewritten Niagara; there is no plot, no tragedy, and, if we remember right, only one quarrel. The incident is of the slightest, the events just such as might happen to any young and prosperous couple under similar circumstances. And indeed, we are not prepared to say that the general result is particularly interesting. Mr. Howells has done very much better work since. Still, the bright, courageous, light-touched realism of the whole, the gay charm of the principal characters, the refined humor of some of the incident, the sentiment and style in which the pretty, sparkling story lies, as it were, imbedded, were such as showed a new artistic force at work and announced a great and original talent. Since then, in "The Lady of the Aroostook" and "A Foregone Conclusion," Mr. Howells has more than justified the promise of "A Wedding Journey."

There are few more perfect stories than "The Lady of the Aroostook" (Boston: Houghton and Co., 1881). Lydia Blood, its heroine, the young, pretty, unsophisticated schoolmarm from South Bradfield, Massachusetts, who finds herself crossing the Atlantic alone and unchaperoned in the company of three young men, two of them well-born and cultivated Bostonians, would have been in Mr. James's hands, we cannot help thinking, a little ridiculous. If such a character had come under his

notice we imagine that he would have felt its weak points more strongly than its charms, and in handling it he would scarcely have refrained from satirizing it. Mr. Howells, indeed, draws his heroine with uncompromising truth. He shows you how her Yankee idioms, her ignorance, her unconventionality, shock the fine breeding of the Bostonians, and the candid reader feels that in their place he would probably have disliked them equally. But through it all there is not an unkindly or unsympathetic touch. The fine, natural temper, the beauty, the innocent *naïveté* of the young girl, the readiness with which she catches up the outer polish of her new friends, having inwardly nothing to learn from them in refinement, her slowly yielding reserve on board ship, the return upon her of all her old New England stiffness when she is brought face to face with what seems to her the wickedness of Venetian life, and there is no lover by to soften or inform her judgment, the delicacy and dignity of her passion, the sweetness of her final surrender — all these are drawn with a humorous tenderness beyond praise. Here is the situation on board the "Aroostook." Lydia Blood, a young school-teacher from an up-country Massachusetts village, has been shipped off to Europe by her aunt and grandfather, on a visit to another aunt living at Venice. The old grandfather, utterly ignorant of the ways of the world, comes to Boston to arrange about the journey. Referred to Captain Jenness, of the sailing ship "Aroostook," bound from Boston straight to Trieste, the old man asks the good-natured captain to take charge of his "little girl." The captain thinks the child may be "a bother on the voyage;" but reflecting that he is used to children, consents, and the grandfather goes back to fetch Lydia. The captain's dismay when "the little girl" turns out to be a slim, beautiful, and well-dressed damsel, whom her confiding grandfather leaves solely in his charge on the day of sailing, is considerable, especially as he has already promised berths to three young men, two of them of excellent character and antecedents, the third a youth of dissipated habits, whom out of compassion he had consented to take to Europe, in order to try the reforming effects upon him of a sea voyage. Lydia has a few pangs of lonely disappointment when she finds out that there is neither stewardess nor woman of any kind on board, and the sight of the young men is an uncomfortable sur-



prise; but on the whole she is too ignorant and too guileless to feel the awkwardness of the situation as she should. And out of pure good feeling the young men, after the first shock, determine that, as far as in them lies, she shall never feel it.

The two friends Staniford and Dunham discuss the situation after the first common meal of the oddly assorted little company:—

As Dunham lit his cigar at Staniford's on deck, the former said significantly, "What a very American thing." "What a bore," answered the other. Dunham had never been abroad, as one might imagine from his calling Lydia's presence a very American thing; but he had always consorted with people who had lived in Europe, he read the *Revue des Deux Mondes* habitually, and the London weekly newspapers, and this gave him the foreign standpoint from which he was fond of viewing his native world. "It's incredible," he added. "Who in the world can she be?" "Oh I don't know," returned Staniford, with a cold disgust; "I should object to the society of such a young person for a month or six weeks, under the most favorable circumstances and with frequent respites; but to be imprisoned on the same ship with her and to have her on one's mind and in one's way the whole time is more than I bargained for. Captain Jenness should have told us; though, I suppose, he thought that if she could stand it we might. There's that point of view. But it takes all ease and comfort out of the prospect."

At this point, however, the questionable youth, Mr. Hicks, comes up to report all the gossip about Lydia that he can glean from the cabin-boy, and immediately the sympathies of the two friends set strongly in her favor. Hicks finds himself severely snubbed, and Staniford concludes that Lydia's unprotected presence among them is "plainly due to a supernatural innocence on the part of herself and her friends, which wouldn't occur among any other people in the world but ours." They agree, so far as they are able, to "make her feel that there is nothing irregular or uncommon in her being here as she is." At the same time Staniford, the elder and cleverer of the two friends, does not allow his gentlemanly instincts to blind him to the comedy of Lydia's Yankeeisms and curious bringing up. He philosophically declares her beauty is only "part of the general tiresomeness of the situation," and finds perpetual entertainment in speculating with Dunham as to the countrified views and feelings hidden under the girl's quiet manner. Meanwhile the whole ship devotes itself to taking care of Lydia. Dunham, who is

High Church, and engaged, befriends her from a purely disinterested standpoint, the captain watches over her as he would over one of his own girls, the sailors show her little attentions, the cabin boy fetches and carries for her, and even Hicks, now compulsorily sober and well behaved, shows himself pleasant and respectful. Only Staniford holds aloof. He has a turn for character-reading, and for a time prefers dissecting Lydia at a distance to making friends with her. Of course the aim of the story is to show how Staniford's indifference gives way first of all to the natural interest of a young man in a young girl; then to jealousy, and, lastly, to the mingled power of the young girl's beauty, helplessness, and genuine refinement of nature.

The only incident, properly so called, in the voyage is afforded by Hicks's outbreak of drunkenness at Gibraltar, and by Staniford's meeting with some fashionable friends of his at Messina. But every page is interesting, and Lydia's *tête-à-têtes*, now with Dunham, now with Staniford, her musical relations with Hicks and the jealousy they rouse in Staniford, and through it all her innocence, her *naïveté*, her unconsciousness in the midst of a situation which would have proved intolerably embarrassing to any one less ignorant and unworldly, make up a charming picture. The plot begins to thicken towards the climax with the appearance of the Messina friends. Their astonishment recalls Staniford to the oddity of Lydia's position, and at the same time makes him feel by contrast the peculiar rarity and simplicity of her character. His love takes rapid and fiery shape, and only his chivalrous scruples prevent his proposing to her before they part at Trieste. He resolves, however, to take no advantage of her loneliness, and to wait till she is under her aunt's roof at Venice. The complications to which this leads, and the cruel way in which Lydia's eyes are opened at Venice to the social solecism she has committed in crossing the Atlantic without a chaperone, bring a vein of pathos into the story and supply the necessary relief to the pretty little Utopia on board the "Aroostook." Her aunt gets the terrible truth out of her:—

"Had you many passengers?" said Mrs. Erwin. "But of course not. That was what made it so delightful when I came over that way. I was newly married then, and with spirits—oh, dear me, for anything. It was one adventure the whole way, and we got so



well acquainted it was like one family. I suppose your grandfather put you in charge of some family. I know artists sometimes come out that way, and people for their health."

"There was no family on our ship," said Lydia. "My state room had been fixed up for the captain's wife."

"Our captain's wife was along, too," interposed Mrs. Erwin. "She was such a joke with us. She had been out to Venice on a voyage before, and used to be always talking about the *Du-cal* Palace. And did they really turn out of their state room for you?"

"She was not along," said Lydia.

"Not along?" repeated Mrs. Erwin feebly.

"Who—who were the other passengers?"

"There were three gentlemen," answered Lydia.

"Three gentlemen? Three men? Three—and you—and"—Mrs. Erwin fell back upon her pillow, and remained gazing at Lydia, with a sort of remote, bewildered pity, as at perdition, not indeed beyond compassion, but far beyond help. Lydia's color had been coming and going, but now it settled to a clear white. Mrs. Erwin commanded herself sufficiently to resume:—

"And there were—there were—no other ladies?"

"No."

"And you were——"

"I was the only woman on board," replied Lydia. She rose abruptly, striking the edge of the table in her movement, and setting its china and silver jarring. "Oh, I know what

you mean, Aunt Josephine; but two days ago I couldn't have dreamt it. From the time the ship sailed till I reached this wicked place there wasn't a word said nor a look looked to make me think I wasn't just as right and safe there as if I had been in my own room at home. They were never anything but kind and good to me. They never let me think that they could be my enemies, or that I must suspect them and be on the watch against them. They were Americans! I had to wait for one of your Europeans to teach me that, for that officer who was here yesterday——" "Oh!" she moaned. "He has been in Europe, too, and I suppose he's like the rest of you; and he thought because I was alone and helpless he had the right to—— Oh, I see it. I see now that he never meant anything, and—— Oh, oh, oh."

Of course no novelist with a heart could leave such a heroine uncomfortable. But Staniford has an awkward quarter of an hour to go through before the vessel of love glides finally into port, and his answers to Lydia's cross-questionings are not all that could be wished in point of frankness. If only Lydia could have overheard one of the early conversations between Staniford and Dunham! But the reader reflects with satisfaction that the two are safely wedded, and that Lydia will never know.

**GIGANTIC AUSTRALIAN TREES.**—The *Minneapolis Lumberman* in a recent issue gave a lengthy article on Australian big trees. The writer remarks that the marvellous dimensions of the forest trees of this continent are little known by the majority of readers. The following paragraph may perhaps be fresh news to some of our readers: The trackless forests in the west of Tasmania also contain huge timber, and bushmen report that they have met with specimens of eucalyptus measuring two hundred feet from the ground to the first branch, and fully three hundred and fifty feet in all. Until 1873 there was standing on the eastern slope of Mount Wellington, within four miles of Hobart Town, a eucalyptus measuring eighty-six feet in girth and more than three hundred feet in height, and its ruined boll still forms a grim chamber in which many a merry party have enjoyed a picnic. The famous tree of the Huon forest measures seventy feet in girth six feet from the ground, and is stated to

be two hundred and forty feet high, but in the deep gorges of this grand forest the writer has seen higher trees than this, though not of quite equal circumference. But Victoria now claims the glory of owning the biggest of all the living "big trees" in the world, so far as height is concerned. In the Dandenong district at Fernshaw has recently been discovered a specimen of *Eucalyptus amygdalia*, or almond-leaf gum, which has been accurately measured as reaching the enormous height of three hundred and eighty feet before throwing out a single branch, and four hundred and thirty feet to the top, and having a girth of sixty feet at some distance above the ground. Some idea of what a height of four hundred and thirty feet represents may be gained from the fact that this gum-tree, if growing by the side of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, would overtop the clock-tower by exactly one hundred feet.



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

I. MISS EDGEWORTH, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	323
II. THE LADIES LINDORES. Part XIII., . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	338
III. ENGLISH: ITS ANCESTORS, ITS PROGENY, .	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	345
IV. ROBIN. By Mrs. Parr, author of "Adam and Eve." Conclusion, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	. . . . .	355
V. MR. MORLEY'S VALEDICTORY, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	. . . . .	363
VI. SHAKESPEARE ON DEATH, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i>	. . . . .	369
VII. AMERICAN NOVELS. Part II., . . . .	<i>London Times,</i>	. . . . .	372
VIII. PATRIOTIC POETRY, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	376
IX. OVID, AN APOLOGIA, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	. . . . .	381

## POETRY.

LOVE-SONG, . . . . .	322	SONNET, . . . . .	322
SONGLESS, . . . . .	322		

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## LOVE-SONG.

ERE the lovely dream is broken, ere the glamor  
fades away,  
Ere the tender mists of morning melt beneath  
the perfect day;  
While yet around the shrine we kneel at, lin-  
gers the sweet rosy glow,  
And the music keeps true measure; darling,  
let me go!

Though my foot shrinks back in terror, from  
the path that I must tread,  
Where dim ghosts each step are haunting, and  
the cloud frowns overhead;  
Though my hand clings wildly to it; the fond  
clasp whose strength I know,  
Though my heart half breaks to say it; darling,  
let me go!

Aye, the true eyes look undaunted, down the  
future's devious way,  
And the soul of faith is thrilling in each ear-  
nest word you say;  
But the sad eye of experience sees beneath  
youth's radiant glow,  
Slow and sure Time works his mission; darling,  
let me go!

Worse than all, ay, worse than parting, tho'  
the word knells like despair,  
To watch the flower closely, fondly, and find  
the sign of canker there;  
To read the first faint touch of languor; the  
first impatient chafe to know!  
Ere you feel the chain you cherish; darling,  
let me go!

Dearest, truest, loved so fondly, loved with  
passion never told,  
Better death itself than feeling touch grow  
careless, tone ring cold,  
While the light is fullest, freest, of the bliss I  
treasure so,  
While my idol is mine only; darling, let me  
go!

Let me go, yet not forget me, all too weak to  
lose it quite,  
It, the glory and the gladness, flooding every  
sense in light;  
Love itself, in youth's sweet potency, scarce  
could firmer faith bestow,  
Yet, just because I love so dearly; darling, let  
me go!

All The Year Round.

## SONGLESS.

SWEET little maid, whose golden-rippled head  
Between me and my grief its beauty rears,  
With quick demand for song — all singing's  
dead;  
My heart is sad; mine eyes are dimmed with  
tears.

Oh, ask me not for songs! I cannot sing;  
My ill-tuned notes would do sweet music  
wrong;  
I have no smile to greet the laughing spring,  
No voice to join in summer's tide of song.

More from October's dying glory takes  
My heart its hymn; and fuller sympathy  
Finds with the autumn hurricane that makes  
The forest one convulsive agony.

Or, when the last brown leaves in winter fall,  
While all the world in grim frost-fetters lies,  
I envy them the snowflake's gentle fall,  
That hides their sorrows from the frowning  
skies.

Methinks it would be sweet like them to rest,  
O'er life's mad scene to pull the curtain  
down;  
Rest, where no weary dream will pierce the  
breast,  
Of perished love or unfulfilled renown:

No weariness of patient work uncrowned  
By its reward; no early hopes destroyed;  
No vain desires, nor thing desired and found  
Void of enjoyment when at last enjoyed.

Perchance when mist of intervening years  
Softens the past — as oft at close of day  
The far grim range all beautiful appears,  
Kissed into brightness by the sunset ray —

When the sharp pang of bitter memories born,  
Has lost its sting, and this my present pain  
Shows like some ill dream in the light of morn,  
I'll sing thee o'er the olden songs again.  
Chambers' Journal. R. W. BOND.

## SONNET.

As some vast rock just parted from the shore  
By little space of dimly shadowed wave,  
Seemeth to mock the angry storms that lave  
Its strong dark breast that doth not heed the  
war,  
Nor care for all the fearful seas that pour  
Their waters o'er it, as if ocean strave  
To draw him down to an uneasy grave  
Never to see the sunshine any more;  
So would I, standing in life's bitter sea,  
In life's most awful moments of despair,  
Stand by unmoved a little from the land;  
Safe in mine own heart's peace, my heart  
should be,  
And that wild sea that rages round should  
bear  
My burden for me; if my home but stand.

All The Year Round.



From The Cornhill Magazine.  
MISS EDGEWORTH.

EARLY DAYS.

I.

FEW authoresses in these days can have enjoyed the ovations and attentions which seem to have been considered the due of distinguished ladies at the end of the last century and the beginning of this one. To read the accounts of the receptions and compliments which fell to their lot may well fill later and lesser luminaries with envy. Crowds opened to admit them, banquets spread themselves out before them, lights were lighted up and flowers were scattered at their feet. Dukes, editors, prime ministers, awaited their convenience on their staircases; whole theatres rose up *en masse* to greet the gifted creators of this and that immortal tragedy. The authoresses themselves, to do them justice, seem to have been very little dazzled by all this excitement. Hannah More contentedly retires with her maiden sisters to the Parnassus on the Mendip Hills, where they sew and chat and make tea and teach the village children. Dear Joanna Baillie, modest and beloved, lives on to peaceful age in her pretty old house at Hampstead, looking through treetops and sunshine and clouds towards distant London. "Out there, where all the storms are," I heard the children saying yesterday as they watched the overhanging gloom of smoke which veils the city of metropolitan thunders and lightning. Maria Edgeworth's apparitions as a literary lioness in the rush of London and of Paris society were but interludes in her existence, and her real life was one of constant exertion and industry spent far away in an Irish home among her own kindred and occupations and interests. We may realize what these were when we read that Mr. Edgeworth had no less than four wives, who all left children, and that Maria was the eldest daughter of the whole family. Besides this, we must also remember that the father whom she idolized was himself a man of extraordinary powers, brilliant in conversation (so I have been told), full of animation, of interest, of plans for his country, his family, for education and lit-

erature, for mechanics and scientific discoveries; that he was a gentleman widely connected, hospitably inclined, with a large estate and many tenants to overlook, with correspondence and acquaintances all over the world; and, besides all this, with various schemes in his brain, to be eventually realized by others, of which velocipedes, tramways, and telegraphs were but a few of the items.

One could imagine that under these circumstances the hurry and excitement of London life must have sometimes seemed tranquillity itself compared with the many and absorbing interests of such a family. What these interests were may be gathered from the pages of a very interesting memoir from which the writer of this essay has been allowed to quote. It is a book privately printed and written for the use of her children by the widow of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and is a record, among other things, of a faithful and most touching friendship between Maria and her father's wife — "a friendship lasting for over fifty years, and unbroken by a single cloud of difference or mistrust." Mrs. Edgeworth, who was Miss Beaufort before her marriage, and about the same age as Miss Edgeworth, unconsciously reveals her own most charming and unselfish nature as she tells her stepdaughter's story.

When the writer looks back upon her own childhood, it seems to her that she lived in company with a delightful host of little playmates, bright, busy, clever children, whose cheerful presence remains more vividly in her mind than that of many of the real little boys and girls who used to appear and disappear disconnectedly as children do in childhood, when friendship and companionship depend almost entirely upon the convenience of grown-up people. Now and again came little cousins or friends to share our games, but day by day, constant and unchanging, ever to be relied upon, smiled our most lovable and friendly companions — simple Susan, lame Jervas, Talbot, the dear Little Merchants, Jem the widow's son with his arms round old Lightfoot's neck, the generous Ben, with his whipcord and his useful proverb of "Waste not,



want not" — all of these were there in the window corner waiting our pleasure. After "Parents' Assistant," to which familiar words we attached no meaning whatever, came "Popular Tales" in big brown volumes off a shelf in the lumber-room of an apartment in an old house in Paris, and as we opened the boards, lo! creation widened to our view. England, Ireland, America, Turkey, the mines of Golconda, the streets of Bagdad, thieves, travellers, governesses, natural philosophy, and fashionable life, were all laid under contribution, and brought interest and adventure to our humdrum nursery corner. All Mr. Edgeworth's varied teaching and experience, all his daughter's genius of observation, came to interest and delight our play-time, and that of a thousand other little children in different parts of the world. People justly praise Miss Edgeworth's admirable stories and novels, but from prejudice and early association these beloved childish histories seem unequalled still, and it is chiefly as a writer for children that we venture to consider her here. Some of the stories are indeed little idylls in their way. Walter Scott, who best knew how to write for the young so as to charm grandfathers as well as Hugh Littlejohn, Esq., and all the grandchildren, is said to have wiped his kind eyes as he put down "Simple Susan." A child's book, says a reviewer of those days defining in the *Quarterly Review*, should be "not merely less dry, less difficult, than a book for grown-up people; but more rich in interest, more true to nature, more exquisite in art, more abundant in every quality that replies to childhood's keener and fresher perception." Children like facts, they like short, vivid sentences that tell the story: as they listen intently, so they read; every word has its value for them. It has been a real surprise to the writer to find, on re-reading some of these descriptions of scenery and adventure which she had not looked at since her childhood, that the details which she had imagined spread over much space, are contained in a few sentences at the beginning of a page. These sentences, however, show the true art of the writer.

It would be difficult to imagine anything better suited to the mind of a very young person than these pleasant stories, so complete in themselves, so interesting, so varied. The description of Jervas's escape from the mine where the miners had plotted his destruction, almost rises to poetry in its simple diction. Lame Jervas has warned his master of the miners' plot, and shown him the vein of ore which they have concealed. The miners have sworn vengeance against him, and his life is in danger. His master helps him to get away, and comes into the room before daybreak, bidding him rise and put on the clothes which he has brought. "I followed him out of the house before anybody else was awake, and he took me across the fields towards the high road. At this place we waited till we heard the tinkling of the bells of a team of horses. 'Here comes the wagon,' said he, 'in which we are to go. So fare you well, Jervas. I shall hear how you go on; and I only hope you will serve your next master, whoever he may be, as faithfully as you have served me.' 'I shall never find so good a master,' was all I could say for the soul of me; I was quite overcome by his goodness and sorrow at parting with him, as I then thought, forever." The description of the journey is very pretty. "The morning clouds began to clear away; I could see my master at some distance, and I kept looking after him as the wagon went on slowly, and he walked fast away over the fields." Then the sun begins to rise. The wagoner goes on whistling, but lame Jervas, to whom the rising sun was a spectacle wholly surprising, starts up, exclaiming in wonder and admiration. The wagoner bursts into a loud laugh. "Lud a marcy," says he, "to hear un' and look at un' a body would think the oaf had never seen the sun rise afore;" upon which Jervas remembers that he is still in Cornwall, and must not betray himself, and prudently hides behind some parcels, only just in time, for they meet a party of miners, and he hears his enemies' voice hailing the wagoner. All the rest of the day he sits within, and amuses himself by listening to the bells of the team, which jingle continually.



"On our second day's journey, however, I ventured out of my hiding-place. I walked with the wagoner up and down the hills, enjoying the fresh air, the singing of the birds, and the delightful smell of the honeysuckles and the dog-roses in the hedges. All the wild flowers and even the weeds on the banks by the wayside were to me matters of wonder and admiration. At almost every step I paused to observe something that was new to me, and I could not help feeling surprised at the insensibility of my fellow-traveller, who plodded along, and seldom interrupted his whistling except to cry, 'Gee Blackbird, aw woa,' or 'How now, Smiler.'" Then Jervas is lost in admiration before a plant "whose stem was about two feet high, and which had a round, shining, purple, beautiful flower," and the wagoner, with a look of scorn exclaims, "Help thee, lad, dost not thou know 'tis a common thistle?" After this he looks upon Jervas as very nearly an idiot. "In truth I believe I was a droll figure, for my hat was stuck full of weeds and of all sorts of wild flowers, and both my coat and waistcoat pockets were stuffed out with pebbles and funguses." Then comes Plymouth Harbor: Jervas ventures to ask some questions about the vessels, to which the wagoner answers, "They be nothing in life but the boats and ships, man;" so he turned away and went on chewing a straw, and seemed not a whit more moved to admiration than he had been at the sight of the thistle. "I conceived a high admiration of a man who had seen so much that he could admire nothing," says Jervas, with a touch of real humor.

Another most charming little idyll is that of "Simple Susan," who was a real maiden living in the neighborhood of Edgeworthstown. The story seems to have been mislaid for a time in the stirring events of the first Irish rebellion, and overlooked, like some little daisy by a battle-field. Few among us will not have shared Mr. Edgeworth's partiality for the charming little tale. The children fling their garlands and gather their scented violets. Susan bakes her cottage loaves and gathers marigolds for broth,

and tends her mother to the distant tune of Philip's pipe coming across the fields. As we read the story again it seems as if we could almost hear the music sounding above the children's voices, and the bleating of the lamb, and scent the fragrance of the primroses and the double violets, so simply and delightfully is the whole story constructed. Among all Miss Edgeworth's characters few are more familiar to the world than that of Susan's pretty pet lamb.

## II.

No sketch of Maria Edgeworth's life, however slight, would be complete without a few words about certain persons coming a generation before her (and belonging still to the age of periwigs), who were her father's associates and her own earliest friends. Notwithstanding all that has been said of Mr. Edgeworth's bewildering versatility of nature, he seems to have been singularly faithful in his friendships. He might take up new ties, but he clung pertinaciously to those which had once existed. His daughter inherited that same steadiness of affection. The wisest man of our own day writing of these very people has said, "There is, perhaps, no safer test of a man's real character than that of his long-continued friendship with good and able men. Now Mr. Edgeworth, the father of Maria Edgeworth the authoress, asserts, after mentioning the names of Keir, Day, Small, Boulton, Watt, Wedgewood, and Darwin, that their mutual intimacy has never been broken except by death. To these names those of Edgeworth himself and of the Galtons may be added. The correspondence in my possession shows the truth of the above assertion."

Mr. Edgeworth first came to Lichfield to make Mr. Darwin's acquaintance. His second visit was to his friend Mr. Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," who had taken a house in the valley of Stow, and who invited him one Christmas on a visit. "About the year 1765," says Miss Seward, "came to Lichfield, from the neighborhood of Reading, the young and gay philosopher, Mr. Edgeworth; a man of fortune, and recently married to a



Miss Elers, of Oxfordshire. The fame of Mr. Darwin's varied talents allured Mr. E. to the city they graced." And the lady goes on to describe Mr. Edgeworth himself: "Scarcely two-and-twenty, with an exterior yet more juvenile, having mathematic science, mechanic ingenuity, and a competent portion of classical learning, with the possession of modern languages. . . . He danced, he fenced, he winged his arrows with more than philosophic skill," continues the lady, herself a person of no little celebrity in her time and place. Mr. Edgeworth, in his memoirs, pays a respectful tribute to Miss Seward's charms, to her agreeable conversation, her beauty, her thick tresses, her sprightliness and address. Such moderate expressions fail, however, to do justice to this lady's powers, to her enthusiasm, her poetry, her partisanship. The portrait prefixed to her letters is that of a dignified person with an oval face and dark eyes, the thick, brown tresses are twined with pearls, her graceful figure is robed in the softest furs and draperies of the period. In her very first letter she thus poetically describes her surroundings: "The autumnal glory of this day puts to shame the summer's sullenness. I sit writing upon this dear green terrace, feeding at intervals my little golden-breasted songsters. The embosomed vale of Stow glows sunny through the Claude-Lorraine tint which is spread over the scene like the blue mist over a plum."

In this Claude-Lorraine-plum-tinted valley stood the house which Mr. Day had taken, and where Mr. Edgeworth had come on an eventful visit. Miss Seward herself lived with her parents in the bishop's palace at Lichfield. There was also a younger sister, "Miss Sally," who died as a girl, and another very beautiful young lady their friend, by name Honora Sneyd, placed under Mrs. Seward's care. She was the heroine of Major André's unhappy romance. He too lived at Lichfield with his mother, and his hopeless love gives a tragic reality to this by-gone holiday of youth and merry-making. As one reads the old letters and memoirs the echoes of its laughter reach us. One can almost see the young folks all coming together out of the Cathedral Close, where so much of it was passed; the beautiful Honora, surrounded by friends and adorers, chaperoned by the graceful muse her senior, also much admired, and much made of. Thomas Day is striding after them in silence with keen, critical glances; his long, black locks flow unpowdered

down his back. In contrast to him comes his brilliant and dressy companion, Mr. Edgeworth, who talks so agreeably. I can imagine little Sabrina, the adopted foundling, of whom so many stories have been told, following shyly at her guardian's side in her simple dress and childish beauty, and André's young, handsome face turned towards Miss Sneyd. So they pass on happy and contented in each other's company, Honora in the midst, beautiful, stately, reserved: she too was not destined to be old.

Miss Seward seems to have loved this friend with a very sincere and admiring affection, and to have bitterly mourned her early death. Her letters abound in apostrophes to the lost Honora. But perhaps the poor muse expected too much from friendship, too much from life. She expected, as we all do at times, that her friends should be not themselves but her, that they should lead not their lives but her own. So much at least one may gather from the various phases of her style and correspondence, and her complaints of Honora's estrangement and subsequent coldness. Perhaps, also, Miss Seward's many vagaries and sentiments may have frozen Honora's sympathies. Miss Seward was all asterisks and notes of exclamation. Honora seems to have forced feeling down to its most scrupulous expression. She never lived to be softened by experience: with great love she also inspired awe and a sort of surprise. One can imagine her pointing the moral of the purple jar, as it was told long afterwards by her stepdaughter, then a little girl playing at her own mother's knee in her nursery by the river.

People in the days of shilling postage were better correspondents than they are now when we have to be content with pennyworths. Their descriptions and many details bring all the chief characters vividly before us, and carry us into the hearts and pocketbooks of the little society at Lichfield as it then was. The town must have been an agreeable sojourn in those days for people of some pretension and small performance; a pleasant, lively company living round about the old cathedral towers, meeting in the Close or the adjacent gardens or the hospitable palace itself. Here the company would sip tea, talk mild literature, quoting Dr. Johnson to one another with the familiarity of townfolk. From Erasmus Darwin, too, they must have gained something of vigor and originality. The inhabitants of Lichfield seem actually to have read



each other's verses, and having done so to have taken the trouble to sit down and write out their raptures.

With all her absurdities Miss Seward had some real critical power and appreciation; and some of her lines are very pretty.\* An "Ode to the Sun" is only what might have been expected from this Lichfield Corinne. Her best-known productions are an "Elegy on Captain Cook," a "Monody on Major André," whom she had known from her early youth; and there is a poem "Louisa," of which she herself speaks very highly. But even more than her poetry did she pique herself upon her epistolary correspondence. It must have been well worth while writing letters when they were not only prized by the writer and the recipients, but commented on by their friends in after years. "Court Dewes, Esq.," writes, after five years, for copies of Miss Seward's epistles to Miss Rogers and Miss Weston, of which the latter begins: "Soothing and welcome to me, dear Sophia, is the regret you express for our separation! Pleasant were the weeks we have recently passed together in this ancient and embowered mansion! I had strongly felt the silence and vacancy of the depriving day on which you vanished. How prone are our hearts perversely to quarrel with the friendly coercion of employment at the very instant in which it is clearing the torpid and injurious mists of unavailing melancholy." Then follows a sprightly attack before which Johnson may have quailed indeed. "Is the Fe-fa-fum of literature that snuffs afar the fame of his brother authors, and thirsts for its destruction, to be allowed to gallop unmolested over the fields of criticism? A few pebbles from the well-springs of truth and eloquence are all that is wanted to bring the might of his envy low." This celebrated letter, which may stand as a specimen of the whole six volumes, concludes with the following apostrophe: — "Virtuous friendship, how pure, how sacred are thy delights! Sophia, thy mind is capable of tasting them in all their poignance: against how many of life's incidents may that capacity be considered as a counterpoise!"

\* In a notice of Miss Seward in the *Annual Register*, just after her death in 1809, the writer, who seems to have known her, says, "Conscious of ability, she freely displayed herself in a manner equally remote from annoyance and affectation. . . . Her errors arose from a glowing imagination joined to an excessive sensibility, cherished instead of repressed by early habits. It is understood that she has left the whole of her works to Mr. Scott, the northern poet, with a view to their publication with her life and posthumous pieces."

There were constant rubs, which are not to be wondered at, between Miss Seward and Dr. Darwin, who though a poet was also a singularly witty, downright man, outspoken and humorous. The lady admires his genius, bitterly resents his sarcasms; of his celebrated work, "The Botanic Garden," she says, "It is a string of poetic brilliants, and they are of the first water, but the eye will be apt to want the interstitial black velvet to give effect to their lustre." In later days, notwithstanding her "elegant language," as Mr. Charles Darwin calls it, she said several spiteful things of her old friend, but they seem more prompted by private pique than malice.

If Miss Seward was the Minerva and Dr. Darwin the Jupiter of the Lichfield society, its philosopher was Thomas Day, of whom Miss Seward's description is so good that I cannot help one more quotation: —

"Powder and fine clothes were at that time the appendages of gentlemen; Mr. Day wore not either. He was tall and stooped in the shoulders, full made but not corpulent, and in his meditative and melancholy air a degree of awkwardness and dignity were blended." She then compares him with his guest, Mr. Edgeworth. "Less graceful, less amusing, less brilliant than Mr. E., but more highly imaginative, more classical, and a deeper reasoner; strict integrity, energetic friendship, open-handed generosity, and diffusive charity, greatly overbalanced on the side of virtue, the tincture of misanthropic gloom and proud contempt of common-life society." Wright, of Derby, painted a full-length picture of Mr. Day in 1770. "Mr. Day looks upward enthusiastically, meditating on the contents of a book held in his dropped right hand . . . a flash of lightning plays in his hair and illuminates the contents of the volume." "Dr. Darwin," adds Miss Seward, "sat to Mr. Wright about the same period — *that* was a simply contemplative portrait of the most perfect resemblance."

### III.

MARIA must have been three years old this eventful Christmas time when her father, leaving his wife in Berkshire, came to stay with Mr. Day at Lichfield, and first made the acquaintance of Miss Seward and her poetic circle. Mr. Day, who had once already been disappointed in love, and whose romantic scheme of adopting his foundlings, and of educating one of them to be his wife, has often been



described, had brought one of the maidens to the house he had taken at Lichfield. This was Sabrina, as he had called her. Lucretia, having been found troublesome, had been sent off with a dowry to be apprenticed to a milliner. Sabrina was a charming little girl of thirteen; everybody liked her, especially the friendly ladies at the palace, who received her with constant kindness, as they did Mr. Day himself and his visitor. What Miss Seward thought of Sabrina's education I do not know. The poor child was to be taught to despise luxury, to ignore fear, to be superior to pain. She appears, however, to have been very fond of her benefactor, but to have constantly provoked him by starting and screaming whenever he fired uncharged pistols at her skirts, or dropped hot, melted sealing-wax on her bare arms. She is described as lovely and artless, not fond of books, incapable of understanding scientific problems, or of keeping the imaginary and terrible secrets with which her guardian used to try her nerves. I do not know if it had yet occurred to him that Honora Sneyd was all that his dreams could have imagined. One day he left Sabrina under many restrictions, and returning unexpectedly found her wearing some garment or handkerchief of which he did not approve. Poor Sabrina was evidently not meant to mate and soar with philosophical eagles; and, after this episode, she too was despatched, to board with an old lady, in peace for a time, let us hope, and in tranquil mediocrity.

Mr. Edgeworth approved of this arrangement; he did not consider that Sabrina was suited to his friend. But being taken in due time to call at the palace, he was charmed with Miss Seward, and still more by all he saw of Honora; comparing her, alas! in his mind "with all other women, and secretly acknowledging her superiority." At first, he says, Miss Seward's brilliance overshadowed Honora, but very soon her merits grew upon the bystanders.

Mr. Edgeworth carefully concealed his feelings except from his host, who was beginning himself to contemplate a marriage with Miss Sneyd. Mr. Day presently proposed formally in writing for the hand of the lovely Honora, and Mr. Edgeworth was to take the packet and to bring back the answer; and being married himself, and out of the running, he appears to have been unselfishly anxious for his friend's success. In the packet Mr. Day had written down the conditions

to which he should expect his wife to subscribe. She would have to give up all luxuries, amenities, and intercourse with the world, and promise to seclude herself in his company. Miss Sneyd seems to have kept Mr. Edgeworth waiting while she wrote back at once and decidedly, saying that she could not admit the unqualified control of a husband over all her actions, nor the necessity for "seclusion from society to preserve female virtue." Finding that Honora absolutely refused to change her way of life, Mr. Day went into a fever, for which Dr. Darwin bled him. Nor did he recover until another Miss Sneyd, Elizabeth by name, made her appearance in the Close.

Mr. Edgeworth, who was of a lively and active disposition, had introduced archery among the gentlemen of the neighborhood, and he describes a fine summer evening's entertainment, passed in agreeable sports, followed by dancing and music, in the course of which Honora's sister, Miss Elizabeth, appeared for the first time on the Lichfield scene, and immediately joined in the country dance. There is a vivid description of the two sisters in Mr. Edgeworth's memoirs, of the beautiful and distinguished Honora, loving science, serious, eager, reserved; of the more lovely but less graceful Elizabeth, with less of energy, more of humor and of social gifts than her sister. Elizabeth Sneyd was, says Edgeworth, struck by Day's eloquence, by his unbounded generosity, by his scorn of wealth. His educating a young girl for his wife seemed to her romantic and extraordinary; and she seems to have thought it possible to yield to the evident admiration she had aroused in him. But, whether in fun or in seriousness, she represented to him that he could not with justice decry accomplishments and graces that he had not acquired. She wished him to go abroad for a time to study to perfect himself in all that was wanting; on her own part she promised not to go to Bath, London, or any public place of amusement until his return, and to read certain books which he recommended.

Meanwhile Mr. Edgeworth had made no secret of his own feeling for Honora to Mr. Day, "who with all the eloquence of virtue and of friendship" had urged him to fly, to accompany him abroad, and to shun dangers he could not hope to overcome. Edgeworth consented to this proposal, and the two friends started for Paris, visiting Rousseau on their way. They spent the winter at Lyons, as it was



a place where excellent masters of all sorts were to be found; and here Mr. Day, with excess of zeal —

put himself (says his friend) to every species of torture, ordinary and extraordinary, to compel his Antigallican limbs, in spite of their natural rigidity, to dance and fence, and manage the *great horse*. To perform his promise to Miss E. Sneyd honorably, he gave up seven or eight hours of the day to these exercises, for which he had not the slightest taste, and for which, except horsemanship, he manifested the most sovereign contempt. It was astonishing to behold the energy with which he persevered in these pursuits. I have seen him stand between two boards which reached from the ground higher than his knees: these boards were adjusted with screws so as barely to permit him to bend his knees, and to rise up and sink down. By these means Mr. Huise proposed to force Mr. Day's knees outwards; but screwing was in vain. He succeeded in torturing his patient; but original formation and inveterate habit resisted all his endeavors at personal improvement. I could not help pitying my philosophic friend, pent up in durance vile for hours together, with his feet in the stocks, a book in his hand, and contempt in his heart.

Mr. Edgeworth meanwhile lodged himself "in excellent and agreeable apartments," and occupied himself with engineering. He is certainly curiously outspoken in his memoirs; and explains that the first Mrs. Edgeworth, Maria's mother, with many merits was of a complaining disposition, and did not make him so happy at home as a woman of a more lively temper might have succeeded in doing. He was tempted, he said, to look for happiness elsewhere than in his home. Perhaps domestic affairs may have been complicated by a warm-hearted but troublesome little son, who at Day's suggestion had been brought up upon the Rousseau system, and was in consequence quite unmanageable, and a trouble to everybody. Poor Mrs. Edgeworth's complainings were not to last very long. She joined her husband at Lyons, and after a time, having a dread of lying-in abroad, returned home to die in her confinement, leaving four little children. Maria could remember being taken into her mother's room to see her for the last time.

Mr. Edgeworth hurried back to England, and was met by his friend Thomas Day, who had preceded him, and whose own suit does not seem to have prospered meanwhile. His first words were to tell his friend that Honora was still free, more beautiful than ever; while virtue and hon-

or commanded it, he had done all he could to divide them, now he wished to be the first to promote their meeting. The meeting resulted in an engagement, and Mr. Edgeworth and Miss Sneyd were married within four months by the benevolent old canon in the Lady Chapel of Lichfield Cathedral.

Mrs. Seward wept; Miss Seward, "notwithstanding some imaginary dissatisfaction about a bridesmaid," was really glad of the marriage, we are told; and the young couple immediately went over to Ireland.

#### IV.

THOUGH her life was so short, Honora Edgeworth seems to have made the deepest impression on all those she came across. Over little Maria she had the greatest influence. There is a pretty description of the child standing lost in wondering admiration of her stepmother's beauty, as she watched her soon after her marriage dressing at her toilet-table. Little Maria's feeling for her stepmother was very deep and real, and the influence of those few years lasted for a lifetime. Her own exquisite carefulness she always ascribed to it, and to this example may also be attributed her habits of order and self-government, her life of reason and deliberate judgment.

The seven years of Honora's married life seem to have been very peaceful and happy. She shared her husband's pursuits, and wished for nothing outside her own home. She began with him to write those little books which were afterwards published. It is just a century ago since she and Mr. Edgeworth planned the early histories of Harry and Lucy and Frank; while Mr. Day began his "Sandford and Merton," which at first was intended to appear at the same time, though eventually the third part was not published till 1789.

As a girl of seventeen Honora Sneyd had once been threatened with consumption. After seven years of married life the cruel malady again declared itself; and though Dr. Darwin did all that human resource could do, and though every tender care was lavished, the poor young lady rapidly sank. There is a sad, prim, most affecting little letter, addressed to little Maria by the dying woman shortly before the end; and then comes that one written by the father, which is to tell her that all is over.

If Mr. Edgeworth was certainly unfortunate in losing again and again the hap-



pininess of his home, he was more fortunate than most people in being able to rally from his grief. He does not appear to have been unfaithful in feeling. Years after, Edgeworth, writing to console Mrs. Day upon her husband's death, speaks in the most touching way of all he had suffered when Honora died, and of the struggle he had made to regain his hold of life. This letter is in curious contrast to that one written at the time, as he sits by poor Honora's deathbed, which reads strangely cold and irrelevant in these days when people are not ashamed of feeling or of describing what they feel. "Continue, my dear daughter" — he writes to Maria, who was then thirteen years old — "the desire which you feel of becoming amiable, prudent, and of use. The ornamental parts of a character, with such an understanding as yours, necessarily ensue; but true judgment and sagacity in the choice of friends, and the regulation of your behavior, can be only had from reflection, and from being thoroughly convinced of what experience in general teaches too late, that to be happy we must be good."

"Such a letter, written at such a time," says the kind biographer, "made the impression it was intended to convey; and the wish to act up to the high opinion her father had formed of her character became an exciting and controlling power over the whole of Maria's future life." On her deathbed, Honora urged her husband to marry again, and assured him that the woman to suit him was her sister Elizabeth. Her influence was so great upon them both that, although Elizabeth was attached to some one else, and Mr. Edgeworth believed she was little suited to himself, they were presently engaged and married, not without many difficulties. The result proved how rightly Honora had judged.

It was to her father that Maria owed the suggestion of her first start in literature. Immediately after Honora's death he tells her to write a tale about the length of a "Spectator," on the subject of generosity. "It must be taken from history or romance, must be sent the day se'nnight after you receive this; and I beg you will take some pains about it." A young gentleman from Oxford was also set to work to try his powers on the same subject, and Mr. William Sneyd, at Lichfield, was to be judge between the two performances. He gave his verdict for Maria: "An excellent story and very well written: but where's the generosity?" This,

we are told, became a sort of proverb in the Edgeworth family.

The little girl meanwhile was sent to school to a certain Mrs. Lataffiere, where she was taught to use her fingers, to write a lovely delicate hand, to work white satin waistcoats for her papa. She was then removed to a fashionable establishment in Upper Wimpole Street, where, says her stepmother, "she underwent all the usual tortures of backboards, iron collars, and dumbbells, with the unusual one of being hung by the neck to draw out the muscles and increase the growth, — a signal failure in her case." (Miss Edgeworth was always a very tiny person.) There is a description of the little maiden absorbed in her book with all the other children at play, while she sits in her favorite place in front of a carved oak cabinet, quite unconscious of the presence of the romping girls all about her.

Hers was a very interesting character as it appears in the memoirs — sincere, intelligent, self-contained, and yet dependent; methodical, observant. Sometimes as one reads of her in early life one is reminded of some of the personal characteristics of the writer who perhaps of all writers least resembles Miss Edgeworth in her art — of Charlotte Brontë, whose books are essentially of the modern and passionate school, but whose strangely mixed character seemed rather to belong to the orderly and neatly ruled existence of Queen Charlotte's reign. People's lives as they really are don't perhaps vary very much, but people's lives as they seem to be assuredly change with the fashions. Miss Edgeworth and Miss Brontë were both Irishwomen, who have often, with all their outcome, the timidity which comes of quick and sensitive feeling. But the likeness does not go very deep. Maria, whose diffidence and timidity were personal, but who had a firm and unalterable belief in family traditions, may have been saved from some danger of prejudice and limitation by a most fortunate though trying illness which affected her eyesight, and which caused her to be removed from her school with its monstrous elegancies to the care of Mr. Day, that kindest and sternest of friends.

This philosopher in love had been bitterly mortified when the lively Elizabeth Sneyd, instead of welcoming his return, could not conceal her laughter at his uncouth elegancies, and confessed that, on the whole, she had liked him better as he was before. He forswore Lichfield and marriage, and went abroad to forget. He



turned his thoughts to politics; he wrote pamphlets on public subjects and letters upon slavery. His poem of the "Dying Negro" had been very much admired. Miss Hannah More speaks of it in her memoirs. The subject of slavery was much before people's minds, and Day's influence had not a little to do with the rising indignation.

Among Day's readers and admirers was one person who was destined to have a most important influence upon his life. By a strange chance his extraordinary ideal was destined to be realized; and a young lady, good, accomplished, rich, devoted, who had read his books, and sympathized with his generous dreams, was ready not only to consent to his strange conditions, but to give him her kind heart and find her best happiness in his society and in carrying out his experiments and fancies. She was Miss Esther Milnes, of Yorkshire, an heiress; and though at first Day hesitated and could not believe in the reality of her feeling, her constancy and singleness of mind were not to be resisted, and they were married at Bath in 1778. We hear of Mr. and Mrs. Day spending the first winter of their married life at Hampstead, and of Mrs. Day, thickly shodden, walking with him in a snowstorm on the common, and ascribing her renewed vigor to her husband's wise advice.

Day and his wife eventually established themselves at Anningsley, near Chobham. He had insisted upon settling her fortune upon herself, but Mrs. Day assisted him in every way, and sympathized in his many schemes and benevolent ventures. When he neglected to make a window to the dressing-room he built for her, we hear of her uncomplainingly lighting her candles; to please him she worked as a servant in the house, and all their large means were bestowed in philanthropic and charitable schemes. Mr. Edgeworth quotes his friend's reproof to Mrs. Day, who was fond of music: "Shall we beguile the time with the strains of a lute while our fellow-creatures are starving?" "I am out of pocket every year about 300*l.* by the farm I keep," Day writes to his friend Edgeworth. "The soil I have taken in hand, I am convinced, is one of the most completely barren in England." He then goes on to explain his reasons for what he is about. "It enables me to employ the poor, and the result of all my speculations about humanity is that the only way of benefiting mankind is to give them employment and

make them earn their money." There is a pretty description of the worthy couple in their home dispensing help and benefits all round about, draining, planting, teaching, doctoring—nothing came amiss to them. Their chief friend and neighbor was Samuel Cobbett, who understood their plans, and sympathized in their efforts, which, naturally enough, were viewed with doubt and mistrust by most of the people round about. It was here that Mr. Day finished "Sandford and Merton," begun many years before. His death was very sudden, and was brought about by one of his own benevolent theories. He used to maintain that kindness alone could tame animals; and he was killed by a fall from a favorite colt which he was breaking in. Mrs. Day never recovered the shock. She lived two years hidden in her home, absolutely inconsolable, and then died and was laid by her husband's side in the churchyard at Wargrave by the river.

It was to the care of these worthy people that little Maria was sent when she was ill, and she was doctored by them both physically and morally. "Bishop Berkeley's tar-water was still considered a specific for all complaints," says Mrs. Edgeworth. "Mr. Day thought it would be of use to Maria's inflamed eyes, and he used to bring a large tumbler full of it to her every morning. She dreaded his 'Now, Miss Maria, drink this.' But there was, in spite of his stern voice, something of pity and sympathy in his countenance. His excellent library was open to her, and he directed her studies. His severe reasoning and uncompromising truth of mind awakened all her powers, and the questions he put to her and the working out of the answers, the necessity of perfect accuracy in all her words, suited the natural truth of her mind; and though such strictness was not agreeable, she even then perceived its advantage, and in after life was grateful for it."

#### V.

WE have seen how Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, who could not make up her mind to marry Mr. Day, notwithstanding all he had gone through for her sake, had eventually consented to become Mr. Edgeworth's third wife. With this stepmother for many years to come Maria lived in an affectionate intimacy, only to be exceeded by that most faithful companionship which existed for fifty years between her and the lady from whose memoirs I quote.

It was about 1782 that Maria went



home to live at Edgeworthstown with her father and his wife, with the many young brothers and sisters. The family was a large one, and already consisted of her own sisters, of Honora the daughter of Mrs. Honora, and Lovell her son. To these succeeded many others of the third generation; and two sisters of Mrs. Edgeworth's, who also made their home at Edgeworthstown.

Maria had once before been there, very young, but she was now old enough to be struck with the difference then so striking between Ireland and England. The tones and looks, the melancholy and the gaiety of the people, were so new and extraordinary to her that the delineations she long afterwards made of Irish character probably owe their life and truth to the impression made on her mind at this time as a stranger. Though it was June when they landed, there was snow on the roses she ran out to gather, and she felt altogether in a new and unfamiliar country.

She herself describes the feelings of the master of a family returning to an Irish home:—

Wherever he turned his eyes, in or out of his home, damp dilapidation, waste appeared. Painting, glazing, roofing, fencing, finishing—all were wanting. The backyard and even the front lawn round the windows of the house were filled with loungers, followers, and petitioners; tenants, undertenants, drivers, sub-agent were to have audience; and they all had grievances and secret informations, accusations, reciprocations, and quarrels each under each interminable.

Her account of her father's dealings with them is admirable:—

I was with him constantly, and I was amused and interested in seeing how he made his way through their complaints, petitions, and grievances with decision and despatch, he all the time in good humor with the people and they delighted with him, though he often rated them roundly when they stood before him perverse in litigation, helpless in procrastination, detected in cunning or convicted of falsehood. They saw into his character almost as soon as he understood theirs.

Mr. Edgeworth had in a very remarkable degree that power of ruling and administering which is one of the rarest of gifts. He seems to have shown great firmness and good sense in his conduct in the troubled times in which he lived. He saw to his own affairs, administered justice, put down middlemen as far as possible, reorganized the letting out of the estate. Unlike many of his neighbors, he was careful not to sacrifice the future to present ease of mind and of pocket.

He put down rack-rents and bribes of every sort, and did his best to establish things upon a firm and lasting basis.

But if it was not possible even for Mr. Edgeworth to make things all they should have been outside the house, inside the sketch given of the family life is very pleasant. The father lives in perfect confidence with his children, admitting them to his confidence, interesting them in his experiments, spending his days with them, consulting them. There are no reservations; he does his business in the great family sitting-room, surrounded by his family. I have heard it described as a large ground-floor room, with two columns supporting the farther end, by one of which Maria's writing-desk used to be placed—a desk which her father had devised for her, which used to be drawn out to the fireside when she worked. Does not Mr. Edgeworth also mention in one of his letters a picture of Thomas Day hanging over a sofa against a wall? Books in plenty there were, we may be sure, and perhaps models of ingenious machines and different appliances for scientific work. Sir Henry Holland and Mr. Ticknor give a curious description of Mr. Edgeworth's many ingenious inventions. There were strange locks to the rooms and telegraphic despatches to the kitchen; clocks at the other end of the house were wound up by simply opening certain doors. It has been remarked that all Miss Edgeworth's heroes had a smattering of science. Several of her brothers inherited her father's turn for it. We hear of them raising steeples and establishing telegraphs in partnership with him. Maria used to help her father in the business connected with the estate, to assist him, also, to keep the accounts. She had a special turn for accounts, and she was pleased with her exquisite neat columns and by the accuracy with which her figures fell into their proper places. Long after her father's death this knowledge and experience enabled her to manage the estate for her eldest stepbrother, Mr. Lovell Edgeworth. She was able, at a time of great national difficulty and anxious crisis, to meet a storm in which many a larger fortune was wrecked.

But in 1782 she was a young girl only beginning life. Storms were not yet, and she was putting out her wings in the sunshine. Her father set her to translate "*Adèle et Théodore*," by Madame de Genlis (she had a great facility for languages, and her French was really remarkable). Holcroft's version of the book, however,



appeared, and the Edgeworth translation was never completed. Mr. Day wrote a letter to congratulate Mr. Edgeworth on the occasion. It seemed horrible to Mr. Day that a woman should appear in print.

It is possible that the Edgeworth family was no exception to the rule by which large and clever and animated families are apt to live in a certain atmosphere of their own. But, notwithstanding her strong family bias, few people can have seen more of the world, felt its temper more justly, or appreciated more fully the interesting people walking about in it than Maria Edgeworth. Within easy reach of Edgeworthstown were different agreeable and cultivated houses. There was Pakenham Hall with Lord Longford for its master; one of its daughters was the future Duchess of Wellington, "who was always Kitty Pakenham for her old friends." There at Castle Forbes also lived, I take it, more than one of the well-bred and delightful people, out of "Patronage," and "The Absentee," who may, in real life, have borne the names of Lady Moira and Lady Granard. Besides, there were cousins and relations without number — Foxes, Ruxtons, marriages and intermarriages; and when the time came for occasional absences and expeditions from home, the circles seem to have spread incalculably in every direction. The Edgeworths appear to have been genuinely sociable people, interested in others and certainly interesting to them.

#### VI.

THE first letter given in the "Memoirs" from Maria to her favorite Aunt Ruxton is a very sad one, which tells of the early death of her sister Honora, a beautiful girl of fifteen, the only daughter of Mrs. Honora Edgeworth, who also died of consumption. This letter, written in the dry phraseology of the time, is nevertheless full of feeling, above all for the father who, as Maria says elsewhere, ever since she could think or feel, was the first object and motive of her mind.

Mrs. Edgeworth describes her sister-in-law as follows: —

Mrs. Ruxton resembled her brother in the wit and vivacity of her mind and strong affections; her grace and charm of manner were such that a gentleman once said of her: "If I were to see Mrs. Ruxton in rags as a beggar woman sitting on the doorstep, I should say 'Madam' to her." "To write to her Aunt Ruxton was, as long as she lived, Maria's greatest pleasure while away from her," writes Mrs. Edgeworth, "and to be with her was a

happiness she enjoyed with never flagging and supreme delight. Blackcastle was within a few hours' drive of Edgeworthstown, and to go to Blackcastle was the holiday of her life."

Mrs. Edgeworth tells a story of Maria once staying at Blackcastle and tearing out the title-page of "Belinda," so that her aunt, Mrs. Ruxton, read the book without any suspicion of the author. She was so delighted with it that she insisted on Maria listening to page after page, exclaiming "Is not that admirably written?" "Admirably read, I think," said Maria, until her aunt, quite provoked by her faint acquiescence, says, "I am sorry to see my little Maria unable to bear the praises of a rival author;" at which poor Maria burst into tears, and Mrs. Ruxton could never bear the book mentioned afterwards.

It was with Mrs. Ruxton that a little boy, born just after the death of the author of "Sandford and Merton," was left on the occasion of the departure of the Edgeworth family for Clifton, in 1792, where Mr. Edgeworth spent a couple of years for the health of one of his sons. During their stay at Clifton, Richard Edgeworth, the eldest son, who had been brought up upon Rousseau's system, and who seems to have found the Old World too restricted a sphere for his energies, and who had gone to sea and disappeared suddenly, paid them a visit from South Carolina, where he had settled and married. The young man was welcomed by them all. He had been long separated from home, and he died very young in America; but his sister always clung to him with fond affection. In July the poor little brother dies in Ireland. "There does not, now that little Thomas is gone, exist even a person of the same name as Mr. Day," says Mr. Edgeworth, who concludes his letter philosophically, as the father of twenty children may be allowed to do, by expressing a hope that to his nurses, Mrs. Ruxton and her daughter, "the remembrance of their own goodness will soon obliterate the painful impression of his miserable end."

Miss Edgeworth seems to have felt the departure of her brother Richard very much. "Last Saturday my poor brother Richard took leave of us to return to America. He has gone up to London with my father and mother, and is to sail from thence. We could not part from him without great pain and regret, for he made us all extremely fond of him."

Notwithstanding these melancholy events, Maria Edgeworth seems to have



led a happy, busy life at this time among her friends, her relations, her many interests, her many fancies and facts, making much of the children, of whom she writes pleasant descriptions to her aunt. "Charlotte is very engaging and promises to be handsome. Sneyd is, and promises everything. Henry will, I think, through life always do more than he promises. Little Honora is a sprightly, blue-eyed child at nurse with a woman who is the picture of health and simplicity. Lovell is perfectly well. Doctor Darwin has paid him very handsome compliments on his lines on the Barbarini Vase in the first part of the Botanic Garden."

Mr. Edgeworth found the time long at Clifton, though, as usual, he at once improved his opportunities, paid visits to his friends in London and elsewhere, and renewed many former intimacies and correspondences.

Maria also paid a visit to London, but the time had not come for her to enjoy society, and the extreme shyness of which Mrs. Edgeworth speaks made it pain to her to be in society in those early days. "Since I have been away from home," she writes, "I have missed the society of my father, mother, and sisters more than I can express, and more than beforehand I could have thought possible. I long to see them all again. Even when I am most amused I feel a void, and now I understand what an aching void is perfectly." Very soon we hear of her at home again, "scratching away at the Freeman family." Mr. Edgeworth is reading aloud Gay's "Trivia" among other things, which she recommends to her aunt. "I had much rather make a bargain with any one I loved to read the same books with them at the same hour than to look at the moon like Rousseau's famous lovers." There is another book, a new book for the children, mentioned about this time, "Evenings at Home," which they all admire immensely.

Miss Edgeworth was now about twenty-six, at an age when a woman's powers have fully ripened; a change comes over her style; there is a fulness of description in her letters and a security of expression which show maturity. Her habit of writing was now established, and she describes the constant interest her father took and his share in all she did. Some of the slighter stories she first wrote upon a slate and read out to her brothers and sisters; others she sketched for her father's approval, and arranged and altered as he suggested. The letters for literary

ladies were with the publishers by this time, and these were followed by various stories and early lessons, portions of "Parents' Assistant," and of popular tales, all of which were sent out in packets and lent from one member of the family to another before finally reaching Mr. Johnson, the publisher's, hands. Maria Edgeworth in some of her letters from Clifton alludes with some indignation to the story of Mrs. Hannah More's ungrateful *protégée* Lactilla, the literary milk-woman, whose poems Hannah More was at such pains to bring before the world, and for whom, with her kind preface and warm commendations and subscription list, she was able to obtain the large sum of 500*l*. The ungrateful Lactilla, who had been starving when Mrs. More found her out, seems to have lost her head in this sudden prosperity, and to have accused her benefactress of wishing to steal a portion of the money. Maria Edgeworth must have been also interested in some family marriages which took place about this time. Her sister Anna became engaged to Dr. Beddoes, of Clifton, whose name appears as prescribing for the authors of various memoirs of that day. He is "a man of ability, of a great name in the scientific world," says Mr. Edgeworth, who favored the doctor's "declared passion," as a proposal was then called, and the marriage accordingly took place on their return to Ireland. Emmeline, another sister, was soon after married to Mr. King, a surgeon, also living at Bristol, and Maria was now left the only remaining daughter of the first marriage, to be good aunt, sister, friend to all the younger members of the party. She was all this, but she herself expressly states that her father would never allow her to be turned into a nursery drudge; her share of the family was limited to one special little boy. Meanwhile her pen-and-ink children are growing up.

"I beg, dear Sophy," she writes to her cousin, "that you will not call my little stories by the sublime name of my works; I shall else be ashamed when the little mouse comes forth. The stories are printed and bound the same size as 'Evenings at Home,' but I am afraid you will dislike the title. My father had sent the 'Parents' Friend,' but Mr. Johnson has degraded it into 'Parents' Assistant.'"

In 1797, says Miss Beaufort, who was to be so soon more intimately connected with the Edgeworth family, Johnson wished to publish more volumes of the "Parents' Assistant" on fine paper, with



prints, and Mrs. Ruxton asked me to make some designs for them. These designs seem to have given great satisfaction to the Edgeworth party, and especially to a little boy called William, Mrs. Edgeworth's youngest boy, who grew up to be a fine young man, but who died young of the cruel family complaint. Mrs. Edgeworth's health was also failing all this time—"Though she makes epigrams she is far from well," says Maria; but they none of them seemed seriously alarmed. Mr. Edgeworth, in the intervals of politics, is absorbed in the telegraph, which, with the help of his sons, he is trying to establish. It is one which acts by night as well as by day.

It was a time of change and stir for Ireland, disaffection growing and put down for a time by the soldiers; armed bands going about "defending" the country and breaking its windows. In 1794 threats of a French invasion had alarmed everybody, and now again in 1796 came rumors of every description, and Mr. Edgeworth was very much disappointed that his proposal for establishing a telegraph across the water to England was rejected by government. He also writes to Dr. Darwin that he had offered himself as a candidate for the county, and been obliged to relinquish at the last moment; but these minor disappointments were lost in the trouble which fell upon the household in the following year—the death of the mother of the family, who sank rapidly and died of consumption in 1797.

## VII.

WHEN Mr. Edgeworth himself died, not without many active post-mortem wishes and directions, leaving his entertaining "Memoirs" half finished, he desired his daughter Maria in the most emphatic way to complete them, and to publish them without changing or altering anything that he had written. People reading them were surprised by the contents; they blamed Miss Edgeworth for making them public, not knowing how solemn and binding these dying commands had been, says Mrs. Leadbeater, writing at the time to Mrs. Trench. Many severe and wounding reviews appeared, and this may have influenced Miss Edgeworth in her own objection to her memoirs being published by her family.

Mr. Edgeworth's life was most extraordinary, comprising in fact three or four lives in the place of that one usually al-

lowed to most people, some of us having to be moderately content with a half or three-quarters of existence. But his versatility of mind was no less remarkable than his tenacity of purpose and strength of affection, though some measure of sentiment must have certainly been wanting. The writer once expressed her surprise at the extraordinary influence that Mr. Edgeworth seems to have had over women and over the many members of his family who continued to reside in his home after the various changes which had taken place there. The lady to whom she spoke was one who has seen more of life than most of us, who has for years past carried help to the far-away and mysterious East, but whose natural place is at home in the more prosperous and unattainable West End. This lady said, "You do not in the least understand what my Uncle Edgeworth was. I never knew anything like him. Brilliant, full of energy and charm, he was something quite extraordinary and irresistible. If you had known him you would not have wondered at anything." This lady had sat upon Maria Edgeworth's knee as a little girl, and remembered her writing in her place by the column in the big sitting-room.

I had in the spring of that year (1797) paid my first visit to Edgeworthstown with my mother and sister," [writes Miss Beaufort, afterwards Mrs. Edgeworth, the author of the *Memoirs*.] My father had long before been there, and had frequently met Mr. Edgeworth at Mrs. Ruxton's. In 1795 my father was presented to the living of Collon, in the county of Louth, where he resided from that time. His vicarage was within five minutes' walk of the residence of Mr. Foster, then Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, the dear friend of Mr. Edgeworth, who came to Collon in the spring of 1798 several times, and at last offered me his hand, which I accepted.

Maria, who was at first very much opposed to the match, would not have been herself the most devoted and faithful of daughters if she had not eventually agreed to her father's wishes, and, as daughters do, come by degrees to feel with him and to see with his eyes. The influence of a father over a daughter where real sympathy exists is one of the very deepest and strongest that can be imagined. Miss Beaufort herself seems also to have had some special attraction for Maria. She was about her own age. She must have been a person of singularly sweet character and gentle liberality of mind. "You will come into a new family, but you will



not come as a stranger, dear Miss Beaufort," writes generous Maria. "You will not lead a new life, but only continue to lead the life you have been used to in your own happy, cultivated family." And her stepmother in a few feeling words describes all that Maria was to her from the very first when she came as a bride to the home where the children of the lately lost wife and her sisters were all assembled to meet her.

It gives an unpleasant thrill to read of the newly married lady coming along to her home in a postchaise, and seeing something odd on the side of the road. "Look to the other side; don't look at it," says Mr. Edgeworth; and when they had passed he tells his bride that it was the body of a man hung by the rebels between the shafts of a car.

The family at Edgeworthstown consisted of two ladies, sisters of the late Mrs. Edgeworth, who made it their home, and of Maria, the last of the first family. Lovell, now the eldest son, was away; but there were also four daughters and three sons at home.

All agreed in making me feel at once at home and part of the family; all received me with the most unaffected cordiality; but from Maria it was something more. She more than fulfilled the promise of her letter; she made me at once her most intimate friend, and in every trifle of the day treated me with the most generous confidence.

Those times were even more serious than they are now; we hear of Mr. Bond, the high sheriff, paying "a pale visit" to Edgeworthstown. "I am going on in the old way, writing stories," says Maria Edgeworth, writing in 1798. "I cannot be a captain of dragoons, and sitting with my hands before me would not make any one of us one degree safer. . . . Simple Susan went to Foxhall a few days ago for Lady Anne to carry her to England." "My father has made our little rooms so nice for us," she continues; "they are all fresh painted and papered. Oh! rebels, oh! French spare them. We have never injured you, and all we wish is to see everybody as happy as ourselves."

On August 29 we find from Miss Edgeworth's letter to her cousin that the French have got to Castlebar. "The lord-lieutenant is now at Athlone, and it is supposed it will be their next object of attack. My father's corps of yeomanry are extremely attached to him and seem fully in earnest; but, alas! by some strange negligence, their arms have not yet arrived from Dublin. . . . We, who

are so near the scene of action, cannot by any means discover what *number* of the French actually landed, some say eight hundred, some eighteen hundred, some eighteen thousand."

The family had a narrow escape that day, for two officers, who were in charge of some ammunition, offered to take them under their protection as far as Longford. Mr. Edgeworth most fortunately detained them. "Half an hour afterwards, as we were quietly sitting in the portico, we heard, as we thought close to us, the report of a pistol or a clap of thunder which shook the house. The officer soon after returned almost speechless; he could hardly explain what had happened. The ammunition cart, containing nearly three barrels of gunpowder, took fire, and burnt half way on the road to Longford. The man who drove the cart was blown to atoms. Nothing of him could be found. Two of the horses were killed; others were blown to pieces, and their limbs scattered to a distance. The head and body of a man were found a hundred and twenty yards from the spot. . . . If we had gone with this ammunition cart, we must have been killed. An hour or two afterwards we were obliged to fly from Edgeworthstown. The pikemen, three hundred in number, were within a mile of the town; my mother and Charlotte and I rode; passed the trunk of the dead man, bloody limbs of horses, and two dead horses, by the help of men who pulled on our steeds—all safely lodged now in Mrs. Fallon's Inn." "Before we had reached the place where the cart had been blown up," says Mrs. Edgeworth, "Mr. Edgeworth suddenly recollected that he had left on the table in his study a list of the yeomanry corps which he feared might endanger the poor fellows and their families if it fell into the hands of the rebels. He galloped back for it. It was at the hazard of his life; but the rebels had not yet appeared. He burned the paper, and rejoined us safely." The "Memoirs" give a most interesting and spirited account of the next few days. The rebels spared Mr. Edgeworth's house, although they broke in. After a time the family were told that all was safe for their return, and the account of their coming home, as it is given in the second volume of Mr. Edgeworth's life by his daughter, is a model of style and admirable description.

In 1799 Mr. Edgeworth came into Parliament for the borough of St. Johnstown. He was a Unionist by conviction, but he



did not think the times were yet ripe for the Union, and he therefore voted against it. In some of his letters to Dr. Darwin written at this time, he says that he was offered three thousand guineas for his seat for the few remaining weeks of the session, which, needless to say, he refused, not thinking it well, as he says, "*to quarrel with myself*." He also adds that Maria continues writing for children under the persuasion that she cannot be more serviceably employed; and he sends (with his usual perspicuity) affectionate messages to the doctor's "good amiable lady and *his giant brood*." But this long friendly correspondence was coming to an end. The doctor's letters, so quietly humorous and to the point, Mr. Edgeworth's answers with all their characteristic and lively variety, were nearly over.

It was in 1800 that Maria had achieved her great success, and published "*Castle Rackrent*," a book — not for children this time — which made everybody talk who read, and those read who had only talked before. This work was published anonymously, and so great was its reputation that some one was at the pains to copy out the whole of the story with erasures and different signs of authenticity, and assume the authorship.

One very distinctive mark of Maria Edgeworth's mind is the honest candor and genuine critical faculty which is hers. Her appreciation of her own work and that of others is unaffected and really discriminating, whether it is "*Corinne*" or a simple story which she is reading, or Scott's new novel "*The Pirate*," or one of her own manuscripts which she estimates justly and reasonably. "I have read '*Corinne*' with my father, and I like it better than he does. In one word, I am dazzled by the genius, provoked by the absurdities, and in admiration of the taste and critical judgment of Italian literature displayed throughout the whole work: but I will not dilate upon it in a letter, I could talk for three hours to you and my aunt."

Elsewhere she speaks with the warmest admiration of a "simple story." Jane Austen's books were not yet published; but another writer, for whom Mr. Edgeworth and his daughter had a very great regard and admiration, was Mrs. Barbauld, who in all the heavy trials and sorrows of her later life found no little help and comfort in the friendship and constancy of Maria Edgeworth. Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld, upon Mr. Edgeworth's in-

itation, paid him a visit at Clifton, where he was again staying in 1799, and where Mrs. Edgeworth's eldest child was born. There is a little anecdote of domestic life at this time in the "*Memoirs*" which gives one a glimpse, not of an authoress, but of a very sympathizing and impressionable person. "Maria took her little sister to bring down to her father, but when she had descended a few steps a panic seized her, and she was afraid to go either backwards or forwards. She sat down on the stairs afraid she should drop the child, afraid that its head would come off, and afraid that her father would find her sitting there and laugh at her, till seeing the footman passing she called '*Samuel*' in a terrified voice, and made him walk before her backwards down the stairs till she safely reached the sitting-room." For all these younger children Maria seems to have had a most tender and motherly regard, as indeed for all her young brothers and sisters of the different families. Many of them were the heroines of her various stories, and few heroines are more charming than some of Miss Edgeworth's. Rosamund is said by some to have been Maria herself, impulsive, warm-hearted, timid, and yet full of spirit and animation.

In his last letter to Mr. Edgeworth Dr. Darwin writes kindly of the authoress, and sends her a message. The letter is dated April 17, 1802. "I am glad to find you still amuse yourself with mechanism in spite of the troubles of Ireland;" and the doctor goes on to ask his friend to come and pay a visit to the Priory, and describes the pleasant house with the garden, the ponds full of fish, the deep, umbrageous valley, with the talkative stream running down it, and Derby tower in the distance. The letter, so kind, so playful in its tone, was never finished. Dr. Darwin was writing as he was seized with what seemed a fainting-fit, and he died within an hour. Miss Edgeworth writes of the shock her father felt when the sad news reached him; a shock, she says, which must in some degree be experienced by every person who reads this letter of Dr. Darwin's.

No wonder this generous, outspoken man was esteemed in his own time. To us, in ours, it has been given still more to know the noble son of "*that giant brood*," whose name will be loved and held in honor as long as people live to honor nobleness, simplicity, and genius; those things which give life to life itself.



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE LADIES LINDORES.

## CHAPTER XX.

*(continued.)*

"AH, to be sure, that's Tinto," said Rintoul; "what a fine place it is, to be sure! Carry ought to be proud of such a place. And how do all the squires and squireens—or the lairds, I suppose I should say, for local color,—how do they like his red flag? There ought to be plenty of hatred and malice on that score."

"Nobody hates or bears malice to our Carry, that I can hear of," said his mother, with a reproving glance. Her eye caught that of John, and she blushed almost violently—for was not he the representative of the squires and squireens?

"But Torrance and Carry are one flesh," said Rintoul.

"I ought to speak on the subject, as I am the only representative of the accused," said John, with an attempt at a lighter tone; but it was not very successful, and there was a sense of possible commotion in the air, like the approach of a thunderstorm, which the women were far too sensitive not to feel—and they threw themselves into the breach, as was natural. When John took his leave, as the lingering daylight still lasted, they strolled with him through the shrubberies, accompanying him towards the gate. It was Lady Lindores herself who took the initiative in this, as her son thought, extraordinary condescension. Rintoul followed, keeping his sister walking by his side, with indignant surprise painted all over him. "Do you mean to say you do this every time that fellow is here?" he asked wrathfully. "We have never been out of doors before when Mr. Erskine has gone away," cried Edith, equally angry, in self-defence. Meanwhile the voices of the others, who were in advance, went on peacefully: they talked, unconscious of criticism, while the brother and sister listened. John had begun to tell Lady Lindores of the entertainments he meant to give. He avowed that they had been planned by Rolls, though his first intention had been to keep this fact to himself; but the humor of it overcame him. He could not refrain from communicating so amusing a circumstance to the kind woman, who never misunderstood, and who received all his confidences with maternal pleasure. He was pleased to hear her laugh, and not displeased to lay open the condition of his household to her, and the

humors of the old servants, in whose hands he was still a boy. "It is, don't you think, a judicious despotism on the whole?" he said. The sound of her laugh was delightful in his ears, even though a more sensitive narrator might have thought the laugh to be directed against himself.

"It is a delightful despotism," said Lady Lindores; "and as we shall benefit by it in the present case, I entirely approve of Rolls. But I think, perhaps, if I were you, I would not unfold the whole matter to Miss Barbara. Your aunt is born a great lady, Mr. Erskine. She might take it as quite right and within the duty of an old retainer; but again, she might take a different view. For my part, I entirely approve. It is exactly the right thing to do."

"You are always so kind," said John gratefully; "and perhaps you will advise me in matters that are beyond my prime minister's sphere."

"Rolls and I!" she said, laughing; "it is not often a young man has such a pair of counsellors." Her laugh was so fresh and genuine that it sounded like the laugh of youth. Her children behind her had their curiosity greatly excited: Edith with a little wonder, to think what John could be saying to amuse her mother so much; Rintoul with high indignation, to see in what favor this country neighbor was held.

"What does my mother mean?" he said, grumbling in Edith's ear. "She will turn that fellow's head. I never knew anything so out of place. One would think, to see you with him, that he was—why, your dearest friend, your—I don't know what to say."

"Perhaps you had better not say anything, in case it should be something disagreeable," said Edith, with a sudden flush of color. "Mr. Erskine is our nearest neighbor—and I hope my mother, at least, does not want any guidance from you."

"Oh, doesn't she, though!" murmured Rintoul in his moustache. To his own consciousness his mother was the member of this family who stood the most in need of his guidance. He thought her the most imprudent woman he had ever come across, paying no attention to her children's prospects. They went on thus till they came to the gate, where the Countess of Lindores was actually to be seen by the woman at the lodge, or by any passing wayfarer, in her dinner-dress, with nothing but a lace cap on her head



— and Edith, in her white robes and shining hair—saying good-bye to this rustic neighbor, this insidious squire! Rintoul could not for some time relieve his soul as he wished. He was compelled to shake hands too, in a surly way; and it was not till Edith had left them that he permitted himself to make, as he said, a few remarks to his mother. She was lingering outside, for it was still daylight though it was night.

“Mother,” said Rintoul solemnly, “I see it’s all exactly as I feared. You have let that fellow Erskine get to be a sort of tame cat about the house.”

“After?” said his mother, with a smile.

“After! well, that’s as you choose. But of this you may be sure, mother, my father won’t stand it. It will only make trouble in the house. He won’t let Edith throw herself away. You had better put a stop to it while you are able. I suspected it from the first moment I knew that Erskine was here.”

“You are very wise, Rintoul,” said his mother, with grieved displeasure, all the pain and disenchantment which she had managed to put aside and forget coming back into her troubled eyes.

“I don’t know if I’m very wise; but I know something of the world,” said the son, who was so much better instructed than she was; “and I know, when one has charge of a girl, one oughtn’t to allow her to throw herself away.”

“Carry is supposed not to have thrown herself away,” said the indignant mother, with a glance towards that centre of her saddest thoughts, the arrogant front and false battlements of Tinto, faintly gleaming like royal Windsor itself in the mists of distance. This was all in contradiction to the changed state of her mind towards Millefleurs and the gradual leaning towards a great marriage for Edith which had come over her. But we are never more hot in defence of our own side than when we have begun to veer towards the other; and Rintoul’s lectures had been for a long time more than his mother could endure.

“No, Carry cannot be said to have thrown herself away,” he said thoughtfully, stroking that moustache which looked so young, while its owner was so wise and politic. “Carry should remember,” he said, after a pause, “that she’s an individual, but the family comprises many people—heaps of her descendants will be grateful to her, you know. And if the fellow is unbearable, why, a woman has always got it in her own hands to make

his life a burden to him. Why is she so absurdly domestic? They have quantities of money, and there are plenty of brutes in society to keep him in countenance. She ought to come to town, and see people, and enjoy herself. What is the good of living like a cabbage here?”

“If you will persuade Carry to emancipate herself a little—to think of herself a little—I will forgive you all your worldly-mindedness,” said his mother, with a smile.

“I will try,” he said; “and as for my worldly-mindedness, as you call it, how is a fellow to get on in the world, I should like to know? It isn’t by money I’ll ever push my way. I must look out for other ways and means.”

“Does that mean an heiress, Rintoul?”

His mother was half laughing, half serious. But there was no laughter in Rintoul’s countenance. The corners of his mouth were drawn down. His eyes were as solemn as if the matter in question had been life or death.

“You may be sure I’ll do my duty to the family, whether I like it or not,” he said, with heroic gravity. “I don’t mean to recommend other people to do what I’ll not do myself.”

But Rintoul sighed. He was heroic, indeed, but he was human. A breath of soft recollections came over him. He, too, had entertained other thoughts—he had allowed himself to be beguiled to gentler visions. But when the voice of duty bade, he felt that he had it in him to be superior to all weaknesses. Come an heiress of sufficient pretensions to be worthy of the son of Lindores, and he would buckle his manhood to him, and marry her without wincing. His duty he was at all times ready to do; but yet to the softer part of life, to the dreams of a youth unawakened to such stern purposes of heroism, he might yet be permitted to give a sigh.

John Erskine was the very opposite of this predestined martyr. He felt no weight of family responsibility upon him. All that he wished was—a good wish enough, if it had not been altogether beyond possibility of fulfilment—that the last lord of Lindores had lived to be a patriarch, and had been succeeded by his son in the course of nature. What a difference that would have made to everybody concerned! But our young man did all he could to keep definite plans and hopes out of his mind. He preferred to get the good of each day as it came. If he thought too much of them, he felt a dismal certainty



that disappointments would follow. He preferred that his present existence should flow *au jour le jour*.

## CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN the news of the approaching festivities at Dalrulzian were known in Dunearn, Miss Barbara Erskine and her household were flung into a whirlpool of excitement such as had not disturbed their calm for more years than could be reckoned. There was, of course, no question as to the immediate acceptance by the old lady of her nephew's invitation to her to do the honors of his house. She was very much touched and pleased — with that satisfaction, above all, which is so sweet to a woman — of feeling that John was doing absolutely “the right thing” in placing her, his old aunt, at the head of affairs. It was a compliment to the family, to the old neighbors, as well as to herself. But it is not too much to say that from the scullery to the drawing-room her house was turned upside down by this great event. Miss Barbara's first thought was, as was natural, that a great many things would be wanted. She went instantly to her “napery” closet, — Agnes, her old maid, attending her with the key, — and brought out stores of shining damask, milk-white and fragrant, every tablecloth with its pile of napkins, like a hen with chickens. “I never inquired into the napery at Dalrulzian,” the old lady said; “but it would be a great temptation to a woman with a sma' family to take the use of it; and for anything I know, he may be in want of table-linen. Ye'll pack a boxful, Agnes, whether or no. There's the great tablecloths with the crown pattern, they are the biggest I have. Ye'll take them, and table-napkins. You may take ten or twelve dozen. They are always useful.”

“And you'll take the best silver, mem,” said Janet, for this was in her department. If it had been suggested to them that their best Paisley shawls, on which both Janet and Agnes set great store, would have been useful to cover the faded places on the carpet, these devoted women would have sacrificed their most cherished possessions. Miss Barbara's old epergnes and table ornaments, which, happily, were older and less solid than the camel and palm-trees at Tinto, were packed into a huge box, with all her available forks and spoons, and sent off in a cart before her to the scene of the entertainment. Then a still more important question arose as to the help that would be required to pro-

duce a dinner and a ball supper worthy of the Erskine name. Miss Barbara put her trust in Janet, who had managed all her own household affairs for a great number of years. “I'll take ye both with me,” she said to the two women, who made her comfort and credit the occupation of their lives, “and when ye consider what's at stake, you'll just put your hand to anything; and ye like a ploy, both of ye, and plenty of young faces about the house.”

“Eh, but I do that,” said Agnes; “and I would not wonder but Mr. John's meaning to take a survey of all the misses, and him a wanter and a bonnie lad into the bargain. We'll maybe hear who it is to be.”

But Janet demurred. “It's not to be denied but I would like to go,” she said; “and blithe, blithe would I be to put to my hand, if it was only to boil a pitawtie, and proud to think the auld family, so lang away, was holding up its head again. But then there's Bauby Rolls, that's been housekeeper so long, and a good cook and a good woman. She would think we meant to interfere.”

“It would ill become either Bauby or any other person to think me interfering in my nephew's house,” said Barbara. “Ye'll just come, Janet. I am saying nothing against Bauby; but she'll be out of the way of managing a pairty.”

“There are plenty of pairties in the winter-time,” said Janet. “I wouldna stand in other folk's gait. Na, naeboddy would say *you* were interfering, Miss Barbara. Wha has a better right in your ain nephew's house? — but me, it's another question. I couldna gang ben to her kitchen, or look at a single article, but it would be thought I was meddling. What would I think if Bauby Rolls came here on a veesit to help me? I would say I maun be getting doited, though I cannot see it: I maun be losing the use o' my faculties. I judge of her by mysel'. She would think the same of me. But Agnes, you can take her,” said the housekeeper, with a fine and delicate contempt. “She has aye her head full of whigmaleeries; but she'll stand in nobody's way.”

“I'll not ask your leave, Janet, to take my own woman with me,” said Miss Barbara, with some annoyance.

“Na, mem, I never thought that,” retorted her factotum. “I'm seldom consulted, though maybe it would be none the worse for the family if I were letten say my say. For a ball-supper there's naething better than a fine boned turkey well stuffed and larded,” she added reflect-



tively; "and I'm no' against soup. It's new-fashioned; but there's new-fashioned things that's just as good as the old. One thing I set my face against is thae new drinks — cup as they call them. They take an awfu' quantity of wine; and in the heat o' the dancing thae young things will just spoil their stomachs, never thinking what they're swallowing. That's my opinion. I'm no' saying I'm only authority, and Mr. Rolls will have a' that in his hands, and will not lippen to a woman; but that's my opinion. It's an awfu' waste of wine. I would rather give them good honest champagne out of the bottle, that they might see what they are taking, far sooner than that wasteful cup."

"That's very true, Janet," said Miss Barbara; "I'm of that opinion myself. But in most houses it's the gentleman himself (when there is a gentleman) that manages the cellar; and it would never do for a lady to say anything. But I will mind to tell him (for it's my own opinion), if he consults me."

"And for sweet things, there's nothing like ice-creams, if she can make them," said Janet. "If she were to say, mem, of her own accord, that she has little experience, you might send me a line by the postman, and I would do my best; but no' unless it's of her own accord. Na, na; I ken by mysel'. If a strange woman were to come into my kitchen and meddle with my denner! But tak' you Agnes, Miss Barbara. She might make up a match yet, for a' that's come and gane, with Tammas Rolls."

Miss Barbara appeared accordingly at Dalrulzian the day before the great dinner, in her old coach, with her two best gowns in the imperial, and all her old ornaments, and with Agnes her maid seated primly by her, inside. The chariot was almost as old as Miss Barbara herself, and was kept for great occasions. It was drawn by two somewhat funereal black horses from the Red Lion at Dunearn — altogether a solemn turn-out, and quite unlike the handy little phaeton in which usually the old lady drove about. The postboy took away those noble steeds when he had housed the chariot in the Dalrulzian stables, to which he was to return in four days to take it back with its mistress. And Miss Barbara bore a grave though cheerful countenance as she walked into the drawing-room, and took her place there on the great tapestry sofa. The box of plate and linen had arrived before her, and she felt that it was necessary at once to look into the details of the

proposed entertainment. "Will you send the housekeeper to me," she said to Rolls, with dignity, thinking it beneath the solemnity of the occasion to call Bauby by any less weighty title. Bauby came in with good-natured alacrity; but she was somewhat abashed by the air of gravity on Miss Barbara's face, whom she was not accustomed to see in such state. "Come in, my woman," said the old lady. "It's a great responsibility for you to have the charge of all this. You will like a little assistance with your dinner. I'm well aware that both that and the supper for the ball are in very good hands so far as the provisions go. But your master being young, and without experience, and as there's no lady in the house, I think it my duty to be of service," Miss Barbara said. Bauby stood before her greatly flushed, and laid a number of hems, one over the other, on her apron. "Hoot, mem, we'll just manage fine," she said, growing red. But this did not satisfy the august old lady.

"If you're in want of any help," she said, "there's a woman of mine —"

Rolls, who had been waiting outside the door, came to the rescue. He appeared now behind the flushed Bauby. "She's a confused creature," he said, "but she knows her business. We've put it all down, Miss Barbara, in the new-fashioned way. I'm aware that at the Castle and other grand places it's written in French, but good Scots is good enough for us."

It was no small effort to find and produce from Bauby's pocket the bill of fare of the approaching dinner. But this document took away Miss Barbara's breath. It was some time before she got over it. Instead of the chaos which she half feared, yet half hoped for, as a means of exercising her own gifts on her nephew's behalf, it was an elaborate *menu*, drawn out in full form, that was placed before her eyes. The old lady was struck dumb for a moment, and when she spoke there was a certain awe in her tone. "If you can set a dinner like that on the table," she said, "I have not a word to say."

"Oh, mem, we'll manage fine," said Bauby, in her soft, round, good-humored voice.

"Miss Barbara," said Rolls, "I'm no braggart; but I've seen a thing or two in my life. And Bauby, she has far more in her than appears. She's just a confused creature in speech; but pit her to her goblets and her sauces, and she kens well what she's about. She has the real spirit



of it in her; and when her blood's up for the credit of the family ——"

"Eh, mem!" cried Bauby herself, putting her apron to her eyes, for her tears came readily; "do you think I would let them say that Mr. John couldna give a denner as good as the best? and he such a fine lad, and wanting a wife, and his mammaw so far away!"

"Never you mind his mammaw," cried Miss Barbara, with natural family feeling; "she was never a great manager. But if you set that dinner on the table, Bauby Rolls, you're a woman worthy of all respect, and I hope my nephew will know when he's well off."

She withdrew to the room prepared for her after this, a little crestfallen, yet doing due honor to the native powers. "We'll say nothing to Janet," she said to her faithful old maid, as she sat at her toilet. "Janet is an excellent woman, and just the right person for a house like mine. But she has not that invention. Four made dishes, besides all the solids! We'll not say a word to Janet. It would be more than she could bear."

"You see, Miss Barbara, there's two of them to settle it," said Agnes, as she brushed out the old lady's abundant white hair; "and a man is awfu' discriminat'ing about eating and drinking. He may not have sense like a woman, but he has more taste of his mouth."

"There is something in that," said her mistress; "if it's Rolls, John has got a treasure in that man. The cornel's dinners were always very English, to my way of thinking — but that would be their own fault; or if it's my nephew himself" — she added doubtfully. What was a great quality in Rolls catering for other people, would have been almost a vice, in the eyes of this prejudiced old lady, in the young master of the house.

"Mr. John!" said Agnes, still more moved, "a bonnie lad like him! Na, na; it would never be that. It'll be the young misses, and not the dishes, he will be thinking about. And who knows but we may see the one that's his choice? And I wish she may be a lovely young lady for his sake."

"She would need to be something more than that," said Miss Barbara, shaking her head. "A little money would be a great advantage to the estate."

"Eh, but mem, he maun marry for love," said Agnes; "what's siller in comparison? And I think I know somebody for my pairt ——"

"Whisht, Agnes," said her mistress

peremptorily; "whatever thought may be in your head, to name it spoils all."

For these two simple women were still of opinion that Providence had created John Erskine's wife for him, and that he could not mistake the guidance of that unerring hand.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

THE ball was in full career; everybody had come to it from all the houses within reach, and the radius was wide — extending over the whole county. It was universally acknowledged that nobody could have imagined the drawing-room at Dalrulzian to be so large — and though the mothers and the old ladies were in a great state of alarm as to the facilities for stepping forth through the long windows after a dance, yet the young people, indifferent to the northern chill which they had been used to all their lives, considered the walk, which seemed almost a portion of the room, to be the most delightful of all. Rintoul, though with many protestations and much scorn of the little rustic assembly, had been persuaded to wait for it, and was an object of attraction as great, nay, in some respects greater, than John himself. There were no great young ladies in the company for whom it was worth his while to exert himself, and consequently the young man yielded to the soft flattery of all the pleased and grateful faces around him, and made himself agreeable in general, ending, however, almost invariably at the side of Nora, to whom it was a pleasing compensation for the indifference of the young master of Dalrulzian, who had been so distinctly destined for her by the county. John was very civil to Nora. He went out of his way, indeed, to be civil. He took her about the house, into the library, and the hall, to show her the alterations he was making, and appealed to her about their propriety in a way which Nora felt might have taken in some girls. But she was not taken in. She knew it was merely politeness, and that John would go away as soon as he had done his duty with a certain sense of relief. But Rintoul's attentions were paid in a very different spirit. He asked her to dance as many times as he could without attracting too much notice. Nora felt that he discriminated this line finely, and was half provoked and half flattered by it, feeling acutely that whereas John Erskine did his best to show her all the civility which his position required, Rintoul went against all the duties of his position to get near her, to talk to her in a



corner, to devote to her every moment which he could devote to her without remark. He was very careful, very desirous not to commit himself with society; but to Nora, every tone of his voice, every look committed him. She felt—she was a great deal cleverer than Rintoul, and saw through and through him—that to her he was a totally different person from the young man of fashion, who, with a touch of condescension, did his duty to the other young ladies. She saw him in a different light. He toned his words for her. He changed his very sentiments. She was pleased and amused, and at the same time touched, when (for she was too clever) she noted this change coming over him in the middle of a sentence, in the figure of a dance, when he suddenly found himself near her. There could not have been a more complete proof of these sentiments which he was as yet afraid to indulge in, which vanquished him against his will. A girl's pride may be roused by the idea that a man struggles against her power over him, and is unwilling to love her; but at the same time there is a wonderful flattery in the consciousness that his unwillingness avails him nothing, and that reason is powerless in comparison with love. Nora with her keen eyes marked how, when the young man left her to dance or to talk with some one else, he kept, as it were, one eye upon her, watching her partners and her behavior, and how, the moment he was free, he would gyrate round her, with something which (within herself always laughing, yet not displeased) she compared to the flutterings of a bird beating its wings against the air, resisting yet compelled to approach some centre of fascination. He would have kept away if he could, but he was not able. She was so much occupied in watching these proceedings of his—seeing the humor of them so completely that she was fain to put her head out at the window, or retire into a corner of the hall, to laugh privately to herself—that she lost the thread of much that was said to her, and sadly wounded the feelings of several of the young officers from Dundee. What they said was as a murmur in her ears, while her mind was engaged in the more amusing study—watching the movements of Rintoul.

The Lindores family had come out in force to grace John's entertainment. Even the earl himself had come, which was so unusual. He had made up his mind so strenuously as to the support which John

was to give to Rintoul's candidature and his own plans, that he thought it necessary to "countenance," as he said, our young man's proceedings in everything personal to himself. And Lord Lindores, like so many people, did not perceive, in his inspection of the horizon, and desire that this thing and that should be done in the distance, the danger which lay under his very eye. No doubt it was natural that his little daughter Edith should be, as it were, the queen of the entertainment. Not only was she one of the prettiest girls in the county, but she was the first in rank, and therefore the most to be thought of; the first to be honored, if any honors were going. That was simple enough, and cost him no consideration at all. He made another effort to overcome old Sir James Montgomery's prejudiced opposition, and talked on political matters in the doorways with a great deal of liberality and good-humor, taking with perfect serenity the clumsy gibes which his neighbors would launch at innovators, at people with foreign tastes, at would-be philanthropists. He smiled and "never let on," though sometimes the gibes were galling enough. Lady Lindores sat at the head of the room with Lady Car by her, very gracious too, though sometimes yawning a little privately behind her fan. They spoke to the people who came to speak to them, and acknowledged the new-comers who were introduced to them with benignant smiles. But both mother and daughter were somewhat out of their element. Now and then a lively passage of conversation would break out around them, and anon die off, and they would be left again smiling but silent, giving each other sympathetic glances, and swallowing delicate yawns. "No, I do not dance. You must excuse me," Lady Car said quietly, with that pretty smile which lighted up her pale face like sunshine. She was not pretty—but there could not be a face more full of meaning. Her eyes had some anxiety always in them, but her smile gave to her face something of the character of one whose life was over, to whom it mattered very little what was going to happen, to whom, in short, nothing could happen—to whom fate had done its worst.

There was a brief pause in the gaiety, and of a sudden, as will sometimes happen, the murmur of talk in all the different groups, the hum of the multitude at its pleasantest and lightest, was suspended. When such a pause occurs it will frequently be filled and taken posses-



sion of for the moment by some louder or more persistent scrap of conversation from an individual group, which suddenly seems to become the chief thing in the crowd, listened to by all. Ordinarily it is the most trivial chit-chat, but now and then the ranks will open, as it were, to let something of vital importance, some revelation, some germ of quarrel, some fatal hint or suggestion, be heard. This time it was Torrance, always loud-voiced, whose words suddenly came out in the hearing of the entire company. He happened at the moment to be standing with John Erskine contemplating the assembly in general. Rintoul was close by, lingering for a moment to address a passing civility to the matron whose daughter he had just brought back to her side. Torrance had been in the supper-room, and was charged with champagne. He was not a drunkard, but he habitually took a great deal of wine, the result of which was only to make him a little more himself than usual, touching all his qualities into exaggeration — a little louder, a little more rude, cynical, and domineering. He was surveying the company with his big, staring eyes.

"This makes me think," he said, "of the time when I was a wanter, as they say. Take the good of your opportunities, John Erskine. Take your chance, man, while ye have it. When a man's married he's done for; nobody cares a fig for him more. But before he's fixed his choice, the whole world is at his call. Then's the time to be petted and made of — everybody smiling upon you, — instead of sitting with one peevish face on the other side of the fire at home."

He ended this speech with one of his huge rude laughs; and there are a great many such speeches permitted in society, laughed at even by those who are themselves the point of the moral. But Rintoul was in an excited condition of mind; contradictory to all his own tenets; going in his heart against his own code; kicking against the pricks. He turned round sharply with a certain pleasure in finding somebody upon whom to let forth an ill-humor which had been growing in him. "You forget, Torrance, who I am, when you speak of this peevish face before me."

"You! — troth I forgot your existence altogether," said Torrance, after a pause of astonishment, and a prolonged stare ending in another laugh.

Rintoul flushed a furious red. He was excited by the rising of a love which he meant to get the better of, but which for

the moment had got the better of him; and by all the restraints he had put upon himself, and which public opinion required should be put upon him. He flashed upon his brother-in-law an angry glance, which in its way was like the drawing of a sword.

"You had better," he said, "recall my existence as quickly as you can, Torrance — for it may be necessary to remind you of it very sharply one of these days, from all I hear."

Torrance replied by another loud, insulting laugh. "I mind you well enough when I hear you crow, my little cock-o'-the walk," he said.

The conversation had got thus far during the pause which has been described. But now the whole assembly rushed into talk with a general tremor, the band struck up, the dancers flew off with an energy which was heightened by a little panic. Everybody dislikes a family quarrel: the first beginnings of it may excite curiosity, but at a certain point it alarms the most dauntless gossip. To get out of the way of it, the world in general will take any trouble. Accordingly the ranks closed with the eagerness of fear, to continue the metaphor, and the two belligerents were hidden at once from sight and hearing. Men began to talk in their deepest basses, women in their shrillest trebles, and how it ended nobody knew. There were a great many whispered questions and remarks made afterwards when the crisis was over. "Young Erskine had all the trouble in the world to smooth it over." "One doesn't know what would have happened if old Sir James had not got hold of Lord Rintoul." "Half-a-dozen men got round Pat Torrance. They made believe to question him about some racing — and that quieted him," cried one and another, each into the nearest ear; and the whole assembly with a thrill watched the family of Lindores in all its movements, and saw significance in every one of these. This was the only *contretemps* that occurred in the whole programme of the festivities at Dalrulzian. It passed out of hearing of Lady Car, who sat the evening out, with that soft patience as of one whose day was over — the little smile, the little concealed yawn, the catch of conversation when any one who could talk drifted by her. Dr. Stirling and she discussed Wordsworth for a whole half-hour, which was the only part of the entertainment that withdrew her at all from herself. "And his noble philosophy of sorrow," she said, "which



is the finest of all. The part which he gives it in the world ——” “I am not clear in my own mind,” said the doctor, “that sorrow by itself does good to anybody.” “Stretch a hand through time to catch the far-off interest of tears,” cried Lady Car with an unfathomable distance in her mild eyes, shaking her head at him and smiling. This was her point of enjoyment. When she thought the hour at which she might withdraw was coming, she sent to her husband to know if he was ready, still quite unaware of his utterance about the peevish face. Poor Lady Car! her face was not peevish. It was somewhat paler than usual, so much as that was possible, as she watched him coming towards her. The more wine he took the less supportable he was. Alarm came into her gentle eyes. “Oh yes, I’m ready,” he said; “I’ve been here long enough,” in a tone which she understood well. She thought it was possibly John who had given him offence, and took leave of her host quickly, holding out her hand to him in passing with a word. “I must not stop to congratulate you now. I will tell how well it has gone off next time I see you,” she said hastily. But her brother would not be shaken off so easily. He insisted on keeping by her side, and took a tender leave of her only at the carriage door, walking along with her as though determined to make a demonstration of his brotherly regard. “I shall see you again, Rintoul, before you go?” “No,” he cried; “good-bye, Car. I am not coming to Tinto again.” What did it mean? But as they drove home through the dark, shut up together in that strict enclosure, her husband did not fail to make her acquainted with what had happened. “What’s his business, I should like to know?” Torrance cried. “Of course it’s your complaints, Lady Car. You set yourselves up as martyrs, you whitefaced women. You think it gives you a charm the more; but I’ll charm them that venture to find fault with me,” he cried, with his hot breath, like a strong gale of wine and fury, on her cheek. What disgust was in her breast along with the pain! “There’s no duels now, more’s the pity,” said Torrance: “maybe you think it’s as well for me, and that your brother might have set you free, my lady.” “I have never given you any cause to say so,” she cried from her corner, shrinking from him as far as possible. What a home-going that was! and the atmosphere of wine, and heat, and rude fury, and ruder affection, from which she

could not escape, was never to escape all her wretched life. Poor Lady Car! with nothing but a little discussion about Wordsworth or Shelley to stand in place of happiness to her heart.

“I have been quarrelling with that brother-in-law of mine,” Rintoul said to Nora in the next dance, which he ought not to have had, he knew, and she knew, though she had been persuaded to throw off, for him, a lagging partner. He had not said a word about the quarrel to his mother or sister, but to Nora he could not help telling it. He broke even the strained decorum which he had been painfully keeping up for this cause. Already he had danced more than was usual with one partner, but this was too strong for him. He could not resist the temptation.

“Oh, Lord Rintoul!”

“Yes, I have quarrelled with him. To hear how he spoke of Carry was more than I could bear. Now *you* will never betray me; tell me, I daren’t ask any one else. Is he supposed to be — Jove! I can’t say the word — unkind to poor Car?”

“He is very proud of her — he thinks there is no one like her. I don’t think he means it, Lord Rintoul.”

“Means it! — but he is so, because he is a brute, and doesn’t know what he is doing.”

“They are not — very like each other,” said Nora, hesitating; “but everybody must have seen that before.”

“Yes, I own it,” said Rintoul. “I take shame to myself. Oh that money, that money!” he cried with real passion, giving her hand a cruel, unnecessary grip, as he led her back to the dance; “the things that one is obliged to look over, and to wink at, on account of that.”

“But no one is forced to consider it at all — to that extent,” Nora said.

“To what extent?” Rintoul asked, and then he gave her hand another squeeze, always under cover of the dance. “You are above it — but who is like you?” he said, as he whirled her away into the crowd. This was far indeed for so prudent a young man to go.

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From Fraser’s Magazine.

ENGLISH: ITS ANCESTORS, ITS PROGENY.

# I.

## THE BIOGRAPHY IN MEDITATION.

THESE words of Caxton’s are in his preface to Virgil’s “Eneydos” — the *Eneid*: —



Some gentylmen . . . blamed me, saying yt in my translacyons I had ouer curyous termes, which coude not be vnderstande of comyn [common] people. I toke an old boke, and redde therein; and certaynly ye Englysshe was so rude and brood that I coude not well vnderstande it. And certaynly it was wretton in such wyse that it was more lyke to dutche than englysshe. I coude not reduce ne brynge it to be vnderstonden. And certaynly our langage now vsed varyeth ferre from that whiche was vned and spoken when I was borne. And som honest and grete clerkes have ben wyth me, and desired me to wryte the most curyous termes that I coude fynde. And thus, bytwene playn, rude, and curyous, I stande abashed.

It is of four centuries back. It is in 1490. Yet when it is quoted by Dr. Murray, in 1876, in his remarkable and learned article on the English language, in the still progressing "Encyclopædia Britannica," it comes shaped so aptly, with so much of philological illustration, that it might have been written fresh to-day.

Let it have analysis:—

Caxton was using "ouer curyous termes whiche coude not be vnderstande of the comyn people."

Caxton could not help it. The language the English were speaking in his day was getting formed: was getting solidity; getting killed as to some of it, getting existence as to some more; was being scorned, and patronized, and scorned again, according to conquest, and line of kings, and kingly marriages. The common people, consequently—meaning, here, the masses, the whole—had no power to keep pace, altogether currently, with every innovation, or caprice, as it rose and fell; and Caxton's "Translacyons" had no chance—and no need—to be on the level with them.

Next: Caxton had seen so much of this death of words, this birth of them, this varying "ferre" in daily usage, his testimony is equal to the testimony that he knew two Englishes: the English of his babyhood, the English of the days when he was a man.

Caxton could not help that. There was the passage of eighty years between the first "langage" he listened to, and the last. Those eighty years touched seven reigns. They covered the most of that century of rapidest historical phantasmagoria, when Lancastrians supplanted Plantagenets, when Yorkists drove out Lancastrians, when a Tudor drove out a Yorkist in turn. In the midst of such events, the enlargement, the enrichment,

of English was not creeping in, imperceptibly (as now), by a scientific term, by some new social coinage; it was being brought about at the very root, in the gross, and by sweep and storm. As to the defined sort, or quality, of the change Caxton lived through—he being able to enjoy a smile at the effects of it, and to let it bring him good philological interest and wonderment—it is to be measured by just one specimen that he himself relates. In Kent, "eggis" was scoffed at, in his memory, as a French word. "Eyren" was the invariable term used (lingering, till now, in "eyrie," a nest, the place where eggs are); "eyren" was so invariably the term, that a traveller, one day, calling for "eggis," could not get any. And eggless he would have had to have finished his meal—on failure, it may be presumed, to discover adequate pantomime for elucidation—only that a passer-by, better instructed, interpreted the new-fangled English as "eyren," enabling the Kentish housewife, with much show of Kentish contempt and flouting, to give her guest what he desired.

Again: Caxton "toke an old boke and redde therein; and, after having redde, bytwene playn, rude, and curyous, he stood abashed."

It is the same. Caxton could not avoid it. To stand abashed, in 1490, was to be abased; was to have to cast down all, or some part of, the body, and, by metaphor, the spirit, because of vanquishment and submission. Using the Old-French word in its heraldic method, the *vol*, that is, the wing, of a bird, in Caxton's time, was abased, when it was bent down towards the shield; using it more generally, and in pure French, *abaissement* occurred when material collapsed, or sagged down, losing its comely and befitting shaping. And, in like manner, Caxton, in that sea of "Englysshe," found himself succumbing, flung with bewilderment and humility.

It was inevitable. Because, as Caxton "redde," he was made aware, not only of two Englishes, but of three Englishes, four Englishes,—more. There were the Englishes of the boyhood, and the manhood, of the Caxtons who had preceded him—his father, his grandfather; there were the Englishes of the fathers of these, of the grandfathers of these; covering all that shifting time that they were settling themselves down in that rich and fruitful Weald of Kent they thrived in, and that, in due time, gave the illustrious printer birth. And it was only written



books, let there be remembrance, that Caxton was able to handle and enjoyingly open. They were parchment, or vellum, books; weighty, with carved oak covers, with gilt and silver filagree covers; they were rich with initial letters, and geometric margining, and gilt and cobalt and vermilion embellishment, on title-page, on heading, and for final. They were books that "honest and grete clerkes," that scriveners, writers, penmen, "scholars," had reproduced from copy, letter by letter, word by word; with infinite pains of upstroke and downstroke, with laborious concentration, with extreme delicacy of touch. They were, thus, scarce, husbanded, accessible only to such as were honored and all-worthy. Or, from the other side, the "bokes" were matter of more fugitive kind: they were records, indentures, assizes, psalters, epistles, ballads, tragedies. But, in any form, they showed language that grew more and more rude and "curious" as there was passage back into the dead centuries; they showed form and phrase that sounded more and more foreign, uncouth, outlandish, "dutch;" they brought material to light, the mastering of which was bestrewn with every possible difficulty and dilemma, multiplied overwhelmingly by fading ink, by withering page, by every drawback inseparable from far antiquity and a lost clue.

Caxton had no power, therefore, to do what some "grete and honest clerkes" desired, when they were with him. Caxton could not, out of those "old bokes he toke and redde," gather up and write "the most curious termes that he coude fynde." The labor was colossal. The labor was impossible, seeing that Caxton was drawing to the end of his eighty years when the idea first flashed itself into life, and was enthusiastically suggested to him. So he only made a record of the beautiful thought, deeming it a dream. He only left it, there in that preface; "setting it up" in quaint wooden type, in queer square commingling Gothic letter, from the priceless "copy" of his own masterly hand. And then, thick and fast upon it, there fell a sleep; a sleep that lasted on and on for a long four centuries. Each century passed; and in not one did there come a garnering of that "Englysshe, rude and brood," that would have paid so well for garnering; did there come that garnering that would have produced a result so rich in value its full richness cannot be assessed. Instead, the "curious termes" remained in those decaying MSS.; the "curious termes" became

more and more "curious." From time to time some choice antiquarian research would rescue a few examples, would rescue a few more; but, as a mass, there they were; whilst, through every momentous year of the time, so much new growth has spread over English, so much consequent tanglement has come about English, changes have come to it as radical as those observable between the days of Caxton's boyhood, and the days when Caxton was in his prime.

But this matter now, at this present date, is undergoing alteration. Things impossible for one man may yet be things not impossible for a group of men. What Caxton was compelled to reject, looked in upon by his "Erle Ryvres," by Gloucester, Buckingham, Hastings, Grey — the axe dripping blood, the pleasant meadows swept of their pleasantness and lying there cumbered with the slain — what Caxton could not so much as point at, is not outside the grasp of an institution with modern facilities and power to-day; and it is of supreme import to English literature that this has happily come to be perceived. The Philological Society, "formed for the investigation of the structure, the affinities, and the history of languages," is at this present time, on this very subject, pledged to use every particle and vestige of its powers. This society, brought by its constitution into the absolute presence of Caxton, into the absolute audience of those "grete and honest clerkes" who spoke with him — of those others, also, who spoke in the centuries before he was born — has now taken the biography of English right into its grasp and heart, has resolved to carry it out earnestly to its full and most interesting end. Those "old bokes," through the society, are being sedulously studied at last. Every leaf of those "old bokes," through the society, is passing under reverent survey. Moreover, every leaf is as fruitful as Caxton's patrons prognosticated; every leaf is yielding some line, some distich, wherein words shine out with their author's signification, wherein words will never cease to shine out with their author's signification whilst words endure; since the Philological Society is not going to dissociate them from their immediate connection, but will quote them, embedded as they are, with the warm life of context round them, letting them be monuments of the service they have been put to, of their origin, and of their time. Thus the society is causing search to be made — it is a matter of



course — of Chaucer (seventy years in MS. before Caxton “redde” the poet himself, that he might put him into type). This will give the Society’s Dictionary such English as, —

A shef of pocock arwes brighte and kene.

There is search being made of Gower (dead only ten years before Caxton was born), giving such English as, —

As he her couthe best adresse  
In ragges, as she was to-tore.

There is being search of books such as “Ye Destrucyon of Troye,” circa 1400, giving, —

Of alle de craftes to ken as dere course askit :  
Armurers, Arowsmythis, with Axes of werre.

There is being search of books, going farther back — to 1380 — of Wyclif, giving “This persuacion, or softe mouyge, is not of hym that clepide you” (Galatians, v. 8). Of books, a step back still, of Roger Bacon, giving the English of 1292; of books of Robert Grosseteste, 1250 (pugilant, he, as well as literary; fighting his way to self-justification in stout English, in addition to the Latin of the Rome he so dauntlessly defied); there is being search of books of Robert Bacon, 1233 — his discourses, preached (some) before Henry III.; of books back as far as the “Ancren Riwe,” 1210, giving such rude and brood English as “Me mit quarreus withuten asaileth dene castel.” There is being search of books, further — not of Richard de Beaumes, or Belmeis (1160), Bishop of London under Stephen, writing the Black Book of the Exchequer and other matters either in Latin or Norman; not of a previous Richard de Beaumes (1127), bishop of London to Henry I., writing a poem in praise of his king, the Beauclerc, in Norman, of necessity; but there is being search of books of the time absolutely behind these, of the time as long behind them as the Old English Chronicles for 1040 and surrounding years. These give such English as “Mæst calle tha theyenas be northan Temese;” these give, thus, an English that must even have translation in this present page into “Mostly all the theyns by north of Thames,” or it will appear only Caxton’s own disapproved “dutche,” forcing him to cry out, “I coude not reduce ne brynge it to be vnderstonden,” making him leave it as he found it — in his own word, “abasshed.”

Further: What Caxton had put to him only in part, the council and members of

the Philological Society are accomplishing as a grand and immense whole. “Curyous,” in its small range, is not to limit them. They are taking every individual term that Caxton could have found; let these be rude or brood, dutche or Kentish, playn or comyn; let them be those that he could not “reduce ne brynge to be vnderstonden,” or those on the very lips of the “grete and honest clerkes” who visited him in that first printers’ “chapel,” under the shadows of the Abbey’s stately towers. As a result, the Society’s Dictionary (which is a poor word, but there is not a better; there is nothing properly descriptive) will acquire, and will set down, the biography of English, not by surmise or deduction, but for fact, in reliable registry; the Society will acquire the parentage of English, its kin, its marriages, its extinct branches, its new-green shoots; it will acquire the life of English, when it was yet young and pliant, when it was straying down this road, retreating out of that, when it was taking to itself stature vigorously, obtaining fresh detail and outline, getting resolved into round tone and temper. As a work it will, when completed, be work worthy of philological enterprise. It is work never before attempted in England; it is work, moreover, that keeps gaining in enrichment as period after period is encountered, and as each period proves abundant in picturesqueness and felicitous samples. For, as MSS. have been lighted upon, and lent, and anxiously deciphered — as Caxton’s, Wynkyn de Worde’s, and other original printed books have been lighted upon, and lent, and anxiously deciphered, the honorary secretary of the Philological Society, Mr. Furnivall, has been prompted to found the Early English Text Society, that this unearthing might be carried out to its best development; he has founded the Chaucer Society, too, chiefly to supply the parent scheme with additional wealth of illustration. And thus, avenue after avenue of evidence has been opened, hitherto unsuspected of being in existence; thus has scholarly zeal rendered the journey of exploration less difficult for travel, has it brought more assurance that the features to be presented will get accurate and decisive, as well as intelligent, figure.

Now the scope and the scheme of this, and this much up to this, can probably be taken in. Good. And there might well be, here, a pause. Yet, even with this wide statement, the programme laid down by the Philological Society is but partly



delineated. A biography of a language, the Society announces, is a work that gathers up all the words of a language, in whatever period, under whatever circumstances, each word has life. A biography of a language, the Society announces, is not to be allowed to stop short anywhere; it is to be carried right down to the date of publication; it is to give examples of the usage of each word, in each period of its usage, in all the circumstances under which the usage came. Accordingly, the Society has no intention of leaving off the biography of English at the chapter, at the page, where Caxton would have had inevitably to leave it off. The Society is going to deal, in addition, with the recoverable, the surveyable English of the printing-press; welding in the English of archæology with the English that can be tasted and tested by any one to whom the impulse for tasting and testing comes. That is to say, having taken to itself MS. English, the Society will also take "book-English," as Dr. Murray calls it, in that Encyclopædia article to which reference has already been made. It is this English, in Dr. Murray's words that, "as books were multiplied, and found their way into every corner of the land, and the art of reading became a more common acquirement, the man of Northumberland, or the man of Somersetshire, had forced upon his attention." It is the English, besides, which was forced so strenuously upon attention (this being Dr. Murray's point), there came at last to be no other English. This one, superseding the rest, alone had authorization or orthodoxy; this one alone enjoys it. And amongst other of the privileges of this book-English, it has come to pass that it possesses so many facilities for registration, so many opportunities, and conveniences, and possibilities, its biography changes magically into autobiography. It is self-acting, self-displaying; it requires only to be submitted to able organization, and then its publication, after being brought down to now, can be carried on, from now, hencewards, serially, with infallibility, and (comparative) ease. The full scheme, consequently, or the full prospect mapped out by the Philological Society assumes gigantic proportions indeed. There is no English word it will allow to escape seizure and preservation; there is no English word it will not provide with its niche, or its little gallery, dedicated to it, containing an exhibit of every form it has assumed, at the very moment it did assume it, under all the conditions of its assumption.

Such a word, for instance, so short, so current, as *hate*, may be thought to be insignificant: no word, the Society says, has insignificance. Such words, so lengthy, so entirely "curious" (to present ears) as *agomphious*, *addibility*, *elucubration*, *acinaciform*, *adlubescence*, *concinuous*, *deoppilation*, may be thought to have had burial so long ago, no purpose would be served by giving them any mention; no word, the Society says, has had burial so long ago, it is not to be provided — even to account for that very burial — with an announcement of birth, a history (however limited, or copious, the facts allow that history to be), an epitaph. Did it come into the brain, was it traced by the pen, of Lydgate, Waller, Culpepper, Temple, Bales? Of any writer before them? Of any after? It is to have its record, it is to have its series of records, whether it is only found in a book once, whether it is found in books for a number of centuries, in a number of senses; and it will have that record, it will have that series of records, with date, with author, with title, with chapter, with page, with the set of words with which it is surrounded — it will have that treatment, in short, which will not only show what the editor of the dictionary conceives to be the meaning of the word, but which will be its own witness to all searchers, to every individual judgment, of how the word was employed by the persons employing it, of what was the period of the word's entry into English, of its length of life consequently, of its withdrawal (if it has had withdrawal), and the mode. That all words in use at this day, and getting swift and firm coinage; that every word appearing on this page, for example, will have registry and illustration, there cannot surely, after so much, be any need to hint. There must have come comprehension that the method of the biography in one case will be the method of the biography in all cases. As an attempt to give an indication of this method, the word *pen* shall be taken. "Was it traced by the *pen* of Lydgate?" is part of a sentence occurring a few lines above. Such a part of a sentence will be given to illustrate the word *pen*; for in it lies conclusive proof that *pen* is used to mean an implement of writing to-day. Also, a part-sentence will be put down, bearing the same definition, from some author of the century just past; from some author of the seventeenth century, of the sixteenth century, of the fifteenth, the fourteenth, thirteenth, twelfth (if any



such part-sentence exists) — there will be instances given, that is, of such a definition of *pen* as far back as the mountains of books that have been searched through will bestow. Again, there will be grappling with that meaning of the word *pen* that makes it an enclosure, a coop. This second definition will have instances for all the centuries, precisely as full, precisely as far-reaching, gleaned out of authors with the same pains. There will be, too, in the same manner, the grappling with the meaning that makes a *pen* a feather; the grappling with the poetical use of *pen*, making it, from one feather, to imply the whole wing; there will be the use of it as a verb, “to *pen*,” in its sense to write, the use of it as a verb, “to *pen*,” in its sense to shut up in a fold; and there will not be one sense of these, there will not be one century of any one sense of these, but what will have its special exemplification, vouched for by name of author, work, volume, chapter, page, date (as previously set out), vouched for in that manner all through, because in that alone is it possible to present indisputable warrant and authority. To sum the mammoth conception up, the Philological Society intends to present data embodying the entire existence of English. It intends to let this be demonstrated (as far as means will allow) by examples whilst English was taking root and free; by examples whilst it was submitting to that tabulating, that regulation, that confinement within limits (though, surely, very large limits), that crystallization (though, surely, very malleable crystallization), described by Professor Max Müller as inevitable, after printing, to all languages; it intends to show, as a mass, exactly the means by which English has reared itself up into that ornamental structure it now shows itself to be, exactly the means by which it has reared itself up into that splendid growth of syllable and sound, to utter which — granted a man has due wealth of utterance — is delight and melody, is, even of itself, impulse or inspiration.

So far, all has been explained. But there is this: It is not to be supposed that any institution, at any period of its existence, anywhere, could have devised such a perfect scheme as this has now been shown to be, at a blow. Like all things else, it had its embryo stage; it had its development. To it, came the stimulus of hearty reception, of quick suggestion; to it, came the more shapely construction brought by discussion, by

trial, by mere contemplation and super-visual; came the help accruing from success, from failure, from the enjoyment of that stronger life that sets in when there has been the courage to abandon a halting course, and adopt another that appears to offer a wider and a surer tread. Going back to the germ of the scheme, to its starting-point, it is to be found a quarter of a century ago in Archbishop (then Dean) Trench’s celebrated papers, “On some deficiencies in our English Dictionaries,”\* read by his Grace before the Philological Society, on November 5 and 19, 1857:—

A dictionary (said the dean, pp. 4 and 7; being pungent and thorough throughout), . . . is an inventory of the language. . . . It is no task of the maker of it to select the *good* words. . . . The business which he has undertaken is to collect and arrange *all* the words, whether good or bad, whether they commend themselves to his judgment or otherwise. . . . He is an historian of the language, not a critic. The *delectus verborum*, on which so much, on which nearly everything, in style depends, is a matter with which he has no concern. . . . It is for those who use a language to sift the bran from the flour, to reject that and retain this. . . . The title of *furfuratores* is a usurpation when assumed by the makers of a dictionary, and their assumption of it can only serve to show how little they have rightly apprehended the task which they have undertaken.

In the face of those attentive listeners around the dean as he spoke, this was hitting the target well. After it, there was shown how, from heedlessness or ignorance, and, very frequently, from both (heresy, or flat impertinence, as this may superficially seem), dictionary-makers invariably omit whole groups of words, without the smallest right even to omit one word.

“They do not,” the dean said, indicating one family of lexicographers’ delinquencies, “always take sufficient care to mark the period of the rise of words, and (where they have set) of their setting;” a failure of performance deeply to be regretted because it was a true “remark of Coleridge that you might often learn more from the history of a word than the history of a campaign.” A dictionary, to be worthily executed, the dean told his hearers, ought to be the work almost of a nation: ought, at the least, to have accorded to it the enrolment of a whole army of scholars; to give emphasis to which can-

\* London: John W. Parker & Son, West Strand, 1857.



on, Coleridge was alluded to, again. "What dictionary," were the dean's suggestive words, "would not be a gainer by the citation of those passages from Coleridge in which he distinguishes between analogy and metaphor, between fanaticism and enthusiasm? Many such passages, unregistered as yet, our English literature must possess; . . . we have a dense phalanx of books . . . so vast, so far exceeding the compass of any one man's power to embrace . . . that innumerable precious quotations must escape the single-handed student, even when he inherits the labors of others;" making it clear that "this almost boundless field can only be made available for dictionary purposes through the combined action of many." It was the key-note of the whole conception; strongly felt, strongly uttered. Let there be a "drawing of a sweep-net over the whole surface of English literature," cried the dean, in continuance. "This drawing is that which we would fain see; which we would count it an honor to be the means of organizing and setting forward; being sure that it is only by such combined action, by such a joining of hand in hand on the part of as many as are willing to take their share in this toil, that we can hope the innumerable words which have escaped us hitherto will ever be brought within our net, that an English dictionary will prove that all-embracing *πανάγορον*, which, indeed, it should be."

The Society was roused. All philologists were roused. Indeed, amongst the archbishop's audience were some who were familiar with his aspirations; who, at council, or at meeting, in the preceding session, and earlier, had become aware of the tendency of the facts he was amassing, of how they would stand when he had them in array. These were his partisans already: his *claque* — if there can be a noble sense to that word — without whose previous encouraging support, perhaps, the great philological vision might never have remained long enough in the seer's presence for its measurements to be taken, and its vast outline drawn. And, with the presence of these, who knew, and with the presence of those who heard for the first time, so much of excellent effect was produced, that at the end of the few days that elapsed between the reading of the papers and their publication, there was a rallying to headquarters (as the archbishop was able to state in a footnote) of no fewer than seventy-six volunteer readers; with one hundred and twenty-one authors under their

survey, thirty-one volumes already travelled through, and the results deposited in the Society's keeping. Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, from 1207 to 1300, was one book being searched, the searcher being poor Herbert Coleridge, at that time the Philological Society's enthusiastic secretary. The "Land of Cokayne" was in the charge of Mr. Furnivall (secretary now); "Political Songs temp. Henry III. and Edward I.," were in the charge of the Rev. W. H. Herford; Grosteste's "Castle of Love" was undertaken by Mr. Weymouth; "Syr Tryamoure" by Mr. Jackson; the "Sevyn Sages" by the Rev. J. R. Major; a "Poem on the Deposition of Richard II." by the Rev. J. Eastwood, etc. — this much merely being given to show the system, the earnestness of scholars, the research. These volunteers were only laboring to supply the deficiencies of English dictionaries, though, let it be remembered. Permitting the members of the council (who were marshalling these friends) to speak for themselves, in their published pamphlet,\* their decision was to "form a collection of words hitherto unregistered in the dictionaries of Johnson and Richardson, with a view of publishing a supplementary volume, to be used with either of those works." For example: to *dehonestate*, *gare*, *sopour*, *brimly*, and many hundreds of other words, being in books (and cited in the archbishop's momentous paper), but not being recorded in dictionaries, passages where these words had been used were to be discovered, and all the words (and the passages, for authenticity) were to be collected and tabulated, and, in the ordinary alphabetic dictionary manner, set out. The readers — some of whom are still at the same scholarly work to-day, for all that a quarter of a century has rolled by; with some of whom work, scholarly or other, is all past and gone — were taking the old "bokes" and reading therein for this supplementary purpose, and no other; they were poring over the old "bokes" (such as were then attainable), and reveling in their quaintness, and gaining fresh delight from their rich perusal, pledged to just that much of philological action and to no more. Amongst them (in addition to those mentioned above) there were such honored workers as Hazlitt, Abbott, Rossetti, Lushington, Kent, Earl of Ellesmere, Lord Lyttelton, Key, Bidlake, Lord Robert Montagu, Napier, Craik,

\* Proposal for the publication, etc. London: Trübner & Co., 1859.



Hotten, Perowne, Hensleigh Wedgwood, Littledale, Lubbock, Lightfoot, Woodward, Page Hopps. These were names representing schools wide enough apart for excellent expansion and diversity; these were names affording brave evidence of imagination and more sober wisdom; and what followed might have been expected. Out of the very opulence of such a multitude, out of its fire and fervor—how could it be helped?—the small scheme of a mere assisting appendix burst its bonds. On January 7, 1858 ("Deficiencies" having been read in the previous November), the Society saw the diminutiveness of the tether to which it had itself tied itself, and, out of itself—the tether flew. If the Society had a mission, the conviction came, it was to write the biography of English in its entirety. It would be absurd to waste its scholarship and unrivalled opportunities in sheafing up and binding together a puny list of unregistered words; in following a drawn-up "basis of comparison" with existing dictionaries that was only a swathe and a burden, that only hindered achievement tantalizingly, with the dry dictum that down such and such a path there was no occasion for philological foot to tread. Clearly, that must go. As clearly, other outlines must be substituted. And, with all action out of gear, there came a time when organization was exchanged for disorganization, a time of no portrayal but only expunging, with all left chaos.

"More than a year passed away in combating various difficulties," said the lamented Herbert Coleridge, answering Trench's "Deficiencies" in May, 1860.\* Yes. There could be no avoidance of it. The difficulties were huge; time was consumed in even getting to look all round them. Herbert Coleridge, too—accepting the post of editor of the coming Dictionary, as well as that he already held as the Society's secretary—he being the moving spirit that moulded the whole—found himself impelled to try to reach the highest standard; and this (nobly) made the difficulties more. "The theory of lexicography we profess," he said, "is that which Passow was the first to enunciate clearly and put in practice successfully, viz., that every word should be made to tell its own story;" and with this scheme struggling for life, and at last obtaining it, it is no wonder "it was not till August, 1858, that we felt ourselves in a

position to announce the plan of a new Dictionary as a certainty, and to invite contributors to furnish us with assistance." The resolve published, however, it is good to be able to record that contributors answered the invitation even more zealously than before. In America especially, led by the Hon. E. P. Marsh (and subsequently, also, by Professor March: for the labors of these two distinguished scholars, both in the same cause, are not to be confounded one with another), volunteer readers supported the new editor admirably, feeling it an honor and a pleasure to be working with him, and undertaking the whole literature of the eighteenth century in its entirety. At home there were as many as one hundred and forty-seven similar volunteers. Some, said Herbert Coleridge, — finding human nature as everybody finds it, — some are "first-rate contributors, who do all they do conscientiously and well, and leave nothing to be desired. . . . These men work with a thorough and intelligent appreciation of the nature of the scheme, and constitute its main support; and to their untiring efforts and labor of love will be due, in a great measure, such success as we may achieve." Others, it was obliged to be added, "are deaf to all applications made to them; . . . most of these consist of contributors who volunteered to aid us, and have since either forgotten their promises or found the task more irksome than they anticipated; . . . I set them down as hopeless. . . . They promise anything and everything, but postpone performance indefinitely, neither assisting us themselves nor enabling us to assign the books they have taken to other and better helpers." Is it unusual? It is like the experience of the brothers Grimm, Herbert Coleridge reflected. These celebrated German story-tellers, having left fairy fiction for philology, had published the first instalment of their giant Dictionary just before;\* they had appealed to German readers for quotations. They had acquired eighty-three readers, but had found only six of any real value, and only one (the one who had promised to read Goethe) exactly coming up to their desire. Yet there was consolation even in this, to Herbert Coleridge's delightful mind. "It is well," he said, "not to be forced into print with undue precipitation by the impatience of individuals; and this maxim, which is true of all

\* Letter, etc. J. W. Parker & Son.

\* Still (1881) only advanced to the letter G. It was commenced in 1837.



literary composition, claims more especial attention in the case of a book which is to serve as a general interpreter and a standard of the noblest and most copious language now spoken by man." To which there came this: "I confidently expect, unless any unforeseen accident should occur to paralyze our efforts, that in about two years we shall be able to give our first number to the world." It was momentous. And, alas! it was prophetic. There did come an unforeseen accident; efforts really were paralyzed; and pitifully. Oppressed with the unhelpfulness of unhelpful helpers, constrained by it, and by his own enthusiasm, to exertions more than he had strength to bear, Herbert Coleridge fell ill. Suffering, he still hoped for the two years to pass; and so they did. But they brought no recovery to him; and as they waned away he was gone. "All through his illness he worked for our proposed Dictionary," says Mr. Furnivall,\* his warm friend and zealous successor as honorary secretary to the Society. "He worked for it whenever leisure and strength allowed; . . . in its service he caught the cold which resulted in his death; . . . and his last attempt at work — two days before he died — was to arrange some of its papers." It was because of all this devotion, it was because of all this winning ardor, that his death came as such a heavy blow. In beautiful compensation, it was because of all of it, also, that his death did not bring his work to a thorough end. His fellow-laborers (such as were faithful, and they counted well) were resolved that his ambition should not die, at the least. For the very memory of him, his work should go on. They would continue the reading under the new secretary (there being, as yet, no new editor); they would make the quotations; these should accumulate; they should be sent in. And under the new secretary (in the manner notified some pages back) scholarship was ruled to admirable effect. There was a keen eye to see what was wanted; there was abundance of vigor to arrange that the wants stood a chance of being supplied. In a year — that is, in 1862 — Mr. Furnivall saw his way so clearly he could desire "each man to make, at once, the extracts for Shakespeare's and the Bible words . . . each taking an initial letter or two. Let readers," he further directed, "take one book at least by Fielding, Locke,

Defoe, Sterne, Savage, Smollett, Goldsmith, Hogg, Motherwell, Wilson ('Noces Ambrosianæ'), Sydney Smith, James Mill ('History of India'), Napier ('Peninsular War'), Milman, J. S. Mill, Whewell ('History of Science'), Thackeray, and the host of other writers of whose books none have yet been read; . . . nothing but the continuous labor of many years can make our book anything like complete; . . . the search may sometimes seem wearisome, and the labor of the ingathering more irksome still, yet the work is worthy and the aim unselfish. Let us persevere." And did that look like flagging? Did that look like forgetting Caxton, his "grete and honest clerkes," and forgetting Archbishop Trench, and Herbert Coleridge, and letting begun work grow cold and get abashment? Let Mr. Furnivall's words in 1863 be looked at, also. "I add the names of a few of the many books yet unread," he says. "The most important are Hackluyt, Mouffet, the earliest statutes, Alcock's 'Hill of Perfection' (1497), Duncane Laider, 'Purvey Remonstrance' (1395), the stately 'Tragedy of Guiscard and Sigismond' (Wynkyn de Worde), Atterbury, Humfre Lloyd, Kyd, Mrs. Gaskell, Whateley, Lingard" . . . and two good columns besides. In 1864 he is still ready with these close orders as to what is to be done, he being sustained by the firm belief that excellent doing is sure. "The following books," he makes known, "are at the disposal of any readers who will kindly volunteer to cut them up and gum the extracts on slips containing the printed titles: 'Letters of the Verney Family' (from 1478), Gawin Douglas (1513), Barth, Yarranton, Philemon Holland," and more.

In 1865, though, all this brave light begins to flicker. There is some growing feeling manifest that the work is a very uphill battle. Not that it is the fault of the Philological Society; not that it is the fault of the press. The *Athenæum*, especially, is, all through, ever ready to let literary readers know of the Dictionary's literary wants. But, "Is there no punishment for illegible writing beyond the private maledictions of infuriated sub-editors?" Mr. Furnivall has to cry, notifying one of his small enemies. It is wrung from him — so sympathy feels — and it brings poignant understanding. Explanation lies in the grim words, too, of why living books were submitted to that horrible literary murder of being sliced to pieces to get them quoted. This

\* The Philological Society's New English Dictionary: Basis of Comparison. Hertford: Stephen Austin, 1861.



year of 1865 out, too, and 1866 in, fresh hindrances occur; or the old hindrances are freshly and more deeply entering. There is Death thinning the ranks of the workers again, moreover; and there is ghastly accident. Two or three sub-editors die; another sub-editor, shooting, shoots away his right hand. "Those readers who have not sent in any slips for the last six months," exclaims the too-tried secretary, "may send them in now. Our dearth of extracts," he continues, "for substantives and adjectives ending in *ing*, for nouns ending in *er* and *ness*, for adjectives in *able*, *ed*, and *en*, for adverbs in *ly*, is often curious; and the construction of verbs and adjectives with prepositions special to them, has not been sufficiently attended to." In the same waning manner the year 1867 goes; the year 1868 goes. Marked regret comes in this last from Mr. Furnivall. "We have suffered a great loss," he records, "in the death of Sir John Richardson, one of the most careful and accurate of our contributors. His last work was for the Dictionary; his pen had just finished a verse from the Wycliffite version of Isaiah, when his gentle, able, and manly spirit was called to its rest." There need not be much more said of this sad sort now, though the secretary had to say much more at the time — being constrained to it. Here are some of his complaints: "From some ten of the books in last year's list, and some others taken soon after, no return in the shape of extracts has yet reached me." And, "Readers are still wanted by the hundred." And, "Additional help is urgently wanted in sub-editing the letters I, J, P, R, S, and W." And, "Where we now have one worker, we want a thousand." And, "The letter T has been thrown up." And, "I now want six sub-editors for the letters yet untaken: P (which is heavy), S (heaviest), T (heavy), U and V, W, and X, Y, Z (very light)." And, "'The Full Dictionary' *must* be postponed," is the disconsolate conclusion finally. Even "The Concise Dictionary" — another great scheme's development, forced by circumstances upon the council's attention — "though advancing, is by no means in the state that could be wished." It all meant that the great English philological work that had been ten years about, that had been twelve years about, that had been fourteen years about, was losing place, was getting its fires pale out. It all meant that the great English philological work that was to place England on a

level with her noble French and German literary rivals (by doing, lexicographically, for England what Littré had done in France, what the brothers Grimm were commencing to do in Germany), was sinking to the ground for want of efficient public support, for want of that deep and hot stir that should reach all literary instincts alike, fusing them together into a superb and invincible whole. And was this really to be allowed? Was it to be suffered and submitted to, with merely the memorial of a short *Hic jacet*? Not — altogether. Not — whilst those who had been at the birth were still in life, and still could see all the service that had been projected, and all the pity of a full relinquishment. For — to turn languor into vitality, to turn pallidness into a ruddy glow — all that was really required, it was clear, was a financially appointed editor. All that was really required, was an editor who should have all the brave enthusiasm of the previous secretaries, who should have the added command and authority arising from a defined position, from a confirmed status; the having which should, perforce, make his organization the received organization, and his ruling the undisputed law. Further, the recognition of this never went away. There was the quiet holding to it; there was the quiet looking on; and now that a few more years have drifted by, what has come as a result, the Philological Society and the literary world thoroughly well know. The editor who was desired has been found; his services have been secured. It is Dr. Murray, president of the Philological Society, 1879, 1880; now among its vice presidents. And there is no fear now; there is no thought of painful ebbing out, and slow extinction. In Dr. Murray — to be best identified by other readers as the writer of the article on the English language in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" first quoted in this paper — there is known to be every qualification indispensable to the due performance of his giant task. There is known to be that especial form of fitness that marked him out at once as being within the orbit of possibilities, that ended by fixing him there, the centre.

And the immense forces philology has placed at this scholar's command, the immense machinery by which this eminent philologist directs and regulates these forces, will form the subject of the concluding chapter.



From Temple Bar.

ROBIN.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "ADAM AND EVE."

## CHAPTER XLI.

DURING the first few weeks after Christopher Blunt returned to Wadpole, so marked and visible was the improvement he daily made that it began to be counted on as all but certain that before long he would be sufficiently convalescent to bear the fatigue of another removal.

Those who congratulated Mr. Blunt on his son's recovery further cheered the old man by pointing out that this power of regaining strength argued a sound constitution, and doubtless, though Christopher might never be more robust than he had hitherto been, it was not impossible he would outlive many who now came to make inquiries about him.

Already a dozen plans were under discussion as to where their first move should be, Robin receiving more gratitude than he once would have conceived it possible to give her, because, without in any way asking the question, she had assumed it a matter of course that Mr. Blunt should accompany her and Christopher.

Happily the weather was not very severe, and nothing now but a little more strength was needed to commence their journey. But having reached, and very rapidly too, a certain stage of recovery, Christopher seemed to come to a standstill, and nothing that was suggested, or thought of, seemed to advance him further.

Mr. Blunt, finding ease in the feeling that he was doing something, summoned from London one physician after another, but with no better result than all agreeing, that additional strength must be gained before it would be prudent to move him. How was that strength to be obtained? No one seemed able to solve the question. Christopher, happy, tranquil, surrounded by those he best loved, seemed the only one not disturbed by the delay.

Since February, when they had brought him down to Wadpole, the winds of March had blustered and swept by, the showers of April had watered leaf and bud, and now May was coming to a close — fresh, flowery May, sweet month of blossom. Very sorely had the shifting beauties of this fickle spring tried Christopher; even Robin and his father could shut their eyes no longer, and although neither confessed it even to themselves, each felt a terrible heart-sinking that in spite of all their efforts he was getting weaker.

Cheerful as he always was to them, striving to make light of his pains and troubles, this certainty had not escaped him either; and one day when Mr. Cameron was sitting with him, he said suddenly, and apropos of nothing, —

"I don't believe that I shall ever get better, Cameron."

Mr. Cameron was silent.

"You don't think so, do you?" he went on to say, now pausing for a reply.

"Well, I don't know that it counts for anything what I may think. I have so often taken it into my head that people won't recover and they do, that positively I begin to fancy I must be an alarmist — rather inclined to look on the dark side of things, you know."

Christopher smiled.

"I never discovered it before," he said.

"No; haven't you? I imagine I am, though," and Mr. Cameron sighed a little despondingly. Of late he had been terribly cast down about his friend. It seemed to him easier to give up all the people in Wadpole than to part with Christopher. Constant companions the two had become. Not a day went by without some portion of it being spent together.

Mr. Blunt was never better pleased than when the curate was with them. With the knowledge of past circumstances which he possessed, he could thoroughly unburden himself to Mr. Cameron, and give free vent to those self-reproaches which so terribly oppressed him.

"These illnesses give us ample time to reflect," said Christopher, resuming the conversation.

"They do indeed. To me the illnesses in our lives are like stepping-stones across the dark river. At each one we pause and look back."

"And forward, too."

And the beautiful hope lighting up Christopher's face was reflected back in Mr. Cameron's.

"Ah!" continued Christopher, grasping the hand stretched out towards him, "events are often ordered for us far better than at first we see. There was a time, as you know, when the thought of leaving all behind was a terrible wrench to me; but not now — that is past — that has been taken away."

Noting things going on around, which it was thought he did not see, Christopher was aware of much which those near fancied hidden from him: the efforts at control made by his father and by Robin, so that no contention between them might



disturb him in any way; the struggle gone through by each; the will subdued, the sharp words swallowed down—all was but the surface of veneer. Let the necessity go by, and the old arrogance and dislike was certain to burst forth on the part of his father.

And then, through the confidence freely given him while they were together, he was able now to more clearly understand Robin's character. Unconsciously she had delivered to him the plummet by which he could sound the depths of her nature. Her heart given once there it would stay. However deep down she might bury Jack, the memory of past love would abide with her forever. Nothing was hidden that Christopher did not know. Long ago all had been confessed, and all forgiven her.

Watching her, letting his gaze rest upon her as she sometimes sat, unconscious that her dreamy eyes betrayed the thoughts that strayed afar, Christopher's heart would ask a question, Of what, of whom, was she thinking? In the life she led now, there was such a lack of occupation, so many hours with nothing to do, nothing to make any call upon her. Idleness is a most seductive danger; to those who have anything to forget, tired limbs often lessen the weight of heavy hearts.

Robin was young, and when the years are few the stream of fancy runs so swift and strong, that every passing breath has power to set it flowing.

True, Christopher had but to move, to sigh, to speak, and in an instant Robin's care and thoughts were all centred on him. She was at his side, had taken his hand; her head was nestled close down. Ah yes! a thousand sorrows might be more sad than to be taken now! But though he had tried to speak of the possibility of having to leave her, he had never found words to tell her of this fear. The mere approach of any doubt seemed to fill her with alarm; the old look came back into her face which he remembered seeing there when together they were watching her father.

So, except to Mr. Cameron, Christopher kept silent as to his misgivings. Besides, all was not yet lost; hope still very often alternated with fear, and though seeing very clearly the gravity of his condition, he was aware that much yet remained in his favor. If he could but get sufficient strength to go away and try the prolonged benefit of some purer atmosphere, even the particular doctor to

whom his faith was pinned did not despair.

It was he who from his childhood had known Christopher. He had attended his mother, had been told the family history, and, with Mr. Blunt, shared a knowledge of his disease which others knew nothing of.

It was the recollection of those previous warnings given to him which now stung Mr. Blunt so severely in the midst of what he was doing. Suddenly, without any apparent reason, back would come some speech he had made, some wish that he had uttered. How, thinking that money was running short, fancying that they must be pinched, he had hoped from his heart and soul it might be so. He'd starve them out; want would soon bring them to their senses. If they didn't know how to behave themselves, he'd teach them.

Unhappy old man, these recollections now seemed to madden him! To deaden their pain he would rush to the only remedy he knew of; but with the dram in his hand he would pause, put it down, and turn away—even the solace of oblivion he was ready to forfeit, fearing it might be displeasing to Him who could restore Christopher.

There was a terrible bitterness in the feeling that he was mocked by prosperity. Except in that one matter of his son, everything was going well with him. Never had his lucky star seemed more in the ascendant. Shares which for years had been worth next to nothing daily began to rise in value; ground which he had bought for a mere song people made him good offers for; speculations, risky, wild, entered into when he was not quite master of his usual judgment, all turned to gold and prospered; and in the midst there was a canker-spot that blighted everything, making what would have been joy, heaviness, and what would have been sweet, bitter.

Though the riches of the whole world should come to him, of what value would they be with no one, when he was dead and gone, to leave them to!

In past days, before this dread had come, he had been full of rant and bluster as to what he meant to do. He would marry again, take another wife, have another family to make his heirs and leave his riches to. Now that the blow had fallen, every resource seemed taken away. Not a single thought of comfort presented itself to him.

"Father," said Christopher one day,



when, with the hope of interesting him, Mr. Blunt had been speaking of the unexpected increase in the value of some mining shares which for years had not paid a penny, "Father, if I get well, will you build a church for me?"

"Will I do what, my boy?"

Christopher repeated the question.

"A church!" said the old man in amazement. "Why, you're not thinking of turning parson, are you?"

"No, it is not that; for my recovery — a thank-offering I should like it to be."

"Ah! I'd give most of all I possess to see that brought about." Then, fearing that he had spoken despondingly, he hastened to add: "And so we shall, I hope, in good time; only it seems rather long in coming. But there, it doesn't do to be in too much of a hurry; Rome wasn't built in a day."

Christopher smiled.

"I've been thinking as I lay here," he said, "how nice it would be to have something to point to — to show, so that people might say, 'Look! he built that, in memory of his son!'"

"I don't know what you mean," said the old man hoarsely. "How in memory?"

A terrible grip had seized hold of him; his breath seemed to die away.

"In memory of my recovery," said Christopher simply. "Don't you know how in old times people made vows if certain things occurred what they'd do?"

"Well? and did it come to pass what they wanted?"

"Generally, I think. Very often it did."

Mr. Blunt gave a sigh. Drowning man as he was, with every hope of safety sinking from his sight, each straw of promise was a thing to clutch at. If God — whom in prosperity he forgot and in trouble feared — was to be propitiated by the building of a church, he'd at once strike the bargain, and promise that the handsomest money could raise should be built without delay. He'd superintend it himself; it would be a work to occupy, to amuse him.

Christopher, unable to guess at these resolutions, concluded that his hesitation sprang from the outlay such an undertaking would entail.

"You always say how lucky your life has been, father."

"Yes; and so I've had cause to. Up to now," he added discontentedly.

"In many ways God has been very good to you," continued Christopher.

The old man gave a half-hearted nod of assent.

"I'm not making any complaint," he said doggedly; "although a good deal of what's been done has been taken out of late in all I've seen you forced to suffer. So if anything'll come of building churches, I'll raise one in every parish you like to name, so it puts you on your legs again. You're all I've got to look to, Christopher; so you must set to work and get well, 'cos of your old father."

Christopher smiled encouragingly, but the father could not smile back; the look that lighted up his son's face stabbed him to the heart. He had to make a pretence of getting up to turn away, and stand looking for a moment out of the window.

"From there, towards the right, you can see Uplands," said Christopher. "If the church stood on the hill, its spire would be visible from this window. And Cameron must be the rector; then he and Georgy Temple could marry, and she wouldn't be separated from her father. Only think how many that would be making happy — me, Cameron, Georgy, and Mr. Temple! I call that getting at once the value of the money."

"Very well; we'll talk the matter over again a little later. I see Robin coming up the walk; I think at present we won't mention it before her."

The instinct of suffering was beginning to make Mr. Blunt tender towards those who suffered. His own pain made him quick to detect the ring of the true metal; and though many sympathized with his trial, he knew that none but Robin shared in his agony.

#### CHAPTER XLII.

So as the months passed by the busy world went on its daily round, and the atom of it called Wadpole, while watching its course and the events in which it was pleased to fancy it had some share, grew unmindful of the interests close at hand, and ceased to be engrossed in the affairs of those who but a short time before had furnished the constant topic of conversation.

Every now and again a report that young Blunt was worse would set them speculating, and surmises would be freely hazarded as to whether the old man would marry again; and if he did or if he did not, what would become of Robin? The feeling of wanting to get rid of them had long since been swept away. Mr. Blunt's anticipations had been more than verified. Had they been able to receive



them, no one in the neighborhood would have refused an invitation to Priors.

Georgy Temple was there every day: she and Robin were now thoroughly friends together; and if ever Robin went driving or walking to get the air, Georgy was sure to be with her. It had been so arranged in the family that while the two went out, Mr. Cameron took Robin's place by Christopher's side, and bore him company.

Of those who saw him now, only two still clung to hope; and of necessity these were the two to whom he was most dear, Robin and his father.

It was not that they did not see what others saw, but they could not give him up. With them hope meant Christopher; to abandon one was to resign the other. The struggle they well knew would come, only they strove to keep it off a little longer.

Alas! how pitiful are the poor pretences to which in such straits as these we have recourse, how we talk of things in which there is neither heart nor interest, only that they serve to drift speech away from that which is absorbing and uppermost.

At that terrible dinner which she and Mr. Blunt took each day together—Robin making no opposition because Christopher wished it, and Mr. Blunt forced into acquiescence, because had he said no he might have been asked his reason—every time they took their seats there was on the old man's part the same assumption of his pompous manner; he bristled himself up, and puffed himself out, as if intending to do full justice to the dishes that were placed before him. He blamed Robin for not eating, and then sent his own plate away untouched; would press her to take some wine—some special wine that he had got up for her—and leave his own glass untasted.

It began to give him pain to see the young girlish face grow so pinched and thin, the cheeks lose their color and roundness. Mockery! Was it coming to him to cling to Robin? For the first time for months, when he reproved her for taking no care of his health, his voice sounded sharply.

Akin to what took place at dinner was the pantomime gone through each time the doctor's visit was paid; Mr. Blunt greatly here relieved by the strictures he permitted himself to pass on the want of knowledge displayed by him; "What," he asked, "could you expect from a country practitioner, a man whose life was

spent in seeing farmers and plough-boys?" Necessarily he judged everybody else by them. You need have the strength and constitution of a horse to satisfy such a man! Of course he thought Christopher weak—how should he think otherwise? Years ago, when they first came to Wadpole, he had been called in and had said the very same thing then, and shook his head in despair over what turned out to be nothing worse than a cold!

But in spite of his dissatisfaction, he hung back from sending for the other doctor—the one man in whom his confidence was placed. He knew that when he came he would not only have to hear the truth, but he would have to accept it; and with a certain dread foreboding of what that truth would be, he delayed the summons, until a day came when Christopher was so much worse that without a word from any one he sent off the letter, begging the great physician to come without delay.

Silent, brooding, apart from the rest, the old man spent the morning in his library; but as the hour drew near, forced by the fear of breaking down to assume more than his ordinary pompous manner, few would have guessed the weight of sorrow, the agony and despair, which that show of bounce and swagger was meant to cover.

"My friend, you grow worse as you grow older," thought the doctor; and Robin herself, troubled as she was, felt condemned at the shame for him which rose up within her: it seemed like being disloyal to Christopher, more especially as, instead of noticing it, he seemed more affectionate than usual towards his father. Clear-sighted as he had grown, Christopher penetrated the disguise, saw what this manner was meant to cover.

Pressed by the number of his engagements, the great man had explained that he should be forced to leave as soon as the sick-visit was over. There was a train which would take him back to London, if he could get in time to the station. How Mr. Blunt fussed about the carriage being ready! how he deplored that the doctor could not stay for luncheon! what a parade he made of the dainties that had been provided for him! One might have imagined he had no other care, so completely did he throw himself into every matter which had no connection with his son.



Unable to control her emotion, Robin had slipped out of the room. She would wait below until the doctor had gone, and then return. Already footsteps were on the stairs; Mr. Blunt and he were coming down.

"I should like to say a word to you alone before I go."

Mr. Blunt opened the door of the library, and they went in.

What was it he wanted to say? Robin felt she must wait and know; if but a crumb of comfort, she must have it; if all hope was crushed out forever, she must hear it. Suspense had become intolerable; she could bear it no longer.

Oh, what an interminable time those few minutes of waiting seemed to be! Would they never come?

The handle of the door turned. Robin breathed again. It must be all right, and what he had heard must be good. He was talking fast, though she could not hear about what—laughing loudly and discardingly, but still laughing, as the carriage drove away.

For an instant she watched it going, and then quickly turned herself round. The door had opened; Mr. Blunt had come in, and there, standing before her, was a man whose face was ashen, his cheek drawn in and sunken, his head drooped, his whole self fallen together.

Involuntarily she made a step forward.

"It's all over," he said; "all over. Nobody can't do nothing for him." And for a second the two stood gazing blankly into each other's eyes.

Then, as if the weight of sorrow had rent her heart, there burst forth from Robin a cry, echoed by the old man, and they fell into each other's arms, and together sobbed on one another's necks.

Grief, the one common grief, had overleapt all barriers. What was there to be remembered except that they must lose Christopher? The fiat had gone forth—nothing more could be done for him. He might linger a few days, or longer, but there up-stairs he lay—dying. Death was waiting at the door; already the shadow of his chill presence had fallen in that chamber.

"Robin, you'll stay with me? You'll stop here. I know I haven't acted right by you before, but you won't leave a broken-down, childish old man, will you?"

"Never," she said.

"You promise me that?"

"I do. I promise that so long as I live, to me you shall always be Christopher's father."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

GENEROUS hearts do nothing by halves.

Constantly now, looking round the room in which Christopher lay, Robin would ask, "Where is your father? I must go fetch him." And coming on the old man, stricken down and lonely, she would take him by the hand and lead him to the bedside of his son, and there together they would sit, Christopher trying to win them from present sorrow by making plans of what he wished them to do when he should be no longer near.

The reconciliation brought about between these two, to him most dear, had robbed death of its last sting. In the first freshness of his grief, his father would not be left alone, and, so long as she needed them, Robin would have a home and a protector.

Very tenderly had Christopher commended his young wife to the care of his father, who, in his turn, had promised most solemnly to perform all he was asked to do for her.

There was no need to make any demands of Robin. Knowing what Christopher would desire, his wishes were forestalled by her, and the best earnest of her future conduct was given in her present manner.

Perfect faith, perfect hope, peace within, at charity with all the world—who might not envy Christopher?

It was only for those from whom he was going that pity was needed, and daily, as he lingered on, the sympathy with them grew stronger.

People around talked about them, discussed them, spoke of them in their letters; so that it happened that Jack, just landed at Southampton and gone on to London to give some directions to his lawyer, was told by Mr. Clarkson of the sorrowful news about that "well-meaning young Blunt, who lay dying," of his wife's devotion, and the grief of the heart-broken old father.

"Christopher—Christopher Blunt, dying!"

Could it be true—was it possible? though Jack said but little in answer, he felt as if a blow had been dealt him which he staggered under. He left the office like one in a dream, to return an hour or so later, and desire that the papers which were to have followed him to Wadpole should be kept where they now were, as he had altered his plans and was going to remain in London.

In the mean time, he had written to the



rector announcing his arrival, and had enclosed a note to Georgy, begging for an immediate answer.

Come what might—however his interests might suffer—if this news proved true he could not go to Wadpole; there would be a want of decency, of decorum in doing so. It might reach the ears of Christopher, and give him pain—might cause him, perhaps, to think worse things than he now did.

The whole day, no matter what he did or where he went, he could not rid himself of thoughts of Christopher. His face haunted him; his eyes pursued him; a sense of having done him an injury weighed on him like a nightmare.

If it was only possible that he could know something of what he felt—could have known how from his heart and soul Jack thanked him for what he had done, and what he had spared him from!

Casual acquaintances and friends whom he met, remarked that they thought him altered, without quite knowing how. Some men, whom he dined with, voted him not half as cheery as he used to be. The truth being that Jack felt as if he was not wholly there. To keep his thoughts fixed on those present was an impossibility. Every now and then, while seeming to listen to some choice scandal or racy story, his imagination carried him away to a sick-bed, where a man lay dying and a wife stood watching. As an excuse for his going early, he pleaded fatigue from the journey, premised that he had not yet become accustomed to dry land again, and with the expressed certainty that he should be more himself on the morrow, went off to the hotel where he was staying.

He wanted to be alone, by himself, rid of company, so that he could give full rein to the thoughts that were hurrying at top speed through his brain.

An indescribable sadness had taken possession of him. Mr. Clarkson's report of Robin's devotion, coupled with the account given him by Georgy in her letter, left him with no doubt but that the love once poured out upon him had been transferred to Christopher. And right it should be—only if it could have been at some less cost than the belief that he had deserted her—cast her aside; and he discontentedly reviewed the letter he had written her, thinking the best proof of how she had taken what he said lay in the fact, that the word he had asked for had never been sent in answer. This drop of gall, added to his melancholy, but strengthened its bitter flavor. Ah, there

was a good deal in life that we made sorrowful! Chances thrown away which we would give all we possessed to possess again. The same regret, he supposed, came in turn to everybody, only some suffered from ill-luck more than others—suffered deservedly, perhaps. Without saying that this was his case, Jack fell at once to compassionating Christopher. "Poor fellow!" he sighed; "he does not seem to have had much that was bad to answer for; and yet who could be in a more pitiful condition? His one great desire granted him; the wish of his life, Robin's love, given to him, and now he must leave her."

Without clothing his thoughts with words, or even letting them take shape, Jack went on probing deeper. Regret, compunction, remorse, were stirred within him until the measure of self-approbation seemed emptied altogether, and he was looking at the man he really was, unconsciously comparing himself with Christopher. It did not occur to him to wonder how little he was occupied by Robin. Death standing near seemed to hide her in its shadow. She was further removed from Jack than he had ever felt her. Without a thought of love, his heart lay within as a stone. How was this? Why should it be? Had he ceased to care for her?

The same question might have been asked of Robin, to whom a few days later, while walking in the garden together, out of the sick-room from which she had enticed her, Georgy Temple suddenly said: "Did they tell you—have you heard that my cousin Jack has come home?"

"Home! Here?"

"No, not here; in London, where he speaks of remaining."

"Yes; does he?"

Robin said no more; for some moments thought no more. So completely had close companionship and long watching fixed her thoughts on Christopher, that it needed a positive effort now to take an interest in anything not relating to him.

Suddenly the words Georgy had said came back. Jack home! Jack near! Was it possible that she could be told this and not care? She who a thousand times had gone over the meeting that must of necessity some day occur between them, and the distress and pain it would give her.

Possessing a very accurate knowledge of Jack's disposition, Robin had drawn upon her past experiences for the reproach he would feel towards her. Not a word



had Christopher ever breathed of the letter in his possession; and Robin never questioned but the cause of Jack's absence had been the tear-stained, incoherent petition which she had entrusted her husband to send for her.

Bitterly had often come the thought that Jack had taken his dismissal very readily, refusing, withholding the one boon she had so desperately craved of him, that he would say he forgave her. Ah! forgiveness was not in Jack's nature. Forgiveness belonged to Christopher. But now all this storm of discontent was gone, and in its place indifference had come; so that it seemed to no longer matter whether he came or stayed away — whether they met or were parted forever.

"I told her," Georgy said, repeating what had occurred to Mr. Cameron; "but she hardly took any notice. She does not now, unless it happens to be something about Christopher. I could never have believed how wrapped up she has become in him; it seems as if in losing him the whole world is going from her."

Mr. Cameron sighed.

"And he is so different," he said, "so calm, so cheerful, so resigned; interested in everything and everybody. You should have seen how his face lit up when I told him that Chandos had returned. 'Has he?' he said, and his voice sounded quite strong. 'Now the only wish I have left will be gratified; I shall see him again. Yesterday it didn't seem possible. All the day I was thinking so much about him.'"

Georgy looked her surprise.

"Really!" she said. "I wonder why?"

"You must give me the address of his hotel, so that I may write to him to come down here. I am to ask him from Christopher. Dear fellow! He said so simply: 'Tell him the request comes from me, and that he must not delay.'"

"Perhaps it is about the building of the church," suggested Georgy.

"I don't know; he did not say what it was about, and I did not ask him. He wanted the letter written, and that was enough for me."

So the summons was sent; and with Jack, to receive it was to obey. Never had he started on a journey with so much alacrity. By the next train he was on his way to Wadpole.

Perhaps no better preparation for entering that sick-room could have been

made than the thoughts which bore Jack company. He had spent much time during his homeward journey from India in disciplining himself to pursue a certain marked-out course of action. He had made plans for the present, and arrangements for the future. Suddenly He who disposeth had stretched out his hand, and lo, the project of that labor was melted away!

Was Christopher wishing to reproach him or to forgive him? Was it to exact any promise, or because of that desire which sick men often feel to be at peace with all the world before they die?

And then came the thought of Robin; how would she meet him? and what measure of the circumstances between them was known to those around?

Jack's heart beat strangely as, leaving the carriage he had driven from the station in at the Lodge gate, he walked up the avenue. He had asked no questions of the few people he had seen; and they, in their surprise at his return, of the cause of which they never dreamed, had vouchsafed no information.

The glory of departing summer lay on all around, flecking the trees with russet and with gold. There was a hush of stillness in the air, which made the rustle of the leaves distinct each time the soft wind swayed the branches and fanned them overhead. Between the trees a stretch of green spread out afar, with cattle, prized for the rareness of their breed, dotted here and there, taking their ease.

Surely no other land could match the prosperous quiet of a scene like this! Jack had an English heart with pride of country at its very core; but now, as he went, all that he passed was lost to him, so strained were his eyes towards the house to catch a sight of it, and see the blinds still up, the windows open.

A sigh of relief escaped him as the servant who had watched his approach advanced to meet him.

"Won't you be pleased to take refreshment of some kind, sir?" he said, leading the way into a room where a well-spread table stood. "Master thought, coming from London, you might feel the want of something."

"No; I had all I needed before starting."

"Master hopes, sir, that you'll please to excuse his not being in the way, but just at present he doesn't feel equal to seeing anybody. Poor old gentleman! 'tis a terrible cut up for him."

"Naturally."



"Mr. Christopher is being told that you've come. Should I inquire, sir, if he's ready?"

"Do."

The man left him, to return, after a few minutes' delay, and said that Mr. Christopher was quite prepared to see him now.

He led the way. Jack followed him upstairs to a room the door of which was opened by some one who went out as he was admitted.

There, in a bed drawn over near the window, the prospect from which he could see, lay Christopher. By his side sat Robin.

Only a minute before, as the door was opening, at the thought that perhaps she was inside, that he should see her, Jack's blood had seemed to turn to fire; now already he had forgotten her — forgotten all else save that he stood in dread presence of visibly approaching death.

She must have advanced to meet him, for they had shaken hands; and yet it seemed to him that he had not seen her, so riveted were his eyes on Christopher.

"It is very good of you to come so soon," he began in his feeble voice. "I knew you would come, but I hardly dared to expect you so early."

Jack pressed the hand put into his.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am to see you so ill," he said earnestly.

"I am sure of that; there is no need to tell me. Of late I have so longed to see you again, — and you see the wish has been granted to me."

While they were speaking Robin had brought over a chair and placed it at the bedside, then she went to a further window and stood looking out.

Christopher's eyes followed her.

"Robin," he said, "come over here near me; I miss you."

She was at his side in an instant.

"I want to talk to you both together."

And he looked at them, letting his eyes rest first on one and then on the other; and then he stretched out his hands, and, while holding theirs, said, —

"God is very good to let us meet like this again. My great desire was to say what I want to tell you like this — when I could speak to you both here, with the hand of each in mine."

Jack's face showed the pain he felt; he could find no voice to speak in; his heart and pulses thudded violently. Robin, pale, careworn, with the fountain of her grief run dry, listened in silence.

"You must forgive me," Christopher went on — it was to Jack that he was speaking — "for having in any way broken a promise I once gave you. I could not leave unspoken anything for her to learn when I am gone. Oh, how blessed now comes the thought that she trusted me! — that that same night, ignorant of what you had done, she told all to me! You know now, dear love, don't you, that I was witness of that scene about which I then feigned to know nothing."

Involuntarily Jack's eyes were turned to Robin; hers were fixed on Christopher.

"It must not pain you," he went on, "anything I may say. It has no pain for me; only rejoicing to remember that you both showed me confidence — both listened to the voice which was stirring for good within you. The finger of that hand, always stretched out to help us in our need, was laid on both your hearts — a sacrifice was asked, a sacrifice made, a sacrifice accepted."

His voice had sunk to a whisper; so great was his weakness that he had to wait for his lips to be moistened before he could continue.

After a time, with a feeble effort to take something from underneath his pillow, he showed them a packet which he would not let Robin open; but unfolding the paper took out two letters, the seals of which had not been broken.

"That is yours, Robin; and this" — turning to Jack — "belongs to you; neither of them has been touched or opened since they were written. As you then gave them to me, so I now deliver them back to you. That same evening I fastened them in this, and locked them in a box; and there, side by side, they have ever since lain together."

Mechanically Jack and Robin turned, and turned again, the letter each had been given. The sight of the hurried, hastily penned writing brought vividly back the circumstances of that repented-of occasion. Humbled, heart-stricken, they turned towards Christopher. His face was smiling, his arms stretched wide as if to encircle them; from out his parted lips came faintly forth the word "forgiven."

Already Robin had sunk down kneeling with her face hidden. Jack, untried in sorrow as she had been, struggled for an instant; and then, perhaps for the first time since he was a lad, his emotion overcame him, and tears streamed from his eyes.

Ah! it is in moments such as these we



recognize that the image man was made after is divine. All he possessed, even life itself, Jack was ready to give, so that by it he could save Christopher.

Did Christopher by intuition guess this?

Exhausted he had sunk back, and there lay with his blissful eyes looking at the two heads bowed down on either side of him.

How long did they so remain? neither of the two could say; all that they knew was that of a sudden Christopher seemed to gather up his strength, and raise himself so that he took their hands again, and, they looking, saw as it were an angel-face turned heavenward to ask a blessing on them. His lips still moved, although — his voice sunken to a whisper — the words he said no longer could be heard; only at the last they felt the hands he held he joined together, and while they still remained clasped, the spirit of Christopher passed away forever.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

THE stranger who visits Wadpole, and carries his steps a little further on to Uplands, is sure to be attracted by a name he hears coupled with many things he sees.

Blunt's cottage, Blunt's institute, the church, the schools, are all the work of Mr. Blunt, whose pride now is to be connected with every charity around.

No longer ashamed of his self-made position, nor — as of yore — of his humble origin; his boast now is that he was a working man, and made his money with the hands they see — hands which he tells them labored hard for years — hands which can labor still, as he has shown in the building of the church, raised to the memory of his son, and superintended by himself.

Always being added to, always improved, Upland Church is the show church of the neighborhood. From far and near, for miles around, people come to its services.

Mr. Cameron is the rector. He is married to Georgy Temple, and is firmer than ever in that once scoffed-at conviction of being the most fortunate man in the world.

Perhaps there does not live a happier woman than Georgy. The once neglected men and women amongst whom she dwells, much as they approve of their rector, simply worship her, and listen to her teaching with greater respect; because she is a good judge of a horse, and has such an eye for a dog.

Mr. Temple, contented in having his daughter near, seems infected with the desire to follow — at a distance — the footsteps of his son-in-law. He performs his own duty, and seems to find satisfaction in it; although there are many in Wadpole still ready to affirm that necessity, not choice, is the mainspring of his actions, Mrs. Temple having declared that no curate shall put foot in the parish until she has married her daughter Dora.

Mr. Dorian-Chandos, member for Wadpole, is one of the leading men in the county; a good landlord, a staunch friend, rich and poor respect him equally.

Wherever they go, he, and his wife have the warmest welcome given them; indeed, it would be hard to decide which is the greater favorite of the two — Jack or Robin.

Besides being a wife, Robin is a mother now; her eldest boy bears the much loved name of Christopher. In him, Mr. Blunt seems to see again his son; his greatest pride is to hear himself called "Grandfather."

One spot in Upland churchyard is always green and gay with flowers, which Robin and her children bring. And when the little ones have laid their posies down, they play around, while she stands looking — where the sun's last rays slant down — upon a plain white cross inscribed:

TO CHRISTOPHER.

From The Fortnightly Review.

#### MR. MORLEY'S VALEDICTORY.

THE present number of the review marks the close of a task which was confided to me no less than fifteen years ago — *grande mortalis ævi spatium*, a long span of one's mortal days. Fifteen years are enough to bring a man from youth to middle age, to test the working-value of convictions, to measure the advance of principles and beliefs, and, alas, to cut off many early associates and to extinguish many lights. It is hardly possible that a review should have been conducted for so considerable a time without the commission of some mistakes; articles admitted which might as well have been left out, opinions expressed which have a crudish look in the mellow light of years, phrases dropped in the heat or hurry of the moment which one would fain obliterate. Many a regret must rise in men's minds on any occasion that compels them to



look back over a long reach of years. The disparity between aim and performance, the unfulfilled promise, the wrong turnings taken at critical points — as an accident of the hour draws us to take stock of a complete period of our lives, all these things rise up in private and internal judgment against anybody who is not either too stupid or too fatuously complacent to recognize facts when he sees them. But the mood passes. Ephemera must not take themselves too seriously. Time, happily, is merciful, and men's memories are benignly short.

More painful is the recollection of those earlier contributors of ours who have vanished from the world. Periodical literature is like the manna in the wilderness; it quickly loses its freshness, and to turn over thirty volumes of old reviews can hardly be exhilarating at the best: least of all so, when it recalls friends and coadjutors who can give their help no more. George Henry Lewes, the founder of the review, and always cordially interested in its fortunes, has not survived to see the end of the reign of his successor. His vivacious intelligence had probably done as much as he was competent to do for his generation, but there were other important contributors, now gone, of whom this could not be said. In the region of political theory, the loss of J. E. Cairnes was truly lamentable and untimely. He had, as Mill said of him, "that rare qualification among writers on political and social subjects—a genuine scientific intellect." Not a month passes in which one does not feel how great an advantage it would have been to be able to go down to Blackheath, and discuss the perplexities of the time in that genial and manly companionship, where facts were weighed with so much care, where conclusions were measured with such breadth and comprehension, and where even the great stolid idols of the Cave and Market Place were never too rudely buffeted. Of a very different order of mind from Cairnes, but not less to be permanently regretted by all of us who knew him, was Mr. Bagehot, whose books on the English Constitution, on physics and politics, and the fragment on the postulates of political economy, were all published in these pages. He wrote, in fact, the first article in the first number. Though himself extremely cool and sceptical about political improvement of every sort, he took abundant interest in more ardent friends. Perhaps it was that they amused him; in return his good-natured ironies

put them wholesomely on their mettle. As has been well said of him he had a unique power of animation without combat; it was all stimulus and yet no contest; his talk was full of youth, yet had all the wisdom of mature judgment (*R. H. Hutton*). Those who were least willing to assent to Bagehot's practical maxims in judging current affairs, yet were well aware how much they profited by his Socratic objections, and knew, too, what real acquaintance with men and business, what honest sympathy, and what serious judgment and interest lay under his playful and racy humor.

More untimely, in one sense, than any other was the death of Professor Clifford, whose articles in this review attracted so much attention, and I fear that I may add, gave for a season so much offence six or seven years ago. Cairnes was scarcely fifty when he died, and Bagehot was fifty-one, but Clifford was only four-and-thirty. Yet in this brief space he had not merely won a reputation as a mathematician of the first order, but had made a real mark on his time, both by the substance of his speculations in science, religion, and ethics, and by the curious audacity with which he proclaimed at the pitch of his voice on the housetops religious opinions that had hitherto been kept among the family secrets of the *domus Socratica*. It is melancholy to think that exciting work, done under pressure of time of his own imposing, should have been the chief cause of his premature decline. How intense that pressure was the reader may measure by the fact that a paper of his on "The Unseen Universe," which filled eighteen pages of the review, was composed at a single sitting that lasted from a quarter to ten in the evening till nine o'clock the following morning. As one revolves these and other names of eminent men who actively helped to make the review what it has been, it would be impossible to omit the most eminent of them all. Time has done something to impair the philosophical reputation and the political celebrity of J. S. Mill; but it cannot alter the affectionate memory in which some of us must always hold his wisdom and goodness, his rare union of moral ardor with a calm and settled mind. He took the warmest interest in this review from the moment when I took it up, partly from the friendship with which he honored me, but much more because he wished to encourage what was then — though it is now happily no longer — the only attempt to conduct a periodical on



the principles of free discussion and personal responsibility. While recalling these and others who are no more, it was naturally impossible for me to forget the constant and valuable help that has been so freely given to me, often at much sacrifice of their own convenience, by those friends and contributors who are still with us. No conductor ever laid down his *bâton* with a more cordial and sincere sense of gratitude to those who took their several parts in his performance.

One chief experiment which the review was established to try was that of signed articles. When Mr. Lewes wrote his "Farewell Causerie," as I am doing now, he said: "That we have been enabled to bring together men so various in opinion and so distinguished in power has been mainly owing to the principle adopted of allowing each writer perfect freedom; which could only have been allowed under the condition of personal responsibility. The question of signing articles had long been debated; it has now been tested. The arguments in favor of it were mainly of a moral order; the arguments against it, while admitting the morality, mainly asserted its inexpediency. The question of expediency has, I venture to say, been materially enlightened by the success of the review." The success of other periodicals, conducted still more rigorously on the principle that every article ought to bear its writer's signature, leaves no further doubt on the subject; so that it is now almost impossible to realize that only fifteen or sixteen years ago scarcely anybody of the class called practical could believe that the sacred principle of the anonymous was doomed. One of the shrewdest publishers in Edinburgh, and also himself the editor of a famous magazine (the color of whose Toryism, by the way, is almost of itself enough to explain why a sensible country like Scotland is so intensely Liberal), once said to me while Mr. Lewes was still editor of this review, that he had always thought highly of our friend's judgment "until he had taken up the senseless notion of a magazine with signed articles and open to both sides of every question." Nobody will call the notion senseless any longer. The question is rather how long the exclusively anonymous periodicals will resist the innovation.

Personally I have attached less stern importance to signature as an unvarying rule than did my predecessor; though

even he was compelled by obvious considerations of convenience to make his chronicle of current affairs anonymous. Our practice has been signature as the standing order, occasionally suspended in favor of anonymity when there seemed to be sufficient reason. On the whole it may be said that the change from anonymous to signed articles has followed the course of most changes. It has not led to one-half either of the evils or of the advantages that its advocates and its opponents foretold. That it has produced some charlatanism, can hardly be denied. Readers are tempted to postpone serious and persistent interest in subjects, to a semi-personal curiosity about the casual and unconnected deliverances of the literary or social "star" of the hour. That this conception has been worked out with signal ability in more cases than one; that it has made periodical literature full of actuality; that it has tickled and delighted the palate — is all most true. The obvious danger is lest we should be tempted to think more of the man who speaks than of the precise value of what he says.

One indirect effect that is not unworthy of notice in the new system is its tendency to narrow the openings for the writer by profession. If an article is to be signed, the editor will naturally seek the name of an expert of special weight and competence on the matter in hand. A reviewer on the staff of a famous journal once received for his week's task, General Hamley on the "Art of War," a three-volume novel, a work on dainty dishes, and a translation of Pindar. This was perhaps taxing versatility and omniscience overmuch, and it may be taken for granted that the writer made no serious contribution to tactics, cookery, or scholarship. But being a man of a certain intelligence, passably honest, and reasonably painstaking, probably he produced reviews sufficiently useful and just to answer their purpose. On the new system we should have an article on General Hamley's work by Sir Garnet Wolseley, and one on the cookery-book from M. Trompette. It is not certain that this is all pure gain. There is a something to be said for the writer by profession, who, without being an expert, will take trouble to work up his subject, to learn what is said and thought about it, to penetrate to the real points, to get the same mastery over it as an advocate or a judge does over a patent case or a suit about rubrics and vestments. He is at least as likely as the expert to tell the reader all that he



wants to know, and at least as likely to be free from bias and injurious prepossession.

Nor does experience, so far as it has yet gone, quite bear out Mr. Lewes's train of argument that the "first condition of all writing is sincerity, and that one means of securing sincerity is to insist on personal responsibility," and that this personal responsibility can only be secured by signing articles. The old talk of "literary bravoes," "men in masks," "anonymous assassins," and so forth, is out of date. Longer experience has only confirmed the present writer's opinion, expressed here from the very beginning: "Everybody who knows the composition of any respectable journal in London, knows very well that the articles which those of our own way of thinking dislike most intensely, are written by men whom to call bravoes in any sense whatever would be simply monstrous. Let us say, as loudly as we choose, if we see good reason, that they are half informed about some of the things which they so authoritatively discuss; that they are under strong class feeling; that they have not mastered the doctrines which they are opposing; that they have not sufficiently meditated their subject; that they have not given themselves time to do justice even to their scanty knowledge. Journalists are open to charges of this kind; but to think of them as a shameless body, thirsting for the blood of better men than themselves, or ready to act as an editor's instrument for money, involves a thoroughly unjust misconception."

As to the comparative effects of the two systems on literary quality, no prudent observer with adequate experience will lay down an unalterable rule. Habit no doubt counts for a great deal, but apart from habit there are differences of temperament and peculiar sensibilities. Some men write best when they sign what they write; they find impersonality a mystification and an incumbrance; anonymity makes them stiff, pompous, and over-magisterial. With others, however, the effect is just the reverse. If they sign, they become self-conscious, stilted, and even pretentious; it is only when they are anonymous that they recover simplicity and ease. It is as if an actor who is the soul of what is natural under the disguises of his part, should become extremely artificial if he were compelled to come upon the stage in his own proper clothes and speaking only in his ordinary voice.

The newspaper press has not yet followed the example of the new reviews, but we are probably not far from the time when here, too, the practice of signature will make its way. There was an unwise cry at one time for making the disuse of anonymity compulsory by law. But we shall no more see this than we shall see legal penalties imposed for publishing a book without an index, though that also has been suggested. The same end will be reached by other ways. Within the last few years a truly surprising shock has been given to the idea of a newspaper, "as a sort of impersonal thing, coming from nobody knows where, the readers never thinking of the writer, nor caring whether he thinks what he writes, so long as *they* think what he writes." Of course it is still true, and will most likely always remain true, that, like the Athenian sophist, great newspapers will teach the conventional prejudices of those who pay for it. A writer will long be able to say that, like the sophist, the newspaper reflects the morality, the intelligence, the tone of sentiment, of its public, and if the latter is vicious, so is the former. But there is infinitely less of this than there used to be. The press is more and more taking the tone of a man speaking to a man. The childish imposture of the editorial we is already thoroughly exploded. The names of all important journalists are now coming to be as publicly known as the names of important members of Parliament. There is even something over and above this. More than one editor—the editors of the *Spectator* and of the *St. James's Gazette* are conspicuous instances, in very different ways—have boldly aspired to create and educate a public of their own, and they have succeeded. The press is growing to be much more personal, in the sense that its more important directors are taking to themselves the right of pursuing an individual line of their own, with far less respect than of old to the supposed exigencies of party or the *communiqués* of political leaders. The editor of a review of great eminence said to the present writer (who, for his own part, took a slightly more modest view) that he regarded himself as equal in importance to twenty-five members of Parliament. It is not altogether easy to weigh and measure with this degree of precision. But what is certain is that there are journalists on both sides in politics to whom the public looks for original suggestion, and from whom leading politicians seek not merely such mechan-



ical support as they expect from their adherents in the House of Commons, nor merely the uses of the vane to show which way the wind blows, but ideas, guidance, and counsel, as from persons of co-equal authority with themselves. England is still a long way from the point at which French journalism has arrived in this matter. We cannot count an effective host of Girardins, Lemoignes, Abouts, or even Cassagnacs and Rocheforts, each recognized as the exponent of his own opinions, and each read because the opinions written are known to be his own. But there is a distinctly nearer approach to this as the general state of English journalism than there was twenty years ago.

Of course nobody of sense supposes that any journalist, however independent and however possessed by the spirit of his personal responsibility, tries to form his opinions out of his own head, without reference to the view of the men practically engaged in public affairs, the temper of Parliament and the feeling of constituencies, and so forth. All these are part of the elements that go to the formation of his own judgment, and he will certainly not neglect to find out as much about them as he possibly can. Nor, again, does the increase of the personal sentiment about our public prints lessen the general working fidelity of their conductors to a party. It is their duty, no doubt, to discuss the merits of measures as they arise. In this respect any one can see how radically they differ from the member of Parliament, whose business is not only to discuss but to act. The member of Parliament must look at the effect of his vote in more lights than one. Besides the merits of the given measure, it is his duty to think of the wishes of those who chose him to represent them; and if, moreover, the effect of voting against a measure of which he disapproves would be to overthrow a whole ministry of which he strongly approves, then, unless some very vital principle indeed were involved, to give such a vote would be to prefer a small object to a great one, and would meet a very queasy, monkish sort of conscience. The journalist is not in the same position. He is an observer and a critic, and can afford, and is bound, to speak the truth. But even in his case, the disagreement, as Burke said, "will be only enough to indulge freedom, without violating concord or disturbing arrangement." There is a certain "partiality

which becomes a well-chosen friendship." "Men thinking freely will, in particular instances, think differently. But still as the greater part of the measures which arise in the course of public business are related to, or dependent on, some great, leading, general principles in government, a man must be peculiarly unfortunate in the choice of his political company if he does not agree with them at least nine times in ten." The doctrine that was good enough for Burke in this matter may be counted good enough for most of us. Some of the current talk about political independence is mere hypocrisy and *blague*; some of it is mere vanity. For the new priest of literature is quite as liable to the defects of spiritual pride and ambition as the old priest of the Church, and it is quite as well for him that he should be on his guard against these scarlet and high-crested sins.

The success of reviews, of which our own was the first English type, marks a very considerable revolution in the intellectual habits of the time. They have brought abstract discussion from the library down to the parlor, and from the serious student down to the first man in the street. We have passed through a perfect cyclone of religious polemics. The popularity of such reviews means that really large audiences, *le gros public*, are eagerly interested in the radical discussion of propositions which twenty years ago were only publicly maintained, and then in their crudest, least true, and most repulsive form, in obscure debating societies and little secularist clubs. Everybody, male or female, who reads anything serious at all, now reads a dozen essays a year to show, with infinite varieties of approach and of demonstration, that we can never know whether there be a Supreme Being or not, whether the soul survives the body, or whether the soul is more and other than a mere function of the body. No article that has appeared in any periodical for a generation back excited so profound a sensation as Mr. Huxley's memorable paper "On the Physical Basis of Life," published in this review in February, 1869. It created just the same kind of stir that, in a political epoch, was made by such a pamphlet as the "Conduct of the Allies" or the "Reflections on the French Revolution." This excitement was a sign that controversies which had hitherto been confined to books and treatises were now to be admitted to popular periodicals, and that



the common man of the world would now listen and have an opinion of his own on the bases of belief, just as he listens and judges in politics, or art, or letters. The clergy no longer have the pulpit to themselves, for the new reviews became more powerful pulpits, in which heretics were at least as welcome as orthodox. Speculation has become entirely democratized. This is a tremendous change to have come about in little more than a dozen years. How far it goes, let us not be too sure. It is no new discovery that what looks like complete tolerance may be in reality only complete indifference. Intellectual fairness is often only another name for indolence and inconclusiveness of mind, just as love of truth is sometimes a fine phrase for temper. To be piquant counts for much, and the interest of seeing on the drawing-room tables of devout Catholics and high-flying Anglicans article after article, sending divinities, creeds, and Churches all headlong into limbo, was indeed piquant. Much of all this elegant dabbling in infidelity has been a caprice of fashion. The Agnostic has had his day with the fine ladies, like the black footboy of other times, or the spirit-rapper and table-turner of our own. When one perceived that such people actually thought that the Churches had been raised on their feet again by the puerile apologetics of Mr. Mallock, then it was easy to know that they had never really fallen. What we have been watching, after all, was perhaps a tournament, not a battle.

It would not be very easy for us now, and perhaps it would not be particularly becoming at any time, to analyze the position that has been assigned to this review in common esteem. Those who have watched it from without, can judge better than those who have worked within. Though it has been open, so far as editorial good-will was concerned, to opinions from many sides, the review has unquestionably gathered round it some of the associations of sect. What that sect is, people have found it difficult to describe with anything like precision. For a long time it was the fashion to label the review as Comtist, and it would be singularly ungrateful to deny that it has had no more effective contributors than some of the best-known disciples of Comte. By-and-by it was felt that this was too narrow. It was nearer the truth to call it the organ of Positivists in the wider sense of that designation. But even this would not cover many directly political articles that

have appeared in our pages, and made a mark in their time. The memorable programme of free labor, free land, free schools, free Church had nothing at all Positivist about it. Nor could that programme and many besides from the same pen and others be compressed under the nickname of Academic Liberalism. There was too strong a flavor of action for the academic and the philosophic. This passion for a label, after all, is an infirmity. Yet people justly perceived that there seemed to be a certain undefinable concurrence among writers coming from different schools and handling very different subjects. Perhaps the instinct was right which fancied that it discerned some common drift, a certain pervading atmosphere. People scented a subtle connection between speculations on the physical basis of life and the unseen universe, and articles on trades unions and national education; and Professor Tyndall's eloquence in impugning the authority of miracles was supposed to work in the same direction as Mr. Frederic Harrison's eloquence in demolishing Prince Bismarck and vindicating the Commune as the newest proof of the political genius of France.

So far as the review has been more specially identified with one set of opinions than another, it has been due to the fact that a certain dissent from received theologies has been found in company with new ideas of social and political reform. This suspicious combination at one time aroused considerable anger. The notion of anything like an intervention of the literary and scientific class in political affairs touched a certain jealousy which is always to be looked for in the positive and practical man. They think as Napoleon did of men of letters and savans: "*Ce sont des coquettes avec lesquelles il faut entretenir un commerce de galanterie, et dont il ne faut jamais songer à faire ni sa femme ni son ministre.*" Men will listen to your views about the unknowable with a composure that instantly disappears if your argument comes too near to the rates and taxes. It is amusing, as we read the newspapers to-day, to think that Mr. Harrison's powerful defence of trades-unions fifteen years ago caused the review to be regarded as an incendiary publication. Some papers that appeared here on national education were thought to indicate a deliberate plot for suppressing the Holy Scriptures in the land. Extravagant misjudgment of this kind has passed away. But it was far from being a mistake to



suppose that the line taken here by many writers did mean that there was a new radicalism in the air, which went a good deal deeper than fidgeting about an estimate or the amount of the queen's contribution to her own taxes. Time has verified what was serious in those early apprehensions. Principles and aims are coming into prominence in the social activity of to-day which would hardly have found a hearing twenty years ago, and it would be sufficient justification for the past of our review if some writers in it have been instrumental in the process of showing how such principles and aims meet the requirements of the new time. Reformers must always be open to the taunt that they find nothing in the world good enough for them. "You write," said a popular novelist to one of this unthanked tribe, "as if you believed that everything is bad." "Nay," said the other, "but I do believe that everything might be better." Such a belief naturally breeds a spirit which the easy-goers of the world resent as a spirit of ceaseless complaint and scolding. Hence our Liberalism here has often been taxed with being ungenial, discontented, and even querulous. But such Liberals will wrap themselves in their own virtue, remembering the cheering apophthegm that "those who are dissatisfied are the sole benefactors of the world."

This will not be found, I think, too lofty, or too thrasonical an estimate of what has been attempted. A certain number of people have been persuaded to share opinions that fifteen years ago were more unpopular than they are now. A certain resistance has been offered to the stubborn influence of prejudice and use and wont. The original scheme of the review, even if there had been no other obstacle, prevented it from being the organ of a systematic and constructive policy. There is not, in fact, a body of systematic political thought at work in our own day. The Liberals of the Benthamite school, as was said here not many months ago,\* surveyed society and institutions as a whole; they connected their advocacy of political and legal changes with carefully formed theories of human nature; they considered the great art of government in connection with the character of man, his proper education, his potential capacities. Yet, as we then said, it cannot be pretended that we are less in need

of systematic politics than our fathers were sixty years since, or that general principles are now more generally settled even among members of the same party than they were then. The perplexities of to-day are as embarrassing as any in our history, and they may prove even more dangerous. The renovation of Parliamentary government; the transformation of the conditions of the ownership and occupation of land; the relations between the government at home and our adventurers abroad in contact with inferior races; the limitations on free contract and the rights of majorities to restrict the private acts of universities; these are only some of the questions that time and circumstances are pressing upon us. These are in the political and legislative sphere alone. In education, in economics for realization in literature, the problems are as many. Yet ideas are hardly ripe. We shall need to see great schools before we can make sure of powerful parties. Meanwhile, whatever gives freedom and variety to thought, and earnestness to men's interest in the world, must contribute to a good end. The review has been an attempt to do something in this direction. I may well hope that the energy and intelligence of my successor will enable it to do more.

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From The Spectator.

#### SHAKESPEARE ON DEATH.

THERE are in Shakespeare's plays about ninety deaths, taking place either on the stage or immediately behind the scenes, so that the tidings are told or evidence is given directly after the fact. Twenty-five occur in this latter manner, but not at all for the classical reason that terrible sights were not to be represented before the people. In many cases, gory heads are introduced, far more ghastly than a whole murdered body; the plight of Lavinia in "Titus Andronicus" is proof that an Elizabethan audience was content to sup full of horrors, and the many battlefields in the historical plays may well be supposed to have included representations of the dead and dying. The number above given is only that of named, and therefore important, personages; it might be increased by soldiers and attendants who are killed, as it were, by the way. The modes of death are very various, and yet not quite all which we might naturally anticipate. Cold steel,

\* Fortnightly Review, April, 1882.



the dagger or the sword, accounts for about two-thirds of the whole; twelve persons die from old age, or natural decay, in some cases hastened by the trying circumstances of their lives; seven are beheaded; five die by poison, including the elder Hamlet, whose symptoms are so minutely described by his ghost; two by suffocation, unless, indeed, Desdemona makes a third; two by strangling; one from a fall, one is drowned, three die by snake-bite; and one, Horner, the armor-bearer, is thumped to death with a sand-bag.

The modes of death of which we might have expected Shakespeare to speak are arrow and gunshot wounds. The English archers are said to have done so much execution in more than one battle of which we hear in the plays, that it is curious they are only twice named as employed in flight, —

Arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,  
Than did our soldiers aiming at their safety  
Fly from the field,

at the battle of Shrewsbury; and Richard at Bosworth, cries, —

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!

It may be, of course, that a flight of arrows was a difficult and, indeed, a risky thing to represent on the stage; but this would scarce account for no mention of death by them, and it is probable that by Elizabeth's day the use of bow and arrow had so passed from reality into play, that it only occurred to the poet now and then, as adding a certain picturesque detail to his words. He makes the Archbishop of Canterbury, when counselling the too ready Henry V. to invade France, speak only of the pastime of archery, —

As many arrows loosed several ways  
Come to one mark.

The other allusions are merely metaphor, as "Cupid's arrows," and

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Guns were still only pieces of heavy ordnance, and though Falstaff speaks of a bullet's swiftness, he is thinking of what we call a ball, probably of stone; and Shakespeare uses all words connected with explosive artillery simply in relation to the battering of walls, and not to the death and wounding of men. Not till the English civil wars did firearms play any considerable part in personal slaughter.

It may be interesting to examine how Shakespeare has dealt with death by these various means, and how far his description tallies with observed scientific facts.

In Arthur's fall from the tower and Horner's death, the physical causes were the same; whatever the outward injuries, death resulted from failure of the heart's action, in consequence of some serious internal lesion, not from fracture of the spine, for in both after the injury is given there is time for one, yet but for one, short speech, and the end when it comes is instantaneous. "Hold, Peter, hold, I confess treason!" cries Horner, and is going to say more; there is no apparent failure of power, but he dies at once, abruptly. There is nothing to be said of the cases of suffocation, since they are transacted off the stage, and no physical signs are described; nor, for the same reason, of the various instances of beheading. The single case of drowning is beautifully divested of all violence, and that which might be so painful is rendered peaceful. Ophelia, having lost her reason is unaware of her danger; she is buoyed up at first by her garments, and then, as they grow heavy, she is dragged down by them gently and gradually, so that there is no room for struggle, and the waters close over her almost without a ripple. Who that ever saw Mr. Millais's early picture on the subject can possibly forget it, or fail to recognize that poet and painter had equally rendered the fact, and yet divested it of its most terrible elements?

In the deaths of Cleopatra and her maids, Shakespeare would seem to have been for once at fault. We say her maids, because the only way to account for the sudden death of Iras is to suppose that she had met and touched the incoming basket of asps, on leaving the presence to fetch her mistress's robe and crown. But, however this may be, Cleopatra and Charmian die almost instantaneously of the snake's bite, after the queen "applies" the serpents to her breast and arm, as though they were leeches.

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

The poet was quite aware that he must make the effect of the asp very different to that of the viper's, which now and then might lame a horse, or, very exceptionally, kill a keeper, after some hours' suffering, in his own Arden. But there was no one to tell him the mode of death from the bites of Eastern serpents; his imagination is quite unfettered, and with true poetic feeling, he makes the poison swifter than the cobra's, yet peaceful and painless. It were better he should not know or tell



Shakespeare carefully discriminates between the wounds which pierce the heart and are at once fatal, and those which allow a few minutes, or even moments, of life. A stab which causes instant death wrings from the dying person one sharp cry of momentary agony, or sometimes purely spasmodic and mechanical, and then all is silent; and with the



cry there is a sharp, convulsive movement of the limbs. So, Polonius utters one loud "O! I am slain!" Aaron imitates the squeal of the dying nurse, "Weke, weke!" Prince Edward, in "Richard III.," "sprawls," after his first stab. Those who do not die at once, but bleed to death, or are choked in blood, speak a little, know they are dying, but are not in pain, and have no convulsive movements.

We now come to the deaths of old age and by natural causes, and of these there are comparatively few. Comedy puts away from it the idea of death altogether; and great tragedies are, as a rule, concerned with violent ends. Yet here, where there is little seeming variety, Shakespeare's observation has anticipated that of modern skill. Miss Nightingale has pointed out how constantly the mental state of the dying depends on their physical conditions. As a rule, she tells us, in acute cases interest in their own danger is rarely felt. "Indifference, excepting with regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man desires to perform, is the far more usual state. But patients who die of consumption very frequently die in a state of seraphic joy and peace; the countenance almost expresses rapture. Patients who die of cholera, peritonitis, etc., on the contrary, often die in a state approaching despair. In dysentery, diarrhoea, or fever, the patient often dies in a state of indifference."

Now, in Shakespeare, the majority feel indifference or calm acquiescence; Gaunt "plays nicely" with his name; Henry IV. has no thought of the future, but only some faint interest still in the things of life; Mortimer cares only for his funeral; Bedford is acquiescent, neither hopeful nor fearful, "Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please." There are a few exceptions, and they exemplify with force what Miss Nightingale has laid down. Queen Katherine, dying of long decline, has visions of eternal peace; while Beaufort, whose faculties are about him to the last, has the most vivid and keen remorse for murder, the only crime which the sinner, as a rule, seems unable to forget.

In Shakespeare, again, those who in perfect health know or believe they are to die take the conviction according to their physical temperaments, not according to their lives. If there be seeming exceptions, it is because some foreign conditions are introduced, as when Richard is visited with terrible dreams, and something like craven terror as the re-

sult of them. But he has been drinking heavily before he goes to rest, and recovers himself in the morning before and in the battle. As an instance of a contrast between two physical temperaments, we may take the terror of the sensitive Claudio, so full of young life and vigor, and the stolid indifference of the brutal Barnadine.

Of course, this whole subject is capable of being worked out in much greater detail, but as in a former paper, it has seemed worth while giving a few hints for study, founded on what has occurred to the present writer while reading Shakespeare through, under somewhat unusual conditions.

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From The London Times.  
AMERICAN NOVELS.

"A FOREGONE CONCLUSION" (Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1882) is graver and fuller in texture than "The Lady of the Aroostook." The subject is more ambitious, the characters more uncommon, and altogether it ranks as Mr. Howells's best. The plot is very simple. Mrs. Vervain, an American widow, and her daughter Florida are staying at Venice in apartments on the Grand Canal. Here they are constantly visited and befriended by the American consul, a young man of the name of Ferris, who is on chaffing, friendly terms with Mrs. Vervain, while the daughter, a proud, beautiful, quick-tempered girl, maintains towards him an attitude of alternate friendliness and hostility. The mother is one of those kindly, feeble, feather-witted women, so pathetic at a distance, so tiresome often in real life. Her little mistakes and absurdities grate on Florida terribly, but the girl's filial conscience is perpetually at war with her critical instincts, and her self-reproach takes the perfectly natural though illogical form of anger with Ferris whenever she perceives that he is as fully alive to her mother's little weaknesses as she is herself. Meanwhile, Ferris is sometimes attracted by her beauty and originality, but more often repelled by what seems to him pure arrogance and self-assertiveness. Presently Florida expresses a wish for Italian lessons, and the fourth character, Don Ippolito, appears on the scene as her teacher, recommended by Ferris. Don Ippolito is a Venetian priest, with a curious turn for mechanics and engineering. He is first introduced to us as call-



ing upon Ferris in his capacity of American consul, in order through him to draw the attention of the American government, then struggling with the rebellion of the South, to a breechloading cannon of his own invention. Ferris unkindly points out that the cannon is more likely to damage its friends than its enemies; and in the course of his talk with him lays bare the ignorance, the childlike simplicity, the crude scientific dreams of the poor priest. But there is something very winning about Don Ippolito, and when the opportunity comes for doing him a good turn with the Vervains, Ferris gladly puts the chance of earning some napoleons in his way. Soon Don Ippolito and Ferris are equally free of the Casa Vervain, the two ladies taking up the priest in their easy, generous American way, and doing their best to brighten a life, which, from their point of view, is naturally a gloomy one. How the shadow of a hopeless passion falls on the poor priest; how for a moment, led by the innocently enthusiastic Florida, he dreams of flinging off cassock and cloak and beginning life again as an engineer in America; and how the first revelation of his passion repels Florida and shivers his web of fondly woven fancies, Mr. Howells tells with perfect mastery of incident and phrase. Don Ippolito we feel is but half a man; his science is little more than dabbling; his ignorance of the world is ridiculous, but at the same time, when the crash comes, our sympathies are all with Florida's bitter and boundless pity for the poor, maimed, forlorn creature. Her last interview with him comes nearer to tragedy than anything Mr. Howells has elsewhere attempted, and nowhere have his qualities of reserve, of condensed and forcible expression stood him in better stead. Of course Don Ippolito dies, and from his grave there springs in time a bloom of happiness for Ferris and Florida. But Ferris is hardly worth his good fortunes, and with the disappearance of Don Ippolito even Florida loses half her charm. It is the greatest triumph of the artist that out of material so little idealized, and by the help of the least pretentious of methods, he should have produced a story of such enduring and pathetic interest.

"The Chance Acquaintance," (Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1882), a slight story of a steamboat friendship which ends in very natural disillusion on both sides, is to our mind a long way below Mr. Howells's other work. It shows the

weak points of his manner, and reminds us that no amount of skilful dialogue and true description can make up for the lack of that subtle atmosphere, that adequacy of feeling and motive, which alone make a story interesting, and bestow a charm on commonplace things and persons. The peril of American realism is triviality, and in "The Chance Acquaintance" Mr. Howells comes dangerously near to this Nemesis of his art. His latest story, "A Modern Instance," is not yet finished, and no one has a right to judge such minute and delicate work as his while still incomplete. But, as far as we can see, it deals once more with a subject of intrinsic interest such as was the subject of "A Foregone Conclusion," and we have laid down the last number of it as confident as ever in Mr. Howells's future and as sensitive as ever to his peculiar charm.

Among Mr. Howells's followers and rivals the most considerable is Mr. Edgar Fawcett, whose "Gentleman of Leisure" (Sampson Low), with all its inferiority to "The Lady of the Aroostook" or to Mr. James's work, is yet vigorous and promising. It is the story of a young American who has been brought up in England, with such success that he is wholly English in sympathies and manners. Business connected with a large legacy from an uncle brings him at last to New York, where he arrives, expecting some amusement but more annoyance from the raw, vulgar, hail-fellow-well-met sort of society he has always associated with the name of America, and only anxious to get his business done and to go back again. His first dinner party, however, reveals to him that social grades in America are probably more rigid than in Europe, that pride of birth and class rides rampant in what is called good society in New York, and that to despise America, her institutions and her politics, to ape English manners and buy English clothes, and to approximate as closely as may be to the ways and speech of the English upper class, are the indispensable credentials of an American fashionable youth. With regard to social distinctions, he asks his next neighbor at dinner, a thin, aristocratic-looking spinster, bearing the orthodox Dutch name of Spuytenduyvil, to enlighten him a little, and she obligingly takes him in hand.

"It is a very hard matter to explain," she said, "people don't usually talk about it at all. One usually passes over the whole subject. That is thought to be the wisest plan. I regret to tell you, Mr. Wainwright, that those



who should take the most pains to keep our best society in a select state are often the most careless about doing so. New people are buying their way in every year — every month. It's very sad, but it's true."

"But what should make it the best society?" asked Wainwright.

Miss Spuytenduyvil looked slightly peevish.

"Dear me, what makes anything anything, Mr. Wainwright?"

"Oh, now you are plunging into generalities. I am afraid you are not a very patient expositor. Or am I too unmatured a pupil? What I meant was —"

"Oh! I know what you meant," interrupted the young lady, with quiet sharpness, "you wanted to know whether wealth does not decide everything with us. But I assure you it ought not to do so. Of course there might be exceptional cases, just as there are in England. But here, as there, the chief qualification for moving in high circles should be to have good birth."

Wainwright looked very puzzled.

"But everybody here is supposed to be born alike," he said.

"Supposed to be," echoed his companion, with an accent of satire on the first word.

She goes on to explain to him that the real reason why he has been invited to dine at the Bodensteins' is not at all because he is rich and Mr. Bodenstein is his banker, but because he is a Wainwright.

"Everybody," she tells him, "knows your family here."

"But I haven't any family — they are all dead."

"That doesn't make the slightest difference. They are remembered; they were among our leading people; they — how shall I put it? You want one to be so dreadfully exact. Do you know we are distantly related to each other?"

"I had not an idea of it."

"Oh! yes. A Wainwright once married a Spuytenduyvil. You help to make a branch of our genealogical tree."

"I am very glad to have rendered you any such material assistance. Is that why Mr. Bodenstein invited me here to-night?"

"Oh! no. You have a genealogical tree of your own."

"Is it possible?" said Wainwright, with a momentary smile of keen amusement. "I was unprepared to find any such species of vegetation on these shores. It's a very different thing from the primeval hemlock that Longfellow tells us about, isn't it?"

"Oh! now you are sneering at this country. Well, you will be in the fashion there. So many people do it." Here Miss Spuytenduyvil straightened herself, with an air of almost forbidding severity. "For my part I never do it. I am too proud of having ancestors who have helped to make the country what it is."

If pride of birth, however, tends to make Miss Spuytenduyvil patriotic, Wainwright finds that with the greater part of her class it has just the contrary effect. Wherever he goes he finds the New York man of fashion offensively anti-American, regarding love of country as an absurdity, and American institutions either as so many arrangements for securing him in the full possession of the enjoyments of life, or as so many obstacles in the way of what his soul desires, an aristocracy and a court. How the sense of contrast between these frivolous lives and the real America, the vast growing nation beyond and beneath these butterflies, rouses the sense of citizenship in Wainwright's breast, how his love story helps the process of repatriation, and how he vanishes from our sight about at one stroke to enter Congress and the married state, let Mr. Fawcett tell; we will not spoil his story. Compared with Mr. Howells, his touch lacks distinction and the subtler shades of delicacy. His literary tea-party for instance is a piece of mere rough, slapdash characterization of the ordinary conventional sort, his epigrammatic comments on the action are sometimes clever, sometimes forced, the conversation is not always natural, and the relations between the characters not always probable. But, take it as a whole, we know no English novel of the last few years fit to be compared with it, in its own line, for simplicity, truth, and rational interest.

The moral of "Democracy; an American Novel," (Macmillan), is as pessimist as that of "A Gentleman of Leisure" is hopeful. The lesson of Mr. Fawcett's book is, that if a man wishes to be a true American he must take part in American affairs; the stern meaning of "Democracy," is, that no self-respecting man or woman can touch American politics or make friends with American politicians without defilement. This brilliant sketch of Washington society is already famous, and we have no intention of discussing it here at length. Its authorship is still undiscovered, its truth to American public life still warmly disputed. But what is beyond doubt is that the writer is in the first place passionately American, and that if Mr. Fawcett is indignant with American good society because it stands outside the public life of the country, the creator of Madeline and Sybil satirizes American politicians, not for satire's sake, but in the hope of rousing public opinion against what seems to him — or her — a fatal breach of trust, a ruinous misuse of



power and opportunity. In the second place, the literary capacity of the writer is no less remarkable than the strong feeling of his work. The wit and terseness of the conversations, the ease and rapidity of the descriptions, the absence of all affectation and unreality place it high among novels and connect it in spite of its many individualities and its comparative sketchiness of treatment with the general school of writing we have been describing.

So far we have been dealing with writers from New England or the more northern States. But the New Orleans novels of Mr. Cable contain a delightful promise that before long American imagination will spread itself over the comparatively alien South, with its patches of French and Spanish population, and will find means of bringing home to us the gayer colors and fiercer incidents of Southern life, with the same fidelity, the same mastery of representation, which it has already spent upon the tamer, chillier North. On the whole, indeed, it seems likely that a wide and multiform development is in store for the art of novel-writing in America. We do well to rejoice in it. For, as many have felt of late, the fortunes of European novel-writing are just now in a rather critical condition. Our own English school seems to have been worked out. Some of our best writers are recently dead. Those who remain have long passed their zenith, and produce nothing more of striking interest. And of worthy successors to them there are as yet no signs. Nothing, indeed, could well be poorer or barren than the average crop of novels which each season produces. In France, on the other hand, there is no lack of power, and at least some five or six writers of conspicuous ability are still in the full tide of production and popularity. But it is a power which has gone to service with ugliness rather than with beauty, the queen and mistress of all true art. French writers have perceived the truth that the day of a certain kind of fiction is done. The conventional love story with the conventional intrigue and *dénouement* may indeed keep its hold on the multitude for some time to come, but it is no longer worth a clever man's while to write it. The modern novelist must go further and deeper than his predecessors. He must come nearer to the realities of life, add the Frenchman, be they grim or sordid, or merely animal and instinctive. Above all, he must get effects and sensations, and if the

old effects are worn out, new ones must be sought in scenes and topics which past generations had at last succeeded in banishing from the domain of art, but which the novelist of to-day clamorously brings back upon us in the name of truth. Hence the upgrowth of French realism, of M. Zola and M. Daudet and M. Dumas *filz*. If ever a school was marked with decadence, with the signs at once of literary satiety and moral extravagance, it is the school which has produced "L'Assommoir" and "Numa Roumestan." It draws life, indeed, but life ragged and sore and hideous as M. Zola's Parisian *canaille*. Many of us at least have never been able to reconcile ourselves to the descent of so dark a fate upon an art whose first and last mission is to bring us pleasure. And to such rebels against French aims and methods, these new American novels are full of promise and consolation. For they prove that, rightly scanned, life is as full as ever of subjects that charm without wounding and amuse without degrading, that realistic description need not be sensual description, and that a novelist may escape conventionality without falling back upon topics which excite all that is most dangerous and least controllable in human nature.

One great European novelist, indeed, there is, whose art is as wholesome as it is original and powerful. But upon Tourgueniev there lies the shadow of Russian unrest and anxiety, of an old European nation struggling with desperate problems and deep-rooted social miseries. Hence his realism, impressive and noble as it is, is always more or less sombre, and runs naturally into tragedy. The light-heartedness and sparkle of American dialogue, the youth of American society, the boundless promise-filled horizons of the New World, make a cheering contrast to this massive, melancholy art. At the same time the comparison shows us the weak points of such work as we have been describing. It impresses upon us that this new American literature is still greatly lacking in soul, in poetry, in the higher kind of seriousness. Grace, vivacity, truth to nature, tenderness of feeling, it has all these; what it wants we shall never realize so clearly as when we compare it with the finest work of Tourgueniev or, better still, with that of our own George Eliot. No living American writer, so far as we yet know, could have written, say, the scene between Mr. Gilfil and Caterina, after Caterina's flight, in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." It is by no



means one of George Eliot's finest scenes, but it possesses a peculiar pathetic quality of which, so far, American fiction has shown few traces. Life, however, is full of just such pathos, and a writer like Mr. Howells will scarcely reach the highest summit of his art till he has added this note also to his range, till, finally, he has learnt to move our hearts as powerfully as he has long since charmed and satisfied our taste.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
PATRIOTIC POETRY.

THERE is a well-known question which many acute inquirers have discussed since Vico, but concerning which they cannot be said to have arrived at a satisfactory solution. What is ascertainable as to the existence of any law governing the relations between periods of greatness in a nation's political history and periods of greatness in its literature? On the one hand, it must be admitted that literature, like history, never really repeats itself; and again, the periods of a national greatness, conscious of its own aims and ideals, are after all rare enough in the annals of the world. But even to a question much narrower than the above, though analogous to it, a categorical answer will not very readily present itself. Is it not true — and if so what accounts for the fact? — that the literature of a nation in periods distinguished by its greatest efforts of patriotic action is by no means always pervaded by a corresponding spirit of patriotism? Of course, not every endeavor made on a nation's behalf deserves to be called a national struggle; not every war waged in a people's name is in truth a popular war; not every great man to whom later historians justly assign a prominent place among his country's worthies was in his lifetime, or during the whole of it, looked upon by her as one of her chosen heroes. There is no need to go very far back in our own history for illustrations of this truth, or truism. The famous angel of Blenheim, as Thackeray says, flew off with the fortunate author of simile and poem, "and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals." But except among those who had personal reason for pride in the "famous victory," the admiration for Addison's hero, and the enthusiasm for the Whigs' War, failed to prove so strong as the old English sentiments of insularity, and the enthusiasm

for the identity between Church and State, which helped to bring about the overthrow of Marlborough and his friends, and to prepare the conclusion of a far from glorious peace. During the great struggle of England against Napoleon, many fluent English writers of verse strained their energies in odes to Wellington, and in celebration of his splendid achievements; but the people's heart was never touched as it had been when Campbell sang Nelson and his sailors, and, like Dryden before him,\* boldly pressed the legendary beings of the sea into the obsequies of our naval heroes: —

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died  
With the gallant good Riou;  
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave.

Still more capricious are the reflections in our poetic literature of the great domestic agitations of our national life. The hopes and the fears of the great Reform Bill movement of 1831-2, so far as I know, lack their sacred bard; but it is no isolated opinion that the struggle against the Corn Laws, could its records be obliterated from the page of history; would possess a worthy memorial in the rhymes of at least one unforgotten poet of the people.

Is it, then, possible for posterity, through its poets, to make good the shortcomings of contemporaries? No man, we have been told, ever wrote a history deserving to live of any country or people save his own. There is a grain of truth in the remark, however discouraging it may be to some of us; for it is beyond all doubt difficult, unless under circumstances so exceptional as almost to prove the rule, for any historian to feel towards a foreign country that all-informing sympathy which is at times truer than study, as the proverb declares blood to be thicker than water. But whether or not his own country's story be his theme, every honest historical writer must needs desire to do his own part towards supplementing the defects, or correcting the errors, of earlier judgments of events and the actors in them. His success will often be small with that wider audience which has no

\* "Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,  
Whom sea-green sirens from the rocks lament;  
Thus, as an offering for the Grecian state,  
He first was killed who first to battle went."  
(Annus Mirabilis.)



desire for re-opening cases already settled for it by its favorite authorities. The effort is not everywhere readily made to distinguish between the real queen Elizabeth and Gloriana, or between Richard III. and the Richard of Shakespeare's play. Thus a task both novel and noble seems to offer itself to the poets of an age like our own, more given to critical inquiry than its predecessors, and better equipped for such a purpose than they. Far from ignoring the impulses of patriotic sentiment still common among our countrymen, or mistrusting the same feelings in themselves, our poets may, with a fair prospect of success, seek to judge the great actors and events of our national history without the partisanship and prejudice which were hardly to be avoided by our ancestors, and may thus stimulate the "high spirit" of the present age, while rectifying many a misjudgment of the past. Nor can there be much doubt but that the freer the forms in which such attempts are made, the less likely will they be to fail of achieving their ends. No writer of our times will be tempted to revive, with or without the adornment of subtle stanza-forms, the versified chronicle of the thirteenth century, beginning with the siege of Troy or the foundation of Troynovant, and duly brought down to the great thunderstorm which most recently "o'er pale Britannia passed." Nor is the much-adapted "Mirror for Magistrates" capable of readaptation for the use of the nineteenth century, nor would another "Albion's England," vivacious even to a fault as Warner's verse is, fall otherwise than flat upon modern ears.

Whether a second period of splendor awaits that uniquely English growth, the dramatic history, it will perhaps be time enough to discuss when we have again become possessed of a really national theatre. No classical or modern literature has anything which can exactly be compared to this wonderful growth of English patriotic poetry. The national historical element in Attic tragedy was, as a rule, allusive only; and of the Roman *prætextæ* we hardly know enough to justify anything beyond conjecture. The dramatic literatures of other modern nations have still fewer analogous growths, except where they have avowedly followed the Shakespearian model. Signs are not wanting that in this direction also the English drama may once more assert its prerogative. But in the mean time a form of poetry more elastic than either the epical or the dramatic will most readily lend

itself to a treatment of our national history, at once eclectic and comprehensive, in accordance with the double tendency of our age. No doubt a supply of patriotic poetry, whether lyrical or other, is not to be obtained at command like a line of fortresses or an iron-clad fleet; and it would be worse than futile to attempt to predict the course of our own or of any other poetic literature. One thing, however, may be asserted without presumptuousness. Whenever a true poet, who is also a true patriot, seeks to treat our national history poetically, without losing sight of the inner continuity belonging to it, his endeavor must establish a claim upon the recognition of all in whose moral and imaginative world the history of their country has a share. To make the highest of all human arts subservient to any ends but its own, would indeed be to misunderstand, and thereby to degrade, poetry itself. And even were this not so, patriotism is neither the very noblest of all the emotions that wing the soul of man, nor one of those which appeal with the same force to every human heart. The poet's choice is free; but for an age which is like our own, in love with its own indefiniteness, and many of whose children find no study so interesting as their own complex beings, nothing could be more salutary than that its poets should "memorize anew the ancestry" of the heroes and the heroism of a great nation like our own. It is not, I think, going too far to say that our younger generation at least frequently takes too narrow a view of the culture which it professes to worship, dissociating from it much which is not indeed culture's highest end, but which itself forms one of true culture's best parts. Such a generation needs invigorating as well as refining; and for Englishmen at least the time has not yet come when life would be worth living apart from the duties and aspirations of patriotism. Happily, the duties and aspirations in question are such as neither our own nor any previous period of English poetry has been contented altogether to ignore.

*In magnis voluisse sat est*, but it is not only as a first effort, conceived in a spirit worthy of its purpose, in the direction I have sought to indicate, that Mr. F. T. Palgrave's recently published "Visions of England" will in my belief take their place in our poetic literature. Nothing that Mr. Palgrave does is idly done; and he had reasons which if not all equally convincing are all worth listening to, for



his choice of title, his choice of subjects, and his choice of metres. With this last however I have no wish here to concern myself; and indeed it would be venturesome to argue with the master of so many stanza-forms, none of which (I may say in passing) he seems to me to employ more musically than that of the touching poem "A Crusader's Tomb." One who is both artist and critic like Mr. Palgrave was unlikely to fall into the cardinal error of confounding historical poetry with poetical history, or in other words to let his historical opinions—which are often so decided that they might almost be called historical principles—dictate either the choice or the treatment of his themes. "Poetry, not History," as he very plainly expresses it, "has been my first and last aim; or, perhaps I might define it, History for Poetry's sake." But he has at the same time striven, as was not only natural in his father's son, but perfectly compatible with the chief or artistic aim of his book, "to keep throughout as closely to absolute historical truth in the design and coloring of the pieces as the exigencies of poetry permit." As the poems in this volume are lyrical, its several parts have no outward or necessary connection with one another; and the author was able to choose at his own will such characters and scenes in the national history as might appear to him "leading" or "typical." The vagueness of the latter term is convenient; but whatever may be thought of the selection actually made, the principle on which it has proceeded is obvious. The difficulty lay in the infusion of that element which may be called the dramatic, and which justifies the title given by Mr. Palgrave to his book. Each poem forming part of it is described as a "Vision of England," and is therefore to carry back the reader into "the atmosphere of the age" of which it treats. But while dramatically reproducing the spirit of so many generations in connection with some of their chief events and figures, Mr. Palgrave has wished at the same time, according to the best of his ability, "to set forth each scene or character in its essential" historical "truth." His "Visions" are to be, not the delusive phantoms conjured up by the *Geisterseher*, who knows very well what spirits he and his patrons wish to see, but the revelations granted to the "prophet looking back"—the student to whom "the research and genius" of the best historians have furnished the means of which he makes conscientious use. In this sense the patriotic poet gaz-

ing upon the tomb of a dead hero may both see more, and see what he sees more truly, than beholders can to whom the past is dead, or than the buried hero's contemporaries could, to whom the significance of his deeds could be but darkly visible.

This is the poet's right!

He looks with larger sight

Than they who hedge their view by present things,

The small, parochial world

Of sight and touch: and what he sees, he sings.

The epithet "parochial" has a Beaconsfield sound, if not a Beaconsfield origin; but the sentiment of the stanza recalls Spenser's lines, to which it is of course only on the first glance contradictory,—

Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,

That nothing is but that which he hath seene?

Nothing could be more out of place than for me to enter here upon a discussion of the estimates formed by Mr. Palgrave of the historical authorities upon whom he principally relies. Among these it is not only piety which places Sir Francis Palgrave and Hallam in the front rank. The former of these was a historian to whose mind not only such an event as the battle of Hastings, but even so pragmatical a transaction as the compilation of Domesday Book at once translated itself into a vivid picture—a complete section, as the botanists say, of the nation's historic life. Hallam's reputation for impartial wisdom, which survived the piteous groans of Southey, will likewise, unless we mistake, survive certain more recent cavils; in Mr. Palgrave he has an enthusiastic admirer, indeed, one enthusiastic enough to quote him out of as well as in season. (Hallam's admission that during the eleven years of non-Parliamentary government, England "had grown into remarkable prosperity and affluence," hardly supports the enthusiastic "Vision" of the time

When the kingdom had wealth and peace,  
one smile o'er the face of the land,

if taken in conjunction with Hallam's further observation that "it would have been an excess of loyal stupidity in the nation to have attributed their riches to the wisdom or virtue of the court, which had injured the freedom of trade by monopolies and arbitrary proclamations, and driven away industrious manufacturers by persecution.") Altogether, I am by no



means sure that as to the revolutionary period Mr. Palgrave does not ride rather too daringly on the wave of reaction with the strength of which Professors Gardiner and Seeley have something to do; but this is of course a matter of opinion. On the other hand I rejoice that he should have given so much attention to Ranke, and should have said of him what, in England at least, has never been so well said before, that to him we owe the only narrative of the Civil War period "in which history is treated *historically*, that is without judging of the events by the light either of their remote results, or of modern political party." I pass by Mr. Palgrave's references to his other chief authorities, except to note the generous spirit—generous to Ireland as well as to her distinguished historian—in which he appeals to Mr. Lecky's truly "invaluable chapters" on Irish history, and to recall his frequent use of our most recent historical classic, Mr. J. R. Green. The extraordinary richness of Mr. Green's narrative, which we teachers sometimes find overflowing the vessels into whose emptiness it has been poured, is best attested by the wealth of ideas as well as pictures which it suggests to a fertile mind like that of the author of the "Visions."

Mr. Palgrave's own choice of subjects and method of treatment are nearly always full of interest, and at times singularly striking. As to the former, hereditary tastes perhaps help to attract him more especially to the earlier periods of our history; but every true poet is a child of his times, and it is not in vain that Mr. Freeman's great histories, as well as his occasional utterances, have appealed to the nationality principle which dominates the political life of our age. The "true-born Englishman" of the present day can at the most glory in a "race, of many races well-compact;" but his sympathy is strongest with those figures and deeds which seem most purely English.

Harold was England: and Harold lies here,  
are the closing words of Mr. Palgrave's spirited ballad of Hastings fight; and with a sure instinct he celebrates as the very flower of our national heroism that "daring of the English" who is peerless among our kings, Alfred the Great:—

To service or command, to low and high  
Equal at once in magnanimity,

The Great by right divine thou only art!  
Fair star, that crowns the front of England's  
morn,

Royal with Nature's royalty inborn,  
And English to the very heart of heart!

But the "Visions" lose nothing of their vividness as they come to occupy themselves with the Norman and Plantagenet times; and in grandeur of conception there is certainly nothing in the volume that surpasses the fine poem entitled "The Rejoicing of the Land," of which the date is fixed in 1295, the real birth-year of our Parliamentary institutions "as representing at once the culminating point in the reign of Edward, and of mediævalism in England." Here the poet, like Gray's bard, ranges at will through the history of the nation, contrasting tyranny with tyranny, and ending his strain with a beautiful picture of the prosperity and piety which consort so well with an era of peace. It is a poetic picture corresponding to those of which the eminent German historian of England, who has lately passed away, loved to sketch the outlines in prose. I have not noticed any reference in Mr. Palgrave's notes to Pauli, whose premature death has cut short at so early a point as the beginning of the Tudor period a noble historical narrative which is still unfortunately a closed book to too many Englishmen.

Over the Tudor period Mr. Palgrave himself certainly does not seem to linger with any pronounced predilection. His heart goes up to the Oxford reformers as the earliest representatives of what was most enduring in the influences of the English Renaissance; and it is satisfactory to find him recognizing in the noblest of these scholars, Sir Thomas More, the purest figure of a turbid age:—

Blest soul, who through life's course  
Didst keep the young child's heart unstain'd  
and whole,

To find again the cradle at the goal,  
Like some fair stream returning to its source;  
Ill fall'n on days of falsehood, greed and force!  
Base days, that win the plaudits of the base,  
Writ to their own disgrace,  
With casuist sneer o'erglossing works of blood,  
Miscalling evil, good;  
Before some despot-hero falsely named  
Grovvelling in shameful worship unashamed.

The extremes of Edward and Mary are alike virtually passed by; the Muse cannot breathe easily in so overcharged an atmosphere. But of the Elizabethan times the "Visions" recall some of the most striking figures—among them the unhappy woman who is here not treated as a vile Duessa, but as the victim of passion and of fate; and Astrophel, more



radiant than ever as he casts off the dross of earth; and the Utopian venturer, to us at once the most modern and the most representative of the later Elizabethans, —Sir Walter Raleigh. Of course Queen Elizabeth herself once more appears at Tilbury; but though the date "September, 1558," is a little misleading, the poem is skilfully arranged so as to celebrate at once the conflict between the Armada and the "English boats on the English sea," and the scattering of the foe by the blast from on high.

A very eminent authority, of whose labors any student of English history is glad to be able to seize an opportunity of acknowledging his admiring recognition, has accorded to Mr. Palgrave's historical insight praise by the side of which all words of mine must be valueless. Canon Stubbs writes: "I do not think that there is one of the 'Visions' which does not carry my thorough consent and sympathy all through." For myself, I confess that I could not say as much with reference to those of Mr. Palgrave's patriotic lyrics which treat of the struggle between the king and the Commons. One's own sympathies may lie altogether with that "golden moderation" which the poet commends in the fine stanzas "At Bemerton;" but there are times in the national life, as in individual lives when the great question "*for or against?*" *for the law or against the law, for the right or against the right*, presents itself categorically, and when on the answer given to it by the leaders of the people depends the future of the land. Pym was, let it be granted, a

deep stately designer, the subtle in simple disguised,

Artist in plots, projector of panics he used,  
and despired!

and Cromwell may be called, by way of supreme reproach, "Philistia's child and chief;" but whether they were Conservatives or Philistines, they and those who stood by them saved our freedom. And for my part I cannot picture Hampden to myself riding, wounded to death, off Chalgrove Field with uncertainty in his soul; nor can I join in calling Milton "untrue to himself" as well as "to the sweet Muses," when like an Athenian of old he did his duty in choosing his side in the hour of civil conflict.

By a progress more rapid than one could wish, the "Visions" bring us down to later times and even to our own day — to Trafalgar and Torres Vedras, to the aw-

ful Indian catastrophes in 1842 and 1857, and to the gentler associations also of the Victorian age. Nowhere is the poet wanting in a generosity of spirit which is the moral mark of his verse, which strives to be just even to Indians and Irishmen, and is not afraid to recognize an element of unconscious heroism even in so palpable a historical and political failure as that of Richard Cromwell. But even were this not so, the fresh and self-consistent individuality of Mr. Palgrave's book gives it a charm, and I may add a strength, to which no collection of patriotic lyrics by several writers is likely to attain. I doubt for instance whether any one of Mr. Palgrave's "Visions" can be compared in mere literary excellence to many of the "Poems of English Heroism" arranged together by Mr. A. C. Auchmuty in an unpretending little volume of which one would rejoice to hear as known and esteemed by our rising generation. But taken together, the lyrics of the one scholar and poet have the inestimable advantage of an inner unity which no arranging or editing can simulate, but which is due to the transfusion of materials by one artistic endeavor. There are many minor points in Mr. Palgrave's method of treatment to which exception might perhaps be taken; but these seem to me of little importance for the total effect of the book, which not only deserves, but, as it were, demands to be received as a single wreath of laurel offered to his country by a poet. I think that he has availed himself rather too frequently of his poetic right to compare, so to speak, by anticipation, to think of La Haye Sainte on the hill of Senlac, and of Balaclava as the mists clear off before the walls of Zutphen. I think moreover that it would have been well had he in so short a series of lyrics — far too short for the capabilities of the conception and for the spirit with which it has been executed — avoided the occasional repetition of the same, or similar, *motifs*. The anonymous "Old Dane," the hero of a singularly pleasing little poem, pairs off with the nameless Crusader; and in both Earl Simon at Evesham and King Edward at Crecy, the paternal feeling appears more or less predominant. But these are mere impressions; and still less should I care to cavil at one or two historical or literary touches of detail which seem to me of doubtful accuracy. The historical scholarship of the book as a whole, seems to me, if I may venture to say so, of a very high order indeed.



As an experiment in poetic literature, which if not absolutely new, is at all events made under totally new conditions, these "Visions of England" may be destined to occupy and interest criticism when much of the verse that is now popular or fashionable has fluttered away with the leaves of the season. In the mean time, I hope Mr. Palgrave may be inclined to enlarge and develop a conception prompted by an ambition at once aspiring and legitimate. Should his book, in an ampler and fuller form, achieve an enduring success, it can hardly fail to become the beginning of a new species of patriotic poetry. Should it happen otherwise, the age too may in some measure be in fault.

A. W. WARD.

From Temple Bar.

OVID, AN APOLOGIA.

ROGERS in his "Recollections" says that Grattan's one objection to Burke's taste was his love for Ovid; and it is no uncommon thing in our own day to hear this poet spoken of disparagingly. We wonder how much of this is due to the fact that his detractors know him very little, or know him chiefly through the "Fasti," one of the least vivacious of his works. Something perhaps, too, is to be assigned to school reminiscences of bald construing—the unwelcome, but necessary aid of the classical dictionary, and the thousand painful associations of labor which is not a delight. Grattan's objection, however, must have had more solid foundations. Perhaps there is a sameness in parts of the "Heroides," and the "fatal facility" of Ovid's verse is sure to offend those readers whose jaded appetites seek in poetry for more recondite and less obvious beauties; but as Mr. Gosse has reminded us in his recent work on Gray, "We must beware of the paradox which denies beauty in a work of art *because* beauty has always been discovered there." Surely, of those whose first real acquaintance with Ovid is made after schooldays, there must be many who find a satisfaction in the ease and graceful simplicity of his verse; many who are moved by his pathos and entertained by his humor, as well as by those delightfully modern touches with which the life of a great capital is sure to supply its poet. And may we not put in a word, too, for his aphoristic phrases, which, however familiar the

thought, have always the setting, the *callida junctura*, which only an Augustan poet can give them?

There is another aspect of Ovid's poetry which is sure to attract some readers. Tacitus writes of a contemporary poet, "Suorum ipse flagitiorum proditor." Of no one is this more true than of Ovid; indeed he says of himself, "Ille ego nequitiae Naso poeta meæ;" and any writer of antiquity, even of a lower rank than his, who thus carries his personality on the front of his poetry, would be a literary phenomenon worth attention. His garrulity, his vanity, his egoism, his infirmity of purpose, his want of principle, not to speak of the graver faults of this sturdy sinner, are all exposed to the public gaze. To-day he is all hope, to-morrow all despair. In one of his letters he is almost defiant, full of intellectual self-complacency, "Cæsar has no rights over the poet;" in the next he grovels in self-abasement before his imperial judges. An author of so distinguished a name, who thus insists on being known to us with all his weaknesses, is sure to conciliate some pardon and some interest. We are proud in his pride, and humiliated in his humiliation; and if moralists require that the penalty of such sins as his should be made manifest, surely there could be no more ample satisfaction of poetical justice, no more terrible Nemesis for the odious cynicism of the "Ars Amandi," the "nomen amicitia est," than the pitiful refrain of the "Tristia," that "fides" is dead, and that all are friends of a man's *fortune*, none of himself.

Ovid, we have already said, was the poet of a capital—of a modern era; he does not "let his wayward fancy roam back to those times so different from the present." He has no hankering after a philosophic or sham-philosophic state of nature; he would not even be content, like Grattan, "with a cottage and claret." Rather, like the child in the infant hymn, "he thanks the goodness and the grace which on his birth have smiled." "Prisca juvent alios, ego me nunc denique natum gratulor; hæc ætas moribus apta meis;" though we take leave to doubt whether the "ætas" and the "mores" which made the Roman poet so content, offer quite the same innocent causes of congratulation as those which are supposed to stir the English child.

From the "Ars Amandi" we get much harmless and amusing information about Roman life, its manners and amusements, in the first century of the empire.



Here are some of the minor devices to smooth the course of true love. "Take the lady to see a triumph, and tell her all about it, asked or unasked. Say, 'That is intended for the Euphrates, this for the Tigris; there is the famous Parthian chief.'" Nor need your lionizing be very accurate; it is sure to be acceptable. Play games with her, but never win. Never throw sixes, and take care to lose your queen.\* Go walks with her, and carry her parasol.† To visit often at her house it is necessary to be acquainted, not to say affectionate with the servants, to call them by their names, and shake hands with them — in a word, to practice all those arts which Mr. Pecksniff understood so well. As for writing verses in her honor, their use is doubtful, since the sex is too avaricious to look on them as equivalent to a present; but perhaps the experiment is worth making, for though few women have any culture, all like to be credited with it. Then to the ladies, too, he has something to say. They must show no personal defects, but must wear false hair, and paint and patch without stint to conceal them. But the deception must be complete. Once on his sudden arrival at a house, one of his many flames appeared with her false hair put on back to front. He prays that such a blush as he then witnessed may only be kindled again in a Parthian cheek! Ladies should learn all games of chance. They are very easy, but — and then follows what might have been a motto for a Homburg table — it is not so easy to keep your temper at them.‡

Though he has discouraged their suitors from writing verses, and, as we have seen, sneers at female education, he expects the ladies, besides their vocal and instrumental accomplishments (among other hints on this subject they are advised to reproduce the airs they hear in the theatre), to know a good many poets, and not merely song-writers like Anacreon, or amatory poets like Tibullus, but he expressly counsels them to read the *Æneid*. Unfortunately the sex is not athletic, and they cannot compete with one another, like the men, on the Campus Martius, or in the Tiber; but there is a promenade in the Pompeian Gardens, where all who have beauty or elegance may display it. This last word will convey Ovid's general rule in these matters. He would not presume to be heterodox

in fashion, and mere simple beauty,\* or the ruddy glow of health on a country face, seems to have little attraction for him; or perhaps it would be truer to say that he dare not recommend all his private sentiments in these *ex cathedra* utterances as a fashionable professor; for he tells us in the "Amores" that no kind of charm or idiosyncrasy in the sex was lost on him. He adored them all.†

But in this witty poem more serious questions than amusements or fashion are occasionally touched on. Ovid has something to tell the young people on the subject of religion; and we get a curious glimpse of the polite Roman world, clinging to their thousand *antiqui foci*, with the same conservative instinct with which they clung to their obsolete political survivals, and at the same time enjoying the subtle flavor of a laugh at their own simplicity. "I may as well tell you," says Ovid, "that our whole pantheon is an amiable creation of expediency,‡ but by all means let us keep it, it is very useful." (We may compare what Cicero says of the belief in immortality, that it was a good notion, struck out by our ancestors in the interests of the magistrate.) Presently he goes on in a very exalted moral strain. We know of no Epicurean heaven "*semota a nostris rebus sejunctaque longe*." Our god is within us. He is conscience. Conscience innocence will be our divinity. To keep our hands unstained by blood, to scorn treachery, to respect a trust — this is religion. We are afraid that with the exception of the first clause of his creed, the preacher of Sulmo was pretty much of the mind of his countrymen as to a belief in the existence of gods. Expediency required that even in the "*Ars Amandi*" virtue should be assumed to exist, but its claims were not to be too violently insisted on in practice. Hence the slight inconsistency between "*nomen amicitia est*," and "*pietas sua fœdera servet*." If Ovid thought fit to insult the lifeless corpse of the old faith, it was with no idea of substituting for a dead religion a living morality.

Two virtues, however, we may credit him with — a freedom from rancor or malice, and a contempt for gain and sordid avarice. For the first, he has not depth of nature enough to hate violently. As he says himself, his emotions were easily stirred, and they followed one another in

\* "*Fac pereat vitreo miles ab hoste tuus*."

† *Umbracula*.

‡ "*Majus opus mores composuisse suos*."

\* "*Cultus adest, nec nostros mansit in annos Rusticitas, priscis illa superstes avis*."

† "*Noster in has omnes ambitiosus amor*."

‡ "*Expedit esse deos, et ut expedit esse putamus*."



such quick succession that there was not time for any *one* to have a strong predominance. The poem which goes by the name of the "Ibis" — the outpouring of his wrath against a treacherous friend — is too much of a literary exercise, too rich in historical and literary illustrations, to allow of our regarding it as a genuine expression of passion at white heat.

And in the second place we may well believe that a miserly and grasping spirit was foreign to his nature — no common merit in Augustan Rome, where, if Ovid is to be trusted, the worship of the "almighty dollar" was the one worship which defied the sceptics and philosophers. Still we are rather weary of listening to this Aristides, calling himself the just, and wickedly suspect that he is not ill pleased to

Compound for sins he's most inclined to,  
By damning those that he's no mind to.

None we think can doubt that the poet himself was aware now and then of a certain ludicrous inconsistency in the insertion of his copy-book maxims when he is in the very act of recommending all that is basest in practice. If we turn to the "Heroides" we shall see that he makes some of his *dramatis personæ* go through the same farce. Helen feels that the goddess of Spartan respectability insists on indignation, and she declaims about the insult offered to a stainless life by the proposals of the Phrygian stranger; but soon "coming down from her Iambics," as Lucian says, she is satisfied with discussing the *practical* difficulties of escaping detection. Ovid cynical is Ovid at his worst. He reminds us of the fearful picture drawn by Thucydides of the moral results of the faction war in Corcyra, "where virtue was laughed down and silenced." It is this that makes the "Ars Amandi" so much worse than the "Amores." "For Heaven's sake," he says, "in a love affair don't make a confidant of your dearest friend. Ten to one he will supplant you. I have done it myself before now." And then with the true Ovidian humor — "Dear! dear! what have I done! laying bare my heart's deepest secrets," as if he ever had a secret for more than ten seconds! With a slight change of meaning we might apply to his autobiographical confidences the old lines: —

His Cupid is a blackguard boy  
That runs his link full in your face.

These confessions, however, are evi-

dently a great comfort to him. He seems to say *liberavi animam meam* — it is my religious exercise. We remember to have heard a story about a Roman Catholic in a distant colony who had not seen a priest for many years. When one arrived, he at once went to confession, the satisfaction of which he presently conveyed to his friends in the words, "Light as a feather! light as a feather!" — we are not concerned to draw the Protestant moral associated with the story, but there is something similar in Ovid's "In mea nunc demens crimina fassus ero," except that "demens" is light-headed rather than light-hearted, and that Ovid, unlike the colonist, harbors some Protestant doubts about the value of confession.\*

His humor is hardly to be guessed at by those who only know the "Fasti." It is seldom or never absent from the "Ars Amandi" and the "Amores," and lights up some of the most sombre epistles of the "Tristia." The saying in the "Amores," "Apte jungitur herous cum brevior modo," may be applied generally to his way of blending the ludicrous with the pathetic. Ariadne mourning for Theseus is really pathetic; but Ovid goes on to describe how she is consoled by Bacchus; and, for the life of him, he cannot help introducing his motley train, with old Silenus and his donkey, and the deep cups which have made him so "malus" an "eques." Again he is miserable and despondent over the barbarism which surrounds his exile. There are the imbecile Scythians who find Latin words ridiculous (not unlike some other barbarians who greet the intelligent foreigner at Folkestone), and the would-be Greeks who wear Persian trousers; but he is consoled with the thought, "Sovereignty even among the blind is something," and he concludes, "Inter Sauromatas ingeniosus ero."

And how modern is the feeling in some of the following hints!

Ladies should be cheerful; the poet never could stand Tecmessa and Andromache (this, by the way, explains why tragedy thought better of offering Ovid the buskin). He cannot fancy Tecmessa whispering *lux mea*, and other pretty little lovers' phrases.

In letter-writing you must not be too eloquent. Declamation is horrid and makes you detested. Ladies must, however, learn to write; solecisms are shocking in a love-letter.

\* "Si quid prodest delicta fateri."



The waters of Baia are not always wholesome. Some have come away complaining (like the Frenchman who found society "sweet, but too sweet") that the climate is anything but salubrious.

How amusing it is to see the biter bit, and Venus laughing from her temple hard by the Forum at the lawyers, at the advocates turned clients. Love, he says in another place, is an admirable legal adviser, and will make a scoundrel of you in no time.

This last phrase is from the "Heroides," and there is no lack of humor in that correspondence. Helen understands Paris, and lets him know it. She begs him to lay aside military boasting,\* he does not look the part. He must remember too that he has not deeper feelings than her other admirers, but only more fluency.† Cydippe, ill and miserable, and bored with the post, wonders that her lover Acontius has more of the favor of the gods than herself. "Perhaps to them too he has written a long letter, and they are captivated with the reading of it!"

The second book of the "Tristia" contains a most curious justification of the "Ars Amandi," based on the amount of questionable Roman literature in everybody's hands, and the still more questionable lives of certain men of letters; as well as an enumeration of discreditable precedents in history and mythology, not excluding the origin of the imperial family. Besides, "if every sinner was hit, Jove's arsenal would be empty." Finally the "Tristia" opens with a half-ludicrous, half-pathetic warning to his book, to take its place on his Roman shelves, without holding intercourse with a certain trio it will find there. It is true, he says, that the unhappy poems which cost him his exile only taught what everybody knew, "but I would not have you show affection for them, even though they offer to inspire you with it."

But we have said enough in illustration of our poet's humor, and must before we conclude give a few examples of his tenderness. What can be more pathetic than Hypsipyle's appeal to Jason: "Your children are very like you, any one would

know you for their father. They do not indeed know how to deceive, but all else is their father's." Or the picture of Hermione's desolate childhood: "She only knew Helen for her mother, because she was so beautiful;" or Leander's "light of love, the only star in heaven above;"\* or Laodamia's charming dream of Proteus narrating his "moving accidents by flood and field," and the delightful kisses that interrupted the narrator; or Dido's "Let me be called your hostess, not your bride. Dido will bear to be anything, so she be yours;" or again, Canace's petition for the "urn however tiny" to hold the ashes of guilty mother and slaughtered child; or lastly, Briseis' pitiful entreaty to Achilles: "I shall not be a heavy burden on your fleet." Each and all of these show the real elegiac feeling, genuine self-compassion, or tearful reproach; or else, as in the instance of Laodamia's tremulous joy, there is the true tragic irony of a partly-told tale, whose sad catastrophe all the world knows.

There is much surely in all this, in his humor, in his *naïveté*, in his modern tone, in the music of his verse, and the sweetness of his pathos, to command for Ovid at least the respectful mention of lovers of poetry: they may grant that he is not profound and still retain for him his rights among the "Heliconiadum comites."

We may recall an English poet who has not consulted Ovid in vain, and to whom one of the first of living critics has not hesitated to assign a very high place in our poetry. Against Herrick this same charge of want of depth must be brought, yet he is rarely disparaged on this account. Though these two poets are different in many ways, they have this in common, that the ruling divinities of their style are simplicity and brightness. And if any one compares, by way of criticism, "the shallow streams that run dimpling all the way," we freely confess our gratitude for the dimples, and our preference for such a Highland burn over the unlit gulfs, the abysmal profundities of the obscurantists, which rarely emit one ray of intelligence, and then only to the initiated.

\* "Bella gerant fortes — tu, Pari semper ama."

† "Nec tibi plus cordis, sed magis oris adest."

\* "Publica non curat sidera noster amor."



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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Vol. CLV.

## CONTENTS.

I. SHELLEY AND MARY, . . . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i> . . . .	387
II. WHAT MAKES PEOPLE TO LIVE, . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i> . . . .	406
III. THE POETRY OF MRS. E. B. BROWNING, .	<i>Westminster Review,</i> . . . .	416
IV. ENGLISH: ITS ANCESTORS, ITS PROGENY. Part II., . . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i> . . . .	427
V. MISS MITFORD, . . . . .	<i>Athenæum,</i> . . . . .	436
VI. CARD-STORIES, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i> . . . .	439
VII. THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR, . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	441
VIII. ECONOMY, . . . . .	<i>Queen,</i> . . . . .	443
IX. MR. GLADSTONE AT HOME, . . . .	<i>Our Own Country,</i> . . . .	445
X. URBS ROMA VALE! Part II., . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . .	447

## POETRY.

SONG, . . . . .	386	TWO EPITAPHS, . . . . .	386
MR. GLADSTONE'S LATIN VERSION OF TOPLADY'S "ROCK OF AGES," . . . .	386	URBS ROMA VALE! . . . . .	447

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## SONG.

THE girl sat under the beetling cliff,  
 Oh, the sweet singing out of the sea !  
 She watched the white sail of the dancing  
 skiff ;  
 She watched as it tacked and made the land,  
 She watched the sharp keel run on the sand,  
 And she thought, " He is coming to me, to  
 me,"  
 As the sailor sprang from the gay boat's side  
 As it lay in the lap of the ebbing tide.  
 Oh, the sweet singing out of the sea !

The two sat under the great rock's shade,  
 Oh, the sweet singing out of the sea !  
 They saw the sunset glow and fade ;  
 They heard the low waves' ceaseless chime,  
 To the vows that mocked at change and time,  
 As he swore by the steadfast tides to be  
 True and tender, through weal and woe,  
 And she blushed to the kiss he hallowed so ;  
 Oh, the sweet singing out of the sea !

The girl sat under the cliff alone,  
 Oh, the sad singing out of the sea !  
 And the wind's low sob, and the waves' low  
 moan,  
 Blent with the passionate weeping for him  
 Whose falsehood had made the fair world dim ;  
 And she sighed, " What has life left yet for  
 me,  
 Whose joy is blighted, whose trust is fled,  
 Whose hope, like the rose, its leaves has  
 shed ?"  
 Oh, the sad singing out of the sea !

The great sea heard, as under the shade —  
 Oh, the sweet singing out of the sea ! —  
 Its moonlit ripples soft music made,  
 And it sang, " The world with its smiles and  
 tears,  
 Changes for aye with the changing years ;  
 Come, mourner, for rest and peace, to me.  
 Take the lesson I give through time and tide,  
 Do thy duty, nor reck of aught beside ;"  
 Oh, the sweet singing out of the sea !  
 All the Year Round.

## TWO EPITAPHS.

[" Memento mori." " Gedenke zu Leben." ]

" Think of Death ! " the gravestones say, —  
 " Peace to Life's mad striving ! "  
 But the churchyard daisies, — " Nay,  
 Think of Living ! "

" Think of Life ! " the sunbeams say,  
 O'er the dial flying ;  
 But the slanting shadows, — " Nay,  
 Think of Dying ! "

" Think of Death ! " the night-birds say,  
 On the storm-blast driving ;  
 But the building swallows, — " Nay,  
 Think of Living ! "

" Think of Life ! " the broad winds say,  
 Through the old trees sighing ;  
 But the whirling leaf-dance, — " Nay,  
 Think of Dying ! "

" Think of Death ! " the sad bells say,  
 Fateful record giving ;  
 Clash the merry Yule-peal, — " Nay,  
 Think of Living ! "

Dying, Living, glad, or loth,  
 On God's Rood relying ;  
 Pray he fit us all for both, —  
 Living, Dying !

CHARLES W. STUBBS.  
*Granborough Vicarage, Bucks.*

*Spectator.*

MR. GLADSTONE'S LATIN VERSION OF  
TOPLADY'S " ROCK OF AGES."

[This fine Latin version of the " Rock of Ages," almost an impromptu, we believe, by Mr. Gladstone, was first published about twenty-five years ago, in the *Guardian*; but as it has often since been asked for, our readers will, we are sure, thank us for republishing it, which we do with the author's permission. — *Ed. Spectator.*]

JESUS, pro me perforatus,  
 Condar intra tuum latus :  
 Tu, per lympham profluentem,  
 Tu, per sanguinem tepentem,  
 In peccata mī redunda,  
 Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram Te nec justus forem,  
 Quamvis tota vi laborem ;  
 Nec si fide nunquam cesso,  
 Fletu stillans indefesso :  
 Tibi soli tantum munus,  
 Salva Tu, Salvator unus.

Nil in manu mecum fero,  
 Sed me versus Crucem gero ;  
 Vestimenta nudus oro,  
 Opem debilis imploro.  
 Fontem Christi quaero immundus,  
 Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit,  
 Quando nox sepulchro tegit,  
 Mortuos cum stare jubes,  
 Sedens Judex inter nubes,  
 Jesus, pro me perforatus,  
 Condar intra Tuum latus.

*Spectator.*

W. E. G.



From The Edinburgh Review.  
SHELLEY AND MARY.\*

THE biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley has been repeatedly attempted, but never written. The memorials we possess of a most interesting life are disjointed and imperfect. No one has had the skill or the opportunity to weave them into a life-like portrait of a man remarkable not only for the lustre of his poetical genius, but for the singular charm of his character and the strange and tragical incidents of his existence. The notes appended by Mrs. Shelley to her edition of his poems and essays are valuable, but she was herself a personage in the drama of his life, who deserves to figure in the place nearest her husband. Mr. Hogg had access to some of the Shelley papers, and he was selected to write the life because he had been one of Shelley's earliest friends; but the vulgarity and egotism with which he executed a portion of his task were intolerable, and it was broken off at the very period when the life of the poet became most interesting. Mr. Garnett's "Relics of Shelley" are marked by a higher feeling of the subject. Mr. Rossetti's edition of Shelley's poems, with notes, is more characteristic of the ingenuity of the editor than of the genius of the poet. Mr. Buxton Forman has collected with scrupulous and conscientious care, from various sources, in his great classical edition of the poems and prose works of Shelley, every detail that can throw light on the purity of the text and the circumstances under which they were composed. Lady Shelley herself, the daughter-in-law of the poet and the faithful guardian of his relics and his fame, published in 1859 a small volume entitled "Shelley Memorials, from Authentic Sources," which has gone through several editions, and is, thus far, the most ample disclosure of the Shelley papers and correspondence. But the record is still incomplete, partly because some of the most important materials to be derived from the family archives have not been made public, and partly from the

extreme complexity of Shelley's character and from the exceptional incidents which marked his short but eventful life. It is not our intention on the present occasion to add anything to what has already been written in this journal on his poetical genius, or to anticipate what we hope to say on a future occasion of his prose writings; for in our judgment Shelley's prose compositions are, in beauty of style and vigor of thought, only one degree less remarkable than his poetry. Our present object is to endeavor to present to our readers a more faithful picture of the character of the man — a character which, in his lifetime, was totally misunderstood, and which even now is slowly working its way through the mists of time to its meridian lustre. We have been incited and encouraged to attempt this task because we have had access, through the indulgence of the Shelley family, to papers and documents not previously published or divulged, which enable us to add some important facts and original documents to the record of a life at once so interesting and so imperfectly known. The volumes, whose title we have prefixed to these pages have been prepared for the press by Lady Shelley, with the object of preserving from destruction the precious records in her possession. They comprise all the letters and other documents of a biographical character at present in the hands of Shelley's representatives. The collection extends to twelve hundred and forty-three pages, and it is probable that even these memorials may hereafter be enlarged. A good many of these papers have already been published, especially the letters from Italy, in the works to which we have referred. Some of them are of too private and confidential a nature to be placed before the public. But we are persuaded that the selection we feel ourselves justified in making from the remainder, with the permission of those who are most deeply interested in the subject, will not only gratify the ever-extending circle of admirers of Shelley's genius, but will raise and ennoble the estimate of his disposition and character.

But the task is a difficult one, and can only, within these limits, be very imper-

\* *Shelley and Mary.* A Collection of Letters and Documents of a Biographical Character, in the possession of Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, for private circulation only. 3 vols. 8vo. 1882.



fectly performed; for the character of Shelley is a psychological phenomenon, presenting the most unwonted discrepancies and contrasts. He had all the sensitiveness and excitability, but not the irritability, of genius; impetuous and fiery at the sight of wrong and the tyranny of what he deemed to be injustice or error, he was in all the relations of life the gentlest and most unselfish of human beings. In his early childhood his father's house at Field Place rang with his gaiety and his pleasantries; he was adored by his sisters, one of whom, Elizabeth, did not long survive the dreadful catastrophe of his fate; but this house of gaiety and genius was overshadowed by the gloom and precision of his parents, utterly unconscious of the extraordinary gifts of the race to which they had given birth. School life, as it existed in the Eton of those days, was repugnant to Shelley: he cared not for its sports; he detested its constituted or assumed authority. The spirit of rebellion and defiance was strong within him, and made him live the life of a solitary and an outlaw. At college this spirit broke forth with wilder intensity, not in the pranks or *escapades* common to youth, but in a frenzy of thought which gave birth to "Queen Mab" and the atheistical paper that caused his expulsion from the university. That paper, which Mr. Forman has reprinted, is, barring its offensive title, no more than the agnostics of the present day assert in every page of their works, namely, that the existence of the divine being cannot be mathematically demonstrated by proofs drawn from the senses and the understanding. Shelley was deluded by the fallacy that because a truth cannot be mathematically demonstrated by the understanding it is no truth at all, and that the reverse of it becomes the more probable alternative.

In justice to Shelley it should be remembered that in his later years he disclaimed all recollection of "Queen Mab" and its outrageous notes; that he said he supposed it was villainous trash, like the fantastic romances of his boyhood; and that it was republished without his consent and against his will. He was, in fact, anxious to suppress it. Mr. Buxton

Forman has, however, placed it among the "Juvenilia" at the end of his edition, and in Shelley's history it cannot be omitted; but it is no real service to the memory of a great man to reproduce and perpetuate the feeble and foolish productions of his earliest years. Nor, indeed, do we think it just or desirable to collect all the crumbs and fragments of incomplete works, struck off in the heat of composition, but afterwards rejected by the author himself. Every one who writes, and especially who writes poetry as Shelley did, in woods and waters and a thousand wild moods of inspiration, leaves a great deal behind him which he would never have given to the world, and which had better be forgotten.

It is impossible to trace the source of the anti-religious opinions that Shelley adopted with so much vehemence, but they were undoubtedly inflamed by his aversion to the tenets of the Calvinistic creed, which he held to be absolutely inconsistent with the justice and benevolence of God, and by his abhorrence of the crimes of bigotry, intolerance, and persecution committed for ages in the name of a pure and holy faith. He hated priestcraft; he hated oppression; and he repelled religious oppression more than any other form of tyranny. Yet his life was spent in speculations of a highly religious character. His philosophy was intensely spiritual. He utterly rejected the materialism of the French school:—

For birth and life and death, and that strange  
state

Before the naked soul has found its home,  
All tend to perfect happiness, and urge  
The restless wheels of being on their way,  
Whose flashing spokes, instinct with infinite  
life,

Bicker and burn to reach their destined goal.

These are the ideas of Plato, which he incorporated with his own, and of a greater than Plato. Shelley's "Essay on Christianity," though written from his own point of view, contains passages which might be delivered from a Christian pulpit; for no man ever recognized more fully the divine truths that humility, self-sacrifice for the good of others, obedience to the laws of justice and humanity, and a



clear, calm vision of the mystery of birth and death are the first conditions of manly and virtuous life and thought. It happened during the short interview which took place between Leigh Hunt and Shelley just before he was lost to his friends forever, that they visited the cathedral of Pisa together. This was probably the last time he entered a Christian church. The music and the beauty of the edifice powerfully affected him, and he exclaimed to his companion, "What a divine religion that would be which should be founded not on faith, but on charity!"\* That was the form religion assumed in the mind of Shelley. St. Paul had said before him, "The greatest of these is charity."

As Shelley had repudiated much of the faith, so too he, in some important passages of his life, acted in violation of the established morality of his time and his country, not, however, as men violate moral laws, whose rectitude and authority they acknowledge, but because he had imbibed and adopted a different theory of moral obligation to which he adhered. Mrs. Shelley was guilty of no exaggeration when she said, in her note to "Alastor," that "in all he did, he, at the time of doing it, believed himself justified to his own conscience." When he erred it was by a distortion not of moral purpose, but of moral judgment; not by passion, but by conviction. Conscience itself is no infallible guide to those who erect their own standard of right and wrong. This conception of morality was the fatal mistake of his life. It led to the most tremendous consequences—to the breach of sacred ties—to the defiance of social order—to illicit intercourse—to more than one suicide—to several distracted lives, until death after death closed the tragedy. Yet even this was not lawlessness or libertinism, but the result of a misguided philosophy and a mistaken rule of life. Shelley was no libertine. The profligacy of another great poet, which he witnessed at Venice, shocked and dis-

gusted him. He detested obscenity as the plague-spot of literature. He abhorred seduction as one of the greatest of crimes. When Harriet Westbrook, a girl at school, flung herself or was flung by others into his arms, with very little love or reason on either side, he immediately married her, though he was but a boy himself, because he knew that any other course would be fatal to her reputation, and that the woman suffered far more from such actions than the man. How unhappily that marriage turned out is well known, though the circumstances which led to its fatal dissolution have been less clearly recorded. But no sooner was Shelley free to contract other ties than he married Mary Godwin, and the eight years of his life which followed were spent in the closest and most complete union of two minds and hearts joined in perfect sympathy and constant devotion.

The correspondence which took place in 1820 between Shelley and Southey has recently been published as an appendix to the letters that passed between the Laureate and Miss Caroline Bowles. Southey intended this publication; he expressly says so (p. 76); and he gave Miss Bowles leave to copy the letters for this purpose. We are sorry for it. Whatever may be thought of Shelley's conduct in life, there is a respectful ingenuousness in his address to Southey which might have disarmed a less rancorous partisan; but Southey's answers are remarkable for that arrogant ferocity with which he too often spoke of poets who were more than his equals or his rivals. Where are the works of Southey, and where are the works of Shelley now in the estimation of the world?

On some matters of fact Southey was misinformed; on others he has spoken out more plainly than any one else. It is untrue that Shelley "attempted to make proselytes to his atheistical opinions in a girls' boarding school," and that "one of the girls was expelled for the zeal with which she entered into his views." Harriet Westbrook was not expelled at all, nor had she then any peculiar views on such subjects. But Southey said what was true when he stated that "Shelley's

\* Leigh Hunt, in his autobiography, says that *he* made this remark to Shelley, not Shelley to him. But we have reason to think that his memory deceived him, and that the words and the sentiment were Shelley's.



first speculative and literary associate (Hogg) did attempt to seduce this poor girl on their way back from Scotland." It is also true that "Harriet's melancholy end was the result not of sensibility on the score of her husband's desertion, but of shame resulting from her own subsequent conduct." So far Shelley is indebted to Southey for a species of vindication; but nothing can justify the bitter intolerance of Southey's invective. He holds the language of a Spanish inquisitor to a heretic. Shelley replied in more Christian terms, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Mr. Browning, in the introduction prefixed by him several years ago to certain alleged letters by Shelley, which were afterwards found to be forgeries and withdrawn from circulation, expressed, in language not less true than eloquent, his sense of Shelley's youthful deviations from the high road of duty, common sense, and propriety, which all occurred before he was two-and-twenty, and we must be allowed to borrow from him two very just and striking sentences:—

In this respect was the experience of Shelley peculiarly unfortunate—that the disbelief in him as a man even preceded the disbelief in him as a writer; the misconception of his moral nature preparing the way for the misappreciation of his intellectual labors.

And again:—

It would be hard indeed upon this young Titan of genius, murmuring, in divine music, his human ignorances, through his very thirst of knowledge, and his rebellions in mere aspiration to law, if the melody itself substantiated the error, and the tragic cutting short of life perpetuated into sins such faults as, under happier circumstances, would have been left behind by the consent of the most arrogant moralist, forgotten on the lowest steps of youth.

Shelley himself regarded with pain, though without bitterness, for of that he was incapable, the harsh construction which had been put upon his youthful writings, and the calumnies which had been circulated as to his mode of life. In a letter to his friend Peacock (published by Mrs. Shelley) he says, in 1819:—

I am regarded by all who know or hear of me, except, I think, on the whole, five individuals, as a rare prodigy of crime and pollution, whose look even might infect. This is a large computation, and I don't think I could mention more than three. Such is the spirit of the English abroad as well as at home. . . . Few compensate, indeed, for all the rest, and if I were *alone* I should laugh; or if I were

rich enough to do all things, which I shall never be. Pity me for my absence from all those social enjoyments which England might afford me, and which I know so well how to appreciate. Still, I shall return some fine morning out of pure weakness of heart.

And in another touching letter:—

I most devoutly wish I were living near London. My inclinations point to Hampstead; but I do not know whether I should not make up my mind to something more completely suburban. What are mountains, trees, heaths, or even the glorious and ever beautiful sky, with such sunsets as I have seen at Hampstead, to friends? Social enjoyment, in some form or other, is the alpha and the omega of existence. All that I see in Italy—and from my tower window I now see the magnificent peaks of the Apennine half enclosing the plain—is nothing: it dwindles into smoke in the mind when I think of some familiar forms of scenery, little perhaps in themselves, over which old remembrances have thrown a delightful color. How we prize what we despised when present! So the ghosts of our dead associations rise and haunt us, in revenge for our having let them starve and abandoned them to perish.

Shelley was naturally a social being. Nothing could be more unlike and remote from his disposition than the fierce egotism of Byron, who quarrelled with the world and fled from it, to indulge in solitary life all the baser passions of his nature. Shelley, on the contrary, lived in Italy with his wife the life of an anchorite, abstemious, self-denying, generous to a fault, consumed with the desire, sometimes injudiciously directed, to do good to his fellow-creatures, and aiding to the fullest extent of his power all within his reach. He never lived alone: he could not live alone; and his social disposition made him indulgent and serviceable to persons with whom he contracted an intimacy, although (with the exception of Mary Shelley) they were immeasurably inferior to himself, not only in genius but in heart. It has been supposed that Shelley was a highly imaginative visionary, who passed his life in a poetical dream-land and in philosophical speculations, which brought him to the verge of insanity and unfitted him for society and for the ordinary duties of life. Nothing can be more untrue. Like all men of genius he was eccentric, and the more eccentric as he rebelled against many of the conventional observances of society. Perhaps the greatest, if not the happiest, hours of his life were those he spent in his boat or in the woods, where for the most part he conceived and roughly executed the



works which make his name imperishable. But the moment there was anything to be *done*, especially if it was an act of kindness or public utility, he applied himself to it with all the precision of a man of business. A man of the world, as it is called, he never was, and his judgment of the motives and conduct of other men was unformed and often erroneous. But his advice to the young engineer whom he helped with funds to construct a steam-boat, his letters to Godwin, and the course he recommended to others in difficult circumstances were eminently practical and useful. His health, which was never good, disqualified him for active life, though he thought he might have succeeded in it. He never looked to poetry or to literary fame as a sufficient and all-absorbing object. There are not unfrequent traces in his correspondence that he thought man had other work to perform on earth than writing verses, even of the noblest strain. Once he suggested to Peacock that it might be possible for him to obtain employment in India.

Unlike most of the poets who live upon the creation of their own brain and the exercise of their art, Shelley was an indefatigable *worker*, and he devoted far more of his life and time to the works of others than to his own. Like his own Prince Athanase, —

He had a gentle yet aspiring mind,  
Just, innocent, with varied learning fed,  
And such a glorious consolation find  
In others' joy, when all their own is dead !

An insatiable thirst for knowledge and a passionate love of all the highest forms of thought, literature, and even science, even more than for pure art, filled his existence. He had made himself master of six languages, besides his own to which he possessed the mistress-key, and with the whole range of literature he was familiar, from Æschylus to Calderon, from Thucydides and Tacitus to Gibbon and Sismondi, but more with the ancient than with modern writers. Here and there he notes with regret some field of enquiry (as, for instance, that of English history) comparatively unexplored. His days were spent in reading, and when evening came he still read on — but then he read aloud to his wife, who shared his enthusiasm and his studies. The record of the books they read together in each year is amazing. In the first five months of their connection, Shelley at twenty-two and Mary at seventeen, they mastered no less than sixty volumes. Yet, in spite of his pre-

cocity and its prodigious range, Shelley's literary life only extended from his eighteenth to his thirtieth year. We know but one other instance of a poet of similar acquirements; he is happily still amongst us; but his years more than outnumber fourfold the years of Shelley's literary activity.

It was characteristic of Shelley, though this he shared with Coleridge, that he combined the finest imaginative power and sensibility with a strong logical faculty and a love of close philosophical reasoning. His prose essays on philosophical subjects, though for the most part fragmentary, are as consummate examples of style and thought as his lyrics — nothing in them is redundant, nothing obscure. And when the hour of inspiration failed, he translated — he translated Plato in language that Plato would not have disowned. Take, for example, the conclusion of the speech of Agathon in the translation of the "Symposium." There is nothing in the English language of a more buoyant eloquence. Compared with the translation of the same passage by Mr. Jowett, it is as diamond to paste. Shelley would fain have turned the same power of reasoning and eloquence from metaphysics and criticism to politics; for the most earnest of all his desires was to protest against the evil which, as he thought, overruled the governments of the world and to advance the reign of justice and liberty among men.

But here his inexperience of the world, the times in which he lived, and the influences under which he fell, betrayed him into all the errors which could perplex an enthusiast. To be born in 1792 and to enter upon life in 1810 was to be a witness of the wildest revolution, of the most desolating wars, and ultimately of the most oppressive reaction which had ever afflicted Europe. No wonder that Shelley imbibed that revolutionary miasma which had intoxicated Southey and Wordsworth. On such a mind and at such a time the writings of Rousseau had an influence which it is scarcely possible for our own generation to conceive. The regeneration of the world was at hand. There were to be a new heaven and a new earth. These bewildering lights were reflected on the boyish mind of Shelley by the writings of Mary Wollstonecraft and the pedantic rigorism of Godwin, who, without a spark of poetry in his own nature, was doomed to overshadow the existence of a great poet.

As Shelley approached manhood, and



in the remainder of his short space of life, England lay bound under the darkest spells of Tory government and religious intolerance. There was enough, and more than enough, in those years to provoke the fiercest remonstrances and the gloomiest forebodings. No doubt much of the language of the advanced Liberals of that day was extravagant, and their theories were wild; it was not given to them to foresee that the cause of moderate reform and gradual progress would triumph in the end over the evils they denounced. But sixty years ago a Radical was a traitor, an apostate, and an outlaw. In some respects these men lived before their time; in other respects they mistook its course.

The changes which the world has witnessed in the last half-century are at least as great as any they anticipated. They have been brought about not by revolution or by force (which indeed Shelley abhorred), but by peace, by the spread of knowledge, by the reform of the law, by enlarged tolerance of opinion, and by the marvellous material applications of science. But these large steps of progress towards a better future of the world, which Shelley saw as in a dream, and which he exaggerated because they appeared to him arrayed in visionary radiance, had their prophets and their martyrs, who were in some degree the precursors of another age. Some such intuition burst on Shelley when he exclaimed to the west wind rushing in a tempest over the Arno:—

Be thou, spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!  
And by the incantation of this verse

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth,  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! Oh! wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

But such expressions of a belief in the influence of his own mind and writings are extremely rare in Shelley. He perceived that his own times understood him not, and he had no clear perception of his relation to the times to come.

It has been said by Mr. Carlyle that unconsciousness is one of the characteristics of transcendent genius, and if this paradox were true, Carlyle's own exorbitant opinion of himself condemns him.

But the life of Shelley might be quoted in support of it. Entirely devoid of affectation, with no vanity, and no desire to parade his works before the world, he does not conceal his disappointment at the singular absence of success which attended his efforts. The limited notoriety he had acquired was due to his follies and his misfortunes, for his works all fell still-born from the press; and there is abundant evidence that he had himself formed no conception of their incomparable excellence and future fame. Byron, Moore, Southey, and Scott were the poets of the day, whose name was on every lip and who were scudding before the breeze of popularity and success. When the "Prometheus" and "The Cenci" could with difficulty find a publisher, and their circulation was limited to a few copies struck off in Italy or in Paris, Shelley simply observes that Byron and Moore are much better poets than himself, although in "The Cenci" he had endeavored to write in a more simple and popular form; but he did not "think much of it." That was his own verdict on the most powerful tragedy that had been written in the English language since the days of Elizabeth. It is true that when Byron read the "Doge of Venice" to him at Ravenna, he remarked, in a letter to Leigh Hunt, that if the "Foscari" was a tragedy, his own work was not one.

The only poem of his own of which he ever spoke in terms of confidence is the "Adonais." The praise of that immortal work was welcome to him, for he thought it was deserved, and he was curious to learn what was said of it. To Mr. Ollier, his publisher, he wrote: "The Adonais, in spite of its mysticism, is the least imperfect of my compositions, and, as the image of my regret and compassion for poor Keats, I wish it to be so." And again: "I am especially curious to hear the fate of Adonais. I confess I should be surprised if *that* poem were born to immortality of oblivion." He also thought well of the "Prometheus Unbound," though he did not expect it would find more than twenty readers. Yet even at that time he wrote to the Gisbornes: "The decision of the cause, whether or not I am a poet, is removed from the present time to the hour when our posterity shall assemble; but the court is a very severe one, and I fear that the verdict will be 'Guilty—death.'"

The extreme modesty of Shelley was perfectly genuine. He condescended without the least pretension to men im-



measurably beneath him: he writes about the miserable productions of Captain Medwin and the feeble verses of Leigh Hunt as if they ranked with his own. He resented the furious attacks made on him by our *Quarterly* contemporary — not because they criticised his poetry, and failed to discern the splendor of a genius which was to be a glory of our language and of the world, but because he regarded them as the expression of personal injustice and malice, and because they calumniated his manner of life. The article on "Alastor" was at first attributed to Southey (whom Shelley had known and liked), but that proved untrue. It was then imputed to Milman, and Shelley denounced it as the work of an angry priest. Milman, with admirable magnanimity, never repelled the charge, though, in fact, few men were more keenly alive to Shelley's genius. We now learn, after all, that this much-contested article was the work of Mr. Coleridge — not the poet, but his nephew, whom we have all known in calmer times as the venerable, amiable, and accomplished Sir John Taylor Coleridge, a judge and a privy councillor! But these incidents had but a passing effect on Shelley. He was more anxious for the success of others, as, for example, Leigh Hunt, than for his own, and far more intent on the contemplation of nature, of his own thoughts, and of the great writers of old, than on his own fame. In the library at Ferrara Shelley saw and compared two manuscripts in the handwriting of Ariosto and Tasso: of the latter (who was his favorite) he says: "It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind, exceeding at times its own depth, and admonished to return by the waters of oblivion striking upon its adventurous feet." The words appear to us to be still more appropriate to him who wrote them.

It is scarcely necessary for us to remark that our own opinions differ as widely as possible from many of the opinions which Shelley had, as we think, the misfortune to entertain and to express. It is hardly conceivable to us that to any man of intellect nature should be so eloquent and Heaven so speechless; that he should have revelled in the philosophy of Plato without reaching its highest conclusions; that he should have practised many of the Christian virtues without acknowledging the supreme beauty and authority of the Christian law; that he should have pursued phantoms which he took for ideal virtue and truth, and missed the reality. But his character and his

genius claim a large measure of tolerance and sympathy. He differed as much from the ordinary standard of mankind as if there had been in him the soul of some superior order of beings. The thought of death was ever present to him; it pervades all he wrote, from the first invocation of his earliest poem, —

How wonderful is Death,  
Death and his brother Sleep!

down to the closing strains of life. His own death, sudden, mysterious, in the bosom of the ocean he loved, broke the spell that bound him. It was the watchword of liberty to a powerful spirit in a feeble frame, and he passed from darkness to the fulness of a purer light.

But enough of these general considerations, which are suggested to us by a closer acquaintance with the memorials of Shelley's life now before us, for they have considerably modified and raised our own opinion, not of the poet, but of the man. We shall now confine ourselves more closely to these records, passing over his earliest youth, which has been fully related by others.

Shelley was expelled from Oxford on Lady Day, 1811; his father, deeply irritated, forbade him to return to Field Place; he took lodgings in Poland Street, London, where he lived in great pecuniary embarrassment. His sisters saved their pocket-money, and sent secretly to their brother the fruits of their economy, and, as they dared not meet him, it was conveyed to him by their schoolfellow, a handsome girl named Harriet Westbrook. This led to his acquaintance with her family, which was much below his own in rank and position. There seems to be little doubt that the Westbrooks encouraged the intimacy, more especially Eliza Westbrook, a sister much older than Harriet and than Shelley himself. She had her own views and purposes in promoting this connection. Shelley, who was just recovering from the disappointment of his early attachment to his cousin, Harriet Grove, offered, by a generous impulse, to marry the second Harriet, because she complained that her father insisted on sending her back to school. The plan of the elopement was known to Eliza Westbrook, who ought to have been her sister's guardian. Their mother was alive, but she seems to have taken no steps in the matter, and we strongly suspect that the Westbrook family were privy to the elopement, which promised



to place their daughter in a rank of life far above her own. No attempt was made to restrain the young lady or to follow the fugitives, which would not have been difficult.

The following letter from Shelley's cousin Charles Grove to Lady Shelley gives a precise account of this occurrence:—

Grey's Lodge, Torquay, Feb. 24, 1860.

My dear Lady Shelley,—Bysshe's first acquaintance with Harriet Westbrook was in January 1811. I was his companion on his first visit to her to take a present from his sister Mary, who was at school with her. His acquaintance with her was improved in consequence of his coming to London within two months, having been expelled from Oxford. Then, if not before that, Miss Westbrook had entered into correspondence with Bysshe in consequence of his having published a romance (*Zastrozzi*).

In consequence of his father's refusal to receive him at Field Place at that time, my eldest brother, Thomas, and his first wife, invited Bysshe to their house in Radnorshire, Cwm Elan. From thence, in the month of July or August, Bysshe wrote to me to say that circumstances had led Harriet Westbrook to throw herself upon his protection, and that whereas his own happiness was altogether blighted in having lost the hope of being united to my sister (Harriet Grove), their engagement having been dissolved in the summer of 1810, he considered the only thing worth living for was self-sacrifice for the happiness of others. He expressed his resolution as being taken, and that he was about to leave Cwm in consequence. After his signature he added this P.S.:—

Hear it not, Percy, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell.

Bysshe did not elope immediately on leaving Cwm Elan, but went to Captain Pilford, his uncle in Sussex. From his house it was that he came to my brother John in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in October 1811. Here he arranged his plan unknown to my brother, but not unknown to me. Bysshe went to a small coffee-house in Mount Street, whence he wrote a letter to Harriet mentioning the time he would be ready with a hackney coach the next morning. Bysshe and I went together the next morning to Mount Street, where we were soon joined by Miss H. W. We drove to the place in the city from whence the Northern Mails started, I think it was the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch Street. There we remained the whole day till the hour of departure, which was about 8 P.M., when I saw them into the Edinburgh Mail and took leave of them.

Yours, etc.,

CHARLES GROVE.

Shelley was nineteen and his wife sixteen when this occurred. It should be

added that, as some doubt was cast on the validity of the marriage which took place on their arrival in Scotland, Shelley married his wife a second time in England, and this not long before their final separation. This was done to prevent the possibility of any doubt of the legitimacy of an expected heir, who was, in fact, born some months afterwards.

This rash marriage was the first fatal step in the disasters of Shelley's life. It was aggravated by the circumstance that, on their return to England soon afterwards, Eliza Westbrook met them at York, and quartered herself upon them with a tenacity which Shelley never had the strength to shake off, although he soon found out that he had great reason to detest this unwelcome appendage. Many men have suffered things untold from their mothers-in-law, who accordingly have an indifferent reputation; but it was the fate of Shelley to be sacrificed and devoured by his sisters-in-law. Eliza Westbrook, and afterwards Jane Clairmont, the daughter of Godwin's second wife by her first marriage, were the curses of his existence. Jane Clairmont, however, was in no way related in blood to Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin.

We shall not repeat what has been said by Mr. Hogg and others of the next three years of Shelley's life. Sir Timothy had so far relaxed that he allowed his son 200*l.* a year, and on this small income the boy and girl pair, with their *constrictor*, wandered to Ireland, to the Lakes, to Wales—a desultory, uncertain mode of life, of which small record remains. The autumn of 1813 found them temporarily settled at a house called High Elms, near Bracknell, where Hogg visited them. But their relations had then become extremely painful. It is stated in the "Memorials:" "Towards the close of 1813 estrangements, which for some time had been slowly growing between Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, came to a crisis. Separation ensued, and Mrs. Shelley returned to her father's house. Here she gave birth to her second child—a son, who died in 1826." More has not been said, and a natural reluctance is felt to touch on the weakness of an unhappy woman who was more sinned against, by some of her nearest connections, than sinning. But the causes of this estrangement date from a much earlier period than has been supposed. Mr. Peacock's statement (in *Frazer's Magazine*) that "there was no estrangement, no shadow of a thought of separation, till Shelley became acquainted,



not long after the second marriage (March 24, 1814), with the lady who was subsequently his second wife," is not only unfounded, but it is the reverse of the truth. Harriet Shelley had for some time past acquired habits the most repugnant to Shelley's abstemious vegetarian diet, and in this, to say the least of it, she had not been checked by her sister, and other circumstances had occurred which prove how little they were united. We believe it to be much nearer the truth to say that the separation of Shelley and his wife had virtually taken place before his intimacy with Godwin's daughter began. He had known Godwin since 1812, but Mary Godwin was then a child of fourteen, and Shelley had taken no notice of her. It was not until June or July, 1814, that these two fiery natures discovered and disclosed their mutual attachment. On July 28 they left England together; but there is evidence to show that even this step was scarcely premeditated, and that a few days before Mary Godwin believed and acknowledged their union to be impossible. Harriet Shelley returned, or had already returned, to her father's house. Shelley made over to her a part of his income, and she retained all that she received from her own family. She was, therefore, not exposed to any pecuniary embarrassments, except those caused by her own imprudence. Ianthe, the eldest child of Shelley, remained with her, and in the course of the autumn, as above mentioned, she gave birth to a son, who, if he had lived, would have inherited the Shelley title and estates. We are not aware that there exists any record of strong feeling on her part against Shelley caused by this breach of duty—perhaps it was not unexpected by her.

But the most singular trait in this strange history is that Shelley himself regarded his elopement as no breach at all of at least friendly relations with his wife; for within a fortnight he wrote her the following letter from Troyes, whilst he was on the road to Switzerland with Mary.

Troyes, 120 miles from Paris, on the way to Switzerland, August 13, 1814.

My dearest Harriet,—I write to you from this detestable town; I write to show that I do not forget you; I write to urge you to come to Switzerland, where you will at last find one firm and constant friend, to whom your interests will be always dear—by whom your feelings will never wilfully be injured. From none can you expect this but me—all else are either unfeeling or selfish, or have beloved friends of their own, as Mrs. B——, to whom their attention and affection is confined.

I will write at length from Neufchatel, or you direct your letters "au Bureau de la Poste, Neufchatel," until you hear again. We have journeyed from Paris on foot, with a mule to carry our baggage; and Mary, who has not been sufficiently well to walk, fears the fatigue of walking. We passed through a fertile country, neither interesting from the character of the inhabitants nor the beauty of the scenery. We came 120 miles in four days; the last two days we passed over the country that was the seat of war. I cannot describe to you the frightful desolation of this scene; village after village entirely ruined and burned, the white ruins towering in innumerable forms of destruction among the beautiful trees. The inhabitants were famished; families once independent now beg their bread in this wretched country; no provisions; no accommodation; filth, misery, and famine everywhere. (You will see nothing of this on your route to Geneva.) I must remark to you that, dreadful as these calamities are, I can scarcely pity the inhabitants; they are the most unamiable, inhospitable, and unaccommodating of the human race. We go by some carriage from this town to Neufchatel, because I have strained my leg, and am unable to walk. I hope to be recovered by that time; but on our last day's journey I was perfectly unable to walk. Mary resigned the mule to me. Our walk has been, excepting this, sufficiently agreeable; we have met none of the robbers they prophesied at Paris. You shall know our adventures more detailed if I do not hear at Neufchatel that I am soon to have the pleasure of communicating to you in person, and of welcoming you to some sweet retreat I will procure for you among the mountains. I have written to Peacock to superintend money affairs; he is expensive, inconsiderate, and cold, but surely not utterly perfidious and unfriendly and unmindful of our kindness to him; besides, interest will secure his attention to these things. I wish you to bring with you the two deeds which Tahourdin has to prepare for you, as also a copy of the settlement. Do not part with any of your money. But what shall be done about the books? You can consult on the spot. With love to my sweet little Ianthe, ever most affectionately yours, S.

I write in great haste; we depart directly.

It is difficult to conceive anything more wild and impracticable—the more so as Shelley himself, travelling with another woman who was not his wife, invites his wife in terms of endearment to join him in Switzerland, which he had not reached and where he was not going to stay. It is the scheme of a reckless child. If it were not for the serious character and the deplorable consequences which this *scappatura*, as Mrs. Shelley somewhere calls it, subsequently assumed, the narrative would read more like a fairy tale of babes wandering in a wood—a *Mähr*.



*chen ohne Ende*—than a passage in the lives of contemporary men and women. For we have the whole record before us. It was the practice of Shelley and Mary to keep a short journal of the occurrences of each day. This record begins on the very day of their elopement. It was continued to the end of their lives. Few human existences can be traced so minutely—where they were, what they did, what they read, whom they saw, now and then what they felt and thought—it is all there in an unbroken, indissoluble union, sometimes entered by one hand, sometimes by the other, but always in one journal book. The first page records the starting-point of this new life. They fled from London at four in the morning, reached Dover at four in the afternoon, embarked in an open boat at six, and crossed the Channel in the night.

The wind was violent and contrary. If we could not reach Calais, the sailors proposed making Boulogne. They promised only two hours' sail from the shore, yet hour after hour passed, and we were still far distant when the moon sank in the red and stormy horizon, and the fast-flashing lightning became pale in the breaking day. We were proceeding slowly against the wind, when suddenly a thunder squall struck the sail and the waves rushed into the boat; even the sailors believed that our situation was perilous. The wind had now changed, and we drove, before a wind that came in violent gusts, directly to Calais.

Mary did not know our danger; she was resting between my knees, that were unable to support her; she did not speak or look, but I felt that she was there. I had time in that moment to reflect and even to reason upon death; it was rather a thing of discomfort and of disappointment than of horror to me. We should never be separated, but in death we might not feel or know our union as now. I hope, but my hopes are not unmixed with fear for what will befall this inestimable spirit when we appear to die.

The morning broke; the lightning died away; the violence of the wind abated; we arrived at Calais whilst Mary still slept; we drove upon the sands; suddenly the broad sun rose over France.\*

Never certainly was an elopement described with such reflections or in such terms. Jane Clairmont accompanied

them in their flight. How she fared in the voyage does not appear. She is usually mentioned in the journals by the more euphonious name of Clare.

Soon, however, the highflown language of love, poetry, and romance subsides into pure comedy. They reach Paris on August 2; Shelley finds out that he has no money, and sells his watch and chain for eight napoleons and five francs; at length a remittance of 60*l.* arrives, and they resolve to proceed on foot to Switzerland.

*Monday, August 8.*—(Mary.) Jane and Shelley go to the ass merchant; we buy an ass. Day spent in preparations for departure. We set out for Charenton in the evening, carrying the ass, who was weak and unfit for labor. We arrived at Charenton late. One horrible spasm.

*Tuesday, August 9.*—(Shelley.) We sell our ass and purchase a mule, in which we much resemble him who never made a bargain but always lost half. . . . We arrive without adventures, but not without feelings of pride and pleasure, at Guignes, a town nine leagues from Charenton.

So they go on, through villages and towns devastated by the Cossacks, to Provins, Nogent, and Troyes. There, Shelley having sprained his foot, they resolve to continue the journey *en voiture*, and the letter we have just quoted was written to his wife. Mule and saddle are sold with a loss of fifteen napoleons, and a carriage bought for five napoleons, and a mule hired to take it to Neufchatel. Thence to Soleure and Lucerne. The Lake of Lucerne enchants them.

*August 23.*—We land at Bessen (?). We sleep at Brunnen. Before we sleep, however, we look out of window.

*Wednesday, August 24.*—We consult on our situation. We cannot procure a house; we are in despair; the filth of the apartment is terrible to Mary; she cannot bear it all the winter. . . . At last we find a lodging in an ugly house they call the Château for one louis per month, which we take; it consists of two rooms. Mary and Shelley walk to the shore of the lake and read the description of the siege of Jerusalem in Tacitus.

*Thursday, August 25.*—We read Abbé Baruel's "*Histoire de Jacobinisme*." Shelley and Jane make purchases. We pack up our things and take possession of our house, which we have engaged for six months. We arrange our apartment and write part of Shelley's romance.

*Friday, August 26.*—Write the romance till three o'clock. Propose crossing Mount St. Gothard. Determine at last to return to England; only wait to set off till the washerwoman brings home our linen. The little

\* The journal from which this extract is taken was afterwards in part rewritten by Mary Shelley and published under the title "*A History of Six weeks' Tour through a Part of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland*." It was also prefixed by her to the second volume of the "*Essays and Letters*" published in 1840. But there is no reference in this published narrative to the peculiar circumstances under which the journey was made, and many striking passages are omitted. Our extracts are from the original journal kept at the time.



Frenchman arrives with tubs and plums and scissors and salt. The linen is not dry; we are compelled to wait till to-morrow.

They proceeded by boat, ever Shelley's favorite mode of conveyance, down the Reuss and the Rhine, sometimes sleeping in the boat, whirled onwards by the current and meeting with sundry discomforts till they reach Holland, and land at Gravesend, without a penny to pay the captain, on September 13. The whole expedition lasted forty-seven days.

On the following day Shelley calls on Harriet, his wife, "who is certainly a very odd creature;" engages lodgings; and reads "The Excursion" to Mary, in which they are much disappointed. The details of this gipsy life, very shortly given in the journal book, are inexpressibly queer and diverting. They read incessantly, frequently aloud: "Thalaba," Lewis's "Monk," Godwin's "Political Justice," Anacreon, "Madoc," "Rasselas," "The Empire of the Nairs," and a dozen other books are rapidly devoured; and indeed, this passion for copious and omnivorous reading never abandons either Shelley or Mary for the rest of their lives. For amusement they "sail little boats" on the lake of Naugis (wherever that may be), "set off little fire-boats and let off fireworks," and make plans for converting and liberating two heiresses, and running off to the west of Ireland. In the midst of these puerilities, Shelley fires off a magnanimous sentiment which might have been a warning and a forecast of his future.

*Friday, October 14.* — Jane's insensibility and incapacity for the slightest degree of friendship. The feelings occasioned by this discovery prevent me (Shelley) from maintaining any measure in security. . . . Beware of giving way to trivial sympathies. Content yourself with one great affection — with a single mighty hope: let the rest of mankind be the subjects of your benevolence, your justice, and, as human beings, of your sensibility; but as you value many hours of peace, never suffer more than one even to approach the hallowed circle. Nothing should shake the great spirit which is not sufficiently mighty to destroy it. . . . The most exalted philosophy, the truest virtue, consists in an habitual contempt of self; a subduing of all angry feelings; a sacrifice of pride and selfishness. When you attempt to benefit either an individual or a community, abstain from imputing it as an error that they despise or overlook your virtue.

Never was there a stranger combination of lofty sentiments, of poetry and philosophy, of genius and literary acquirements, with a simplicity worthy of Moses Prim-

rose at the fair, and of pastimes which might have amused an infant. For, during all this autumn of 1814, Shelley was in a position of extreme embarrassment. Godwin, indignant at the flight of his daughters, refused to see or correspond with them. Shelley's relations with Harriet are not unfriendly; he frequently calls on her. "We," says Mary, "think of calling on her." A good-humored letter arrives from Harriet, but meanwhile she was incurring debts for which Shelley was of course liable, and on October 20 Harriet leaves her father's house to go we know not whither. Desperate attempts are made to raise money to meet their daily wants and pay these debts. Shelley resorts to money-lenders and post-obits at a ruinous charge; he is tracked by bailiffs, and obliged to fly to a place of concealment; Mary and he can only meet by appointment in St. Paul's or Staple Inn; they correspond, and Shelley, in the midst of terms of endearment and distress, advises her to read Cicero's "Paradoxa," "one particularly concerning Regulus." In the midst of all this indescribable confusion Harriet Shelley, about December 1, gives birth to a son and heir. On the following day Shelley calls on Harriet, "who treats him with insulting selfishness:" no wonder. Meanwhile Godwin's affairs were, as usual, in a wretched plight; and although he had refused to communicate with Shelley except through an attorney, Shelley contrives to raise 90*l.*, which is sent to his relief.

These degrading troubles fortunately soon came to an end. In consequence of the death of Sir Bysshe Shelley in January, 1815, Sir Timothy succeeded to the baronetcy and the estates, and, yielding to the pressure of advice, he consented to allow his son 1,000*l.* a year. For the simple wants and habits of the poet this income was an ample one; but to supply his boundless munificence to others and the exactions of those who preyed upon his kindness, ten times the amount would not have sufficed. Towards the close of his life, Shelley estimated that he had charged the family estates, which were entailed on him, with debt to the amount of 22,500*l.*; for this sum he had received far less in cash, and a great part of what he did receive was spent in assisting Godwin and other persons. As, however, he died before his father, the post-obits never became due. Shelley, in the course of this winter, walked a hospital in the hope of learning enough of surgery to enable him to alleviate the sufferings of



the poor. But he was himself in a deplorable state of health, threatened with symptoms of pulmonary consumption and subject to paroxysms of pain.

The spring and summer of 1815 passed more calmly. On February 20, Mary gave birth to a little girl, a seven months' child, which lived but a few days. On April 10, Shelley "passes the morning with Harriet, who is in a surprisingly good humor;" and on April 21 and 22 Shelley "goes to Harriet to procure his son, who is to appear in one of the courts:" but he "has been much teased by Harriet." Was there ever such a situation? However, Shelley and Mary read enormously: Ariosto, Gibbon, Corinne, Fontenelle, Wordsworth, Spenser, Ovid, Sallust, Livy, Seneca, Hesiod, Herodotus, Thucydides, Homer, the New Testament, appear in the long list of works devoured or perused. In May, to their infinite relief, Jane Clairmont leaves them and retires to a cottage in the country. "After so much discontent, such violent scenes, such a turmoil of passion and hatred," she says, "you will hardly believe how enraptured I am with this dear little quiet spot." But that truce was to be of short duration. Shelley and Mary made a tour along the Devonshire coast and a visit to Clifton, after which he rented a house on Bishopgate Heath, in Windsor Forest. In those woodlands he composed "Alastor," the first poem he gave openly to the world.

Soon fresh evils from similar causes were about to arise, by which Shelley was doomed to suffer for the faults of others. During Jane Clairmont's absence from Mary to that retreat which she had described in glowing language, she made the acquaintance of, and formed a connection with, Lord Byron quite unknown to any of her family, we are not told how or when.\* But a few dates tell the story. Lady Byron withdrew from her husband in the middle of January, 1816. Lord Byron left England on April 25, 1816. The child, afterwards called Allegra, the offspring of Lord Byron and Jane Clairmont, was born on January 12, 1817. We need say no more. But already, on May 6, 1816, Jane Clairmont was at Paris on her way to join Lord Byron, and on May 13 she arrived at Geneva. "Yielding," as

she says, "to her pressing solicitations," Shelley and Mary accompanied her. This was the occasion of the visit of the Shelleys to Switzerland, during the residence of Byron at the Campagn Diodati. It is therefore clear that on this occasion it was Jane Clairmont who took the Shelleys abroad, and not the Shelleys who took Jane Clairmont. Godwin remonstrated with them and opposed the journey, knowing nothing of Jane Clairmont's peculiar position and motives. Previous to this visit, we believe that Shelley was slightly if at all acquainted with Byron; Moore says that they had never met. The details of their intercourse at Geneva, and of their voyage round the lake, where they narrowly escaped shipwreck, have frequently been published. Moore has recorded in just and graceful language, in his life of Byron (iii. 271), the nature and the causes of their sympathy and of their differences. The incidents of their later lives, both so early and so abruptly ended, brought them into much closer intimacy, but it could hardly be called friendship. Shelley always mistrusted Byron's "Protean" character. On August 29 the Shelleys left Geneva, and reached England on September 8. Jane Clairmont returned with them, and there is reason to suppose that, in spite of the position in which she found herself, her temporary connection with Byron had been followed by aversion on his part, which it must be confessed her character was likely to inspire in such a man as Byron was. At any rate she and her child were thrown upon the Shelleys only. On their return they went first to Bath, and shortly afterwards to Marlow, which was to be their residence in the following year.

But ere that year came more than one terrible catastrophe crossed their stormy path. Mr. Kegan Paul, in his life of Godwin (vol. ii., p. 239), has described in becoming language the character and the fate of Fanny Godwin, as she was called, though she was in fact the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft by Gilbert Imlay, and therefore the half-sister of Mary. She is described as an amiable and accomplished young woman of twenty-two, but she had imbibed an enthusiastic admiration for the writings and principles of her mother (who died in her infancy), and she inherited a morbid depression which at times approached insanity. Mrs. Godwin, her stepmother, was a person who rendered life intolerable to those who shared it with her. On October 3 Fanny wrote to Mary a letter which was col-

\* There is no evidence at all that this connection of Byron and Jane Clairmont existed before Lady Byron quitted her husband, but it is not impossible that it may have been one of the causes of that mysterious occurrence. Certainly the connection did exist immediately afterwards.



lected and business-like, though it related chiefly to family quarrels and perplexities; another letter was received from her on the 8th; an alarming one on the 9th. On that day she had swallowed laudanum and terminated her existence. Shelley rushed down to Swansea as fast as post-horses could carry him; but before he arrived all was over.

Nor was this the last or the worst of these dreadful incidents. We shall borrow the language of Mr. Kegan Paul to describe what followed:—

On Saturday, November 9, Harriet Shelley drowned herself in the *Serpentine*.\* . . . Whatever view may be taken of the breach between husband and wife, it is absolutely certain that Harriet's suicide was not directly caused by her husband's treatment. However his desertion of her contributed or did not contribute to the life she afterwards led, the immediate cause of her death was that her father's door was shut against her, though he had at first sheltered her and her children. This was done by order of her sister, who would not allow Harriet access to the bedside of her dying father.

Whatever may have been the frailties of this unhappy girl (for she was scarcely twenty at the time of her death), it is impossible not to feel the deepest compassion for a woman deprived of the protection and control on which she had a right to rely. And what Shelley called "the weight of the horror of this event" hung over the remainder of his own existence. Lady Shelley has said in her own "Memorials":—

Harriet's death has sometimes been ascribed to Shelley. This is entirely false. There was no immediate connexion whatever between her tragic end and any conduct on the part of her husband. It is true, however, that it was a permanent source of the deepest sorrow to him: for never during all his after life did the dark shade depart which had fallen on his gentle and sensitive nature from the self-sought grave of the companion of his early youth. (P. 62.)

The violent breach of those domestic ties, against which Mary Wollstonecraft and Godwin had raised their voices, was avenged by frightful catastrophes, falling alike on the guilty and the guiltless. Wrong worked out its fatal consequences, though by a circuitous path. But some extenuating circumstances are at least

established. The estrangement and virtual separation of Shelley and his wife preceded by some time his intimacy with Mary Godwin, and that estrangement was not without cause. When Shelley renewed his marriage in March, 1814, he had certainly no design to cast off his wife under the doubtful validity of the previous Scotch marriage, or to allow the legitimacy of his heir to be questioned. Nearly two years and a half elapsed between the separation and the death of Harriet, during which time Shelley contributed liberally to her support, corresponded with her, and visited her. Her allowance was raised to 200*l.* a year. There is reason to fear that, exposed to many temptations, she did not resist them. She unwisely left her father's house, and when she returned to see her father, who was ill, Eliza Westbrook, that sister who had been the chief cause of her errors, dismissed her from the door, and drove her to desperation. We shall not quote the terms in which Shelley expresses his opinion of this conduct; but his burning indignation against the "abhorred and unnatural family" of the Westbrooks leads him to overlook whatever share he had in the original causes of the calamity. His friends, Hookham, Longdill, and Leigh Hunt, supported him by their approval. Perhaps the sense that he had recovered his freedom had something to do with his state of mind. Certain it is that within three weeks he was lawfully married to Mary Godwin at St. Mildred's Church in Bread Street, and that he struggled with the greatest energy to obtain possession of his children, Ianthe and Charles Shelley. Mary was eager to receive them as her own. But, as is well known, the paternal claim of Shelley to his offspring was resisted by their grandfather, Westbrook, and rejected by Lord Eldon on petition, on the ground not of Shelley's misconduct to his wife, but of the opinions expressed in his writings. It is clear that Mr. Westbrook, the father, was not dying, as was alleged, in December, 1816, since he lived to prosecute the suit in the following year. The custody of the children was afterwards transferred to their aunt, Eliza Westbrook, and they were eventually placed under the care of Dr. Hume. Shelley never saw them again after his departure for Italy. The boy, Charles Shelley, died in 1826; the girl, Ianthe, lived to be married to a gentleman named Esdaile, and has left a son, who is now Shelley's only grandchild.

\* We think Mr. Kegan Paul has mistaken the date of this deplorable event. He says himself that the body was not found until *December 9*, a month later, which is incredible. It is certain that the Shelleys first heard the fact on *December 16*, not before.



We shall not dwell on the painful proceedings in the Court of Chancery, which embittered Shelley's mind more than any of his previous misfortunes, though, indeed, he says in a letter to his friend: "Yet one thing happened in the autumn that affected me far more deeply. The circumstances that attended this event are of a nature of such awful and appalling horror, that I dare hardly advert to them even in thought." The principal object of this communication was, however, to apprise Lord Byron of the birth of a most beautiful girl. This was Allegra, as she was afterwards called; and the existence of this child, born under such mysterious circumstances, was destined to exert a considerable influence over Shelley's life, for, as he said, it was his destiny to be mixed up with the faults and perplexities of others, as well as with his own.

The Shelleys spent the greater part of the year 1817 at Marlow in Buckinghamshire, where he wrote "Laon and Cythna," "Prince Athanase," and the greater part of "Rosalind and Helen," and in the spring of 1818 they started for Italy. The details of their life at Marlow, and the greater part of the letters written by Shelley during his residence in Italy, have already been published in Lady Shelley's excellent "Memorials" and in Mr. Buxton Forman's collection of his prose works. To these we shall not refer, but we may be able to add some particulars of interest from original sources.

The care of the little infant born in January, 1817, had devolved upon the Shelleys, and it was essential that the secret of its birth should be carefully kept, both for the sake of its mother and of Lord Byron. The truth was unknown even to Godwin.

In the beautiful lines in "Julian and Maddalo," in which Shelley described his meeting with Allegra two years later in Venice, he said:—

With me

She was a special favorite: I had nursed  
Her fine and feeble limbs, when she came first  
To this bleak world;

and, in fact, this poor "sinless child of sin," had at its birth no other nurse and protector. The infant was singularly beautiful, and in the absence of any other name the Shelleys called her "Alba," afterwards to be changed, probably by Lord Byron's desire, to Allegra. But Byron was abroad. A mystery hung over the birth of the child. Its mother could

not acknowledge it, and, as she continued to reside with the Shelleys, the danger of detection was considerable. Shelley dealt with these embarrassing circumstances with great consideration for all parties, and he applied to Lord Byron to determine what was to be done. He was extremely anxious that the child should join her father, and this was one of the two causes that mainly decided the Shelleys to leave England and go to Italy. The first and most important was the state of Shelley's health, which was deplorable. In September, 1817, he wrote:—

My health is in a miserable state, so that some care will be required to prevent it speedily terminating in death. Such an event it is my interest and duty to prevent, nor am I indifferent to the pleasure of this scene of things. They recommend Italy as a certain cure remedy for my disease.

And about the same time to his wife (he was then staying with Leigh Hunt at Lisson Grove):—

Now, dearest, let me talk to you. I think we ought to go to Italy. I think my health might receive a renovation there, for want of which perhaps I should never entirely overcome that state of diseased action which is so painful to my beloved. I think Alba ought to be with her father. This is a thing of incredible importance to the happiness perhaps of many human beings. It might be managed without our going there. Yes, but not without an expense which would in fact suffice to settle us comfortably in a spot where I might be regaining that health which you consider so valuable. It is valuable to you, my own dearest. I see too plainly that you will never be quite happy till I am well. Of myself I do not speak, for I feel only for you.

First, this money. I am sure that if I ask Horace Smith he will lend me 200*l.* or even 250*l.* more. I did not like to do it from delicacy, and a wish to take only just enough; but I am quite certain that he would lend me the money.

We quote this last sentence because it should be known that Horace Smith was the most generous, the most discriminating, and the most active of Shelley's friends—ever ready to help him with his advice and with his purse in all his difficulties, which were usually caused or aggravated by the other persons who enjoyed his friendship. Shelley's pecuniary difficulties at this time arose from the liabilities he had incurred to the creditors of his first wife, who pressed severely on him the settlement of their claims, though he had no previous knowledge of their existence and no opportunity of verifying



their exactness. He was in some danger of arrest, and was obliged to have recourse to means of raising money which the better judgment of his wife condemned.

However, in the following spring the die was cast. On March 9, 1818, the children were christened (Mrs. Shelley had then two, William and little Clara, just six months old; probably Allegra was christened at the same time), and, accompanied by Clare and Allegra, they crossed to Calais, and proceeded by Reims and Langres to Milan, Shelley reading Schlegel to them aloud on the road.

Lord Byron was aware of their journey and of the purpose of it, as regarded himself and the child, but he declined an invitation to meet them; and we infer from Shelley's subsequent communications that he desired that Allegra should be sent to him at Venice, with the stipulation that from the instant of its departure all further intercourse was to cease between Clare and her child. To this suggestion Shelley replied in a letter of great tenderness and eloquence, in which he contended that no woman should be asked to separate herself from her child without the prospect of seeing it again, and that she would be despised if she did so.

Perhaps Shelley had in some measure misunderstood Byron's intentions, but Byron refused to correspond with Clare, and Shelley was in the unenviable position of a mediator between two persons whose love had turned to hatred. At the end of April, Allegra was sent to Venice under the care of a Swiss nurse, named Elise, who had previously had the care of the Shelley children. The Shelleys spent the summer at the Bagni di Lucca, having made the acquaintance at Leghorn of Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne, who became intimate with them. Mrs. Gisborne was a Swiss lady who had known Mary Wollstonecraft herself twenty years before. In August, however, it was decided that Shelley should go to Venice, taking Miss Clairmont with him, for the purpose of seeing Lord Byron and making some arrangement about the child. Mrs. Shelley remained at Lucca, but followed her husband to Este, by his desire, a week later. They had no sooner arrived there than Clara (the baby) fell dangerously ill, and died as soon as they reached Venice. The entry in Mrs. Shelley's journal is curious:—

*Thursday, September 24.*—This is the journal of misfortunes.

Shelley writes: he reads "Ædipus Tyrannus" to me. On Tuesday, September 22, he goes to Venice. On Thursday I go to Padua with Clare; meet Shelley there. We go to Venice with my poor Clara, who dies the moment we get there. Mr. Hoppner (he was the consul) comes and takes us away from the inn to his house.

*Friday, September 25.*—Remain at the Hoppners'. Shelley calls on Lord Byron. He reads the fourth Canto of "Childe Harold."

*Saturday, September 26.*—An idle day. Go to the Lido, and see Albe (Byron) there.

*Sunday, September 27.*—Read fourth Canto of "Childe Harold." It rains. Go to the Doge's palace, Ponte dei Sospiri, etc. See some fine pictures at the Academy. Call at Lord Byron's and see the Farmasetta.

The letter from Shelley to his wife (August 23), in which he describes his arrival in Venice, has been published in part by Mrs. Shelley and Mr. Forman (vol. iv., p. 32 of his edition). But the part relating to the essential object of his visit is omitted. This was to effect an interview between Clare and Allegra. Byron received the request in a kindly spirit, showed anxiety to satisfy the Shelleys and Clare, and at last agreed that she should take the child to Padua for a week, believing Mrs. Shelley and the other children to be there. This was the reason Shelley had desired his wife to join them. Eventually the child remained at Venice under the care of Mrs. Hoppner, who was very kind to her; but the climate of Venice was extremely injurious, and the life Lord Byron was leading there rendered him quite unfit to protect poor Allegra. At a later period Lord Byron placed her in a convent in the south of Italy, when he went to Ravenna, where Shelley saw her again and for the last time, as we shall presently have to relate. It is, however, due to Lord Byron to mention that in 1820 Shelley and his wife expressed their conviction that Byron's conduct to Allegra had been "most irreproachable." He carried into execution the plan he had formed of placing her in a convent in the Romagna, where he thought she would be taken care of and educated, and this was done with the Shelleys' approval. Clare, the mother of the child, was averse to it, and thought the situation of the convent unhealthy. She was tormented by melancholy forebodings of the result, which were in the end but too soon justified.

Shelley and his wife proceeded to Naples in December, 1818, passing rapidly through Rome, to which however they returned in the spring; but their sojourn there terminated in another melancholy



event, the death of their boy William, which took place on June 7. They were now childless. The blow struck Mary Shelley with inexpressible anguish. It seemed as if disease and death were to snatch from them every object of affection.

Let us hear [she wrote to Miss Curran], if you please, anything you may have done about the tomb, near which I shall lie one day, and care not, for my own sake, how soon. I never shall recover that blow. I feel it now more than in Rome; the thought never leaves me for a single moment; everything on earth has lost its interest to me. You see, I told you I could only write to you on one subject; how can I, since, do all I can (and I endeavor very sincerely), I can think of no other?

Yet this was not the last or the worst of the catastrophes which struck and scarred her agitated life. Of that tomb Shelley wrote: "This spot is the repository of a sacred loss, of which the yearnings of a parent's heart are now prophetic; he is rendered immortal by love, as his memory is by death. My beloved child lies buried here." Within four years Shelley's own ashes were to be placed beside it. Those wounds, though never entirely healed, were in some measure assuaged by the birth, on November 12 of the same year, of another child, a boy, who survived his father, and happily still survives to bear his name and the rank which Shelley himself transmitted but did not enjoy. The details of Shelley's life at Pisa and Lerici are comparatively well known from the publication of numerous letters written between the year 1819 and his death. To these we shall not revert. Our space warns us that we must confine ourselves to two or three less known passages.

None of Shelley's poems have excited more curiosity than that entitled "Epipsychidion," addressed to "the noble and unfortunate Lady Emilia V——, now imprisoned in the convent of ——." Shelley himself treated it as a mystery. He ordered it to be printed "to the number of one hundred copies only, and published simply for the esoteric few; those who are capable of feeling rightly with respect to a composition of so abstruse a nature certainly do not arrive at that number." But the language is in parts so passionate that it has been supposed that Shelley was desperately enamored of the subject of the poem. That is an entire misconception. The poem is the outburst and full blossom of his Platonic visions, directed to a beautiful object that interested him. Captain

Medwin has given us an account of Emilia Viviani, whom he once saw, which is probably less mendacious than most of his anecdotes. It will be found at the end of the second volume of Mr. Forman's edition of his poems. But this young lady had interested Mary Shelley as much as Shelley himself, and many of the letters which we have before us, written in very beautiful Italian, are addressed with true southern enthusiasm to "Mia Maria adorata. To Shelley she says: "Chiamatemi pure sempre vostra Sorella, che un nome sì dolce mi è caro oltre modo; io ancora vi chiamerò sempre mio diletto Fratello e vi considererò come se tale foste in effetto." The society of such accomplished persons as Shelley and his wife was, of course, extremely welcome to an enthusiastic girl who had been immured in a convent for several years. She looked upon Shelley as a sort of pagan god. Mrs. Shelley saw her daily in December, 1820, and wrote the following account of her to Leigh Hunt:—

It is grievous to see this beautiful girl wearing out the best years of her life in an odious convent, where both mind and body are sick from want of the appropriate exercise for each. I think she has great talent, if not genius; or, if not an internal fountain, how could she have acquired the mastery she has of her own language which she writes so beautifully, or those ideas which lift her so far above the rest of the Italians? She has not studied much, and now hopeless from a five years' confinement everything disgusts her, and she looks with hatred and distaste even on the alleviations of her situation. Her only hope is in a marriage which her parents tell her is concluded, although she has never seen the person intended for her. Nor do I think the change of situation will be much for the better, for he is a younger brother, and will live in the house with his mother, who they say is *molto seccante*. Yet she may then be able to walk out among the fields, vineyards, and woods of her country, and see the mountains and the sky, and not be as now, a dozen steps to the right and then back to the left another dozen, which is the longest walk her convent garden affords, and that, you may be sure, she is very seldom tempted to take.

But here closes the romance. The intimacy lasted for some time, not without solid advantages to the young lady, but at last it ended thus. Mrs. Shelley relates the *dénouement* in a letter to Mrs. Gisborne of March 7, 1822:—

Emilia married Biondi: we hear she leads him and his mother (to use a vulgarism) a devil of a life. The conclusion of our friendship (*à la Italiana*) puts me in mind of a nursery rhyme which runs thus:—



As I was going down Cranbourne Lane,  
 Cranbourne Lane was dirty,  
 And there I met a pretty maid  
 Who dropt to me a cursey.  
 I gave her cakes, I gave her wine,  
 I gave her sugar-candy;  
 But oh! the little naughty girl,  
 She asked me for some brandy.

Now turn Cranbourne Lane into Pisan acquaintances, which I am sure are dirty enough, and "brandy" into that wherewithal to buy brandy (and that no small sum *però*), and you have the whole story of Shelley's Italian Platonics.

Shelley's own sentiments on the same subject were thus expressed to John Gisborne:—

The Epipsychidion I cannot look at; the person it celebrates was a cloud instead of a Juno; and poor Ixion starts from the Centaur that was the fruit of his own embrace.

Happily the poem remains, and we agree with Trelawny in ranking it amongst the finest productions of Shelley's genius, which irradiated even this phantom, this morning mist, with a golden splendor.

Another incident which has not, we think, been recorded, deserves a passing notice, the more so as it was a sort of premonition of Shelley's fate. In a letter to Henry Reveley of April 17, 1821, which has been published by Mrs. Shelley, and appears as No. 17 in Mr. Forman's collection, Shelley says, "Our ducking last night has added fire instead of quenching the nautical ardor which produced it; but it does not appear what the accident was.\* The following account of it, by Henry Reveley himself, shows that it might have had very serious consequences:—

Shelley came to me at Leghorn in an unusually excited state, and said that he was tired of walking fourteen miles backwards and forwards, and that he must have a boat of some sort, but that he had very little money to spare. I went immediately and bought a flat-bottomed boat, about ten feet long, for a few pauls. He then requested me to get a keel put, and also a small mast and sail; as soon as the boat was ready he settled to start that same evening by moonlight for Pisa by the canal. Williams was with him, and they had bought some small stores which they wanted to take home to their wives and children. As soon as she heard of their determination, my mother (Mrs. Gisborne) said they should not go unless they took Henry (myself) with them. I knew the country, spoke Italian like a native, and, in case of accident, she could rely on my rather remarkable powers as

a swimmer. It was well I went, for, about half-way, Williams stood up in the frail boat to do something, and unfortunately laid hold of the mast to steady himself, and over we went. That canal is broad and deep; so, finding no bottom, I sent Williams on shore, as he could swim a little, and then caught hold of Shelley, and told him to be calm and quiet, and I would take him on shore. His answer was, "All right; never more comfortable in my life; do what you will with me." But as soon as I set him down on the shore he fell flat down on his face in a faint. I left him to Williams, and plunged into the water to secure the boat, and hauled it on shore. By this time Shelley was recovered, and we started off across country towards a "casale" which I perceived in the distance by moonlight. With much ado I made the contadini understand that we were shipwrecked mariners. So the women were knocked up and set to blow the fires, which they did with a will. They lent us dry warm clothes, and brought out plenty of good homely food. Poor Shelley was in ecstasies of delight after his ducking; Williams and I did not care for it. After breakfast Shelley and Williams walked off to Pisa, and I took the boat back to Leghorn and had her repaired. Shelley afterwards kept this same boat at Pisa, and one day when I was there he said, "Let us take a voyage in her down the river, and so by sea to Leghorn," a voyage which we performed with ease and comfort, notwithstanding the diminutive size and frail nature of the boat; but we were only two, for Williams did not go on that occasion.

In August, 1821, Shelley paid a visit to Lord Byron at Ravenna, partly with a view to the removal of Byron to Tuscany, partly to enquire after Allegra. A portion of his letter to Mary Shelley, written on his arrival at Ravenna, has been published.\* But it contains other matters of interest. He found Byron very well and delighted to see his friend. The *liaison* with Countess Guiccioli had completely reversed his mode of life and restored him to health. We remember a French marquise who used to boast in speaking of her lover, "*Je l'ai ramené à la vertu*;" and certainly Madame de Guiccioli might have said as much of Byron; she had restored him to as much of goodness as he was capable of. Shelley declares that "he would speedily have perished but for this attachment, which has reclaimed him from the excesses into which he threw himself from carelessness rather than taste. Poor fellow! he is now quite well and immersed in politics and literature."

We talked a great deal of poetry and such matters last night, and, as usual, differed, I

\* The same incident is alluded to in a letter from Williams to Medwin, published in Trelawny's "Recollections."

\* Essays and Letters, vol. ii., p. 303.



think, more than ever. He affects to patronize a system of criticism fit for the production of mediocrity; and although all his fine poems and passages have been produced in defiance of this system, yet I recognize the pernicious effects of it in his "Doge of Venice," and it will cramp and limit his future efforts, however great they may be, unless he gets rid of it.

Allegra, he says, is grown very beautiful, but he complains that her temper is violent and imperious. He has no intention of leaving her in Italy; indeed, the thing is too improper in itself not to carry condemnation along with it.

But in these conversations an unpleasant circumstance transpired. It is referred to in Mrs. Shelley's extracts from the same letter, and it was made the basis of calumnies against Shelley in the *Literary Gazette*. Mr. Buxton Forman also notices it.\* It is therefore desirable that the facts should be stated. Lord Byron told Shelley that Elise, the Swiss nurse, who was sent to Venice by Mrs. Shelley in charge of Allegra, had persuaded the Hoppners of the truth of a most monstrous and incredible story, that Jane Clairmont was Shelley's mistress; that she had given birth to a child, whom Shelley had torn from her and sent to the Foundling Hospital; and that in consequence of this enormity the Hoppners had declined all further communication with the Shelleys, and advised Lord Byron to do the same. If such a report as this could be circulated and believed, we think Lord Byron (who did not believe it) was right in making it known to those whom it most nearly affected. The result was a most indignant denial and protest on the part of Shelley and of his wife. Mary Shelley's letter to Mrs. Hoppner is a masterpiece of indignant rebuke, in which she expressed her amazement that any friend of theirs should have credited such an atrocious fabrication, or should have doubted the entire trust and union subsisting between Shelley and herself. She knew all the facts, and emphatically denied that there was the slightest foundation for the Hoppners' story. Lord Byron saw this letter, which was given him to be forwarded to Mrs. Hoppner. We are not acquainted with that lady's answer to this appeal. But letters exist which were written in April, 1822, by Elise Foggi, both to Mrs. Shelley and to Mrs. Hoppner, in which she positively denies that she had ever made any of the statements imputed to her, or had ever seen

anything at all blamable in the conduct of Miss Clairmont. As we shall here take leave of this personage, we may add that she had been living for some time past in an Italian family, and afterwards went as a governess to Vienna. She continued to manifest the liveliest affection for her child, and in this the Shelleys shared her solicitude. The following account of Allegra was written by Shelley to his wife from Ravenna:—

One thing of great consequence, however, and which cannot be thought of too soon, is Allegra, and what is to be done with her. On my arrival, and before the Swiss scheme had been abandoned, I had succeeded in persuading Lord Byron to take her with him, and had given him such information as to the interior construction of convents as to shake his faith in the purity of these receptacles. This was all settled, and now, in the change of his plans to Tuscany, I wish to hold him to the same determination of taking her with him. But how can I do this if I have nothing in Tuscany to propose better than Bazincarello? His own house is manifestly unfit, and, although no longer a theatre of Venetian excesses, is composed entirely of dissolute men-servants, who will do her nothing but mischief. So, then, any family, an English or Swiss establishment, any refuge in short, except the Convent of St. Anna, where Allegra might be placed. Do you think Mrs. Mason could be prevailed upon to *propose* to take charge of her? I fear not. Think of this against I come. If you can now see or write to Emilia, ask her if she knows any one who would be fit for this purpose. But the circumstance that most presses is to find a maid to attend her from Ravenna to Pisa, and to take charge of her until some better place than his own house shall be found for her, some person less odious and unfit, if possible, than the Italian woman whom he seems to have fallen upon.

I went the other day to see Allegra at her convent, and stayed with her about three hours. She is grown tall and slight for her age, and her face is somewhat altered. Her traits have become more delicate, and she is much paler, probably from the effect of improper food. She yet retains the beauty of her deep blue eyes and of her mouth, but she has a contemplative seriousness which, mixed with her excessive vivacity, which has not yet deserted her, has a very peculiar effect in a child. She is under very strict discipline, as may be observed from the immediate obedience she accords to the will of her attendants. This seems contrary to her nature, but I do not think it has been obtained at the expense of much severity. Her hair, scarcely darker than it was, is beautifully profuse, hangs in large curls on her neck. She was prettily dressed in white muslin, and an apron of black silk with trousers. Her light and airy figure and her graceful motions were a striking con-

\* Prose Works, vol. iv., p. 213.



trast to the other children there, She seemed a thing of a finer and a higher order. At first she was very shy, but after a little caressing, and especially after I had given her a gold chain, which I had bought at Ravenna for her, she grew more familiar, and led me all over the convent, running and skipping so fast that I could hardly keep up with her. She showed me her little bed and the chair where she sat at dinner, and the *carozzina* in which she and her favorite companions drew each other along a walk in the garden. I had brought her a basket of sweetmeats, and before eating any of them she gave her companions and all the nuns a portion. This is not much like the old Allegra. I asked her what I should say from her to her mama, and she said,

"Che mi manda un bacio e un bel vestituro."

"E come vuoi il vestituro sia fatto?"

"Tutto di seta e d'oro," was her reply.

Her predominant foible seems the love of distinction and vanity, and this is a plant which produces good or evil according to the gardener's skill. I then asked her what I should say to papa.

"Che venga farmi un visitino e che porta seco la *mamma*," a message which you may conjecture I was too discreet to deliver. Before I went away she made me run all over the convent like a mad thing. The nuns, who were half in bed, were ordered to hide themselves, and on returning Allegra began ringing the bell which calls the nuns to assemble. The tocsin of the convent sounded, and it required all the efforts of the Prioress to prevent the spouses of God to render themselves, dressed or undressed, to the accustomed signal. Nobody scolds her for these *scappature*, so I suppose she is well treated as far as temper is concerned. Her intellect is not much cultivated. She knows certain *orazioni* by heart, and talks and *dreams* of Paradise, and all sorts of things, and has a prodigious list of saints, and is always talking of the Bambino. This will do her no harm, but the idea of bringing up so sweet a creature in the midst of such trash till sixteen!

But the existence of this bright child of guilt and passion was already hastening to its close. The mortal doom which hung over almost all the actors in these strange scenes smote that delicate and hapless being, like the rest. In one of the first letters written by Mrs. Shelley to Mrs. Gisborne from the Casa Magni at Lerici (June 2, 1822), she says:—

About a month ago Clare came to visit us at Pisa, and went with the Williamses to find a house in the Gulf of Spezzia, when, during her absence, the disastrous news came of the death of Allegra. She died of a typhus fever which had been raging in the Romagna; but no one wrote to say it was there. She had no friends except the nuns of the convent, who were kind to her, I believe; but you know Italians. If half the convent had died of the

plague, they would never have written to have had her removed, and so the poor child fell a sacrifice. Lord Byron felt the loss at first bitterly; he also felt remorse, for he felt that he had acted against everybody's counsels and wishes, and death had stamped with truth the many and often urged prophecies of Clare, that the air of the Romagna, joined to the ignorance of the Italians, would prove fatal to her. Shelley wished to conceal the fatal news from her as long as possible; so when she returned from Spezzia he resolved to remove thither without delay, and with so little delay that he packed me off with Clare and Percy the very next day. She wished to return to Florence, but he persuaded her to accompany me; the next day he packed up our goods and chattels, for a furnished house was not to be found in this part of the world; and, like a torrent hurrying everything in its course, he persuaded the Williamses to do the same. They came here, but one house was to be found for us all: it is beautifully situated on the seashore, but such a place as this is! The poverty of the people is beyond anything, yet they do not appear unhappy, but go on in dirty content or contented dirt, while we find it hard work to purvey a few miles round for a few eatables. After the first day or two Clare insisted on returning to Florence, so Shelley was obliged to disclose the truth. You may judge of what was her first burst of grief and despair; however, she reconciled herself to her fate sooner than we expected: and although, of course, until she form new ties, she will always grieve, yet she is now tranquil—more tranquil than when prophesying her disaster; she was forever forming plans for getting her child from a place she judged but too rightly would be fatal to her. She has now returned to Florence, and I do not know whether she will join us again.

Our limits warn us that we must close these remarks, although there are other graphic and interesting passages in the correspondence which entice us. We have said nothing of the letters of Godwin to which full justice has been done by Mr. Kegan Paul, in his life of that individual. It is evident that Shelley had long ago discovered the insatiable character of his father-in-law, who combined lofty pretensions to philosophy and disinterestedness with a singular absence of worldly wisdom and self-respect; yet Shelley never ceased to tax himself and his friends for the relief of Godwin's necessities. We have said nothing of Leigh Hunt's "Odyssey," which brought him at last to Italy within three weeks of Shelley's death, after three ineffectual attempts to make the voyage. To him again Shelley's munificence was inexhaustible, and Leigh Hunt continued to draw upon his representatives long after Shelley's death.



Nor is it necessary for us here to revert to the melancholy details of that catastrophe, which have been minutely related by Trelawny and others. The part Trelawny took at that crisis is creditable to him, but in point of fact his acquaintance with Shelley was recent and slight. He knew but little of the true character of the poet, and it is to be regretted that in the second edition of his "Records of Byron and Shelley" (published in 1878) he introduced a good deal of additional matter, which betrayed the influence of another person. Trelawny was then nearly ninety years old.

It is impossible to read these details of Shelley's life without arriving at the conviction that monstrous injustice was done to him by the public opinion of his country and the world. His anti-religious opinions and his defiance of custom and law in one signal instance, at an early period of his life, were held to mark him out as a man capable of any moral offences; whereas, even amongst his contemporaries who were followed and adored, there were some whose faith was quite as insecure, and whose practice was far more lax than his own. For to his own conception of duty and honor Shelley was a stern and constant adherent. But whatever be the shade cast over his own life by his early aberrations, and in some measure atoned for by his numerous misfortunes and his early death (for the whole drama closed in his thirtieth year), the genius and the devotion of his wife, Mary Shelley, assign to her no mean place by his side. The writings and the example of a mother whom she had been taught to venerate had perverted the moral judgment of her girlhood, but from the moment she took her place by Shelley she left no duty unperformed, as a daughter, a wife, and a mother. Her natural talents were such that at eighteen she wrote "Frankenstein," and gave a lasting life to the creation of her fancy. The ardor of her studies in all languages was only surpassed by that of Shelley himself; and if in after life she produced no work comparable to her first effort, it was because she had become the satellite of a brighter planet. So intimate a union between two beings of decided character and genius is a rare phenomenon, especially when they are condemned by circumstances to a secluded and solitary life. Mary Shelley, indeed, did not deny that she had a woman's love of dress, that she willingly danced, and had a taste for the world, from which Shelley fled like a spirit. There was noth-

ing masculine or pedantic about her. But Shelley, and Shelley only, was the main object of her existence as long as he was in being; and she had barely completed her twenty-fourth year, when all that remained to her was to cherish and vindicate his memory, and to prepare his son for the position he was to hold in the world. Perhaps at some future time some additions may be made to her published correspondence, which would justify and enhance the high estimate we have formed of her character.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### WHAT MAKES PEOPLE TO LIVE.

(TRANSLATED BY O. K.)

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. If any man love not his brother, he abideth in death (1 St. John iii. 14). And he that hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his heart from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? (iii. 17). My children, let us not love in word or in tongue, but in deed and in truth (iii. 18). Love is of God; and he that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God (iv. 7). He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love (iv. 8). No one hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us (iv. 12). God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him (iv. 16). He that saith, I love God, and hateth his brother, lieth: for he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen? (iv. 20).

#### I.

IN the house of a peasant there lodged a bootmaker with his wife and children. He had no home and no land of his own, and supported himself and his family by his trade of bootmaking. Bread was dear, and labor cheap, and all his earnings were spent on food. The bootmaker and his wife had but one sheepskin between them, and this was worn into tatters: he had been saving money for more than a year to buy a skin to make a new one with.

Towards autumn the bootmaker had got together enough savings; there were three rouble notes in his wife's chest, and five roubles twenty kopecks were owed him by peasants in the village.

Early in the morning he prepared to set off to the village to get the sheepskin. He put on a woman's wadded nankeen doublet over his shirt, and over that a cloth coat; put the three rouble notes in his pocket, broke off a stick, and started after breakfast. He thought to himself, "I shall receive five roubles from a peasant, and with this along with my three I will buy a skin."



When the bootmaker reached the village; he visited a countryman, — he was not at home; his wife had promised the week before to send her husband with money, but had not given it. He went to another, — the countryman swore he had no money, and could only give twenty kopecks for mending a pair of boots. The bootmaker thought he could take the skin on credit, but the tanner did not believe in credit.

"Give me money," he said, "and then you can have anything you like; we know how difficult it is to get one's money back."

So it turned out that the bootmaker could do no business to speak of; he had only received twenty kopecks for repairs, and a peasant had given him an old pair of felt boots to mend.

The downhearted bootmaker drank off twenty kopecks' worth of vodka and went home without the skin. Early in the morning he had felt half frozen, but when he had drunk he no longer felt the want of a sheepskin. The bootmaker paced along, with one hand tapping the hard, frozen road with his stick, and swinging backwards and forwards the felt boots he held in the other. As he went he talked to himself as follows: —

"Well, I declare, I feel quite warm without a sheepskin. I have drunk a tumbler; it plays through all my veins. No need of a warm skin now. I have quite forgotten all my troubles. What a man I am after all! What do I need? I shall be able to do without a sheepskin; I shall never want one again. My wife will have a dull time of it — that's the only objection. Besides, it is downright shameful; you work for him, and he leads you about. Well, look here; if you don't bring money I will take away your hat, indeed I will. It's really too bad; he pays by dribblets! But what can you do with some twenty kopecks? Drink — that's all! He says, 'I'm in need.' So he can be in need and I can't. You have a home, and cattle, and all that you want, whilst I have nothing; all my property is in myself; you have your home-made bread, and I have to buy it wherever I can, and bread alone costs three roubles a week. I shall come home and find the bread has run out. Another fresh supply for one rouble and a half that I have to make ready. So you shall have to give me my due."

Thus talking to himself the bootmaker went up to a chapel on the turning, and saw behind the latter something whitish.

It was growing dusk; the bootmaker looked very attentively, and could not make out what this could be. There is no stone like that here, he thought. A beast, perhaps. It is not like a beast; the upper part is like a man, but still it looks too white for a man. Besides, what should a man be doing here?

He went a little nearer, and now there was no mistake about it. What a wonderful thing! a man it was, alive or dead, sitting on the flint stones, and leaning motionless against the chapel. The bootmaker shuddered and thought to himself, "A man has been murdered; they have cut him up and thrown him down here; if you go up quite close to him you will not be able to clear yourself."

And the bootmaker went by. He passed round the chapel, losing sight of the man. As he was passing by the chapel he, however, turned his head, and saw the man standing off from the chapel, as if shaking and staring at him. The bootmaker was the more afraid, and thought to himself, "Shall I go up to him or pass him by? Shall I go, in spite of the danger? Who knows what he is? I dare say he came hither through no good deeds. Suppose I go up to him, and he jumps up and throttles me, and no escape is left; and if he don't throttle me I shall still have to bother myself with him. But what shall I do with him? Surely I can't deprive myself of my last clothes and clothe him. God spare me from him!"

And the bootmaker hastened his steps. He had nearly left the chapel behind him, but his conscience pricked him.

He stopped on the road.

"What are you about, Simon?" he said to himself. "This poor man is dying in need, and you are afraid, and leave him in the lurch. So you are richer than usual, are you? Are you afraid of being stripped of your riches? Nay, Simon, that's bad!"

Simon turned round and went up to the man.

## II.

SIMON went up to the man and eyed him attentively. He was a young man, in the full strength of manhood; there were no marks of blows on his body, but the man was evidently half frozen and out of heart. He propped himself up as he sat, and did not look on Simon, as though too much exhausted to lift up his eyes. Simon went up quite close to him, and suddenly the man seemed to wake up, turned his head a little, opened his eyes,



and looked upon Simon. And that look of his went to Simon's heart. He threw down his felt boots, took off his girdle, laid it on the boots, and stripped off his overcoat.

"We must have some talk together," he said. "Come, put on a thing or two."

Simon put his hands under the man's elbows, and began to raise him up. The man raised himself up, and Simon saw his body was shapely and clean, that his arms and legs were not broken, and that he had a sweet face. Simon threw his overcoat over his shoulders, but he could not catch the sleeves. Simon guided his arms for him, straightened the overcoat, wrapped it round him, and tightened it with the girdle.

Simon took off his old fur cap, with the intention of putting it on the man, but his head began to feel so cold that he thought to himself, "I am quite bald-headed, but he has long, curly locks; I had better lend him my boots," and he put it on again.

He made him sit down, and put on him his felt boots.

When the bootmaker had clothed him, he said, —

"Well, my lad, you must take exercise and warm yourself. Can you go?"

The man stands still and looks pleasantly on Simon, but does not utter one single word.

"Can't you speak, then? It won't do to spend the winter here. We must go to my home. Here, take my cudgel. Stamp your feet and shake yourself."

The man set off; he walked without difficulty, and did not lag behind.

As they went along Simon asked, —

"Where do you come from?"

"Not from these parts."

"That I see; I know all who live in these parts. How came you here at the chapel?"

"I mustn't say."

"Perhaps some one has offended you?"

"No one has offended me; God has punished me."

"Of course everything is done by God; but still one has to abide somewhere. Whither do you want to go?"

"It's all one to me."

Simon wonders; the man didn't look a mischief-maker; his words were soft, but he objected to speak of himself. And Simon thought to himself, "Who knows what may have happened?" and he said to his companion, —

"Never mind, come to my home; at least you'll warm yourself."

Simon reaches his yard, and the stranger does not lag behind, but walks by his side. A biting wind began to rise and find its way under Simon's coat, and he began to get quite sober and to feel quite frozen. He sniffled as he went, wrapped himself round in his woman's doublet, and thought, "Here's a pretty sheepskin. Matrona won't praise me for this! I went off to get one, and I came home even without my overcoat, yes, and along with a half-clothed man." And the thought of Matrona made him feel uneasy. But when he looked on the stranger, he remembered the look the man gave him at the chapel, and his heart throbbed with delight.

### III.

SIMON'S wife rose early. She cut up wood, brought water, fed the infant, eat, and thought to herself again and again, "When shall I bake bread, to-day or to-morrow?" A large bit remained.

"Should Simon dine here and not eat much supper, there will be enough bread for to-morrow," she thought to herself.

Matrona turned the bit over and over and thought to herself, "I won't bake now. There is no more than enough flour to do this with. We can manage till Friday."

Matrona took away the bread, and sat down at a table to sew a patch on her husband's shirt, and as she sewed she thought of her husband, of how he would buy a sheepskin.

"Perhaps the tanner will take him in. He's a simple fellow, that man of mine. He never tricks another himself, but a little child could take him in. That's a lot of money, eight roubles. One can get a fine coat for that. Not a dyed one, but a sheepskin. What straits I was put to last winter for want of a sheepskin! I couldn't go to the stream, or anywhere else. And now he has gone off with all my clothes. I haven't got a thing to put on. He didn't start early. It is time he were back again. Perhaps he has been tripping, that bird of mine."

Such thoughts had scarcely passed through Matrona's head, when the steps of the staircase began to creak. Some one had come in. Matrona thrust in her needle, and went into the vestibule. She saw that two were coming in, Simon along with a countryman, with no hat on and in felt boots.

Matrona perceived at once the smell of wine in her husband. "Yes," she thought,



"that's it. He has been tippling with some good-for-nothing fellow, and has even brought him along home with him."

Matrona let them pass into the cottage, and went in herself. She saw before her a stranger, a young, thin man, and their overcoat over his shoulders. There was no shirt to be seen under the coat, and he wore no hat. He stood as he had come in, without moving and with downcast eyes. And Matrona thought to herself, "That's a bad man — he's afraid."

Matrona frowned and moved away to the stove. There she stood and watched what they would do.

Simon took off his hat, and sat on a bench like a good soul.

"Well, Matrona," he said, "let's have some supper."

Matrona muttered something between her teeth. She stood at the stove without moving, and looked first on one and then on the other, only turning her head as she did so. Simon sees that his wife is not herself, but, however, he does not pay attention to that, and takes the stranger by the hand.

"Sit down, my friend," he said; "we will have some supper." The stranger sat on the bench.

"Well, wife, haven't you boiled anything yet?"

Matrona quite lost her temper.

"Not for you indeed! I see you have drunk yourself mad. You went to get a sheepskin, and you've come back without an overcoat, and have brought home with you some half-clothed vagrant or other. I have no supper for you, you drunkard."

"Enough, Matrona; what do you talk nonsense for? You should first ask what sort of a man —"

"Tell me what you have done with the money."

Simon fumbled in his overcoat, drew out a bit of paper, and unfolded it.

"Here is the money. Triphon couldn't give me anything; he promised to pay me to-morrow."

Matrona felt more angry still; he had not bought a skin, and had clothed some vagabond or other in his last overcoat; yes, and had brought him home with him.

She snatched up the paper from the table and put it away, saying, —

"I have no supper. We can't feed every half-clothed drunkard here."

"Ah, Matrona, hold your tongue. Listen first to what I've to say."

"Learn sense of a drunken fool! I was quite right in objecting to be your

wife, you drunkard: mother gave me linen — you have spent it on drink."

Simon wished to explain to his wife that he had only drunk twenty kopecks' worth; he wished to say where he had found the man. Matrona did not give him the chance of putting in a word; she broke in at every two words on whatever he began to say. She even reminded him of all that had happened ten years ago.

Matrona talked on without stopping, bustled up to Simon, and seized him by the arms of his coat.

"Give me my under-waistcoat; I had only one left, and you took it off me and lugged it on yourself. Off with it, you spotted dog."

Simon began to take off the under-waistcoat and draw out the arms. His wife tugged at it till the seams began to crack. Matrona snatched up the under-waistcoat, tossed it over her head, and made for the door. She was on the point of going out, but hesitated and stood still; her heart was agitated — she wished to smother her wrath and to hear something about the stranger.

#### IV.

MATRONA stood still and said, —

"If he were a good man, he would not be nearly unclothed like that; he has not even got a shirt to his back. Had you gone for something good, you would tell me now where you picked up such a dandy."

"But I am telling you; on my way I saw this man almost unclothed, and half frozen to death at the chapel. It is not summer now, to be almost naked. It was God who threw me in his way, or else he would have perished. But what was to be done? I therefore took him along with me, clothed him, and brought him hither. Everything may happen. Calm yourself. It's sinful, Matrona, to carry on like this. We must die some day."

Matrona wanted to have it out with her husband, but she cast a look on the stranger and kept silence. He was sitting quite still on the edge of the bench. His hands were folded on his knees, and his head was sunk on his breast. He was frowning, as if being strangled by something. Matrona became silent. Simon exclaimed, —

"Matrona, have you no God in you?"

On hearing these words she gave another look at the stranger, and suddenly her heart melted. She moved away from the door, went up to the corner of the



stove, and served supper. She placed a bowl on the table, poured out krass, took out the last bit of bread, and gave a knife and spoons.

"Sup a bit," she said.

Simon moved the stranger.

"Swallow a few spoonfuls, my lad," she said.

Simon cut up the bread, crumbled it, and began to sup. And Matrona sat at the corner of the table, propped herself up with her hand, and looked on the stranger.

Matrona began to feel pity for him, and to feel quite fond of him. And the stranger suddenly brightened up, left off frowning, lifted up his eyes to Matrona, and smiled.

When they had supped, Matrona cleared the table and began to question the stranger.

"Where do you come from?"

"I'm not from these parts."

"And how came you on the road?"

"I can't answer that."

"Who robbed you?"

"God punished me."

"Were you lying there without clothes on?"

"Yes, I was lying naked and half frozen. Simon saw me, had pity on me, took off his overcoat, put it on me, and told me to come hither. And here you have fed me, given me drink, and had pity on me. May God bless you!"

Matrona got up, took from the window-sill an old shirt of Simon's, the same she had mended, and gave it to the stranger.

"Here, take this," she said. "I see you have no shirt on. Put it on, and sleep where you like, in the attic or on the stove."

The stranger took off his overcoat, put on the shirt, and lay down in the attic. Matrona put out the light, took his overcoat, and climbed up to her husband.

Matrona covered herself with a corner of the overcoat. She lay down, but did not sleep; her thoughts were full of the stranger.

When she remembered that the last bit of bread was eaten up, and that there was none left for the next day — when she remembered that she had made a present of the shirt, she felt ill at ease; but she remembered how he had smiled, and her heart rejoiced.

Matrona lay thus awake a long time, and listened. Simon too was awake; he was pulling the overcoat over him.

"Simon!"

"Well?"

"We have eaten the last bit of bread, and I haven't baked any. What shall we do to-morrow? Shall I borrow some of Godmother Melany?"

"If we live we shall have enough."

His wife lay a little longer without speaking.

"He's evidently a good man, but why doesn't he speak of himself?"

"He can't, no doubt."

"Simon!"

"Well?"

"We give him, but how is it that nobody gives us anything?"

Simon did not know what to answer. He said, "Enough of talking," turned over, and fell asleep.

## V.

SIMON awoke at daybreak; the children still slept; his wife had gone to borrow bread of some neighbors. The stranger of the day before was sitting alone on a bench in his shirt, his eyes turned upwards; and he looked more cheerful than he did the evening before.

"Well, good friend," said Simon, "the stomach asks for bread, and the naked body asks for clothes. One must eat and drink. What is your trade?"

"I have no trade."

Simon wondered, and said, —

"Perhaps you're willing to learn. There's nothing one can't learn."

"Other people work, and I will work too."

"What's your name?"

"Michael."

"Well, Michael, you don't want to speak of yourself. Well, that's your own business. But one has to eat and drink. If you do what I tell you I will nourish you."

"God bless you! I will set to and learn. Show me what I must do."

Simon took up a piece of unwound, pitched thread, put it on his fingers, and began to wind it.

"It is easy enough, look!"

Michael looked, put it on his fingers in the same way, understood at once, and began to wind.

Michael wound the ends; Simon showed him how to close them. This, too, Michael took in at once. His host showed him how to grind; and this also Michael took in at once.

Whatever work Simon showed him how to do, he was able to take in at once, and the third day he was working as if he had been sewing for an age. He worked on



without stopping, ate little, and when they stopped working he would silently look upward. He did not walk in the street, or talk too much, or joke, or laugh.

It was only once they saw him smile, on the first evening, when the wife was preparing to give him some supper.

## VI.

DAY after day, week after week passed by; a whole year had slipped round, and Michael was still living as before, and at work with Simon. Every one praised the work of Simon's workman, and they said that no one could put together a pair of boots so neatly and so strongly as Michael, the workman of Simon. Far and wide they began to order boots of Simon, and he began to live quite at ease.

One day in winter, when Simon and Michael were working together, a coach on slides drove up to the cottage. They looked out of the window, the coach drew up opposite their cottage, a youth jumped down from the ledge and opened the door. A young man in a furred coat stepped out of the coach, walked up to Simon's cottage, and reached the staircase. Matrona rushed out and threw open the door. The gentleman stooped and entered. When he straightened himself his head nearly touched the ceiling.

Simon stood up and made a bow. The gentleman astonished him. He had not seen folks like that. Simon himself was thin, and Michael was a lanky fellow; as for Matrona, she was like a dried chip; but here was one who seemed to have come from another world, a handsome, well-formed bust, a throat like a bullock's, he looked for all the world like an iron cast.

The gentleman stopped a few moments to take breath, took off his furred coat, sat on a bench, and said, —

"Who is the master workman here?"

Simon stood forward and said, —

"I, your honor."

"Hi, Theodore!" the gentleman called out to his youth, "bring me the parcel."

Theodore ran off and brought it in. The gentleman took the parcel and put it on the table.

"Untie it," he said. The youth untied it.

The gentleman pointed to some bootmaker's leather, and said to Simon, —

"Listen, bootmaker; do you see that?"

"I do, your honor," he said.

"But do you realize what kind of leather that is?"

Simon turned it over and said, —

"Very good leather."

"Very good, you say; you never saw the like, you fool. That's German; I paid twenty roubles for it."

Simon was quite startled, and said, —

"Where should we have seen the like?"

"Well, well, can you make me a pair of boots of that leather?"

"I can, your honor."

"So you can, can you?" said the gentleman in a loud voice. "Don't forget whom you'll be working for, and what leather you'll be using. You must make me a pair of boots such as will last me a whole year without wearing down or wearing out. If you can do this, take the leather and cut it up; but if you can't, don't take it and don't cut it up. I tell you beforehand, if the boots wear out or wear down before that time, I'll have you put in prison; but if they last a year without wearing out or wearing down, you shall be paid ten roubles."

Simon was so startled, he did not know what to answer. He turned his eyes on Michael.

The other gave him a nudge and said, —

"Shall we take the job in hand?"

Michael nodded. "By all means," he said.

Simon took Michael's advice. He took an order for a pair of boots, fit to last a whole year without wearing out or wearing down.

The gentleman told the youth in a loud voice to take the boot off his left foot, and stretched it out. "Take my measure," he said.

Simon sewed paper together and made a measure twelve vershoks long, gave a look, knelt down, covered his hand carefully with his apron, so as not to soil the gentleman's sock, and began to measure. He measured the sole, measured the in-step, and began to measure the calf of the leg. The measure proved too short. The calf was as thick as a beam. "See," he said, "don't make the boot-leg too narrow." Simon began to sew on more paper. The gentleman sat and looked at the folks in the room.

"Who's that?" he said, looking at Michael.

"He's my chief apprentice; he'll have a hand in the job."

"Now look you to it," said the gentleman to Michael; "don't forget, make me a pair of boots that'll last a whole year." Simon gaped at Michael, and sees that



Michael does not even look at the gentleman, but stares at a corner behind him, as if perceiving somebody there. Michael stares and stares again, and smiles.

"Well, you fool, what are you gaping at?" the gentleman said. "Better look to it, and see that they're ready in time."

To which Michael answered, —

"They shall be ready in a trice when wanted."

"All right."

The gentleman put on his boots and his furred coat, wrapped it round him, and made for the door. Forgetting to stoop, he struck his head against the lintel.

He fumed, rubbed his head, sat in his coach, and drove off.

When the gentleman had driven off, Simon said, —

"What a flint! You wouldn't kill the like of him with a crow-bar. If a beam were broken over his head he wouldn't feel much pain."

And Matrona added, —

"Such a man as that never crossed our door. Even death can't pull the rivets out of such a one as he."

#### VII.

AND Simon said to Michael, "Well, we've some work now, but let us not get into a mess. The material is dear and the gentleman hot-tempered, but how are we to avoid mistakes? Now look you here: you can make to measure better than I can; you have better eyes, and your fingers are more nimble. You cut out the leather, and I will finish sewing the boot-tops."

Michael did as he was bid; took the gentleman's leather, spread it out on the table, doubled it, took up a knife, and began to cut it out.

Matrona came up and looked to see how Michael was cutting out. She was astonished to see how he was going to work. Matrona had a knowledge of boot-making. She looked and saw that Michael was not cutting in the usual way, but in a peculiar, round shape.

Matrona was going to say something, but she thought to herself, "No doubt I don't understand how to make gentlemen's boots; no doubt Michael knows better — I won't interfere."

Michael cut out a pair, took hold of an end, and began to sew and make one end, as they make slippers, and not two, as they make boots.

Matrona wondered at this too; but here, too, she did not interfere. And

Michael sewed on. They began to double. Simon got up and looked. Michael had made slippers of the gentleman's leather.

Simon was horrified. "How's that?" he thought; "Michael has lived here a whole year, and has never yet made a mess of anything, and now he has got us into trouble. The gentleman ordered boots with double soles, and he has put together slippers without soles. The leather is spoilt. What shall I do to satisfy the gentleman? You won't find such leather as that."

And he said to Michael, —

"What have you done for me, my lad? You have killed me. Don't you know that the gentleman ordered boots? What have you been making?"

He had hardly begun to speak to Michael, when the ring of the door began to rattle; some one was knocking. They looked out at the window, and saw that some one had come on horseback, and was tying up his horse. They opened the door: the gentleman's youth they had seen before came in.

"Good-day to you."

"Good-day. What do you want?"

"My lady sent me to speak about the boots."

"What about them?"

"The gentleman doesn't need boots now. He has taken his leave of the world!"

"How so?"

"When he had left you he didn't reach home alive, but died in the coach. The coach came home, they went out to help him out, and he was lying stiff at the bottom like a sack. He had to be pulled out by force. The lady sent to say, 'Tell the bootmaker that boots are not wanted for the gentleman who came here, left leather, and ordered boots; say that slippers are wanted for the corpse, that they must be made as quickly as possible.' My orders are to wait here till they are ready, and take them away with me."

Michael took from the table the cuttings of leather, made a roll of them, took up the slippers ready made, clapped them together, rubbed them with his apron, and gave them to the youth. The youth took the slippers.

"Good-bye, master! Good luck to you!"

#### VIII.

ANOTHER year passed by, and then another, and a sixth year found Michael and Simon still living together. Michael lived



on as before. He went nowhere, spoke little, and during all that time had only smiled twice: once when Simon's wife was giving him to sup, and again on the gentleman. Simon was delighted with his workman. He did not ask him any more where he came from; his only fear was that Michael would leave him.

One day they sat at home together. The mistress was putting irons in the stove, and the children were running on the benches and looking out of the windows. Simon was sharpening at one window, and Michael was hammering on a sole at the other.

One of the children ran along a bench to Michael, leaned on his shoulder, and looked out of the window.

"Uncle Michael, look! a merchant's wife and two little girls are coming to see us. And one of the girls is lame."

The child had scarcely spoken these words when Michael threw down his work, turned to the window, and looked down into the street.

Simon wondered. Michael had never looked down into the street before, but now he pressed close to the window and looked at something below. Simon looked out too: it was true. He saw a woman coming up to his yard, leading by the hand two little girls in furred pelisses and in kerchiefs. The little girls were as like as two peas; there was no telling one from the other. The only difference between them was that one girl had hurt her foot — she limped.

The woman went up the staircase into the passage, felt about for the door, pressed back the cramp, and opened it. She made the little girls pass in before her, and entered the cottage.

"Good-day, mistress."

"Good-day. What might you want?"

The woman sat down on a chair, the little girls standing close up beside her: they looked with astonishment on the people.

"These two girls want shoes for the spring."

"By all means; it's easily done. We have never made such small ones, but that's no matter. They can be double-soled or of linen braided. Michael is first-rate for that."

Simon looked at Michael, and saw that he had thrown down his work and kept his eyes fixed on the little girls.

Simon was astonished at Michael. The little girls were no doubt very pretty; they had dark eyes, chubby, rosy cheeks, and wore pretty dresses and pelisses, but

for all that Simon could not understand why Michael fixed his eyes upon them. He had often seen such before.

Simon wondered. He began to speak to the woman — to bargain. They came to terms, and he made a measure. The woman took up the lame child and put it on her knees.

"You must measure this one twice over," she said. "Make one shoe to fit the crooked foot, and three for the straight one. Their feet are exactly the same size. They are twins."

Simon took the measure, and said to the lame child, —

"How comes it that you are lame — such a good little girl? Were you born so?"

"No; mother crushed me."

Matrona joined in. She wished to know from her who the woman was, and who the children were.

"Are you not their mother?"

"I am not their mother, nor a relative of theirs, mistress. They are perfect strangers — adopted."

"Not your children, and what care you take of them!"

"And well I may. They were both suckled by me. I had a child of my own; God took it to another world; I didn't take such care of it as I do of them."

"Whose are they, then?"

#### IX.

THE conversation went on, and the woman told the following story: —

"It happened six years ago," she said. "In one week these children were left orphans; their father was buried on Tuesday, and their mother died on Friday. They had been left fatherless for three days, when their mother was taken. She did not live out the day. At that time I was living a peasant's life with my husband. We were next-door neighbors. Their father, a peasant, was working in a wood. By some means they let a tree fall on him. It caught him across the body. All his inside was crushed out. They had hardly drawn him out when he breathed his last, and in that very week his wife gave birth to twins — these two children. The poor woman was quite alone.

"She was alone when confined, alone too when she died.

"In the morning I went to visit my neighbor. When I came to her cottage the dear soul was already stiff. At the moment when she died she rolled over and crushed one of her little girls, putting



her foot out of joint. The villagers gathered together, washed her, laid her out, dug a grave, and buried her. They were good, kind souls. The little girls were left alone. What was to be done with them? I was the only peasant woman who had an infant at the breast. It was eight weeks since I'd begun to suckle my first infant. I took them for a time to my own home. The peasants gathered together; they were puzzled what to do with them. 'Take care of the little girls for a while, Maria,' they said to me, 'and give us time to turn the matter over.' I suckled the straight one, and the other I thought it unnecessary to feed. I never expected she could live, and then I thought the dear little angelic soul was more dead than alive, and I took pity on her. I began to give them suck, and as I'd one infant of my own besides these two, I suckled three infants at one time. I was a strong young woman, and had good milk. And God so ordered it that I fed these infants, and buried my own before the end of the second year. God gave me no other child, and we gradually became better and better off. We are now living with the merchant at the mill. I have good wages, and a pleasant life of it. But I've no children of my own. What should I do alone, without these? How should I not love them?"

With one hand the woman clasped to her breast the little lame child, and with the other she wiped away a tear.

Matrona sighed, and said, —

"This bears out the truth of the proverb, 'You will live without father and mother, but you'll not live without God.'"

This conversation was going on between them when suddenly, as by sheet lightning, the whole cottage was lighted up from the corner where Michael was sitting. All eyes were turned upon him, and they saw Michael sitting, his hands folded on his knees. He was looking upwards and smiling.

#### X.

WHEN the woman left with the children, Michael rose from his bench and put down his work; he took off his apron, made a bow to the master of the house, and said, —

"Forgive me, master. God has forgiven me; you also forgive me." And his hosts saw that light streamed forth from Michael's face. Simon rose, bowed to Michael, and said, —

"I see, Michael, that you are no ordinary man. I have no right to retain you

or to question you. But answer this one question: when I found you and brought you home with me why were you sad? and when my wife gave you to sup why did you smile on her, and since that time wear a brighter look? After that, when the gentleman ordered the boots, you smiled a second time, and from that moment wore a brighter look still; and just now, when the woman came in with the little girls, you smiled a third time, and brightened up altogether. Tell me, Michael, how comes it that you shine so, and why did you smile three times?"

And Michael said, —

"I shine because I was punished and God has forgiven me. I smiled three times because I had need to learn three words of God. Now I have learnt these words. I learnt one when your wife had pity on me, and that is why I smiled the first time; I learnt the second word when the rich man ordered the boots, and I smiled a second time; and just now, when I saw the little girls, I learnt the last, the third, and smiled a third time."

And Simon said, —

"Tell me, Michael, why you were punished by God, and tell me those words of God, that I too may learn them."

"It was for this reason," said Michael, "that God punished me, because I disobeyed him. I was an angel in heaven, and disobeyed God."

"I was an angel in heaven, and the Lord sent me to take a soul away from a woman. I winged my way to the earth and saw a woman lying alone, who had given birth to twins—two little girls. The infants moved about restlessly by the mother's side, and she could not lift them up to her breasts. The woman saw me, understood that God had sent me for a soul, and said to me in tears, 'Angel of God! I have but just buried my husband, he was killed by a tree in the wood. I have no sister or aunt or countryman to bring up my orphans, don't take away my soul; let me myself give food and drink to the infants, and bring them up. The children cannot live without father and mother.' I listened to the mother, put one infant to her breast, laid the other in its mother's arms, and rose up on my wings to the Lord. I winged my way to the Lord, and said, 'I could not take away the souls from their parent. Their father was killed by a tree, their mother gave birth to twins, and prayed me, not to take the soul away from her. "Let me give food and drink to the children, and bring them up," she said. "The infants can-



not live without father and mother." I did not take a soul from the mother.' And the Lord said, 'Go, take a soul from the woman, and learn three words: learn what people have, and what they have not, and what makes people to live. When you have learnt this you will return to heaven.' I flew back to the earth and took the soul from the woman.

"The infants fell from the breasts. The dead body rolled over on the bed, crushing one infant and putting out its foot. I rose up above the village, in order to take up the soul to God, when a gust of wind caught my wings, they dropped, and the soul went up to God alone, but I fell by the way to the earth."

# XI.

SIMON and Matrona understood now whom they had clothed and fed, and who had lived in their home. They wept for joy and fear, and the angel said, —

"I was left in the field naked and alone. I had never known human needs; I had never known hunger or cold before, and I became a man. Hungry and half frozen, I knew not what to do. I saw in the field a chapel made for the worship of God, went up to God's chapel, and thought to shelter myself there. The chapel was locked up; I could not enter. So I sat down behind the chapel to find shelter from the wind. The evening drew on; nearly frozen and hungry, I had quite lost heart, when suddenly a sound caught my ear — a man was passing along the road. He was carrying a pair of boots, and he talked to himself as he went. This was the first mortal face I had seen since I became a man; it filled me with fear, and I turned away my eyes. I heard the man talking to himself about how he should shelter his body from the cold in winter, and how he should feed his wife and children. 'I am perishing of cold and hunger,' I thought to myself, 'and a man passes along whose only thought it is how to cover himself and his wife with a skin, and how to get bread for them both. He cannot help me.' The man saw me, knit his brows, looked more fearful than before, and passed by. I was in despair, when suddenly I heard the man returning on his steps. And when I looked on him I did not know him again: before, I had seen death in his face, but now it had a bright look, and in his face I knew God. He came up to me, clothed me, took me with him, and brought me to his home. I went to his house; a woman came to

meet us, and began to speak. The woman had a fearful look, more fearful than the man, and from her mouth there came forth a mortal spirit, the odor of death quite took away my breath. She wished to drive me out into the cold; I knew she would die if she did so. Suddenly her husband put her in mind of God, upon which a change came over the woman. She gave us to sup, and when she did so she looked on me. I looked on her also. There was now no death in her; she was alive, and in her I knew God.

"Then I remembered the first word of God, 'You shall know what is in people.' I had learnt that in people is love. I was glad, because God had begun to make things clear to me, as he had promised, and I smiled for the first time. But this was all the knowledge I could gather. I had not yet understood what is not given to people, and what makes people to live.

"I began to live with you. A whole year had passed by, when one day a man came to order boots, which should last a whole year without wearing down or wearing out. I looked upon him, and lo! I saw at his side my companion, the angel of death. I alone saw that angel, but I knew him, and knew that the sun would not set before he had taken the soul of the rich man. 'Man provides for himself for a whole year,' I thought to myself, 'but he does not know that he will not live on till the evening.' The second word of God came to my mind, 'You shall know what is not given to people.'

"I had learnt already what is in people. Now I knew what is not given to people. It is not given to people to know what is needful for their body. And I smiled a second time. I was glad because I had seen my companion the angel, and because God had shown me the meaning of the second word.

"But I had more to learn still. I had not yet learnt what makes people to live, so I lived on and waited till God would show me the last word. In the sixth year there came two little girls, with a woman, and I knew the children, and knew how those little girls were left alive. I knew and thought to myself, 'The mother begged for her children, and I believed her. I thought the children could not live without father and mother, but a strange woman fed them and brought them up.' When the woman had pity on the strange children, and wept, I saw in her the living God, and



understood what makes people to live. I knew, also, that God had declared to me the last word, and had forgiven me. And I smiled a third time."

## XII.

THE whole of the angel's body was now clearly seen, and it was all clothed in dazzling light, too bright to look upon; and his voice had now a louder ring, and seemed to come from heaven, not from his own lips.

"I have learnt," said the angel, "that every man lives, not by care for himself, but by love. It was not given to the mother to know what her children needed to live by. It was not given to the rich man to know what he himself was in need of. And it is not given to any man to know if boots for one living or slippers for one dead will be needed by him towards evening.

"I was left alive when I was a man, not because I thought about myself, but because there was love in the man who passed by, and in his wife, and because they pitied and loved me. The orphans were left alive, not because they thought about them, but because there was love in the heart of a strange woman, who pitied and loved them. And all people live, not because they think about themselves, but because there is in people love.

"I knew already that God had given people life, and wished that they should live. But now I understood more than this.

"I understood that God was not willing that people should live apart, and that for this reason he had not shown them what each stood in need of, but willed that they should live together, and for this reason had shown them what all needed for their own good and the good of all.

"I understood now that people only seem to live by caring for themselves—that they live by love alone. He who lives in love lives in God, and God in him, because God is love."

Then the angel sang praises to God, and his voice made the cottage tremble. The ceiling opened, and a pillar of fire stretched upwards from earth to heaven. Simon and his wife and children fell to the ground. And the angel stretched the wings on his back and rose up to heaven.

When Simon came to himself the cottage stood as before, and there was no one in the cottage but the members of his family.

COUNT LEON TOLSTOY.

From The Westminster Review.

## THE POETRY OF MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

MORE than twenty years ago died the first great poetess whom England has produced. Whether it be that within this last century what she called

the pressures of an alien tyranny  
With its dynastic reasons of larger bones  
And stronger sinews,

have relaxed a little, and given more opportunity of development and more freedom of action to women, or whether it be from some other cause, it is certain that women have begun to take a place among writers of the first rank in more than one department of literature.

Two years ago George Eliot had no living equal among novelists; and still to-day she has no successor, no one to take a place so high as hers, in whatever different school. Novelists of the first rank are as rare as poets; in our own time, perhaps, they are even rarer. A novelist differs from a poet in the fact that his books should be impersonal; his experiences should not reach us in their crude form, nor his thoughts simply as thoughts. His functions verge on those of the judge on the one hand, and on those of the artist—the painter of pictures—on the other. But a lyric poet resembles rather a prophet; he gives forth the words of inspiration in his own voice, he speaks of human life as he has found it himself, he teaches us by his own experience openly, he pours the vials of his own indignation into his denunciations of wrong, and he brings the tenderness of his own affections into his appeals for universal pity and love. We may therefore expect to find in lyrical poetry written by a woman more distinctly feminine gifts than can be revealed in a high-class novel. We suppose that a lyric poet, who is also a woman, will tell us things that a man could not have known, will appeal to feelings of which he is hardly conscious, will suggest ideals beyond his imagination, or at least give us the inner working of those ideals, instead of merely the outside view. And this is what Mrs. Browning does. At last, after so many ages, in her writings a woman speaks to women as no man could have spoken.

The poetesses who preceded Mrs. Browning, and who enjoyed a general popularity which she will perhaps never attain, were essentially feminine in their effusions. The conception of their subjects, the monotonous sweetness of their verse, the blameless insipidity of their



ideas, marked them out for multitudinous approbation, and also for swift oblivion. Mrs. Browning's poetry boasts none of the feminine prettiness of theirs: the vigor of her style and the range of her views are masculine enough; it is only in the depth of her tenderness and the passion of her sympathy that her womanhood is revealed. Withal, she is not sentimental, while Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon overflow with sentiment. This *sentiment*, at which so many would-be poets stop half-way, never getting to that which lies beyond, is to true passion what moonlight is to sunlight, what reflections in a mirror are to a boundless landscape under open sky. It is the *studio-light* of poetry, or something worse. It is a feeling about a feeling, rather than the feeling itself; it is an emotion excited at the idea of emotion; something melancholy, something pleasing, and also something which is necessarily shallow. The muse of sentiment is no passion-fraught being indifferent to her attitudes; she is but the representation of a muse, conscientiously posing before a mirror of consciousness. And this quality of consciousness or unconsciousness makes the difference between sentiment and passion. Sentiment explains, but passion speaks; sentiment reflects, but passion is. The highest intensity of passionate unconsciousness is what constitutes true tragedy — that, and not the heaping together of terrible circumstances. Death and disaster touch the lives of all of us, more or less, without giving to them any tragic dignity. We can find greater horrors in many a modern newspaper than those of which Macbeth supped full, but they are only horrors; and our lives for the most part, though linked with all wonderful changes of death and life, are commonplace enough. We are instruments too poor for the divinest melodies to echo from divinely, except when now and then a master-hand touches the chords, and a poet shows us how many poetic possibilities lie dormant in our prosaic existences.

But the first requisition for such a result is simplicity — a simplicity which includes unconsciousness: and sentiment is never unconscious; it admires itself; it pities itself; it tries to speak prettily always, whereas passion has nothing to do with prettiness. The great tragic feature of Schiller's "Maid of Orleans" is discovered in Joan's unconsciousness of her own greatness. She has been absorbed in her work and not in herself; her whole soul is devoured by the desire

of saving France, to the exclusion of all selfish considerations. She has never thought that the reflection of her act on her own life may be glory or humiliation; she has not even traced the act to its source, and discovered her own noble devotion. She is so free from ideas of personal greatness that, the act being done and her mind left open to thoughts of self, she is easily persuaded that she has been prompted by unworthy motives, that she has been deceived and deceiving, that she is an impostor after all. The conviction of inspiration, to which she clung firmly when it might save France, slips from her grasp when it can only justify herself. While her country is in danger she has no doubts; the call to help it is divine; she would receive any suggestion of mistake as a temptation from the evil spirit: but when there merely remains a question of explaining her own motives, there is nothing divine in such a need: she cannot appeal to inspiration to meet it: she is perplexed, troubled, and lost by her own humility. This sort of tragedy has been repeated over and over again in great lives; it is a sublimity of despair which has been reached many times in the history of the human race, but only by those who have given us the grandest examples of effort and self-abnegation. When there is work to be done for others, how strong the best souls are to do it! How certain they feel that God is behind them in the battle! But when the work is finished, or their part in it, and they are set to search out motives, to justify action instead of producing it, they are lost; they cannot explain; they did their work, they cannot tell how they came to do it; and so the last faltering doubts of some true martyrs and noble men are made comprehensible to us. Is there not a touch of this sublime despair in the supreme tragedy of the world, when the one whom proud kings have since been proud to call master was dying a criminal's death, after being betrayed, denied, and forsaken by his followers? The bitter cry from Calvary was not, "Why have these forsaken me?" but "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" so giving the completing touch to this picture of sublimely human weakness and suffering.

Schiller's tragedy failed to end as nobly as it had begun, because he was not content to work out this splendid despair in conformity with the facts of history as well as the laws of human nature. He must bring in the vulgar expedient of miraculous interference to justify and to



save his heroine. This leaves us to ask, wondering, "Was she lost then, *without* a miracle?" because many great souls like hers have found themselves in some similar position, and will so find themselves again and again; yet no miracles will disperse their doubts, and come forward as their credentials before a scoffing world. Schiller's play might have closed at a more tragic height if he had permitted his heroine to follow an example which she would have acknowledged as all-sufficient, and, leaving herself unjustified, be content to die saying, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

If passion differs from sentiment so widely in its action, it is not less distinct in its utterance. Although possessing its own eloquence, it inclines to no mere sweetness of sound. The dying Desdemona awakens the heart-broken pity of the whole world by no prettily turned speech. She says "Nobody, I myself," and — adding only a message to her "kind lord" — leaves us to make what we can of these three disjointed words. Something, indeed, we make of them far different from the significance of the golden-colored, reiterating syllables in which much modern poetry chooses to disguise itself.

Again, passion does not stay to explain itself; it is as careless of our comprehension as it is indifferent to its own smoothness of expression, and as it is unconscious of its own justifications. When Juliet has heard the perfidious advice of her nurse to give up Romeo for Paris, she does not trouble us with any confidential "asides;" she does not express any veiled indignation, that we may see, and the nurse may ignore.

"Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much," is her quiet answer; and its quietness stirs us with the knowledge of her despair and utter desolateness more than any explanation could have done; it stirs us so deeply that we can hardly read farther for trouble and compassion.

This capability of *expressing* passion in the very language of passion itself, and without self-conscious analysis or extraneous hints to the audience, is one of the rarest of poetic gifts; being almost a necessity in every fine tragedy, it is what renders this literary production so uncommon. Mrs. Browning hardly attempted to deal with tragedy in its most impersonal and unconscious form. The dramatic faculty was by no means denied to her. We have only to read the "Drama of Exile," "Aurora Leigh," and some of her ballads, to recognize this; but her

sympathies were too continuously strong with the suffering and oppressed for her ever to get free from their influence, and so to bask in that calm heaven of observation whence Shakespeare spoke. Thunderstorms are oftenest woven out of sunny skies, and in summer weather, and true tragedy cannot be created out of melancholy thought. Mrs. Browning's life-experiences had been too sad; her heart was, perhaps, always too tender, to permit her to stand aloof from the passions of the world and to paint them passionlessly. What she lost thereby in one quality, she, however, gained in another, and that other was precisely the one in which the world of poetry had been hitherto most barren, and at the same time the one in which all things about her life, both inward and outward, combined to make her excel. This distinguishing characteristic of her poetry is its passionate pathos.

It is the quality of suffering transformed into comprehensive, far-sighted compassion, in which Mrs. Browning surpasses other poets. Into the profoundest depths of human sorrow, into the utmost tenderness of human pity, into the closest closeness of human sympathy, she brings the inspiring light of poetry. At last she gives voice to the inarticulate yearnings of many generations of loving hearts, whose divinest feelings had never before found full expression.

We have had for hundreds of years a variety of lyrical revelations of all the deeper sentiments and higher aspirations of half the human race, but the other half has been silent; it has spoken by no representative voice in poetic literature any more than it has been permitted a representative voice in government; and there can hardly be any doubt that, as intelligence grows with the growth of language, so also all noble emotion is fostered by the worthy expression of it. Has it not then been a loss to all the generations of women in the past that no poet has spoken from their ranks, putting into words their secret longings after high ideals, and finding fit expression for all those finer feelings which are apt to float hazily above the loudly vocal commoner cares and thoughts of life? These unembodied aspirations are too often dispersed when the first emotional enthusiasm of youth is over; and to be consolidated into definite form gives them a greater chance of survival amid the more tangible things by which they are surrounded.

But Mrs. Browning has done more than this for her fellow-women; besides



giving lyrical expression to all noble womanly emotion—from the child's simple delight in a sunny garden, or a loving voice, to the sacred sorrow of a mother who has given her sons to die for their country—she has also put into their hands what might be called a perfect decalogue of womanly virtue, a treasury of precepts which have the plastic nature of fine poetry, and are therefore applicable to every circumstance and to all time; so that it is hardly too much to say that a woman who studies with love and constancy the teachings of this true and pure woman, is secured against all the meanest mistakes and temptations of her age, and cannot—so long as the constancy lasts—lead an ignoble life under any conditions.

It is sometimes said, not untruly, that we find what we seek in all earthly things, even in poetry; it may also be said that in the best poetry, as in the other best gifts of life, we find what we need. It is certain that we cannot receive anything, however abundant the thing may be, without some receptive or assimilating power in ourselves. It is possible, therefore, that men do not perceive, and never can perceive, the whole excellence of Mrs. Browning's poetry; they do not want, they have no need of, that sort of help and that power of expression which are her especial gifts, being those which she holds beyond and above the general gifts which must make all true poetry applicable and beautiful to the whole intelligent world. It is possible even that had she been less perfect in her own department she would have appeared more perfect in the eyes of the majority of these her critics. However that may be, she stands alone as a pure and lofty exponent of all the deeper sympathetic emotions. Her lyrics are unlike most lyrics in their absence of egoism. Her "I" is no plaintive isolated being complaining to the universe; it is only a medium for the comprehension of other beings to whom is denied, for the most part, the gift of utterance. Her sadness is almost pity; her mourning is akin to comfort; her tenderness is self-abnegation. Out of the depths of her own griefs she digs consolation for others, from the fulness of her own losses she finds hope for those who have suffered likewise.

And for this reason the pervading spirit of her writings may be said to be hope; not the joyful anticipation which is born out of high spirits and cheerful circumstances, but a hope which has sprung

from bitter knowledge and been nourished by mournful experiences. She seems to tell us that if we drink deeply enough of the divine cup of sorrow, we shall find a sweetness at the end never guessed at by those who only sip and turn away. She will not have it that the case of Romney Leigh is hopeless because he has met with disappointment, failure, and the maiming blow of blindness.

From his personal loss

He has come to hope for others when they lose,  
And wear a gladder faith in what we gain  
Through bitter experience, compensation  
sweet.

Her hero wins for himself, as Buddha is said to have done, peace in a suffering world by going deep down into suffering himself, and bringing from the ocean depths of it patience and hope. The one good thing which she teaches us to cling to in a life where few of us can at the same time live nobly and live at ease, is a tenderness allied to constancy. We are always to love, help, and forgive each other. To women especially she offers no ideal of self-indulgence and physical enjoyment when she bids them, —

Be satisfied :

Something thou hast to bear through womanhood,  
. . . . .

Some pang paid down for each new human life,  
Some weariness in guarding such a life,  
Some coldness from the guarded, some mistrust

From those thou hast too well served, from those beloved

Too loyally some treason ; feebleness  
Within thy heart, and cruelty without.

"But," she adds for consolation,

thy love

Shall chant itself its own beatitudes  
After its own life-working. A child's kiss  
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad ;  
A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich ;

A sick man helped by thee, shall make thee strong ;

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest.

It is evident that no woman who adopts sincerely Eve's reply to these words, —

Noble work

Shall hold me in the place of garden-rest,  
And in the place of Eden's lost delight  
Worthy endurance of permitted pain,

can lead a life of trifling vanity, of selfish extravagance, or egoistical ease. And worse sins than these are common enough



in society, sins which degrade many lives into festering sores, and taint what might otherwise be a healthy community. Mrs. Browning's ideal, though approached only by a few, must have the opposite tendency; the world must become, under its influence, a better and happier place for this and for future generations; for she puts heroism before us as preferable to escape; she teaches us that if we forbear to shirk the difficulties of life they shall become our servants, training in us high qualities and lifting us to greater moral heights.

Mrs. Browning has been accused of too much indifference to the form in which she expressed her thoughts; certainly she cared less for the form than for the substance: she would use a poor rhyme if no good one suited her purpose, and her ideas sometimes tossed themselves out ruggedly, her sentences heaving tumultuously with eager thoughts which she was not careful to render smooth and tame. In the "Drama of Exile," however, which abounds with fine and vigorous thought, we find also much blank verse in which the loftiness of conception does not surpass the beauty of expression. We might take for example more than one speech of the "lost Angel," Lucifer, whom Gabriel calls

A monumental melancholy gloom  
Seen down all ages, whence to mark despair  
And measure out the distances from good,

and who speaks to his old comrade with defiant scorn:—

Good Gabriel,  
(Ye like that word in heaven) *I* too have  
strength—

Strength to behold Him and not worship Him,  
Strength to be from Him and not cry on Him,  
Strength to be in the universe and yet  
Neither God nor His servant. The red sign  
Burnt on my forehead, which you taunt me  
with,

Is God's sign that it bows not unto God,  
The potter's mark upon his work, to show  
It rings well to the striker. *I* and the earth  
Can bear more curse.

Milton's Satan is a king of darkness, a spirit of rebellion struggling against divine power; this Lucifer is a fallen angel who still, in spite of his protestations, carries about him the badge of former service, in the involuntary thrills of recognition with which he answers appeals to old obedience. He is what Gabriel calls him, "Spirit of Scorn," and therefore "of unreason;" a rebel against divine love rather than divine power; he

would work the ruin of the world rather than its conquest, and he frets against the smallness of the creatures he has injured, which limits its capacity of loss to so much less than his own.

Pass along  
Your wilderness, vain mortals! Puny griefs  
In transitory shapes, be henceforth dwarfed  
To your own conscience, by the dread extremes  
Of what *I* am and have been. If ye have  
fallen  
It is but a step's fall, — the whole ground be-  
neath  
Strewn woolly soft with promise! if ye have  
sinned,  
Your prayers tread high as angels! if ye have  
grieved,  
Ye are too mortal to be pitiable,  
The power to die disproves the right to grieve.  
Go to! ye call this ruin? *I* half scorn  
The ill *I* did you! Were you wronged by me,  
Hated and tempted and undone of me,  
Still, what's your hurt to mine of doing hurt,  
Of hating, tempting, and so ruining?  
This sword's *hilt* is the sharpest, and cuts  
through  
The hand that wields it.

A fine moral image, which strikes hard at some modern doctrines professing to teach the advantage of the human race.

In the dialogue between Gabriel and Lucifer at the gate of Eden we find in significant contrast the interpretation put by a good and an evil angel upon the same act of divine severity:—

*Lucifer.* Verily,  
*I* and my demons, who are spirits of scorn,  
Might hold this charge of standing with a  
sword  
'Twixt man and his inheritance, as well  
As the benigntest angel of you all.

*Gabriel.* Thou speakest in the shadow of  
thy change.  
If thou hadst gazed upon the face of God  
This morning for a moment, thou hadst known  
That only pity fitly can chastise.  
Hate but avenges.

Further on, in Eve's appeal for mercy to the accusing Spirits of Earth, there is a very beautiful picture of a thing difficult to conceive—a mingling of earthly and heavenly life.

For was *I* not  
At that last sunset seen in Paradise,  
When all the westering clouds flashed out in  
throngs  
Of sudden angel-faces, face by face,  
All hushed and solemn, as a thought of God  
Held them suspended, — was *I* not, that hour,  
The lady of the world, princess of life,  
Mistress of feast and favor? Could *I* touch  
A rose with my white hand, but it became  
Redder at once? Could *I* walk leisurely



Along our swarded garden, but the grass  
Tracked me with greenness? Could I stand  
aside

A moment underneath a cornel-tree,  
But all the leaves did tremble as alive  
With songs of fifty birds who were made glad  
Because I stood there?

A great step downwards was it from  
this queen of the world and companion of  
angels, to the heart-broken woman who  
beseeches Adam, —

Hold  
My right hand strongly! It is Lucifer —  
And we have love to lose.

Only love, nothing else; not even life, for  
that has lost all savor of joy and hope.  
And yet we are made to feel that this step  
is not *only* downwards; love grows larger  
as life gets sadder; devotion takes the  
place of pleasure, and fortitude of happi-  
ness.

The sublimity of the angelic picture  
does not strike with any sense of insuffi-  
ciency ears trained to the magnificence of  
Milton's treatment of this theme; and  
there are beautiful and poetic touches of  
earthly beauty in this description which  
have no place in the stern Puritan's vision  
of the Paradise which Adam lost by  
his wife's fault, and where Eve ministered  
to the angel in somewhat too housewifely  
a fashion. Her preparations to receive  
"the glorious shape" which approached  
like

another morn  
Risen on mid-noon,

were too much in the style of Martha's  
hospitality, to which a later and loftier  
guest, as Milton might have remembered,  
did not accord unqualified approbation.  
Indeed, Milton's own picture of Eve  
paints her as worthy of nobler offices  
than any he gives to her in Paradise.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.

So absolute she seems,  
And in herself complete, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows;  
Authority and reason on her wait.

Such qualities merit a worthier setting  
of duty and companionship in Eden life:  
a creature possessing them might have  
taken a higher part in the intercourse be-  
tween Adam and the angel than was im-  
plied in preparing fruits, waiting at table,

and being permitted to listen, "atten-  
tive," but altogether silent, to the dis-  
course of her husband and their guest.

Among the many beautiful lyrics in  
"A Drama of Exile," is the farewell of  
the Eden Spirits to Adam and Eve, con-  
taining the often-quoted lines: —

The yearning to a beautiful denied you,  
Shall strain your powers,  
Ideal sweetnesses shall over-glide you,  
Resumed from ours.  
In all your music, our pathetic minor  
Your ears shall cross;  
And all good gifts shall mind you of diviner,  
With sense of loss.

Mrs. Browning's muse soared high  
enough, in this "Drama of Exile," to  
chant unjarringly of heaven, of angels, of  
spiritual mysteries, and of supernatural  
visions; but it can also stoop low enough  
to grasp earth's smallest beauties, sing  
softly of earth's simplest sorrows. We  
know that Mrs. Browning's deliberate  
choice was not to separate poetry from  
common life, but to regard the one as the  
soul of the other, and therefore to look  
upon both as indissolubly united. She  
bids true poets, —

Never flinch,  
But still, unscrupulously epic, catch  
Upon the burning lava of a song  
The full-veined, heaving, double-breasted age.  
She tells us that

The man most man with tenderest human  
hands  
Works best for man, as God in Nazareth;  
and also that

No perfect artist is developed here  
From any imperfect woman. Flower from  
root,  
And spiritual from natural, grade by grade,  
In all our life.

Therefore she only works out her own  
ideal in touching with a poetic finger low-  
liest as well as loftiest things; and, just  
as in her hands the sublimest visions of  
the imagination seem linked with tender  
human interest, so do the simplest child-  
ish experiences become fraught with pro-  
foundest meanings. In her "Romance  
of the Swan's Nest" she gives us what  
at first appears only a charming picture  
of a child's joy in a discovered plaything,  
and sorrow over its loss; in the last lines,  
however, we find an interest deeper than  
this: —

Ellie went home sad and slow.  
If she found the lover ever,  
With his red-roan steed of steeds



Sooth I know not ; but I know  
 She could never show him — never —  
 That swan's nest among the reeds !

The sadness of human life is in this concluding stanza. To so many come the best gifts they longed for, when the real reason of their longing — a much smaller thing, perhaps — is lost to them altogether. In our youth we desire all good gifts that the world holds, but it is only that we may apply them to the small needs of our own life. When that life is altered in some trifling condition, the offerings of the universe seem no longer to be of any use to us. In our moments of success we are too often like a thirsty man standing beside a great river which flows between steep banks beyond the reach of his lips. The water is abundant, but where is the little cup with which he may stoop down and gather some ? Better were the earlier days when water was very scarce, but the little cup was still there, so that he could collect a few drops and drink at every scanty rivulet as he passed by. In some such reason as this lies the source of the disappointment of many eminently successful men, men who have achieved their most ambitious desires, and who tell us that they were happier in the days of poverty and struggle.

"The Lay of the Brown Rosary" is tinged with the mysticism and mediævalism which is so popular now ; it makes, however, no distinct attempt to imitate the old ballad form, which is not fitted to convey the thoughts of the nineteenth century. The mixture of reality and mysticism is borrowed, and therewith a certain simplicity which appeals to our emotion rather than our reason ; but this is all : and Mrs. Browning's peculiar poetic spirit never worked more freely in any form than in this one. We can perceive that the details of it are not invented, but spontaneous. When the five-lined narrative stanzas of the first part are abruptly changed to the varying rhythm and dramatic form of the second part, we feel that it is not because Mrs. Browning thought she could secure a certain effect by the change, it is not that she made any deliberate choice in the matter, but rather that this second scene rose before her mental vision in that dialogue shape in which we have it, just as the first part rang in her ears in those five-lined verses, with their chanting rhythm, in which it is embodied. The words of address to the vision of her father, into which the sleeping Onora breaks suddenly

from her lesson with the fiend, are as characteristic as they are touching.

Have patience, O dead father mine ! I did  
 not fear to die —  
 I wish I were a young dead child and had thy  
 company !  
 I wish I lay beside thy feet, a buried three-year  
 child,  
 And wearing only a kiss of thine upon my lips  
 that smiled !  
 The linden-tree that covers thee might so have  
 shadowed twain,  
 For death itself I did not fear — 'tis love that  
 makes the pain :  
 Love feareth death. I was no child, I was be-  
 trothed that day ;  
 I wore a troth-kiss on my lips I could not give  
 away.  
 How could I bear to lie content and still be-  
 neath a stone,  
 And feel mine own betrothed go by — alas !  
 no more mine own —  
 Go leading by in wedding pomp some lovely  
 lady brave,  
 With cheeks that blushed as red as rose, while  
 mine were white in grave ?  
 How could I bear to sit in heaven, on e'er so  
 high a throne,  
 And hear him say to her — to *her* ! that else  
 he loveth none ?  
 Though e'er so high I sate above, though e'er  
 so low he spake,  
 As clear as thunder I should hear the new  
 oath he might take,  
 That hers, forsooth, were heavenly eyes — ah  
 me, while very dim,  
 Some heavenly eyes (indeed of heaven !) would  
 darken down to him.

We may contrast the concluding thought with the expression of the same reluctance conquered, the same selfishness of passionate love subdued, in "Catarina to Camoens."

Eyes of mine, what are ye doing ?  
 Faithless, faithless, — praised amiss  
 If a tear be of your showing,  
 Dropt for any hope of HIS !  
 Death has boldness  
 Besides coldness,  
 If unworthy tears demean  
 'Sweetest eyes, were ever seen.'

I will look out to his future ;  
 I will bless it till it shine.  
 Should he ever be a suitor  
 Unto sweeter eyes than mine,  
 Sunshine gild them,  
 Angels shield them,  
 Whatsoever eyes terrene  
 Be the sweetest HIS have seen !

and again, in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese."

And love, be false ! if he, to keep one oath  
 Must lose one joy, by his life's star foretold.



It is not wonderful that Mrs. Browning excelled in the combination of the marvellous with the commonplace, the unreal with the actual; her habitual thoughts dwelt in the spiritual as much as the physical world; her angels, therefore, could fold their wings and stoop to the commonest offices of life when these were "informed" with love; her thoughts, therefore, could fly high as Gabriel's words.

I charge thee by the choral song we sang,  
When up against the white shore of our feet  
The depths of the creation swelled and brake,—  
And the new worlds, the beaded foam and  
flower

Of all that coil, roared outward into space  
On thunder-edges, — leave the earth to God!

and bend low as her own declaration, to quote again from the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," —

I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.

The "Sonnets from the Portuguese" have been much praised, but certainly not beyond their merits. There is no other such sonnet-sequence in the English language, none in which each poem stands apart so satisfactorily, and yet the entire number can be read through from first to last as a harmonious whole. The sonnets of Shakespeare are less perfect in form, and not so readily comprehensible as a series; the sonnets of Wordsworth on the Duddon are less even in execution and less interesting in subject. Mr. Rossetti lately gave us in completed form his sonnet-sequence called "The House of Life;" but this is wanting in that unity of aim and that ascending scale of feeling which is both spontaneous and excellently artistic in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Each stone of that work of art is exquisitely chiselled, and yet each is but part of one symmetrical building.

This is precisely what Mr. Rossetti failed to achieve in his "House of Life." Possibly he never attempted it, and gave to his sonnet-sequence this somewhat ambitious and misleading title for the same reason which presumably caused Mrs. Browning to throw over *her* sonnet-sequence the thin veil of disguise afforded by the description, "from the Portuguese." Lyrical poetry is always suggestive of personal experience, and an impertinent public is ever ready to seek behind the literary result for the private origin. Such seeking discovers some truth, and causes a great deal of error. The very fact that the tone of a poet's productions

flows generally in somewhat parallel lines with the circumstances of his life is apt to lead the hasty critic astray, because, although the spirit of the poet's emotion may be identical with the spirit of his utterance, he throws its expression into some impersonal form; it is probable that very rarely — it is certain that less often than is generally supposed — does he describe his own position and descant on his own troubles; more usually he idealizes both. The dramatic instinct which belongs ever to the lyrical poet causes him to put forth feelings which in themselves are real enough, in an imaginative guise, and the very resemblance of mood to his own mood, the shadow of his own circumstances on his artistic creation, awakens comparisons which are altogether untrue, because they are applied to detail and not to spirit.

For example, the inspiration of a poet's love-effusions may very easily be traced to the secrets of his own heart; but his artistic instinct causes him to render the passion of love typically, and to strip it of that narrow garb of circumstance which might impair its usefulness to the world while increasing its interest for the curious. When, therefore, we endeavor to work out the history of a poet from his lyrical productions we invite mistake and are guilty of intrusion. No poet is altogether worthy of his high office, who wishes to put his personal life openly before the world in his writings; what revelation is inevitable in the working out of his inspiration he does not shrink from; but in return for this noble candor he has a right to demand that we should abstain from all ugly spying into his privacy, and insolent solving of self-suggested riddles. If he gives us incomplete fragments of story, we must not conclude that of necessity the story is his own any more than when he gives a name to it, and provides it with an orthodox beginning and conclusion. It is one of the gifts of a lyrical poet to behold fragmentary visions, half the beauty of which lies in that vagueness which enables us to fit them into our own life, or into any life. Notwithstanding this fact, an idle and Athenian-like portion of the public is ever ready to weave a thread of biography out of a series of poems; we can therefore well understand how a poet may endeavor to defend himself against such a proceeding by giving a generalizing title to his productions; this must be received as a protest against curiosity, even when it does not succeed in baffling it. In read-



ing Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," it is evident to all of us that only a noble woman could have written them, and that they form an ideal and complete picture of a woman's love from its small beginnings to its perfect development; and there is no need for any one to ask more than this.

The sonnet is a favorite form of verse at the present moment; we may study it as produced by nearly sixty living writers. There is a tendency almost to make a plaything of it, and to strip it of the noble simplicity which characterized it in the hands of Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth. Mrs. Browning belongs, however, to the older school of sonneteers, with whom thought was supreme, and did not yield its dominion to "jewel-colored words." No "affluence of images" confuses the ideas enshrined by her in this form of verse, which, being itself somewhat involved and brief, demands lucidity of treatment and centralization of fancy. It should resemble a shrine devoted to one sacred thought rather than a cabinet full of articles of vertu. A great tendency of the sonnet form is to render the play of fancy subservient to the exigencies of rhyme and metre, and very rarely does Mrs. Browning fall into this temptation. One image proves generally sufficient for the illustration of her thought. Remembering that she has but what Wordsworth calls "the sonnet's scanty plot of ground" to work upon, she does not crowd it with a confusing succession of word-pictures, which can only leave us at the end of the sestet dazzled and uninformed, profanely wondering how many of the similes owe their place to the natural flow of thought, and how many were called there by the arbitrary demands of rhyme. It seems possible that in Sonnet XL., "Polyphe's white tooth" might not have had a share in the sequence of ideas if the language had offered a greater choice of words to rhyme with "youth;" but seldom indeed in Mrs. Browning's sonnets does such a probability as this suggest itself to us.

In many of the sonnets which are most popular to-day we look in vain for the quality of lucidity. It may be described as belonging to a sonnet shape which is informed with meaning in contrast to a meaning which is beaten out into sonnet shape and patched at the corners to make it fit — sometimes with very heterogeneous materials.

If we take, for example, the sonnet entitled "The One Hope" — the work of a

poet who has been called the greatest master among our contemporaries of this form of verse — we do not find either simplicity of thought or lucidity of treatment.

When vain desire at last and vain regret

Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,

What shall assuage the unforgotten pain

And teach the forgetful to forget?

Shall Peace be still a sunk stream long unmet, —

Or may the soul at once in a green plain

Stoop through the spray of some sweet life-fountain

And cull the dew-drenched flowering amulet?

Ah! when the wan soul in that golden air

Between the scripted petals softly blown

Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown, —

Ah! let none other alien spell soe'er

But only the one Hope's one name be there, —

Not less nor more, but even that word alone.

Where is the sequence of fancy here? Is there not more than once a painful "catch" in the thought, which compels the mind to turn back and start afresh, instead of being carried on, as by the motion of a stately river, into the haven of satisfied intelligence at the end?

We begin with two images, "vain desire" and "vain regret," proceeding "hand in hand" to death. Afterwards "the soul" takes the place of these images, and seeks the "sunk stream" of "Peace," but wonders if it may find instead "some sweet life-fountain." Here — from sunk stream to life-fountain — is the first actual sequence of thought in the collected images, and it is at once abandoned for a "dew-drenched, flowering amulet." Then the "wan soul" in "that golden air," which has not been suggested to us before as having any special quality, golden or otherwise, "peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown," the magic letters on the "scriptured petals" of the "flowering amulet" presumably; and the sonnet concludes by an aspiration that only one name of the one Hope may be found written as a spell thereon: but what the spell will achieve, and whether it will have any influence on "vain desire" and "vain regret" is not unfolded to us; nor is it explained how an amulet, although dew-drenched, will satisfy a soul seeking a lost stream. It is also to be remarked that the petals are "softly blown," although "golden air" is unsuggestive of wind, and the wan soul is described as breathless: and it is not very clear whether the "green plain" is meant to signify that the soul has reached a place of rest, or



merely to serve as a rhyme to "pain" and "vain." Doubtless any one of these changes and ambiguities may be justified; but the combination produces perplexity, and the least phrases of a sonnet should be significant, fitted to prepare the mind for those which are to follow.

In contrast, we may take this simple, old-fashioned sonnet of Mrs. Browning, in which one image is found sufficient for development of thought and exigencies of rhyme.

I think of thee!—my thoughts do twine and  
bud

About thee, as wild vines, about a tree,  
Put out broad leaves, and soon there's nought  
to see

Except the straggling green which hides the  
wood.

Yet, O my palm-tree, be it understood  
I will not have my thoughts instead of thee  
Who art dearer, better! Rather, instantly  
Renew thy presence; as a strong tree should,  
Rustle thy boughs and set thy trunk all bare,  
And let those bands of greenery which in-  
sphere thee,

Drop heavily down,—burst, shattered, every-  
where!

Because in this deep joy to see and hear thee  
And breathe within thy shadow a new air,  
I do not think of thee—I am too near thee.

or, again, the sonnet beginning,—

I lift my heavy heart up solemnly,  
As once Electra her sepulchral urn;

in which the fine and fitting image illus-  
trates the beauty of the one generously  
sad thought from the first foreboding line  
to the last impassioned warning:—

Stand further off then! Go.

The last of the three sonnets on the sub-  
ject, "The Lord turned, and looked upon  
Peter"—a widely different theme—is  
unsustained by any flight of fancy at all,  
undecorated by any image: it finds suffi-  
cient beauty to justify its existence in the  
keen light which it sheds on a simply  
significant record.

These poems by no means meet the  
definition of a sonnet recently published  
by Mr. Rossetti. Each one is not a  
"monument" with "flowering crest im-  
pearled and orient." Rather is it like a  
Greek statue carved in marble, clear-  
limbed, luminous, clothed in its own  
beauty, the simple and perfect outline un-  
broken by ornament; so does it remain  
a mental image enshrined in its own sac-  
red niche in our thoughts, to gleam out  
always amid the shadows of memory. So  
indeed, in spite of his questionable the-  
ory, are many of Mr. Rossetti's sonnets,

especially those lately published, such as  
"Soul-light," and "Her Gifts."

"The Cry of the Children," is too well-  
known to need comment. Mrs. Brown-  
ing threw into this appeal for the little  
ones all her unique powers of impassioned  
sympathy. It forms in itself a noble  
monument of what the union of a poetic  
intellect and a woman's tender heart can  
achieve. A certain dramatic instinct of  
realization runs through the lyrical form  
of it, giving to it the same unusual power  
of rousing a compassionate emotion which  
belongs to "The Lay of the Brown Ro-  
sary." This peculiar quality, which is not  
possessed in the same degree by any  
other poet, is revealed here and there  
throughout Mrs. Browning's lyrics, some-  
times in altogether unexpected places.

In the strange poem of "Confessions"  
we find a powerful picture of woman's  
strength, weakness, and suffering. After  
acknowledgments of sin and short-com-  
ings we meet the declaration:—

"I have loved," she said  
(Words bowing her head

As the wind the wet acacia-trees),  
"I saw God sitting above me, but I . . . I  
sat among men,  
And I have loved these."

"If I angered any among them, from hence-  
forth my own life was sore;

If I fell by chance from their presence, I clung  
to their memory more:

Their tender I often felt holy, their bitter I  
sometimes called sweet;

And whenever their heart has refused me, I  
fell down straight at their feet.

I have loved," she said,—

"Man is weak, God is dread,  
Yet the weak man dies with his spirit at ease,  
Having poured such an unguent of love but  
once on the Saviour's feet,

As I lavished on these."

"Go," I cried, "thou hast chosen the Human,  
and left the Divine!

Then, at least, have the Human shared with  
thee their wild berry-wine?

Have they loved back thy love, and when stran-  
gers approached thee with blame,

Have they covered thy fault with their kisses,  
and loved thee the same?"

But she shrunk and said,

"God, over my head,

Must sweep in the wrath of His judgment-  
seas,

If *He* shall deal with me sinning, but only in-  
deed the same

And no gentler than these."

This woman's sins have apparently  
been more of omission than commission.  
She has forsaken the higher for the lower  
standard of life, but she has been true to



her comrades in wrong-doing. She forms a striking contrast therefore to some later sinners in the realms of poetry — to those strange heroines whom one of our greatest living poets, one also who could find a slighting word to say of the moral tone of the portrayer of Enid and Elaine — calls, with his supremely musical utterance,

Those daughters of dreams and of stories  
That life is not wearied of yet,  
Faustine, Fragoletta, Dolores,  
Félice and Yolande and Juliette.

Would she not, if brought face to face with these darlings of a later lyric fancy, look like a repentant Magdalen before so many painted Jezebels? Some modern teachers of morals would, no doubt, prefer a Jezebel to a Magdalen: "better paint than tears," they would say, "and any false and perfidious joy rather than sadness." "Lo, she was thus," Mr. Swinburne sings regretfully in "Laus Veneris," —

Lo, she was thus when her clear limbs enticed  
All lips that now grow sad with kissing Christ.

But the lover of theories such as these will find no satisfaction in the ethics of the author of "Aurora Leigh."

Mrs. Browning brings into her poetry more direct religious utterance than is usual with poets of her rank; nevertheless, there is no dogmatic intolerance to be found in her writings, nothing which lies beyond the sphere of legitimate poetic speech. Her intensely real religious feeling was too broadly human to repel even those who did not share her beliefs; she found lessons of divine love and forgiveness where others have discovered only harsh sectarian limitations; and she gives us glimpses of her faith which must remain full of beauty even for those who deny the truth of the sources which inspired it.

In her longest poem, "Aurora Leigh," we have many such glimpses; and we find there more of the passion of love and less of the passion of sadness than in her other works; more, too, of character-study and of satire on human society. In this book we have an interesting picture of the hopes and doubts and fears of a poet aspirant. Is it not also unique as distinguished from the claims of a poet unrecognized?

My own best poets, am I one with you,  
That thus I love you, — or but one through  
love?

Does all this smell of thyme about my feet  
Conclude my visit to your holy hill  
In personal presence, or but testify  
The rustling of your vesture through my dreams  
With influent odors?

With doubting humility she asks: —

Am I such indeed? The name  
Is royal, and to sign it like a queen,  
Is what I dare not.

'Tis too easy to go mad  
And ape a Bourbon in a crown of shams;  
The thing's too common.

From this commonness she was altogether safe; she did her work, and was content to make no claims; she achieved the royalty, and left the crown to follow as it might. She put into action her own true thought, so nobly uttered in "Aurora Leigh": —

By speaking we prove only we can speak,  
Which he, the man here, never doubted.

What  
He doubts is, whether we can *do* the thing  
With decent grace we've not yet done at all.  
Now, do it: bring your statue, — you have  
room!

He'll see it even by the starlight here;  
And if 'tis e'er so little like the god  
Who looks out from the marble silently  
Along the track of his own shining dart  
Through the dusk of ages, there's no need to  
speak;

The universe shall henceforth speak for you,  
And witness, "She who did this thing, was  
born

To do it, — claims her license in her work."  
And so with more works. Whoso cures the  
plague,

Though twice a woman, shall be called a  
leech;

Who rights a land's finances, is excused  
For touching coppers, though her hands be  
white.

And so indeed, although in her humility  
she has called herself

A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing  
through  
The dark, and leaning up a cypress-tree;

and although we listen now to singers  
standing in the sunlight who make their  
verses sweet with music and gay with  
bright images, none shall take from our  
great woman-poet her place in this and in  
future ages. She has brought her statue  
out and set it in the light, where it stands  
for the whole world to look at; a thing of  
beauty to all; to some a help, a comfort,  
and an inspiration.



From Fraser's Magazine.

## ENGLISH: ITS ANCESTORS, ITS PROGENY.

## II.

## THE BIOGRAPHY IN PROGRESS.

Is it a pity there should be a commercial side to literary undertakings? It is a condition of philosophy, at any rate, however. Dual nature is provided by it; or seems to be. For, given the glory of the possession of the divine quality that allows of the spread of the wings and the free soar, there have to be, in revenge, the mundane traits that link literature on to clay, insisting that flight, with more speed or less of it, shall end in a return to clay again.

It is reasoning, making it certain, that the commercial side of the Philological Society's Biography of English, before final decision was come to about it, had to go through wide and variant consideration. There will be no details of this, here, though. What had to be rejected, whether in the interests of philology, whether in the interests of business, may be in these pages rejected again. It is only what is going to be acted upon that need get presenting; by which rule there is obligation to say no more than that, after many proposals and counter-proposals (the enterprise being prodigious; the traditions of the land not permitting it to become national, in the sense of encroaching on the country's exchequer), it is the University of Oxford, through the delegates of the Clarendon Press, that has negotiated with the Philological Society and Dr. Murray. Led by true academic instinct, acting with true academic bearing, the university left all mercenary spirit behind; the university recognized the incalculable boon that would be conferred upon English literature could this last prodigious conception of English scholarship be reared into life; and, recognizing also that it, itself, held the power to give the aid through which alone the rearing could come, it stands now the generous giver of that aid; acquiring alike the honor of association with the vast exploit, and the grace that comes from rendering a service to English speakers and English readers that will make them heavy debtors to it forever.

And this action of the Oxford University, — or, it may be better to say, this action of the delegates of the Clarendon Press, is a circumstance essentially important. Great prestige lies in it (discarding all suggestion of patronage, this not being intended to be conveyed at all);

there lies in it even more power. For, not only is it, as has been sufficiently intimated in the preceding chapter, that there has never been so immense a scholarly labor undertaken in England before,\* it is equally as true that no editor, whilst being director of lengthened work standing on such a grand basis, ever before was able to gather his powers together with such a proud sense of stability and support. And that it is only just there should be this sense, that it is only, after all, commercial, is clear at once. The utmost stretch of generalship and organization can only be exercised successfully where there are unlimited supplies to be drawn from, where no cavil comes, when, from time to time, there is a drawing; and that it is obligatory that the philological and literary material under consideration should be summoned and arranged, and deployed and utilized, with the utmost stretch of generalship and organization, can be abundantly shown. Take the very first item with which Dr. Murray in 1879 had to combat. It was no ideal student's deskful of neat notes and extracts, to be laid, cherishingly, under bronze paperweights, and decorated letter-clips, on a library table. It was no ordinary editorial communication, even, comprising "copy," and proof and revise, and "make-up," to be attacked and despatched with some sort of short system and known periodicity. Quite with other measurements and other potentialities, it was two tons weight of MSS. and printed pages; meaning reams and reams of it; meaning unliftable cases of it; appalling piles; representing the copying and the burrowing of a host of readers and other workers for twenty years. It was two tons weight of quotations (each quotation wanted, indispensably); of correspondence; of lists of books; of lists of readers; of lists of sub-editors; of newspaper-cuttings containing suggestions, appeals, comments; of pamphlets; of reports; of proposals; of transactions. It was these two tons weight heaped together in sacks, in packages, in hampers, in boxes, in mere bundles, secured by a string; these, just as they had been accumulating in (and very seriously incommoding) Mr. Furnivall's residence; in his cupboards; on his stairs; on his shelves; his ledges; on any coign of vantage where the arriving treasures could be safely hoisted up, or huddled, or balanced, or in any other way

\* The translation of the Bible, whether original or revisional, being omitted from consideration, here, out of its own nature.



temporarily disposed of, till the good day of overhauling and use should come. Being, in this wise, two tons weight of philological and literary property never gathered together before, little likely ever to be gathered together again, it yielded, out of the nature of it, much incident; it made many imperative demands. When one of the sacks of it was opened, a mouse had appropriated it as her nursery: she was there, all her nurslings nestled round her, in comfortable warmth and refection. When other packages were untied, there were discoveries of dead mice; and moulder; and fading ink; and absolutely illegible writing (recalling that burst of denunciation, "Is there no punishment," etc.); there were quires of work done under misapprehension; and quires almost as provoking, since they gave wickedest temptation to linger over them till there had been mastery of every enchanting word. When, too, some of the old-time readers and sub-editors were written to, the applications were returned from the Dead-Letter Office (implying books and quotations irretrievably lost, and entailing attack upon all those books again); or else executors, or other survivors, sent in, in reply, pounds and pounds weight of material more — discovered by them in stables, in garrets, in Ireland, Scotland, the States, anywhere; stored up, they knew not why, or for whom, and gladly forwarded by them to the proper quarter, for the ending of responsibility and for — riddance. And all of this two tons weight of harvested matter, let it be remembered, whether it had already been under the secretary's roof, whether it had to be applied for, and searched for, and waited for, had to be looked at, to be sorted, to be systematized; had to take up space, to take up years of time, to be placed — for all this space, for all this time — where each item should be as ready of access, for reference, as if it had been an item in a merchant's stock, where none of it would incur the smallest possibility of disturbance. At once, too, after some mere tentative survey — in such rapid manner of understanding, it might almost be called intuition — Dr. Murray saw that he wanted a million quotations more; he was aware, in other words, that, notwithstanding all this bewildering labyrinth of treasure, he had only yet two-thirds (about) of what his purpose demanded. It made the question press home, closer and closer, Where should it all be put? Where was the study, the workshop, the atelier — it matters not —

wherein this could be harbored and displayed, and made ready for manipulating (so to speak), for scholarly digestion? Packing away, simple storage, in anticipation of a master's eye, had sufficed (mostly) for twenty years; this was sufficient no longer. The master had come. There must be an assembling-place fixed upon where a group of fellow-laborers (more or less literary, more or less only clerical and corresponding) could be under his direction; where he himself, as a part of his home (not in the fashion merely of an office for regulated visiting), could have ingress and egress, at all hours and seasons, in all moods and manners, for solitary research and composition, for ever-recurring reference by others, and consultation. A word-factory was wanted, in short; some trade premises, where the philological raw material, spread abundantly and heterogeneously, could be ground out by division and sub-division, mechanically, and afterwards with reason; where there could be operatives and overseers parcelled, appropriated; a counting-house department, even; with proprietor at the head of the whole, accommodated so that his genius could yet have its scholarly way, so that his mastery of letters could yet take him as far as mastery could go. And what could be devised? In the answer to this lies a great deal. It points at once to the fact that Dr. Murray's bold grasp of his philological life-work, bold as it is, would be a grasp without a chance of attaining its object, if he did not at the same time, with a powerful ability to identify himself with the century he lives in, more usual to men of science than to men of letters, systematically seek his best aides-de-camp among the most recent outcomes of invention. Thus: there being a remarkably ready manner nowadays of providing shelter and abode for defined purposes, with quickness and cheapness, in any best desired spot — the mode of running up a temporary iron building that can disappear when the need for it is past, and leave the ground exactly as if it had never been — so Dr. Murray, availing himself of this, conceives of an iron library, an iron study; a special structure that shall be individual to his own dimensions, his own convenience, appropriated to the Dictionary and to nothing more. He orders an iron library, therefore; he puts it, too, precisely at his house-porch. His house — a quaint, timber-layered, white-painted old residence at Mill Hill (where the celebrated school that took him there stands



on the high ground overlooking Hendon; where clumps and belts of trees, on high ground and low ground alike, make the landscape notable for picturesqueness and rich *nuances* of color)—his house is just added to, in this magical way, by an extra apartment, and all is complete. The bit of land thus covered was a sunny piece of garden before. It was a part of the village. The small-paned windows of one side of the house looked at it; and looked at a gate that led at once into primitive shopkeeping and close gossip, into all the hot sleepiness and settlement of comfortable and contented rusticity. But now the small-paned windows are blocked up, or nearly, by the corrugated sides of the new structure; by its sky-lighted roof, sloping and spreading; and there is no view of opposite gable and branch-top, of loitering neighbors, of the rare interlude of a vehicle passing by. The Scriptorium,\* become the object of the life to be passed in that tranquil suburban home, is become also the main object, in the other sense, to be looked at from the home; and there it is; in its so many feet of flat dull grey, its so many feet of flat dull brown; whilst yet the uncomely stiffness of it, the uncomely straightness of it, is just redeemed from all of prosaic utilitarianism by the fringe of ferns, self-sown and graceful, that decorate its feet, by the occasional chirrup and song of free and happy birds.

A home for the Dictionary is at hand at last, then — that Johnson, for his nine years' work, would have heard of with ponderous though eloquent derision; that earlier lexicographers, compiling, for twice nine years, under the Stuarts, under the Tudors, would have smiled at benignly, as a gracious dream. Entering the slight door of it, there is entrance upon plain deal. There is an aspect of unvarying, unincident-giving, sawn and planed white wood. It seems everywhere; on the right, and on the left; and behind, and straight facing; and on the floor, and even on the *daïs* that makes the floor of the far part a foot or-so higher than the rest; and even on the wide-spreading table nearly filling this; and on a smaller table at this lower level, where the foot at entering treads. Then the plain deal is plain deal pigeon-hole. It is pigeon-hole, at any rate, along this wall and along that (barring, only, that intermission across there of a square yard, about, of flat, bare

side-window). It is pigeon-hole higher than the arm can reach; going down so low there is need to stoop. It is pigeon-hole, all up and down, and anglewise, of this plain deal screen that shuts off the door, that keeps the inner side — where all is pigeon-hole again — snug and weather-tight for settled sitting. For the remainder, it is only just that much different from plain deal pigeon-hole that it is plain deal shelf; that it is sweeps of shelf; and shelf erected above shelf; and upright divisions of shelf; and sloping shelf, with beaded stop-edge running all along, that books and papers can lie there open, escaping the danger of sliding off to the floor. Utilitarianism it shows again, pure and simple.

But a quick end comes to this quick thinking. The master looks up from the semicircle of open reference-books amidst which he is sitting; he pushes away his chair, and comes smilingly down to give his hand. Wearing his academic cap, he is wearing, even more conspicuously, his academic breadth of courtesy and gentle learning; a couple of fellow-laborers on the *daïs* he has left raise their close skull-caps as he names them; two ladies, at their simpler work, on this lower level, look up greetingly with pleasantness that corresponds; and it is all courteous welcome, all the rendering graciously, in literary hospitality, of the rites of scholarly companion-feeling, bringing the desire to get understanding of the whole, sympathetically, by ready comment and inquiry.

And, without a doubt, the comment and the inquiry may come, after their own manner; for, after his own manner, Dr. Murray has patient explanation at hand exhaustlessly — has even the good endurance, when there is lack of comprehension, to explain again.

"The pigeon-holes," he begins — since he sees these are getting lively noting — "I saw at once that we must furnish ourselves with them; that, in fact, they were indispensable. They number more than eleven hundred now, though we shall want to add to them even yet, as the work gets on; and they hold the quotations, or the slips, as our word is, for them. These are all — see — on uniform sheets of paper, of note-paper size, and they are all now being reduced to a uniform plan."

"And do not think any one detail is unnecessary," the doctor puts in, when the organization requisite for all this brings out some wonderment. "The original method differed a little from mine, in the position of the catch-words,

\* A name that brings a shiver, but it is Dr. Murray's own, and as he is chief arbiter just now of words, atrocious or ear-satisfying, it will have to stand.



book-titles, and other details; and now the time has come when differences must no longer be. For if we do not know where to find quotations, is there any use in the quotations being here?"

Clearly, no; and Dr. Murray continues: "We get as much of the mechanical part of this done as we can, at this lower table; in what remains, my volunteer sub-editors, outside, give me their help. They receive the slips in boxes, by rail. Here is a box — just now in — a foot-and-a-half square, probably, as you see. We use all the carriers in the kingdom; we know all their scales of charges, their methods of delivery; and, carriage being so safe and so cheap (comparatively) we have sub-editors at Cardiff, Kendal, Oxford, St. Bees, at many other places, some as far as Arbroath, and even Rome. It does not signify where our sub-editors live, except that I have not thought it well to entrust such valuable masses of matter to American friends; the risks of the double sea-voyage across the Atlantic deterred me. And all the work is simplified by every one acting under the code of instructions I have drawn up. Did each man pursue his own method —"

There would be chaos, manifestly. There would be none of this absolutely cashier-like neatness and precision that make the contents of centuries of books as available as if they were beads strung on a string. To glance at head after head of the instructions is to become convinced of this; is to have unfolded, too, the magnitude of the field of work they cover, and its deep intricacy.

For instance, here is the first article of the master's code. "Catchwords," it says "ought to exhibit the Typical Form of the word." When this is not so — when, that is, a quotation is headed "abricock" (one of the old forms of the word) instead of "apricot" (in use now), all such slips should be transferred, "so as to have all quotations for any one word together, however the word may be spelt in them."

But Dr. Murray is aware that dictionary-searchers, looking for the word "abricock," when his Dictionary is ready for their hands, will reflect nothing about typical forms, but will at once turn to the columns headed, with the spelling they want, ABR; and he instructs his sub-editors accordingly. "Insert," he says, in Article 3, "blank slips bearing the obsolete form as a catchword, in the places whence you remove the others, with a cross-reference to the typical form — thus, in the place whence you have removed

the slips Abricock, insert a blank slip bearing 'Abricock, obs. f. Apricot, q. v.'"

"Your slips," he continues, in Article 4, "are now in homographic groups (*i.e.* in groups of words identical in spelling, but perhaps consisting of several distinct parts of speech, or even of words having no connection, as seal, *n.*, animal; seal, *n.*, stamp; seal, *v.*, etc.). Go through them and divide each group, when it consists of two or more different words, into its words, separating the slips for tale, *n.*, tale, *a.*, tale, *v.*; for tender, *n.*, he who tends; tender, *n.*, an offer; tender, *a.*; tender, *v.*, to offer; tender, *v.*, to cherish, etc. All slips for the same words will now be together."

Can it be glimmeringly perceived? Can the involutions, the complications, the need for grasp and concentration be, some way, understood?

"Wait, though," says Dr. Murray, as he sees the pause of puzzle and bewilderment, and as he smiles. "Here is a sheet of explanations that should accompany the instructions. The one brings out the meaning of the other. Take them both."

The new MS. contains eleven clauses; some of them with inner clauses. The new MS. says: "The discussion of a word shall contain the denomination, as *n. adj.*, etc.; the specialization, as *bot.*, *chem.*, *zool.*, etc.; the characterization, as *obs.*, *arch.* (archaic or obsolescent), *prov.*, (provincial), etc.; the forms, *i.e.* all the forms which the word has had, arranged chronologically, and preceded by numbers concisely indicating the centuries within which they were used; the history of how the word became English, stating concisely whether the word is an adoption or adaptation; from a Fr., Lat., etc., word, or words, or stem of a word; with such other information as shall seem desirable." The new MS. says there is to be discussion of cognate forms; of obs. var. (obsolete variant); of var. sp. (variant spelling); of irregular forms and inflections of words; of prefixes, affixes, and parts of words; of combinations and compounds; of special phases of meaning or meanings that shall be deduced logically. It says so much, in short, it affords so full a view of the surface and the under digging, of the scholarly knowledge implied by it, and the scholarly application, — the first-glanced-at Code, moreover, contains so long a series of articles more, about chronological order, about lists to be drawn up of historical spellings, about provisional definitions for the editor's revision, about selection of quotations (sup-



posing, from wealth of readings, selection can be made), that the perplexity and the bewilderment go on, straight, to mystification, bringing a confused look at Dr. Murray, and a despairing gesture.

"Pass it all by, then," says Dr. Murray, smiling again. Gladly. It is only for a moment, however. A fresh suggestion comes from the doctor, as if suggestions were everywhere around him, and required no effort.

"Look at the slips themselves," he says. "After being printed at Oxford (as far as the title is concerned, the date, and the initials for volume, chapter, and page), they are posted to our readers, and our readers, when they have filled them up, post them on to us. We have about a thousand new slips reach us every day; and we should have; for at the end of my third year (close upon us now) I must have all the reading over, except those for special examples discovered to be missing. It is so that we may be shut in to the real work, without distraction. Here are slips that have been through several of the stages; some that have been through none; some that have been through all. Let them be dealt with, just as is desired. Yes, even to taking them from their places freely. We only ask that they be put back, exactly as they are found."

There is plenty to pass under examination, unmistakably. Here are slips illustrating "Brogue" for the years 1586, 1610, 1615, 1623, 1630, 1724, 1743, 1748, 1765, 1773, 1774, 1775, 1787, 1815, 1816, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1855, 1862, down to a slip, brand-new, from "Lothair" — with yet "Brogue" the shoe, and "Brogue" the accent or mannerism, all commingled, and wanting extricating and tabulating, that the missing dates (if any) may be asked for, and the surplus of illustrations passed on. There are slips utterly illegible, upsetting instructions and explanations, and Scriptorium ambitions and purposes, at a blow; one such (the title, being printed, lets that much be known) from Prynne's "Antipathie," 1641. There are slips that are those quarter-pages and more, cut right out, ruthlessly, of old books; one being three inches of Holinshed's Chronicle, 1577; another as cruel a mutilation of Hooker's Giralduus, 1586. There are slips bringing all back of the honest and grete clerkes who spoke with Caxton enjoyingly; one illustrating "Embroidered," "He thenne hadde in the mornyng coynted hym self of a scarlette gowne wel *brouded*," giving

the "rude and brood" form with Caxton's own stamp upon it, 1483, from his translation of Geoffroi de la Tour l'Andri; another, illustrating "Embroidery," "I suppose that sayntes in erthe were not arrayed so gaye . . . with clothes of broodery," from the "Dives and Pauper," 1496, of Wynkyn de Worde. There are slips, excellently good, showing their readers' acute comprehension of what explanatory quotations ought to be; ex.: "To Bounce. Macaulay bounced through the open window." There are slips as fully and completely bad; ex.: "Broil. In memorizing lines which worldly broyle," — wherein no clear definition is to be discovered anywhere, let it be pondered over or sharply guessed. There are slips, contributed by an architect, to represent architecture, as beautifully copied — in red ink the title, in black ink the extracts, that the contrasts may relieve the eye — as if each were the under-writing of an exhibited design, with no item too insignificant to get reverent place upon the plan. One Ihon Shute's book, these quotations are seen to come from, as they enforce attention: Ihon Shute, Paynter and Archyteck; getting imprinted at London in Fletestrete, nere to Saint Dunstan's Church, by Thomas Marshe, 1563; calling his work "The first and chief groondes of architecture used in all the auncient and famous monymentes; with a farther and more ample discourse upon the same than hitherto hath been set out by any other." It is an illustration, than which nothing better could come, of the way all artists in their own art, all scientists in their own science, are rallying round the Scriptorium and its master; pouring into his stores their own special knowledge of their own special byways, that what each can furnish shall have no failure, but shall help, at its best, to bring the grand outcome of modern philology to good completion. So good an illustration, in fact, is this individual contribution that, lingering over the careful pile of it, turning to extract after extract (they count up nearly to a thousand), it is felt to be a pity they should lose their painstaking presentability — getting worked in and woven in and out, among the eleven hundred pigeon-holes; being picked out by process and process; treated by every article of the Code — a score only, possibly, in each intricacy of Letter A, a score or two in B, a score more in other divisions of other letters, and so on through — and, some way, this pity gets itself to some expression.



"Yes," are Dr. Murray's words, there being quickness with him to follow the thought of it, "these quotations are to be valued immensely. They are lovely."

For, there is that hot denunciation, "Is there no punishment," etc., having chance of utterance in the Scriptorium day by day, as has been notified. It did not lose all pith and point when Herbert Coleridge was removed from the Dictionary; when Mr. Furnivall could allow his brave holding of it together to relax. It is still being born of new postages as new postages are delivered. Were these written during a drive, and was that drive outside an omnibus? is a whimsical inquiry forced out—once, at least. Other disappointments are encountered, too, and further thwartings. Slips come, proving to be not English at all, but Arabic ("aya-elkhan," and so forth); stray examples come, with catchwords only, and all else omitted; other stray examples show quotations right enough, but book, chapter, and verse forgotten. Others have occasional directions, "For such a word, see such another word," in calm oblivion that such another may be miles away with its own sub-editor, or may have already been printed from and destroyed. The knowledge of which makes it no wonder that when excellent legibility and purpose are received, they should be gratefully welcomed, and thought as worthy of a tender adjective as light after darkness, or flowers found in bloom refreshingly, in an unexpected spot.

"Nothing shows us better how character will make its mark," is Dr. Murray's comment. "And character has broad space for the marking among our good ranks of readers. Our number is seven hundred and fifty-four in all. Altogether, in this year, some sixteen hundred books have been undertaken, with nearly three-quarters of a million slips sent out, and about a third of the number properly returned. And the rest will reach us—in time; for though some readers drop off after quoting from one or two volumes, others have persevered through many volumes, and a great number are hard at work for me still."

"Then, touching this same matter," continues the doctor, turning to a row of sturdy volumes, as erect and city-like as merchants' ledgers of sales and purchases, of debit and credit, of double entry, of—whatever may be the proper definitions of these mysteries of balance and accounts, "these books here may be of interest. They are—simply our correspondence."

It did not seem possible. They were thirteen huge quartos; they were a hand thick; they held over four hundred letters each; they held so many letters they counted up to more than five thousand as a whole, their numbers having been from thirty to forty a day at the beginning of the undertaking, and being still about sixty a week, or three thousand in the year.

"Further," says Dr. Murray, after giving these figures, and sharing in the surprise of them, "I shall continue to collect. These are all the letters up to this date, missing none, that I have received; all the post-cards; all the other communications. They come from readers, from sub-editors, from mere inquirers who ask and who are gone; they come from everybody. I keep them for reference; even for history. That the whole material on which the dictionary shall be built shall be here for any after use that may be made of it, is an essential part of my scheme."

It seems more impossible than before. For, if there is to be this gathering together, this binding up, every year, on and on, as twenty years roll by, it will be necessary to re-roof the Scriptorium, to put a gallery to it, to let it run, crab-wise, into the village, with nothing to stop its progress but that very great unlikelihood that needs are met. Yet when this pleasantry goes, it is apparent that it was a wise decision to let the collection be. One of the big volumes is lifted on to the table, its thick covers are laid wide, and here are correspondents brought together in it from such distant spots as Florida, Llandudno, Copenhagen, Illinois, Wrexham, Dublin, Biarritz, Halle, Fife, Japan; from Tours, Iowa, Ceylon, Machynlleth, Taunton, Birmingham, Llandaff, Mauritius, Indianapolis, the Temple, the Universities, Lincoln's Inn. Here are correspondents who are professors, filling various chairs; who are poets, historians, critics, musicians, inventors; who are canons, archdeacons, army-men, navy-men, ladies, peers; who have attained the distinctions of D.D., M.A., F.R.S., C.E., F.R.I.B.A., F.S.A., M.D. Here are letters in a clean, smooth hand; in a weak scrawl; in a doubled-up, thick knottiness, like an attacking fist; letters written fine and close, in the manner of neat engraving; letters broad and bold; and orderly and disorderly; and on one sheet, and on three or four, and brimming over on to every margin; and written sideways, and written longways, and written on the



inner leaves, and on the outer leaves; and in lilac ink and black ink and blue ink; and on every conceivable kind of stationery—drab-tinted, pinkish, sky-blue, cream-laid, black-edged, yellowish, commercial-blue, rough, smooth, ruled, with monograms, with crests—and a variety more. Then, every communication has been numbered, as it has been received; a corresponding number has been put against the writer's name in a massive ledger alphabetically set out; every letter, consequently, can be turned to in a moment, and the whole of any one writer's correspondence unfailingly traced. Very varied, and very human, are the incidents that these volumes of letters already reveal. "Dead" is written as a sad ending against a name again and again; "Ill" appears as frequently; and "Thrown up; slips lost;" and "Gone; no address left;" and "Promised by end of year;" and "Will send miscellaneous jottings;" and "Gone to New Zealand," and "Gone to Melbourne," and "Gone abroad;" and "Transferred to Mrs. Blank Star;" and "Is not to be asked for more"—petulantly, evidently; and, once, prettily (it is a lady), "Married;" and, more often than it should be, "No good," "No good," "No good," with, at last, to finish with, "An Impostor; returned untouched." The advance-steps of the postal service get testimony here, also, eloquently; since it is owing to Dr. Murray having adapted his methods to the cheapness and the readiness of book-postage, that there can be this marvellous network of despatch and receipt, of comment and acceptance, of new instruction appealed for and immediately bestowed. That America is so largely represented is the fruit of his seizure of the advantages of the new Postal Union, ripe just at his time. During the first weeks of the operation of this Union, the United States postmaster-general was doubtful whether by his powers he could recognize slips as entitled to transmission at the lowered printed-matter charge; but it made so large a difference (notably, in one case, of a payment of 8s. 3½d. instead of 4d.) that Dr. Murray did not cease his appeals till he had obtained a declaration supporting his views, under which the system works now harmoniously. There is, however, a postal inconveniency yet left that is seriously detrimental; and against which no appeal is of the least avail. Dr. Murray, whilst able to receive readings from books thus freely from the States—also from Upper Egypt, Algeria, Stockholm, Am-

sterdam, Rome, Florence—at the same cost of a penny for four ounces as if they came from home, is minus his full measure of help from brother scholars residing in our own colonies. To and from these, the postage remains prohibitively high; it never occurs to our government to frank communications relating to any enterprise, no matter how national it may be (in the manner that the French government of the present moment is franking all matter connected with M. Godefroi's progressing Dictionary); and it remains that an infinity of valuable help, from India, South Africa, Australia—that an infinity, too, of literary cordiality, of the sympathy of fellow-laboring, is, in this way, altogether lost.

"But my gratitude to the Post Office is great indeed," says Dr. Murray, after entering upon all of this. "Very little is ever wrong; or, if it is, it is remedied as quickly as things will allow. Inspectors of the district have been here to see if they can help; and the result is that if any slip-packets burst their covers, getting strewn about the bags, I get them, after a little delay, just the same."

"Will you turn here," is his next suggestion, as a further huge and substantial ledger is lifted from its partition, and put where its clear columns can be seen.

It is a precise record of the books read; listed and classified in as orderly and neat a manner as the readers are who read. It is imperative on the surface that this should be so, and in group after group there is no diminution of the strong interest to be felt elsewhere. Who would not linger at such titles as Roger Ascham's "Scholemaster," 1571, and Miss Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," today, noting the wide chasm between the two? Who would not linger at such titles, and for the same cause, as John Awdeley's "Fraternities of Vacabondes," 1561, as "Conceits, Clinches, Flashes, and Whimsies," 1630, and Allingham's last published volume of poems? Then the hand is arrested—it may not turn the leaves—at Myles Coverdale's "Boke of Death," at Bokenam's "Lyvys of Seyntys," 1447; at "Ancient Cookery," 1440; at Lonelich's "Historie of San Graal," same date; at a poem, temp. Edward II., 1307; at the "Handlyng Synne," 1303—read, this last, by Herbert Coleridge, the ledger says, each book having the number of its reader attached, in case, before going to press, some reference to it should be required. So rich a feast is here, in effect, there is



diffused from it an odor so appetizing, it is well, perhaps, that the master comes up, giving pleasant interruption.

"If literary men," he says, "and students of English in any department, had the faintest conception of the amazing and enormous light which the Dictionary is going to throw upon the history of words and idioms, they would work with enthusiasm to hasten its appearance. For a minor point, there are rare endings, such as *ive, ory, oriness, ure, ency*; there are rare words. All these we are most grateful to get from readers. Rare words, for which we have either no quotation at all, or not more than one quotation—which are, indeed, alleged words mostly, mere entries from dictionary to dictionary down to the present day (only that we must inquire into them, since we have undertaken to give *all* English), I have had printed—as far as I have discovered them, which is only a very little way into letter A—on this separate list; one sent round to each reader. Do they seem unnecessary?"

Somewhat, certainly. For there are twenty columns, possibly—like a very unkind and lengthy spelling-lesson—of those unfamiliar collections of syllables that have before been glanced at. Agamy (they read), algetic, abuccinate, aciculine, agricolation, acroteleutic, afflatitious, agistage, addolorate, allodality, adoxal, afforciament, algefacient; they read anything else that seems a swallow and a gurgle, and deliberate attempt, on utterance, at self-strangulation.

"I ask everybody," says Dr. Murray, as the list is amusedly laid down, "to help in this department. I want as few entries as possible, of which the ill-natured critic may hereafter say: 'The Philological Society's Dictionary makes this word begin with Milton, but *everybody knows* that it occurs once in a poem attributed to Occleve, two centuries earlier.' And with regard to terms used in the arts and sciences, I tell correspondents it is of no use to refer me to Weale's 'Dictionary of Scientific Terms,' or to any similar compilation. I say to them, 'Thank you; will you search diligently for the word where Weale saw it; and when you have found it, send me the slip? I want proof of the word's use, not of its occurrence in a list.' In which way, I am sure that, though we shall introduce errors of our own—since, in hundreds of thousands of references, there *must* be some incorrect—still they will be our own errors, not a perpetuation

of those of others; and that is as far as human powers can go."

"And now," says the doctor, turning to a light hand-basket on the table, lifting it, and running his finger over a sheaf of quotations it is holding, "observe this: it is an interesting basket of pronouns."

"To be followed by a hamper of adjectives?"

Well, no; that is put by as a bright "aside," and the pronouns have investigation. They include *hisn*, and *hern*, and *yourn*, it appears; for each of these endings has a history, and it must be traced. And as a rule, shortness in a word is no advantage; it is extra difficulty. The word *all*, for example, occupied three whole days; *break*, was as much an undertaking; so was *call*; and so was *go*. As for—

But all the philological knots that are having, and will be having, untying, cannot be set down here; space is wanted for other things. There must be mention of the materials that the master himself, and his fellow-laborers, steer themselves by, when they are on the track of a word, and when conscientiousness, as well as zeal, compels them to follow it. These materials are dictionaries of every conceivable sort: the earliest known, such as Baret, Huloet, Withals, Cotgrave, Minshew, Bullokar; dictionaries later, such as Phillips, Skinner, Bailey, Johnson, Todd, Richardson, Webster. There are dictionaries that are etymological, and Latin and Greek, and French (Littré among these of course); and German, and Spanish, and Italian, and Welsh, and Anglo-Saxon. There are many Bibles, also; the edition of 1611, and a Wickliffe, and a Tyndall, and several dates more. There is Chambers' Encyclopædia, of 1750; and Howard's of 1759; and the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and Gwilt's "Encyclopædia of Manufactures;" and the "Pantologia." There are many glossaries: Nares' (of English authors, to refer to editions); and glossaries of botanical terms; of geological terms; and Blunt's "Glossographia," and Crabb's "Synonyms," and Allibone's "List of Authors;" and concordances of the Bible, of Shakespeare, of Tennyson, Pope, Milton. There are the poets themselves—Chaucer (in the six tests); Shakespeare (several editions); Wordsworth, Gower, Hudibras. There are the publications of the Early English Text Society, the publications of the Clarendon Press (a generous gift, to extend as far as Dr. Murray desires). There is Grote's "History of Greece;"



there is Bain's "Mental and Moral Science;" there are the "Paston Letters;" an old herbal; a Dictionary of Phrase and Fable; Bartley's "Dictionary of Americanisms;" a "Flora Scotica." There are such simple books of reference as the Clergy List, the Oxford University Calendar, a manual of gunnery, handbooks of architecture, of wines. Besides, there are bundles yet of books and MSS. that are bound, that are unbound, that are piled up against the iron sides, piled up to the iron roof; there is every item of the working paraphernalia that the business of postage enforces, that literature, on the grand and marvellous scale of this grand piece of nineteenth-century literature, is compelled to gather about it in close possession, so that its purpose may be successfully attained. During the noting of it all, too, the work of the Scriptorium has not ceased, but is, in various directions and diligently, being carried on; and in what follows, there is some of the manner of it.

"Did Johnson invent *concatenation*?" the master asks; causing a reference to be made to see, as well as a smile in good acknowledgment of Johnson's likelihood.

"Was Beaumont and Fletcher read for us?"

As the master really wants to know, this causes another reference; this time to the ledger of books read, and then to the index to correspondence. It is in order that what has been written by the correspondent, as to thoroughness, or as to skimming, may be ascertained.

Then, "I did not know that Lyttleton wrote in Anglo-French, a kind of *Lingua Franca*, did you?" comes a little after; though it is merely for the exchange of philological sympathy, as the pages of a Lyttleton pass under review.

Then, also, "To Sue," in some remote sense, calls up short discussion. A quotation with the "Sue" in it is read aloud; is repeated, weighingly, by those with whom the master confers; it is decided, after some opening of books and careful searching, that "Sue," in that special manner, has had very little existence since the fourteenth century.

Again, "There is a folio-Bailey in Dr. Williams's Library, by the catalogue," There is an octavo-Bailey on the shelf at the doctor's hand; there are probably two octavo-Baileys, to show the marked difference of different editions; it is the size of this one, and its consequent anticipated differences, that bring the comment.

"It will be worth seeing," says the

master. "It ought to be a sort of landmark. As you are going with 'Baret,' will you bring the folio back?"

And once more. "What is the oldest instance we have of Atlas, can you remember?"

There not being remembrance at once, nor yet quite comprehension, the inquiry has to be put in another form. "I mean the ordinary atlas, a book of maps. Is it quite modern, do you know?"

It causes reference again, with the same accuracy, the same pains. It causes reference to Skeat; there being a conviction that in Skeat it is to be found. And finally it is lighted on there; it is pointed to; date, 1641.

At this moment let there be this brief and apt quotation from Evelyn's "Diary;" quotations seeming friendly, and an incident in this account as just and symmetrical as any that can be found. "August 21," writes John Evelyn, "1655. At Rygate was now the Archbishop of Armagh, the learned James Usher, whom I went to visite . . . He recommended to me the study of Philologie above all human studies."

Well, has Philologie lost charm in the two centuries and a quarter that have elapsed since Usher spoke, and Evelyn went away impressed by him? Surely not. On the contrary, Philologie is growing in value and import, more and more; and on taking leave of the biography of English as seen to be in progress in Dr. Murray's Scriptorium, the last look that rests on the novel building is full of regret. For it will have to go; it will have to be uprooted, and slit and sliced, zinc-sheet from zinc-sheet, batten from batten, joint lifted out of joint. When the long score of years it is to be sat in are over (if even it does not split itself into abandonment long before; getting blistered and perforated, by stress of over-good and ordinary weather, into arrant uninhabitability), it will be lifted away and carted, and carried out of sight; being lumber only, and decayed planks and covering, shot into the rubbish yard—to remain shot, furthermore, till it gets piecemeal burning. And from one point of view, it would have seemed worthier if the biography of English could have been written in a permanent library; in one that could have been visited in years to come (as, beyond doubt, the wish will arise that it could be visited: work of the sort being carried on in it being work commending itself to all literature, and all literature being sure to desire to do it honor). It



would have been pleasant to have seen a library rich with bookcases, made silent with thick-piled carpets, made enticing with padded chairs; a library with fair prospects lying before fair windows, giving refreshment to serious labor, as the light varied with the month and the hour, and the good sunshine left and came. From the other point of view, that there is a lack of the finery of upholstery and decoration need not bring too many tears. There is here the dignity of study, the concentration of the life of letters; and these, after all, have sweet flavoring that is beyond appraisement and beyond "quotation" of that sort that means mention in a price-list and market value.

JENNETT HUMPHREYS.

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From The Athenæum.  
MISS MITFORD.\*

IN Maclise's well-known *Fraser* portrait gallery is a group of the popular authoresses of the day. There, sitting round a tea-table, are Mrs. Norton and Miss Porter, Lady Morgan and L. E. L., while between Mrs. Hall and Harriet Martineau appears—but we will quote Maginn's queer, versified prose: "And last, the jolliest of them all, soft seated on a well-filled bustle, her coffee sips, by Mrs. Hall, dear, darling Mitford (Mary Russell)." "Regina's Maids of Honor" is the title of the engraving; and now poor "Regina" herself (the old, fond, half-forgotten name for *Fraser*) has passed away, and who is there to bury her?

Of all this sisterhood none has left a happier memory behind her than Miss Mitford. She was not, of course, in any true sense of the word a great author, but she was a very pleasant one. Her books are fresh with all the freshness of country life. They are redolent of wild violets and garden roses. The sights and sounds, the joys and sorrows of a quiet village, the natural beauties of hedgerow, woody copse, open moorland, or tangled lane, have never, perhaps, been drawn with truer or more tender touch. Her pictures become a trifle monotonous, no doubt, for her opportunities and her genius were neither of them wide in range; but if they are looked at one by one they are admirable of their kind.

But what Miss Mitford chiefly prided herself upon were her tragedies. "And yet at her kind heart sat Tragedy thinking," says Leigh Hunt in his "Bluestocking Revels." Her great triumph was "Rienzi," of which she here tells us that seventeen editions went forth to the world. It was popular on the American no less than on the English stage, and Miss Mitford, who seems to have been very fastidious in the matter of actors, observes in one of her latest letters that it would now have a still better chance, "since Macready has left the stage and his most offensive mannerisms will die out." Some of her other plays were also successful, but some got astray in the pigeon-holes of managers, and for her "Charles I." she was unable to obtain a license, and it could only be acted on the other side of the Thames. The reason of the refusal of the licenser of plays it is hard to guess, especially as we are told that "all political allusions were carefully avoided." She appealed to the Duke of Devonshire for assistance, but he declined to interfere, though, with an eye to business, he begged to be allowed "to retain the copy of your play, to add it to my dramatic library." But it will not be by her tragedies that Mary Russell Mitford will be remembered. Her best friends (and her friends knew how to flatter) hardly placed her on a level with Joanna Baillie, and who now reads the "Plays on the Passions"? Her "Recollections of a Literary Life" will not, however, be soon forgotten, and probably the survival of the fittest may be exemplified here rather than in "Our Village." With much grace of style and enthusiasm of manner Miss Mitford has blended her personal reminiscences of interesting men of letters with extracts from their prose and verse. The book is singularly unhackneyed, and many of the best poems she gives were quite new to her readers. She had a knowledge, too, of American literature before American literature was much read among us, and in one of these newly printed letters she says, with conscious pride, "As for Dr. Holmes, who lives, they say, on every man's lips in Boston, he was totally unknown in England till I published my book."

Hardly less delightful are Miss Mitford's letters. The two volumes before us purport to be rather the letters from her friends than those she wrote herself; but although the bulk of her letters has already been harvested there is a sufficient gleanings here. She wrote better than any

\* *The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford, as recorded in Letters from her Literary Correspondents.* Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. 2 vols. Hurst & Blackett.



of her correspondents, for, as she says in her "Recollections:" "My theory as to letter-writing is that it should be like the easiest, most careless off-hand talk;" and her own talk was always good. Then she was a warm-hearted and affectionate little woman. She honestly believed that no one ever had such an admirable father, nor any one such adorable friends: not a goose among them but in her eyes was the most magnificent of swans. She was insatiable of friendship, and, as love is apt to beget love, many of her friends were really very warmly attached to her. Occasionally, too, she developed a curious hero-worship, and her admiration for Louis Napoleon, of all people in the world, amounted to a craze.

Mr. Fields [she writes] who saw much of him, and was close to him for two hours at a ball at the Tuileries, is quite as enthusiastic about him as Mrs. Browning and I. So is dear old Lady Stanley, who was here yesterday. Mr. Fields says that he never saw such manners in his life, such dignity, such courtesy, such simplicity, such grace.

And there is a great deal more of it. She carries what she calls the Louis Napoleon "faith" to the extent of saying:—

Truly, of all the fine things Louis Napoleon is doing for France, none, to my mind, is so valuable as the putting down of journalism! That vile engine, the press, is to genius of modern times what the rack was of old.

In 1834 Miss Mitford visited London, and in a letter to a friend she describes the people with whom she was particularly charmed. It was certainly an incongruous selection:—

The woman whom I like best is Harriet Martineau, who is cheerful, frank, cordial, and right-minded in a very high degree, and my favorite amongst the men is decidedly that most accomplished and delightful person, Mr. Hayward (the translator of "Faust"), a very young man, but decidedly the leader of the best London society. I also liked much Mr. Willis, an American author, whose unwritten poetry and unwritten philosophy you may remember in my American book, and who is now understood to be here to publish his account of England. He is a very elegant young man, and more like one of our peers' sons than a rough republican.

We hope Mr. Hayward will feel duly flattered by an admiration in which Mr. N. P. Willis so largely shares. But the author of "Pencilings by the Way" seems to have fascinated several people. Mrs. Hofland, writing to Miss Mitford, says she set him down (can anything be

more delightful?) "as a nobleman or as an Oxford man," and declares him "my beau-ideal of a gentleman." As for Harriet Martineau—what would poor Miss Mitford have thought had she lived to read what her sister authoress wrote about "her habit of flattering and the twin habit of disparagement of others," adding, "I never knew her respond to any act or course of conduct which was morally lofty"? The second part of these strictures probably only means that Miss Mitford was not an ardent abolitionist; but as regards the flattery and the disparagement there certainly was some ground for amused censure. As we have already said, Miss Mitford was a kindly little woman and most susceptible of kindness from others. A word of cordial praise, some cuttings for her garden, a present of grapes, almost any unconsidered trifle, went to her heart at once, and she was probably your friend for life. On the other hand, if she did not know you, or you did not care about her, she could be as bitter as the bitterest of her critics. In these volumes of her "Friendships" there are some estimates of men and books which are severity itself. She speaks of Leigh Hunt's "want of truth" and "eternal mendicancy," and of Wordsworth being "wrapt up in the double worship of his own poetry and of mere rank and riches in others." She asserts of Dickens and Jerrold and Bulwer that they are "all, to my fancy, so vulgar in their different ways"; and again, while saying that Lever's "works are so unmistakably those of a gentleman," she makes a clean sweep of various reputations:—

The English novels of these days seem to me more detestable the one than the other,—Dickens all cant (Liberal cant, the worst sort) and caricature; Thackeray all cynicism, with an affectation of fashionable experience; and the lady-writers, the Miss Jewsburies, the Miss Lynns, and *tutte queste*, emulous of the passion and daring of George Sand, without her grossness, but also without her genius and her beauty.

She supposes that Lamartine is "always false," and has an "incapacity for appreciating truth." Guizot fares almost worse, for he is "a solemn coxcomb with a good deal of the hypocrite about him." She thinks

Longfellow has beautiful bits, but his prose is trash, and I confess that I think he owes his success here quite as much to his faults, his obscurity, his mysticism, and his little dash of cant as to his merits.



There is one more depreciatory extract which is too amusing not to give. Miss Mitford is writing in 1853:—

Do you see the *Times*? and if so, do you remember certain letters signed "An Englishman" abusing my dear Emperor? Those letters had a tone of authority which might have become not merely a judge or a bishop, but a cardinal or Lord Chancellor. Well, they were written by an undergraduate at Oxford, a lad called Vernon Harcourt. . . . The letters were inflated and bombastic enough for Tom Thumb; but there was an air of grandeur about them which must have taken in the *Times*. What a fool the lad was not to keep his own secret!

But the old lady's story is not strictly accurate, for the "lad called Vernon Harcourt" was a Cambridge, and not an Oxford, undergraduate, and at this time was not an undergraduate at all. Nor is it certain he was the writer.

The letters addressed to Miss Mitford, as here given to us, are extremely miscellaneous. Some are good enough, but, others were barely worth preserving as autographs, and many were not worth preserving on any ground. The most amusing letter is one from an unknown young Irishman, who says, "Dear Madam, excuse my freedom, but I love you with all my soul;" he is full of admiration, and indulges in a dream of how Miss Mitford might be driven by a storm to take refuge in his mother's cottage, and, "Oh, delicious! to see you sitting at the fireside cracking with my mother, while I would be ransacking the presses for everything drinkable and eatable." Rather a platonic sort of love, but no doubt gratifying, for Miss Mitford's friends were not in the habit of turning into lovers. Still, in 1829 there was a report that Miss Mitford had married a distant relative and been taken off to his beautiful place in Northumberland, and Mrs. Hofland writes a gushing letter to tell Mrs. Hall the good news. But the good news is unconfirmed, and Mrs. Hofland is obliged to ask Miss Mitford herself the delicate question: "I have loved you too long and too well to sustain the solitude which belongs to uncertainty any longer—are you married or not?"

Of the other letters there are some characteristic ones from Cobbett, chiefly about coursing, some really clever ones from Sir William Elford, and some full of pleasant gossip from Mrs. Trollope. Then there are letters from Mrs. Hofland, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Opie, the Howitts, Talfourd, Ruskin, and others of less interest.

A few from Miss Barrett (Mrs. Browning) were worth publishing, and Miss Barrett long continued one of Miss Mitford's truest friends. It was genial John Kenyon who brought them together and who also introduced Mr. Fields, the American, to Miss Mitford. In later life Mr. Fields's untiring kindness was one of Miss Mitford's greatest pleasures. He wrote to her often, sent the different books he published, and never came to England without seeing her. Another American correspondent she also had in Miss Sedgwick, with whom she must have had much in common, and whose reputation in America was not altogether unlike her own. Mr. Ticknor, too, saw her when he was in this country; but the American for whom she had the greatest literary reverence, Dr. Holmes, she never met, and we do not gather that she ever saw Hawthorne, whom she also greatly admired. In one of her letters, however, there is a bit of nonsense about Hawthorne which is perhaps worth knocking on the head. She writes, "Miss Brewer [Miss Bremer, of course], who was two years in America, told Mrs. Kingsley that Hawthorne was mad." Now Miss Bremer's interview with Hawthorne (she only saw him once) has been described by herself:—

I spent one evening with Hawthorne in an endeavor to converse. But whether it was his fault or mine I cannot say, it did not succeed. I had the talk to myself, and at length I became quite dejected and felt I know not how.

Hawthorne's own account of this interview, as told to an English friend, quite explains Miss Bremer's discomfiture:—

Miss Bremer is an odd little woman; she talks very fast and not very good English. I couldn't get on with her, for she threw me off my guard at once and destroyed all my presence of mind by saying, "I do so love you because of 'The Great Stone Face'." [one of his smaller stories]. She told my wife, too, that I reminded her of "The Great Stone Face."

It is distinctly hard upon "The Great Stone Face" that, because the Swedish novelist could not make it talk, it was to be called mad!

There is one story too good to be omitted, and then we must close our extracts. Miss Mitford is giving an account of a conversation Mr. Fields had had with Carlyle:—

"So, sir, ye're an American?" quoth the self-sufficient Scotchman. Mr. Fields assented.



"Ah, that's a wretched nation of your ain. It's all wrong. It always has been wrong from the vera beginning. That grete mon of yours, George" (did any one under the sun ever dream of calling Washington George before?)—"your grete mon George was a monstrous bore, and wants taking down a few hundred pegs." "Really, Mr. Carlyle," replied my friend, "you are the last man in the world from whom I should have expected such an observation. Look at your own book on Cromwell! What was Washington but Cromwell without his personal ambition and without his fanaticism?" "Oh, sir," responded Carlyle, "George had neither ambition nor religion, nor any good quality under the sun. George was just Oliver with all the juice squeezed out."

Miss Mitford evidently tells this story with some delight, for she did not like Carlyle. She says (in 1852):—

In England his fashion is waning rapidly, and I have no doubt but that, like most over-rated men, he will live to share the common fate of idols—knocked down by his former worshippers in revenge for their own idolatry.

Of the editing of this book it is unfortunately impossible to speak in high terms. The letters seem fairly well arranged up to a certain date, and then suddenly the reader passes from a letter of Bayard Taylor's in 1854 to one of Miss Edgeworth's, not addressed to Miss Mitford, in 1843. The fact seems to be that a collection of letters belonging to Mr. Starkey fell into the editor's hands, and he has thrown them together at the end of the second volume. But the first thirty pages of this collection have nothing whatever to do with Miss Mitford, and, though no doubt of interest in Mr. Starkey's own biography, are here absolutely out of place. Then we have an index, but an index so disgracefully incomplete that it serves only to mislead. The misprints—we suppose they *are* misprints—are rather serious; these are only a few of the more important: "Lady Beecher" (ii. 12, 24) should be *Lady Becher*; "Judge Family" (ii. 189) should be *Fudge Family*; "Mr. Payne" (ii. 113) should be *Mr. Payn*; "Sefton Court" (ii. 219) should be *Ufton Court*; "Mr. Nielson" (ii. 156) should be *Mr. Neilson*; and "Gramont" (ii. 232) should be *Grammont*. Then it was not "A. Harvey," but A. Ramsay, who wrote "The Gentle Shepherd;" and Hawthorne's story is not "The Great Stone Tale," but "The Great Stone Face." Lastly, Mr. Kenyon's poem is not "The Rhymed Plea," which suggests nothing, but "Rhymed Plea for Tolerance," which means a good deal.

From Chambers' Journal.

## CARD-STORIES.

ON one occasion when Washington Irving, Bancroft, and Everett were chatting over diplomatic reminiscences, the last named told how after he and the Neapolitan ambassador had been presented to her Majesty Queen Victoria, Lord Melbourne intimated that they would be expected to join in a game at whist with the Duchess of Kent. "I play but a very poor game myself," said Melbourne; "in fact, I scarcely understand it; but the duchess is very fond of it." "And I," said the Neapolitan to Everett, "am a very bad player; and should I chance to be your Excellency's partner, I invoke your forbearance in advance;" to which the American envoy replied that he knew very little of the game himself. As he put it, three dignified personages, clad in gorgeous attire, were solemnly going to play a game they imperfectly understood, and for which none of them cared in the least. Upon reaching the duchess's apartments the ambassadors were formally presented, and then, at her invitation, sat down to play. As soon as the cards were dealt, a lady-in-waiting placed herself at the back of the duchess, and the latter said: "Your Excellencies will excuse me if I rely upon the advice of my friend here, for I must confess that I am really a very poor player." This was almost too much for Everett's gravity; a gravity undisturbed for the rest of the evening, since he found playing whist under such conditions inexpressibly dull work.

Cavour did not find playing an unfamiliar game dull work when he lost a large sum at double dummy whist to a member of a Paris Club. He paid the money with the best grace imaginable, merely remarking that he thought he saw the game, and it might not be such a bad investment after all. The next night he met the same antagonist, played high, played steadily, played long, and rose from the table a richer man by thirty thousand pounds.

Bold as he could be when the game was worth the candle, Lord Beaconsfield would never have been tempted to risk so much on the cards; for knowing the weakness of his play, he carefully eschewed anything like high stakes. One evening, at the time when Parliament was agitating itself about the empress-ship of India, Lord Beaconsfield sat down to whist with the Prince of Wales, and asked the latter: "What points, sir?" "Oh, sovereign, if you please," was the answer. Seeing



the premier's look of annoyance, Mr. Bernal Osborne observed: "I think, sir, the premier would rather have *crown* points!" The prince, taking the joke and the hint, altered the stakes accordingly.

Marlborough was not above playing for smaller stakes, though perhaps the great captain did not play high out of fear of his loving Sarah, who had a tongue, and knew how to use it; like the lady whose liege lord contrived that she should not more than suspect the secret of his bad hours; until, coming home at six in the morning tired out with "attending on a sick friend," he dozed at the breakfast table, and solemnly passing the bread, said: "Cut!" "That's your sick friend, is it?" exclaimed the wife; and what followed may be imagined.

A card-hating wife can upon occasion set her scruples aside. Soon after the close of the Secession War, General Forrest and his wife stopped at an hotel in Memphis, and upon examining their purses, found the sum-total of their wealth amounted to seven dollars and thirty cents. The general being due that evening at a house where poker was sure to be played, proposed that he should tempt fortune to the full extent of his means, and asked his wife to pray for his success. She would not promise; but he felt she was for him, and knew how it would be. Let him tell the rest himself.

"They had tables — one was a quarter-dollar table, one a half, and one a dollar and a half. I wanted to make my seven dollars last as long as I could make it, so I sat down to the quarter table. By dinner-time I had won enough to do better; and after we had eaten, sat down to the dollar-and-a-half table. Sometimes I won, and then again I'd lose, until nigh upon midnight, when I had better luck. I knew Mary was sitting up anxious, and it made me cool. I set my hat on the floor, and every time I'd won I'd drop the money in the hat. I sat there until day broke, and then I took my hat up in both hands, smashed it on my head, and went home. When I got to my room, there sat Mary in her gown. She seemed tired and anxious, and though she looked mighty hard at me, she didn't say a word. I walked right up to her, and emptied my hat right into the lap of her gown, and then we sat down and counted it. Just fifteen hundred dollars even, and that gave me a start."

Mr. Clay's devotion to cards did not disturb his wife's equanimity in the least. Asked by a Northern belle if it did not

distress her that her husband should gamble, the candid old lady replied: "Not at all, my dear; he most always wins."

The wife of Bishop Beadon loved whist so well, that when the prelate told one of his clergy if he was able to sit up half the night playing whist at the Bath Rooms, he must be well enough to do duty at home, the invalided one silenced him with: "My lord, Mrs. Beadon would tell you that late whist acts as a tonic or restorative to dyspeptic people with weak nerves." The bishop's better half would have sympathized with Goldsmith's old lady, who, lying sick unto death, played cards with the curate to pass the time away, and after winning all his money, had just proposed to play for her funeral charges when she expired.

There have been stranger stakes still. In 1735, when Henry and James Trotter sat down at the Salmon Inn, Chester-le-Street, to play a game of cards against Robert Thoms and Thomas Ellison, the latter pair staked five shillings, and the former a child, the son of a Mr. and Mrs. Leesh, who gave up their boy to the winners. A traveller in New Zealand, spending a night in a squatter's hut, was invited to cut in for a rubber of whist. As he took his seat, he inquired: "What points?" His partner responded in a tone significant of surprise at such a question: "Why, the usual game, of course — sheep points, and a bullock on the rubber."

Unless Espartero and his foe Marota are much belied, more momentous issues were decided by the cards in a lone farmhouse at Bergara, where they privately met to arrange a truce between their respective forces. No sooner did Espartero enter the room, than the Carlist chief challenged him to a game at tressilio, a challenge the Christino commander accepted with alacrity. Espartero first won all Marota's money, then his own conditions for the truce, article by article, and finally the entire submission of the Carlist army. Within twenty-four hours, Marota had paid his debt, and the first Carlist war was at an end.

A Mr. Purdy, as the end of his bachelorhood drew nigh, let his old cronies know it was his intention to forswear card-playing after perpetrating matrimony. They thereupon put their heads together, and a day or two after the wedding, invited him to a little dinner at Delmonico's, at which he was to receive a three-hundred-dollar silver service. Dinner done, and the presentation made, the party



made themselves and their guest merry over some excellent wine, and when they thought the time had come, proposed a game of poker; and after a little hesitation, Purdy gave in "just for this once." His hosts had fixed things nicely, and calculated upon winning the price of their wedding gift, the dinner, and the wine. The game went on till long after daylight appeared, but by that time the intended victim had cleaned every one of them out, besides retaining lawful possession of the silver service.

Even the sharpest of sharpers may meet more than his match. Robert Houdin happening to saunter into a Continental casino where a Greek was reaping a rare harvest at *écarté*, looked on quietly until a seat became vacant, and then dropped into it. The Greek, dealing dexterously, turned a king from the bottom of the pack. When the deal came to Houdin, he observed: "When *I* turn kings from the bottom of the pack, I always do it with one hand instead of two; it is quite as easy, and much more elegant. See! here comes his majesty of diamonds;" and up came the card. The cheat stared at the conjurer for a moment, and then rushed from the place, without waiting to possess himself of his hat, coat, or stakes.

Another of the fraternity, after winning ten games at *écarté* in succession, tried his fortune against a new opponent; and still his luck held. He had made four points, and dealing, turned up a king and won. "My luck is wonderful," said he. "Yes," said his adversary; "and all the more wonderful since I have the four kings of the pack in my pocket!" and the professor of *legerdemain* laid them on the table.

"I remember," said a gentleman who had travelled in Russia, "being at a ball given by the empress to the late emperor, on his birthday. I was playing at *écarté*, when the emperor, who was wandering about, came behind me to watch the game. My adversary and I were both at four, and it was my deal. 'Now,' said the emperor, 'let us see whether you can turn up the king?' I dealt, and then held up the turn-up card, observing: 'Your orders, sir, have been obeyed.' A dozen times afterwards, the emperor asked me how I managed it; and he never would believe that it was a mere hazard, and that I had taken the chance of the card being a king."

The czar was as much astonished at the result of his remark as the young

gentleman who, looking over a pretty girl's shoulder while she was playing cards, observed: "What a lovely hand!" "You may have it, if you want it," murmured she; and all the rest of the evening he was wondering what her intentions were.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR.

THE French government have evidently determined to occupy the time during which they are paralyzed in Europe in carrying out a policy of colonial expansion. It is, too, a well-considered and, from their point of view, an able one. They have revived the old policy of the monarchy, and instead of establishing colonies in the English sense, which, with their stationary population, they do not want and cannot fill, are seeking to acquire populated dependencies which will pay at once, and yield abundantly the semi-tropical produce after which French economists always hanker. They have a notion that India, and not north England, is the source of the British wealth. It is a commercial marine, too, as much as a colonial empire, which the colonial division of the French Admiralty is seeking to build up. The government is aware that the French peasantry, though bitterly opposed to any enterprise which can produce European war, either do not dislike or do not notice the acquisition of distant dependencies; and besides seizing Tunis — an act which, owing to the disgraceful mismanagement of the hospitals, irritated the voters — they have ordered expeditions against Tonquin on such a scale, that the wakeful Chinese Cabinet has begun to watch them in an ominous way, and an official denial as to the arrival of remonstrances from Peking has been published in Paris; have despatched a staff of engineers, guarded by soldiers, to lay down a railway from Senegal to the Niger; have annexed Tahiti, which was only protected before; have, it is reported, opened and failed in negotiations for the purchase of the Philippines; have listened favorably to a project for acquiring the valley of the Congo; and are now intent on commencing a conquest of Madagascar. They have nibbled at this plan for two hundred years, and now they not only appear to be in earnest, but they have devised a scheme which, if immoral, is decidedly clever, and which unites the



maximum of chance with the minimum of draft upon the military resources of France. To conquer Madagascar cheaply, it is necessary to have the aid of a native people who can fight, who have no hope of conquering the island for themselves, and who have a permanent grievance against the Hovas, the dominant race, who occupy the lofty and healthy plateaus of the centre, within and above the marshy coast line and its belt of deadly forest. There is such a people in Madagascar, the Sakalavas, who claim, and more or less hold, the whole north-west of the island; who, like their rivals, the Hovas, are of Malay extraction, and speak a dialect of that tongue, but who, probably from some remote cross in the blood, are bigger, braver, and wilder men than their more civilized rivals. The accounts of their number differ, but that patient and well-informed statist, Dr. Mullens, who surveyed part of the island and traversed three-fourths of it, and who had unrivalled experience in the study of half-civilized statistics, rejected the popular accounts as foolish, and estimated the whole population of Madagascar at two million, five hundred thousand, of whom the Sakalavas make five hundred thousand. If that estimate is correct, the Sakalavas can produce one hundred thousand fighting men. The Hovas dread them, for their valor; while the Sakalavas though unable to conquer the plateaus, or wholly to resist their better organized adversaries, despise the Hovas individually, and call them by a whimsical nickname compounded of dogs and pigs. These people, who are, of course, thoroughly acclimatized, the French have gained over by promises of protection, and with a little drill, one hundred thousand chassepôts, some mule batteries, and five thousand men, they can if they please conquer Madagascar. It would be a magnificent possession. It is nearly as large as France—the precise size arrived at by Dr. Mullens and Mr. Sibree, from a comparison of many maps and journeys, being an average of eight hundred and fifteen by two hundred and fifty, or a superficial area of two hundred and three thousand, seven hundred and fifty square miles—it is, excluding the malarious forest belt, quite healthy, it will grow anything from wheat to pineapples, it is as rich in fine woods as Honduras, and there is geological reason to believe that it is full of minerals, besides the iron in which it is known to be rich, and which the Hovas work. The thin population could be

reinforced, both from Pondicherry and Saigon, and the island could, under wise management, be turned into a smaller India.

That this is the plan devised, and at least partially adopted, in Paris, is evident from the semi-official statement that M. Grévy will refuse to receive the Hova envoys, unless they acknowledge from the beginning that the Sakalavas are independent of the Hova queen, and that the French possess an exclusive and legal protectorate, either of the Sakalava territory, or—a still more dangerous claim—of all the Sakalava tribes. The envoys cannot make the latter concession, which would girdle the Hova possessions with protected enemies, and will not make the former; and whether they do or not, will make no difference. If they accept the terms, France reigns in Sakalava territory, and will conquer from thence; and if they reject them, France will land troops in that territory, which the Hovas cannot defend from their plateaus, and then declare the Sakalavas independent of all but herself. If France means conquest, the negotiation is a farce; and we regret to believe she does mean it. We say we regret, because she will spend a great deal of energy for a very doubtful result, because the French do not manage their tropical possessions in a vivifying manner—they over-govern to an absurd degree, and though not naturally cruel to the obedient, destroy the disobedient with too little scruple—and because the Hovas have a considerable interest for humanity. They are not such nice people as Mr. Ellis painted them, being extremely cruel and oppressive; but they are energetic, teachable, and accumulative, and possess an autochthonous civilization which has advanced with a certain steadiness for five hundred years. They have built cities, though only of wood; they have displayed a readiness to adopt Christianity; and though all the Malagasy retain the African curse, the tribal form of government, the Hovas have for two centuries shown a capacity to rise to the Asiatic form,—a despotism supported by an army and by a regular administration, but tempered by popular feeling. Their admirers believe that this might be improved into the European form, and at all events, the Hovas have codified their laws; and the missionaries, who know them best, say they will adhere to treaties. It seems a pity that an indigenous and advancing, though low, civilization should be broken up by violence, as it will be, if



the French persist in their design; and that the only branch of the Polynesian Malays with "go" in them should be subjugated, for no reason, except that France wants to increase her sugar-producing empire. The Hovas are not as tameless as the Arabs, but they will not take kindly to planter administration.

When, however, we are asked, as the *Standard* asks us, and as the missionary world in a week or two will be asking us, with one mouth, to prohibit the French enterprise, we must hesitate to answer in the affirmative. It hardly lies in our mouths to declare that the subjugation of the African Maoris is in itself an unendurable injury to the world. The Hovas are not in themselves a feeble people, but a strong one, and though their best "generals, Forest and Fever," will not help them against their new opponents, Sakalavas disciplined by French officers, they are sure to make such a fight of it as to obtain good terms. As to the feebleness or unfairness of the pretexts used by the French consuls, that does not rest on English conscience, we having, on the whole, behaved well in Madagascar, while the talk about our "interests" and Protestant hopes and Jesuit intrigues is talk merely. We cannot go to war to secure Protestant missions against Catholic rivalry, and the French will not persecute Protestants as such. Those who believe that the republican government of France is going to conquer Madagascar for Jesuit benefit, have a faith which, if it cannot remove mountains, can at least remove facts out of the way; and as to our interests, our interest is not to give France a sense of being throttled by Great Britain in all directions. The English people are not going to annex Madagascar, and it is not their business to protect the Malagasy against an invasion which will possibly fail, and which, if it succeeds, is certainly no worse than the French conquest of Cambodia. We might as well be asked to intervene on behalf of the Tonquinese, or those tribes of the Congo for whose subjugation M. de Brazza is so anxiously pleading with Paris. As to the cry that the French in Madagascar will endanger our alternative route to India, we are sick of the argument. The French can "endanger our route" a great deal better from Marseilles; and we cannot defend the whole world, because at some future time, under some undefined circumstances, it may be more difficult for British ships to reach Calcutta. It would be easier to monopolize the ocean at once.

Madagascar is three hundred miles from the nearest African coast, a channel surely wide enough for anybody, while on the eastern side there is the wide water of the south Pacific. English statesmen cannot forfeit an alliance essential to the good order of the world for such visionary dreams, nor even to protect the independence of a Malay race whose progress towards civilization they have watched with interest. They may regret, as we do, most heartily, that French statesmen should have fixed their eyes on Madagascar; but they can do no more, without endangering interests far more important than the right of Queen Ranavalona to be rid of the counsel of a French resident. There is something, after all, though we may not like it, in the French and Portuguese argument that they only conquer the half-civilized, because the British have already conquered all the savage races of the world. There is no more room for anybody, because of the British flag; and the less we needlessly obtrude that fact upon mankind, the better for our peace.

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From The Queen.

#### ECONOMY.

THERE is a German proverb to the effect that every one has his own way of saving and spending money. As the stingiest person has sometimes a sudden fit of extravagance, so the most lavish man often cherishes some petty economy. People who expend large sums carelessly in certain quarters will grudge small amounts on other items. Nearly every one has his special economical hobby, some one thing he dislikes to see used wastefully. A respect for paper and string are very common forms of this fancy. Editors of papers professing to answer the questions of correspondents complain frequently of the manner in which their querists write on the most minute scraps of paper, and cross their communications, rather than send a whole sheet. String is nearly universally hoarded; to roll up the string after opening a parcel is almost instinctive. Yet paper and string are not such costly articles that the most economically-minded persons should thus spare them. As a rule, the most popular economies are the most useless ones. It is generally in some trifle that the saving emotion shows itself. Have you not all known instances of a lavish expenditure,



combined with a thrifty, all but stingy, care in some one petty item? An amusing list might be made of the economies of the extravagant. Conveyance hire is the pet economy of some people; they will live well, dress well, but grudge every sixpence expended in locomotion. Persons of this class live in chronic warfare with cab-drivers, and are full of ingenious contrivances to save a few pence by walking to some particular railway station or omnibus-halting place. That they frequently spoil a new hat or dress by an expedition through the rain, rather than pay an additional shilling for a cab, is an overlooked consideration; their economical hobby being carriage hire, not dress. Mrs. Gilpin, who, "though on pleasure she was bent, yet had a frugal mind," has many successors. Many persons embark on a costly tour, and embitter their whole journey by a refusal to add a few shillings to the many pounds they are expending; denying a *pour boire* here, and a porter's fee there, with little saving in expense and great loss as to comfort. Their pet economy is to save these little additional charges, and they must gratify their hobby. Our ancestors were probably, on the whole, far more economical than we are. Economy and thrift are greatly praised in these days, but appear to have been more generally practised in bygone centuries. We read of the abundant hospitality of the great houses of past days; but reference to books like those which record the household expenses of the Earl of Northumberland or Countess of Hardwick in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, show how carefully every expense was regulated by the noble heads of the family. The Earl of Northumberland did not think it beneath his dignity to lay down rules regarding the exact quantity of meat, drink, and even of candles and faggots to be used by his servants, specifying minutely the difference in diet to be observed at the tables of the various domestics, and descending to the smallest matters of household arrangements, even to the number of clean tablecloths allowed to the upper servants. One clean cloth was to serve them for a month; but as the earl only possessed eight tablecloths for his own use, the servants' hall was probably still more scantily supplied, and the linen had to be used economically. The allowance of food per head is sufficient, though the dietary of the under servants is of a coarse quality, with little variety in its items — salt meat and black bread forming the usual *menu*; but what

modern Jeames or Mary Jane would live in a family where the joints were weighed out, the faggots counted, and so many inches of candle and no more allowed for the use of each domestic? A century later the famous "Bess of Hardwicke" was an equally careful housekeeper. "Avoiding superfluities or waste of anything" is to be the rule of her establishment, as laid down in the household books that have come down to us; and it is curious, in perusing documents like these, to observe how careful our ancestors were to look into every trifle of their domestic expenditure. From that interesting record of English home life in the fifteenth century, the "Paston Letters," we learn that it was the custom, even in families of good social position, to make their daughters, as well as their sons, self-supporting whenever opportunity offered. The young ladies were admitted to the houses of the nobility to be trained in all polite accomplishments, but appear to have been expected to supplement the sum paid for their board by "making themselves generally useful." \* In a letter dated 1469, Margaret Paston begs her son, Sir John Paston, to "purvey for your sister that she may be with my Lady Oxford or my Lady Bedford, or some other worshipful person." Agnes Paston (mother-in-law of Margaret), writing in 1457, sends 26s. 8d. to Lady Pale, to pay for the board of her daughter Elizabeth, adding a message to Elizabeth herself, "that she must use herself to work readily, as other gentlewomen do, and somewhat to help herself therewith." Readers who have patience to wade through the correspondence of this Paston family will find some curious instances of the thrifty arrangements of the period. Agnes Paston appears to have been a very notable housekeeper. When her son Clement was under the care of a tutor in London, his mother kept an accurate list of his clothing; and when writing to request this gentleman to send her "faithful word in writing how Clement Paston doth his endeavor in learning," adds a string of directions regarding his wardrobe; how certain "gowns" were to have new naps set upon them, and be otherwise altered and modernized. Her other letters abound with similar domestic details, as do those of her daughter-in-law Margaret. They do not, however, give a very pleasant picture of the family life of the period, un-

\* Young gentlemen were in like fashion admitted to noble families, to complete their education in good manners and the habits befitting their station.



less the Pastons were exceptionally ill-tempered people. Elizabeth Clare (a cousin), writing to Sir John Paston in 1454, gives a strange account of the ill-treatment his sister Elizabeth (then of a marriageable age) received from her mother Agnes. "She hath been for the most part beaten once in the week or twice, and sometimes twice in the same day, and since Easter, her head broken in one or two places," writes Mrs. Clare; and goes on to beg Sir John to endeavor to arrange a marriage for his sister, and to release her from the tyranny of her parent. Margaret Paston does not appear to have agreed better with her daughters. Writing in 1469 regarding the boarding out of her daughter Margery, the mother candidly acknowledges that she and the young lady "be either of us weary of the other;" and her dismay at the proposed return home of her other daughter, Anne, is amusing to read. "With me she (Anne) shall but lose her time and move me, and put me to uneasiness." It is not surprising that one of the daughters married a man below herself in rank, probably glad to take the first opportunity of escaping from her home. The "good old times" had their dark side in some matters. It would be easy to cite a long list of great people remarkable for economical tendencies, from Cato, Queen Elizabeth, and the Duke of Marlborough, down to our own days. In many instances some of these individuals exhibited a strange mixture of stinginess and generosity, as Elwes, the notorious miser, more than once gave away large sums in charity. Motley, in his "Dutch Republic," tells a quaint story of the economical views of the burghers of Antwerp in 1577, during their struggle with Spain. The patriots had taken the castle of Antwerp, but the greater part of the city remained in the hands of the Spaniards. As the pay of the Spanish troops was much in arrears, it occurred to the citizens that a monetary consideration might induce the enemy to come to terms. The leading merchants of the town agreed to furnish three hundred thousand crowns if necessary; but prudently mindful of the fascinations of ready money, sallied out on the bridge dividing the old town from the new, and held up purses of gold containing *half this amount*, to the view of the Spanish mercenaries. As the careful burghers expected, the sight of the glittering treasure raised a mutiny in the Spanish ranks, and they would doubtless have succeeded

in their bargain had not the unexpected arrival of succors from the Prince of Orange put the Spaniards to flight without further parley. The incident is an amusing illustration of the hold economical considerations may take on the mind; it is not every one who would think of so ingenious a plan for saving money when treating with a ferocious enemy.

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From Our Own Country.

## MR. GLADSTONE AT HOME.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, the seat of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, forms one of the greatest attractions in the county of Flint, and doubtless will long continue to draw a constant stream of visitors desirous of viewing a locality so intimately connected with one of England's greatest statesmen. The house is distant about two miles both from the Queensferry Station on the Chester and Holyhead Railway, and from the Broughton Station on the Chester and Mold Branch, but the greater number of tourists probably proceed by road from Chester, which is a drive of just six and a half miles each way. The Castle stands in grounds of its own, with a park outside, to which visitors are freely admitted. More than one-third of the entire county is owned by only thirteen proprietors, of whom the largest is Lord Hanmer, with seven thousand three hundred and eighteen acres, while Mr. Gladstone is the next largest with six thousand nine hundred and eight acres, of which many are immediately round about his residence; and there are very few properties of similar extent which comprise more agreeable and diversified scenery—charming vistas can be seen amongst the oaks, limes, and elms, interspersed with pleasant peeps of ivy-covered ruins and mossy walls. It is a matter of notoriety that Mr. Gladstone delights in wielding the axe, and in performing the rough manual labor of the common workman. He has here abundant materials on which to exercise his skill, and if the visitor arrives at a favorable moment he may perchance see a tree several feet in diameter which has been felled by one of the most intellectual men of the time, or view the prime minister of England, with shirt-sleeves rolled up, engaged in lopping timber or cutting firewood, for Mr. Gladstone is in no way ashamed of his pursuits, and has even had himself photographed stripped to the shirt whilst



engaged at his work. His axes, which are said to exceed thirty in number, many of them costly presents from ardent admirers, are, however, too sacred to be exhibited, and are amongst the few things at Hawarden which are not open to the public gaze. The church at Hawarden is at the northern end of the village, and externally is a plain old building, with a low tower and dwarf spire. As almost all except the bare walls was destroyed by fire about a quarter of a century ago, the interior is new, and it is trim and well-kept, as a church should be. The principal approach to the churchyard leads through rather elegant iron gates, bearing over them the inscription, "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving," and passes a venerable yew-tree close to the church porch. On entering this the visitor has almost in front of him the reading-desk, at which Mr. Gladstone reads the lessons whenever he has an opportunity, and on his right the bare, uncushioned, family bench—for in this church there are only open benches, and none of those comfortable old family pews with curtains, where a man of quiet turn of mind can take a nap. In a nook close to the chancel there is a fine recumbent effigy in white marble of Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, Bart. (born September 22, 1807; died June 17, 1874), through whom the Hawarden estate came to its present possessors; but the other slabs and ornaments are paltry and have no public interest. The living of Hawarden is stated to be worth £4,000 per annum, and it is held by the premier's son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, who lives at the rectory, hard by the church gates, a building which has a most repulsive exterior, though it is said to be a comfortable house to live in, and is often used by the rector's father as a residence in preference to his own larger and more pretentious house. This latter is a half-mile away, well hidden amongst lofty trees. There are several approaches to the park and house, of which the upper one, in the middle of the village, close to the Glynne Arms, is the most imposing, and the lower one the most picturesque. There are two castles, the old and the new. The former, now a venerable ivy-covered ruin, is a building of great antiquity, having a history extending back earlier than the Norman Conquest; and it looks down upon its modern castellated neighbor, with its formal parterres and neat surroundings. The best general view of the new castle is obtained from the slope leading downwards from the old

ruins; and looking from this direction, three windows will be noted at the end of the ground floor of the modern structure. The two on the left belong to the library, or "Mr. Gladstone's room," his study and sanctum. Should you be permitted to enter this—which is, however, by no means the only room in the Castle in which books are located—you will find it a room not twenty feet square, neither lofty nor imposing, crowded up with books, papers, and furniture, busts, china, medallions, and other articles indicative of a man of culture and taste. There is little room left for moving about; the ever-growing books, constantly encroaching on the limited space, are disposed irregularly on every side, and are mainly held back to back on what may be described as elongated tallboys, an arrangement of which Mr. Gladstone is said to be exceedingly proud, but which is by no means peculiar to this house, and is adopted by many literary men as a convenient method of storing many volumes in a small area. The nature of the books in this room indicates a man of wide and various tastes rather than a bibliomaniac. The eye does not light upon masterpieces of binding, or upon thin folios which are valuable more from their title-pages than for their contents. The reception and dining rooms of Hawarden occupy the side of the house facing the garden, and just outside them is the gravel walk, which is the favorite walk of the great man when he can get no further abroad. The apartments, as a whole, are respectable rather than magnificent, and many retired grocers have larger rooms and far more gorgeous furniture. Mrs. Gladstone, it is well known, has been a valuable assistant to her husband throughout his life. She has helped him in his work, and shared in his triumphs. One of the most interesting things to be seen at Hawarden in connection with this lady is her Orphanage, a building which lies close to the house, in the stable-yard: and it is pleasant to see the well-cared-for children returning home with rosy cheeks from their rambles in the park, and to hear the walls echo with their laughter. Simplicity of life is seldom associated with persons of great distinction, and so it seems strange to have in one week the same individual shouting excited addresses at the hustings, or addressing a rapt audience in the House of Commons, and then laboring with the axe; or a lady standing on a balcony by the side of her victorious husband, thanking a gesticulating and noisy crowd, and then quietly



returning to care for her fatherless children; whilst it is even more difficult to believe that at the simple desk in the library, which is called "the political table," many of the schemes have been evolved, and the passages penned, which have carried the name of Gladstone throughout Europe, and far beyond.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
URBS ROMA VALE!

## PART II.

## I.

WHEN Beatrice averred that she  
Would die a "verginè vezzosa,"  
She little thought her lot would be  
To live, — a buxom "cara sposa."

## II.

And so, while "traversing the cart,"  
(Like Prior's convict, long delaying!)  
My Valediction finds my heart  
Again, O Roma! yonder straying,

## III.

Where vine-enwreathed volcanic hills,  
Bright lakes, groves, flowers, — a fair crea-  
tion! —  
Teach "uncouth swain, to the oaks and rills"  
To pour an artless inspiration:

## IV.

Where ring-doves, from high elms, their wings  
At rest, soo soft refrains of pleasure:  
By lofty crag, a woodman sings  
His "rich, Virgilian, rustic measure:"

## V.

With drowsy murmur hum the bees:  
Grey oxen pace with languid cumber:  
By gelid fountain's moss-grown trees,  
Goatherds and goats at noontide slumber.

## VI.

Blest Georgic life! Quaint "Works and  
Days!"  
Enchanted scenes of rural story,  
By Mantuan Bucolic lays  
Ennobled with a sylvan glory!

## VII.

The Pincian. — What golden light!  
What verdant palms! What fountains  
gleaming!  
All Rome beneath. — A lovely site  
For "passeggiare," and day-dreaming.

## VIII.

How oft I quit my pen and desk  
To wander o'er the healthful Pincian,  
'Mid scenery Peruginesque,  
And almost Lionardo Vincian!

## IX.

Favonian Zephyrs to the pines  
Carol and whisper. As Day closes,  
They faint, and fail. The Sun declines  
In splendor, and a "waste of roses:" —

## X.

Such roses as, to mortal eye,  
Bloom only at sweet Morn and Even:  
When portals, opened in the sky,  
Display some forms and hues of Heaven.

## XI.

Bursts from yon domes and towers, afar,  
"AVE MARIA!" softly pealing:  
Planet on planet, star on star,  
The hyacinthine Night revealing.

## XII.

Then, too, — as one supremely sings, —  
O'er men who sail upon the ocean,  
And dear friends parted, twilight flings  
A lengthening shade of soft emotion:

## XIII.

And pilgrim, freshly on his way,  
Love-stricken, halts: and listens, sighing,  
To far-off chime, which seems to say, —  
"I mourn, for lovely Day a-dying."

## XIV.

Thus, o'er my bosom steals the power  
Of sweet, of saddened recollection:  
It is, (Be still, my heart!) the hour  
That brings me — prandial refection!

## XV.

Egeria's "Elysian" Well —  
I grieve to state — is not the true one:  
Some pestilent Reformers tell  
That they have found a truer new one:

## XVI.

But 'tis the Fountain Byron saw:  
And charming lines he wrote about it: —  
Where ancient error rules the law,  
"Take it in faith: and nothing doubt it."

## XVII.

"The Paip, that Pagan fu' o' pride,"  
(Stern but Time-honored designation!)  
Still forges, fast by Tiber's side,  
His bolts of excommunication:

## XVIII.

Still wons in great and stately house:  
Still fasts, and feasts, on goodly diet:  
So doth, in ancient cheese, a mouse  
Possess her little soul in quiet.

## XIX.

Yet in these days, when actions rude  
Are ministers of faith unstable,  
Unblest invaders may intrude,  
And realize a feline fable!



## XX.

The Cardinals. — Wellnigh has ceased  
 Their pageantry. In hosen scarlet,  
 Their ghosts "do sometimes walk;" released  
 From sable team, and tinselled varlet,

## XXI.

Not that ambition is at rest  
 In those disfranchised "Cardellini:"  
 But Time the floods has much repressed,  
 The golden floods, — of the "quattrini."

## XXII.

Their rank doth but exemplify  
 A quite un-Apostolic fiction:  
 Rich Princes, preaching poverty, —  
 O covetous self-contradiction!

## XXIII.

Go, let them study what they preach,  
 In simpler faith, though trapped less finely;  
 And, practising the rules they teach,  
 Be held to teach them more divinely.

## XXIV.

The Quirinale. — Who may sing  
 The splendors of a Presentation  
 To anti-Papal Queen, or King, —  
 A Regal "Beatification"?

## XXV.

Not for uncourtly Muse be theme  
 To courtly spirits so entrancing:  
 Flowers, gems, girandole: a dream  
 That ends in Royal Balls, and dancing.

## XXVI.

We may not hymn the charms that lie  
 In Court-plumes, trains, and jewelled  
 dresses;  
 The rosy smile, the beaming eye,  
 And Beauty's thousand gracefulnesses.

## XXVII.

What Ribbons, Crosses, Stars, men wore,  
 Transcend our might of numeration:  
 How much distinguished, one, who bore  
 The Order of — "No Decoration"!

## XXVIII.

Nor may uncourtly pen recount  
 The banquets of that kingly table:  
 Too infinite were such account,  
 Of items too illimitable.

## XXIX.

Wild boar, from far Venafran woods,  
 Whence, Regulus! thine honor tore thee,  
 When sweet Tarentine solitudes  
 Bade thee farewell, — grim Death before  
 thee!

## XXX.

Peacocks, "in all their pride" of place,  
 Tricked with each iridescent feather:  
 All 'cates that luxury and grace  
 Consummately could heap together.

## XXXI.

From Gaul, her blushing, foaming wine,  
 To vie with vintages more classic;  
 And flasks from Xeres, and the Rhine,  
 Rivalled Falernian, and Massic.

## XXXII.

The Artists. — Full of hope, joy, youth,  
 They dwell and dream in realms romantic:  
 Seeking for Loveliness and Truth  
 In living Nature, and — "the Antic."

## XXXIII.

Illumined by the rays that Time  
 Has poured on Rome's emblazoned pages,  
 They study, by such light sublime,  
 The fairest forms of all the Ages:

## XXXIV.

With instinct such as lends the bee  
 Her wise, industrious perception,  
 In every opening bud they see  
 New flowers of further sweet conception:

## XXXV.

In bright poetic fields they toil:  
 They reap the harvests of old story:  
 And, bearing home their fruitful spoil,  
 They earn, at eve, a blameless glory.

## XXXVI.

So, when the Carnival draws nigh,  
 Their well-devised, artistic dresses,  
 Masques, Cars, Balls, "Properties," may vie  
 With its most Lupercalian messes.

## XXXVII.

Due honor to each ardent mind  
 That strives with such high aims before it:  
 And may its labor surely find  
 Fit guerdon of renown shed o'er it!

## XXXVIII.

When wearied with our round of space,  
 A warm old predilection sends us  
 To that convenient resting-place,  
 Which "Bocca di Leone" lends us:

## XXXIX.

And thus, on Rome's historic page,  
 With Remus, Romulus, Rienzi,  
 The Muse, in this loquacious age,  
 Might grave the merits of — Silenzi!

J. P. M.



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

I. HENRY ERSKINE AND HIS TIMES, . . .	<i>Quarterly Review,</i> . . .	451
II. THE STORY OF JAMES BARKER. A Tale of the Congo Coast, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . .	473
III. SOME POINTS IN AMERICAN SPEECH AND CUSTOMS. By Edward A. Freeman, . . .	<i>Longman's Magazine,</i> . . .	483
IV. SIX WEEKS IN SORRENTO AND ISCHIA— BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE, . . . .	<i>Golden Hours,</i> . . . . .	493
V. THE LAST OF THE GEORGES, . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	498
VI. WHAT MAKES LITERATURE POPULAR? . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	505
VII. LIVING CHESS, . . . . .	<i>All The Year Round,</i> . . .	507
VIII. ROLLING-STONE RAMBLES, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	509

## POETRY.

SONNETS FROM THE CHANNEL, . . . .	450	A LESSON TO THE BRITISH LION, . . .	450
VIGNETTE, . . . . .	450	AN EPITAPH WITHOUT A NAME, . . .	450
MISCELLANY, . . . . .			512

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## SONNETS FROM THE CHANNEL.

## I.

WE are in the "Colored Caves" the sea-maid  
built;

Her walls are stained above yon lonely fern,  
For she must fly at every tide's return,  
And all her sea-tints round the walls are spilt.  
Outside behold the bay, each headland gilt  
With morning's gold; far off the foam-  
wreaths burn

Like fiery snakes, while here the sweet waves  
yearn

Up sands as soft as Avon's sacred silt.

And smell the sea! No breath from wood or  
field,

No scent of may or rose or eglantine,  
Cuts off the old life where cities suffer and  
pine,

Shuts the dark house where Memory stands  
revealed,

Calms the vexed spirit, balms a sorrow un-  
healed,

Like scent of seaweed rich of morn. and  
brine.

## II.

As if the spring's fresh groves should change  
and shake

To dark green woods of cedar or terebinth,  
Then break to bloom of amorous hyacinth,

So 'neath us changed the waves, rising to take  
Each kiss of color from each cloud and flake;

But this our tire-room, this wild labyrinth  
Of sea-wrought column, arch, and granite  
plinth,

Shows how the sea's fine rage dares make and  
break.

Young with the youth the immortal brine can  
lend,

Our glowing limbs, with these bright drops  
empearled,

Seem born anew, and in your eyes, dear friend,  
Rare pictures shine—like faery flags un-  
furled—

Of Child-land, where the roofs of rainbows  
bend

Over the golden wonders of the world.

THEODORE WATTS.

Petit Bot Bay, Guernsey.

Athenæum.

## VIGNETTE.

THE long waves wash the strand, the fog lies  
low,

A moaning wind soft croons along the coast,  
And, white and gleaming like a new-made  
ghost,

The seagull flaps along, heavy and slow,  
Then fades in the grey mist. Aye to and fro

The scented seaweed, twined around yon post,  
Floats, falls, then rises, until we almost  
Deem that a mermaid calls on us to go

And join her court. The earth, the sea, the  
sky,

Are one drear tint; then round me as I dream,  
Dead days arise and hold me in their arms,  
And whisper me: All men are born to die,  
And dawn is naught save presage of the gleam  
That kills our clay, e'en while it gilds her  
charms.

All the Year Round.

## A LESSON TO THE BRITISH LION.

To Matthew Arnold hark,

With both ears all avidity;

That Matthew—a man of mark—

Says, "Cultivate Lucidity."

"Civil Courage" the Germans lack;

(Query—what can mean that quiddity?)

But England's especial drawback

Is a certain want of "Lucidity."

In "Morality" France most fails

To exemplify rigidity;

The defect that England ails

Must be owned to be "Lucidity."

The Salvation Army shines

In devoted intrepidity;

But the fault of its valiant lines

Is the foible of no Lucidity.

The Puseyite phalanx glows

With a most intense calidity;

But the heat of the movement throws

Not a gleam or spark of Lucidity.

There is genius, love, charm, no doubt,

In Ritualistic floridity,

But what would have snuffed it out

Would have been a ray of Lucidity.

Roast beef is excellent meat,

Of most extreme sapidity;

Plum-pudding is nice to eat,

But it doesn't produce Lucidity.

John Bull is a worthy old wight,

Though he sometimes behaves with stupidity,

Uninspired with Sweetness and Light,

And, in short, nearly void of Lucidity.

Punch.

## AN EPITAPH WITHOUT A NAME.

I HAD a Name. A wreath of woven air,

A wreath of Letters blended, none knew why,

Floated, a vocal phantom, here and there,

For one brief season, like the dragon-fly,

That flecks the noontide beam,

Flickering o'er downward, forest-darkened  
stream.

What word those Letters shaped I tell you  
not:

Wherefore should such this maiden marble  
blot?

Faint echo, last and least, of foolish Fame,

I am a Soul; nor care to have a Name.

The Month.

AUBREY DE VERE.



From The Quarterly Review.

# HENRY ERSKINE AND HIS TIMES.\*

THE Erskines, Henry and Thomas, who made the name famous, will be admitted on all hands to have been an extraordinary pair of brothers, and those who knew them best would have been puzzled to declare which was the more richly gifted of the two. The younger, Thomas, was haply superior in eloquence: the elder, Henry, was certainly pre-eminent in learning and wit. In 1806, Thomas, the undisputed leader of the English bar, was elevated to the peerage and the wool-sack. About the same time, Henry, after filling a corresponding position at the Scotch bar, was made lord advocate, and attended a *levée* at St. James's where he was questioned as to his professional gains by George III. "Not so rich as Tom, eh? not so rich as Tom?" "Your Majesty," was the reply, "will please to remember that my brother has been playing at the guinea table and I at the shilling one." The reply would be equally apposite should it be asked, why is he less known to fame. He was restricted to a narrower field of action, to a more confined arena. Lofty and well-founded as were and are the pretensions of the northern Athens, the scene of his forensic and social triumphs, it was a provincial capital at best; and the fame it conferred, independently of durable works in literature or science, was local and transitory, speedily to become traditional. There is no collected edition or report of Henry Erskine's speeches, no authentic record of his sayings or doings, and the once vivid impressions of his contemporaries survive only in the memories of the succeeding generation, a generation that knew him not.

Under these circumstances the highest credit is due to Colonel Fergusson for the conception and execution of the work before us, in which he has not only placed

the celebrity of his hero on a solid basis, but has lighted up anew the times in which he flourished and supplied a variety of curious incidental traits of the Erskine family, their connections, and their race. Fortunately he had a large store of materials to draw upon, in the shape of notes left by the late Lord Buchan (Henry Erskine's son), who kept constantly in view the probability that a complete memoir of his father, to which he felt unequal, would some time or other be produced.

Lord Erskine was fond of alluding to his ancestors, and once, on a trial relating to a patent for a knee-buckle, he held it up to the jury, exclaiming, "How would my ancestors have admired this specimen of ingenuity!" Mingay, who was opposed to him, replied: "Gentlemen, you heard to-day of my learned friend's ancestors and of their probable astonishment at his knee-buckle. But, gentlemen, I can assure you that their astonishment would have been equally great at his breeches." The hit told, but in point of fact Erskine's ancestors, being Lowlanders, were not unacquainted with breeches. The name is derived from the barony of Erskine in Renfrewshire, where they were settled as far back as tradition or history can read. The earldom of Mar, the origin of which (according to Lord Hailes) is lost in the mists of antiquity, was one of their hereditary dignities, and the father of the subject of this biography was the tenth Earl of Buchan.

Referring to their intermarriages with royal or illustrious houses at home and abroad—with the Bourbons and Stewarts, the Viscontis, Della Scalas, Dorias, Lenoxes, Fairfaxes, and Stairs—a learned professor, quoted by Colonel Fergusson, remarks that "if there be any faith to be placed in the theory of the inheritance of mental qualities, especially through the female line, we should expect to see here, following this scheme of descent, true genius or great eccentricity—perhaps both." The professor's expectation or inference will be found in strict accordance with the facts, for whilst the two most distinguished brothers were giving ample proofs of genius, the eldest, the eleventh earl of Buchan, also a man

\* *The Honorable Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate for Scotland, with Notices of certain of his Kinsfolk and of his Time. Compiled from Family Papers and other sources of information.* By Lieut.-Colonel Alex. Fergusson, late of the Staff of Her Majesty's Indian Army. Edinburgh and London. 1882.



of mark, was attracting his full share of public attention by eccentricity. He was expatiating to the Duchess of Gordon on the abilities of his family, when she cut him short with: "My lord, I have always heard that the wit came by the mother's side and was settled on the younger children." The tenth earl, the father, was a commonplace man, but the mother was a woman of powerful intellect which had been cultivated to a high degree of excellence. She had studied mathematics under Colin Maclaurin, the friend of Sir Isaac Newton. "To such accomplishments were added an elegant taste, with brilliant imagination, almost genius, and (above all) an eminent and earnest piety."

The three sons of this lady were born respectively: David Henry (Lord Cardross in his father's lifetime and afterwards Earl of Buchan) in 1742; Henry, November 1st, 1746; Thomas, January 10th, 1749. The fortunes of the family were by no means in a flourishing state, and the first virtue which this estimable lady was called on to practise was economy. But Lord Campbell (in his "Life of Lord Erskine") has clearly been guilty of exaggeration, with the view to contrast, when he represents the trio as born in an elevated flat at the head of Gray's Close in Edinburgh, and reared principally on oatmeal. Colonel Fergusson, indignantly repudiating the notion of degrading imppecuniosity, asserts that the house (still to be seen) was one of some pretension, although the family may not have occupied the whole of it, and asks whether it be necessary to assert that oatmeal porridge is no sign of poverty in Scotland? "Had the biographer forgotten, during his long residence in England, the many virtues of that food? What better combination, or more likely to breed up a dean of faculty, or lord advocate? There is deep wisdom, for those who can receive it, in the myth which tells how *Mimung*, the great Sword of the North, attained its unparalleled sharpness from being tempered with *milk and oatmeal*."

The three lads were brought up together, and we find them in early boyhood at the country house of Uphall, where "in a small room over the stables" they were

educated under a tutor named Buchanan. They were affectionately attached to each other, and continued so through life, notwithstanding an incident handed down on unimpeachable authority. On one occasion a violent squabble having occurred between Lord Cardross and the two younger ones, he called out, "When I am Earl of Buchan, I will turn you both out of this house." On which Thomas answered, "That you shall not, for I will kill you first," and threw a heavy slate at him. Luckily the slate missed its mark.

Some time in 1760 the family removed to St. Andrews, with a view to the more advanced education of the sons at the university. Here as in Edinburgh, as Colonel Fergusson takes care to state for the honor of the house, Lady Buchan became the centre of a pleasant and cultivated circle, whom she was able to entertain according to the frugal habits of the period and the locality, where hospitality was not expected to extend beyond a "dish of tea." But the homely character of the ordinary domestic fare may be inferred from what is related of the housekeeper who in setting a dainty dish upon the table was wont to call out, "Noo, boys, ye're no to tak' ony o' yon; I've just brought it up for lo'e o' my lord." A verse in the youthful effusions entitled "Thread-paper Rhymes" of the future lord chancellor, ran thus:—

Papa is going to London,  
And what will we get then, oh!  
But sautless kail, and an old cow's tail,  
And half the leg of a hen, oh!

Lord Buchan (the father) had a theory that the mortification of the flesh was good for the mind, and that to be made to put up with the disagreeable was a salutary discipline for young people. The boys, like Lord Macaulay,\* had a strong dislike to veal; so veal was ordered every day for their dinner for some weeks. As soon as he was old enough to attend the university courses, Henry joined the humanity and mathematical classes, and studied natural history under Professor Wilkie, the author of the once celebrated

\* "I hate him [Mr. Croker] as I hate cold boiled veal." — Lord Macaulay.



and long-forgotten "Epigoniad," which David Hume found "full of sublimity and genius." One of the professor's many singularities was his absence of mind. Meeting a former pupil in the streets, he said: "I was sorry, my dear boy, to hear you have had the fever in your family; was it you, or your brother, who died of it?" "It was me, sir," was the reply. "Ah, dear me, I thought so! very sorry for it — very sorry for it." This matches Rogers's friend, Maltby, who, on Rogers telling him that he had just met a former acquaintance who exclaimed in joyful surprise, "Ah, Rogers, is that you?" — quietly asked, "And was it?"

The family migrated to Bath towards the end of 1763, and on the 10th of October in that year, Walpole writes to Chute: "There was (at the Rooms) a Scotch Countess of Buchan carrying a pure, rosy, vulgar face to heaven, and who asked Miss Rich if that was not the 'author of the Poets.' I believe she meant me and the 'Noble Authors.'" Henry was left at Edinburgh, whence he went to the University of Glasgow. Thomas was sent to sea as a midshipman, and his letters from abroad, written in his sixteenth year, are equally remarkable for the liveliness and correctness of the style. Lord Chatham had been the intimate friend and college companion (at Utrecht) of Lord Buchan (the father), and in October, 1766, he writes to Lord Shelburne to recommend Lord Cardross for the appointment of secretary to the Spanish embassy under Sir James Gray. The appointment was made and duly gazetted, when an unexpected difficulty arose. Lord Cardross refused to serve in a subordinate capacity to a minister of low birth and inferior rank: Sir James's father, if we may believe Walpole, having been first a box-keeper and then a footman to James II. A discussion (reported by Boswell) arose after dinner at Sir Alexander Macdonald's whether the young lord was justified in his refusal. Dr. Johnson said that "perhaps in point of interest he did wrong, but in point of dignity he did well." Sir Alexander insisted that he was wrong, and said that Mr. Pitt intended it as an advantageous thing for him. "Why, sir,"

said Johnson, "Lord Chatham might think it an advantageous thing for him to make him a vintner, and get him all the Portugal trade; but he would have demeaned himself strangely had he accepted of such a situation: sir, had he gone secretary, while his inferior was ambassador, he would have been a traitor to his rank and family!" This is one of the many instances in which Johnson was led astray by his reverence for rank and fondness for argument.

The old earl died at Bath in 1767, and a minute account of the funeral is given by Whitefield, his spiritual guide. It was as members of the Methodist congregation headed by Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, and to be in constant communion with that pious lady and her sect, that the Buchans had left Scotland for Bath. Henry had no serious call, and it was probably for that reason that, whilst at Glasgow University, he was allowed to spend his vacations at the house of the Erskines of Cardross. Here he was well cared for by the mistress of the establishment, a character in her way, who was proud of her charge, and in after years, when he became famous, delighted to recall traits of his boyhood. After expressing her admiration of his bright smile and happy temper, she would add: "But, dear-sakes! he was a desperate laddie for losing his pocket-hankies." Of his subsequent career at the University of Edinburgh we are only told that, amongst other subjects, he took up civil law, rhetoric, and moral philosophy under Professors Wallace, Hugh Blair, and Adam Ferguson. Whilst studying for the law, he was a sedulous attendant at the Forum Debating Society, and he wrote some pieces of poetry, one of which, "The Nettle and the Sensitive Plant," arrived at the dignity of print. He was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates in 1768.

The rapid rise of the younger brother belongs to the romance of the English Bar, and (as related by himself) was a romance in more senses than one, for the story of the sixty retainers that were pressed upon him as he left the court after his speech for Captain Baillie, is



apocryphal on the face of it. It is also irreconcilable with another story, that the year following he hurried to his friend Reynolds with a banknote for 1,000*l.*, his fee for the defence of Admiral Keppel, and flourished it in the air, exclaiming, "*Voilà* the nonsuit of cow-beef!" Nothing of this kind is recorded of Henry Erskine, who rose steadily to the highest rank in the profession without the stimulant of poverty or any extraordinary occurrence of good luck. "I believe," writes his son, "when my father began his law career in Edinburgh, reluctantly—for he wished to go into the English Church—he was in great danger of leading a very idle life. He had inherited, as his share of his father's property, 200*l.* a year; his musical gifts were unusual—he was, indeed, 'no crowder on an untuned fiddle'; his manners in the highest degree polished and captivating; his good-nature and high spirits made him the most delightful of companions; and he was one of the handsomest men in Scotland." Edinburgh, he continues, was at that time full of attraction to a young man: most of the Scotch nobility spent the winter there, and Sydney Smith could not have said of the people then, as he said afterwards, that they were "a pack of cards without honors." If Sydney Smith could not resist a joke at the aspect of his Scotch friends, he was always ready to do justice to their sterling qualities. "When," he exclaims, "shall I see Scotland again? Never shall I forget the happy days passed there, amidst odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts, and most enlightened and cultivated understandings."

If the humorous divine had known Edinburgh society when Henry Erskine first played a leading part in it, he would have found worse drawbacks to its agreeability than odious smells, barbarous sounds, or bad suppers. It was lamentably wanting in refinement: the best (or worst) of its conviviality was to be found in taverns; and the highest compliment to a fair lady, the most devoted act of gallantry, was to get drunk in toasting her.

The scene is the Canongate, by which Susannah, Countess of Eglintoun, and her seven lovely daughters, are returning from a ball in the Assembly Rooms in sedan chairs by the light of flaming torches, each attended by a cavalier with his hat in one hand and his drawn sword in the other. The procession over, and the farewell bows and courtesies formally exchanged, the gentlemen retire to the sup-

per-room, where one proposes a toast to the lady of his choice and empties his glass. Another names another lady and does the same. The first repeats the ceremony with another glass. The second responds to the challenge; and so they go on, as in a German drinking duel, till one drops senseless on the floor. Their example is followed by the rest of the party, who pair off for the purpose. This custom was called "saving the ladies," why, does not appear; although some of them were said to take pride in the prowess of their champions, as if warmth of heart was proved by hardness of head. One of the earliest of Henry Erskine's essays in rhyme is a copy of verses, printed in the *Edinburgh Weekly Magazine* of May, 1771, on the St. Cecilia Catch Club, by whom the practice was carried to excess. The manuscript copy in the Advocates' Library is headed in his handwriting: "Wrote on purpose to be spoken at the end of the play bespoke by that Club in the character of a lady who had just received her ticket from the gentleman who sav'd her. In this elegant Society every lady is *saved* to whose health a certain quantity of hot punch is drunk. Such as have no such feat performed for their sake are damn'd. Wrote at Edinr. 1770." After alluding to the old-fashioned practice of wooing, he continues:—

But this wise age, by luxury refin'd,  
Has left these little wily arts behind;  
Flushed with the juice of Gallia's rosy bunch,  
They court the fair in "constables" of Punch.  
The dauntless youth, secure in stomach wide,  
With eager transport swills the smoking tide;  
For on this noble, great, heroic draught,  
His fair one's fame must sink, or rise aloft.

The Assembly Rooms, the Almack's of Scotland, are thus described:—

The dancing-room [in the old Assembly Close] is neither elegant nor commodious. The door is so disposed, that a stream of air rushes through it into the room, and as the footmen are allowed to stand with their flambeaux in the entry, before the entertainment is half over, the room is filled with smook, almost to suffocation. There are two tea or card rooms, but no supper-room. When balls are given in the assembly room, and after them supper, nothing can be more awkward or incommodious to the company than the want of distinct apartments for supper and dancing. At present, upon these occasions, the table is covered in the dancing-room before the company meets. Additional tables are set out, where room is made for them by the dancing being over. Chairs are to be brought in, and



waiters are pouring in with dishes, while the company are standing all the while in the floor.

To engage a lady to dance was called "lifting" her, which was a serious matter at a time when the engagement was for the whole evening, there being no change of partners; and it is told in proof of Henry Erskine's kindness of heart that he was wont to come to the rescue of any neglected maiden, with the tickets without which a couple could not take their places in a set, and the oranges equally prescribed by custom for the refreshment of his partner after the dance.

Mr. Erskine, who shone among the dancers—a circumstance that was afterwards "cast up to him"—used to relate several little anecdotes regarding this etiquette of oranges. One country youth, he remembered, who was more at home with the compounding of certain festive beverages at midnight than with the routine of the ball-room, yet wishing to do by his partner everything that was right, thus addressed the young lady at the close of a dance: "Miss, wud ye tak' a *leemon*?" It frequently happened that a young lady suddenly called upon to dance would hand over to another, whose fate it was to "sit out," the refreshment upon which she had been engaged, with a caution against an undue consumption of the fruit.

In the fourth year (1772) after he was admitted an advocate, he was married to Christian Fullerton, of an old and honorable family, heiress presumptive through her mother to the property of Newhall, in Fife. His suit was pressed in verse and prose, and, judging from the quantity of rhyme expended in it, must have been unusually long and sufficiently beset with obstacles to illustrate the Shakspearian adage that the course of true love never did run smooth. Forty pages of the MS. volume containing his poetical pieces, are filled with love elegies, written in 1770, addressed to Amanda: in the first of which he complains that the narrowness of his fortune obliges him to conceal his passion. Then come "To Amanda in Sickness," "On leaving Amanda in the Spring," and so on. They are somewhat wanting in ease, grace, and fancy; deficiencies for which Colonel Fergusson accounts by their earnestness and truth: and there is certainly high authority for declaring that poets succeed better in fiction than in truth.\* According to their son, "she was exceedingly clever; her

intuitive sagacity in seeing into people's characters hardly ever failed." She proved an excellent although what is called a notable wife. Not content with having the entire management of the domestic arrangements, she would occasionally trouble him with questions concerning them when the enquiry was, to say the least of it, inopportune; as when she roused him from a fit of meditation or much-needed nap with, "Harry, lovey, where's your white waistcoat?"

The newly married couple set up house (if it could be called house) in one of the lofty tenements in the neighborhood of the High Court; and here, "in the very centre of the fashionable world," they dispensed hospitality to a large circle of friends and relatives. At this period almost the only special invitation was to take a dish of tea at four o'clock—the dinner hour being three. Etiquette required that the tea should be tasted with the teaspoon, and that the hostess should ask if it was "agreeable." The teaspoons were numbered to ensure each guest getting his or her own at the second cup. This species of reception, remarks Colonel Fergusson, is said to have been as popular with gentlemen as with the ladies. This is hardly reconcilable with the convivial habits of the period, when the festive meal was the supper, and the chosen scene of rollicking enjoyment the tavern. The picture (in "Guy Mannering") of Counsellor Pleydell at High Jinks was notoriously drawn from the life. The ministers and elders of the Church were as prone to strong potations as the lawyers and the lairds. The most important ecclesiastical affairs were discussed at supper, and Dr. Alexander Carlyle distinctly lays down that, till long after the middle of the century, no clergyman could hope for success unless his head was hard enough to bear him scatheless through the "convivialities" of society.\*

It was highly to Henry Erskine's credit, therefore, that he never indulged in any description of excess, and if occasionally he passed an evening with the famous toppers and humorists of the period, or became a member of their clubs, he was acting on the same principle as Pepys, who, by way of apology for keeping company with Killigrew and the like, sets down in his diary: "Loose company, but worth a man's being in for once—to know the nature of it, and the manner of

\* "The Congratulation," addressed by Waller to Charles II. on the Restoration, was inferior in poetical merit to his "Panegyric" on Cromwell. When the king told the poet of the inferiority, he replied: "Poets, sire, succeed better in fiction than in truth."

\* "Autobiography." He was called "Jupiter" Carlyle from his resemblance to the Jupiter Tonans in the Pantheon.



their talk and lives." Thus Erskine lived on intimate terms, without catching the infection, with his kinsman the Earl of Kellie, who was as famous for loose living as for his musical talents and his songs. The earl was giving an amusing account of a sermon which he heard in a church in Italy, where the priest was expatiating on the miracle of St. Anthony's preaching with such unction during a sea voyage that the fishes held their heads out of the water to listen to him. "I can well believe the miracle," remarked Erskine, "when your Lordship was at church, there was at least one fish out of water." In a picture of the alleged miracle, the listening lobsters were painted red, as if ready boiled for the occasion. When this was objected to the painter, he replied that it simply made the miracle the greater.

One of Lord Stowell's recollections of Dr. Johnson's visit to Edinburgh in 1773 was that the doctor was treated by the Scottish literati with a degree of deference bordering on pusillanimity, with the exception of Mr. Crosbie (an eminent advocate), whom he characterizes as an intrepid talker and the only man who was disposed to stand up to the lexicographer.\* Colonel Fergusson, whose national pride seems to have been sorely wounded by Johnson's habitual sarcasms on the Scotch, says that "the description of his treatment of the hospitable and long-suffering people of Edinburgh is enough to make one's blood boil." Was it from fear or indignation that Erskine held aloof from the illustrious visitor, to whom he was presented by Boswell at an accidental meeting in the Parliament Close? After an interchange of bows, Erskine merely said, "Your servant, sir," and passed on; pausing a moment to slip a shilling into Boswell's hand for (in an *aside*) the sight of his bear. Boswell expresses the warmest gratitude to his wife for her reception of his redoubtable friend, and says that his conversation soon charmed her into a forgetfulness of his external appearance. Colonel Fergusson states that she was one of the most exasperated of the good citizens of Edinburgh, and said that she had often heard of a man leading about a bear, but never before of the man being led by the nose by the animal. Be this as it may, he was publicly kissed by the beautiful Countess of Eglintoun.

Speaking of 1752, Dr. Alexander Carlyle states that it was about this period

that the General Assembly of the Church became a theatre for young lawyers, elected as elders, to display their eloquence, and he mentions several who afterwards rose to eminence as having first attracted attention on this singularly chosen arena. Far from being exclusively clerical, the subjects were frequently of a nature to afford an almost unlimited scope to oratory; as, for example, when Home's "Douglas" raised the question whether it was befitting a minister to compose and publish a stage play, or even to be present at the representation of one. The Assembly, after much animated debate, passed a resolution forbidding the clergy to countenance the theatre; but little or no attempt was made to enforce it, and in the year 1784, when Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance in Edinburgh during the sitting of the Assembly, no important business could be fixed for the evenings on which she acted, when (as we learn from Dr. Carlyle) all the younger members, clergy and laity, took their stations in the theatre by three in the afternoon.

Conspicuous amongst these was Henry Erskine, who had been elected an elder about the same time when he was admitted to the advocacy, and had taken all along an active share in their debates; finding them an excellent school for public speaking as well as an agreeable relaxation. Speaking of a leading elder to whom he was frequently opposed, he was wont to say that "running down *Hill*" was easy and pleasant work. He belonged to the section called the "High-flyers," the prevalent accusation against whom was fanaticism. A popular caricature, entitled "The Modern Hercules Destroying the Hydra Fanaticism," represents Dr. Carlyle brandishing a club over the monster, whose heads include portraits of Dr. Dalzell of the Edinburgh University, Dr. John Erskine of the Greyfriars Church, Henry Erskine with finger upraised in a warning attitude, and one or two other leaders of that school. They retorted on the adverse section of the "Moderates" by the charge of scepticism or indifference, and by alleging that their toleration was only for their own side. "When the powers of darkness roasted this Moderation, they let the spit stand still: one side was burnt to a coal, and the other was blood raw." The strength of the rival parties was brought to a test when Erskine became a candidate for the vacant post of procurator to the Church, and was beaten by a narrow majority; the successful candidate being

\* Croker's Boswell. Royal oct. edition, p. 270.



William Robertson (the eldest son of the historian), who took the title of Lord Robertson on his promotion to the bench.

That Erskine's eventual success at the bar was in some measure owing to the distinction he acquired in the Assembly may be inferred from the fact that the earliest of his causes of which there is any record was a clerical one, the case of the Rev. James Lawson, who had been kept out of the ministry for six years by the Presbytery of Auchterarder on grounds which, according to a dissenting minority of the elders, would have equally justified the rejection of John the Baptist. The case came before the General Assembly in 1778 by petition, complaining of the rejection of a discourse he had delivered as part of his trials. Erskine appeared as counsel for the petitioner, "and after everything that human tongue could say had been urged in his favor and against him, the Assembly agreed to read the discourse to which exception had been taken, but this proposal was promptly checked by Erskine withdrawing the appeal." No reason is given or suggested for this proceeding, and the inevitable conclusion is that he dreaded the effect the formal perusal of the discourse might have upon the interests of his client, who persevered notwithstanding in a succession of abortive efforts to become a licensed preacher till his name had grown into a byword.

Although this is the first of Erskine's recorded cases, he must already have acquired distinction at the bar. His qualities were precisely of the character that struck at once. He only required to be seen, heard, and known, to be appreciated. Lord Cockburn speaks of "his tall and rather slender figure, a face sparkling with vivacity, a clear, sweet voice, and a general appearance of elegance, which gave him a striking and pleasing appearance." Lord Jeffrey says that "he was distinguished not only by the peculiar brilliancy of his wit, and the gracefulness, ease, and vivacity of his eloquence, but by the still rarer power of keeping those seducing qualities in perfect subordination to his judgment. By their assistance he could not only make the most repulsive subjects agreeable, but the most abstruse, easy and intelligible. All his wit was argument, and each of his delightful illustrations a material step in his reasoning." Here again Lord Cockburn agrees: "His playfulness was always an argumentative instrument. He reasoned in wit; and, untempted by

the bad taste, and the weakness of desiring to prolong it for his own sake, it ceased the very instant that the reasoning was served."

"Nevertheless," adds this fine observer and practised speaker, "notwithstanding the fascination it threw around him, he had better have been without the power. It established obstructing associations of cheerfulness whenever he appeared, in the public mind." By "obstructive associations of cheerfulness" must be meant the tendency to laugh, the expectation of being amused, which is inevitably if unintentionally provoked by a known wit, a practised joker, even when he wishes to be serious; and when the envied possessor of the power had "better be without it," is when he is addressing grave people who cannot disassociate vivacity and fancy from shallowness, and mistake dulness for depth.

The Temple late two brother sergeants saw  
Who deemed each other oracles of law;  
Each had a gravity would make you split,  
And shook his head at Murray as a wit.

According to Colonel Fergusson, the Scotch bar, when Erskine began to take a lead in it, savored not a little of the unction of Donald Cargill or George Whitefield. "Further, the language of the courts at this time was little better than an imperfect dialect of English, with neither the strength and precision of the southern tongue, nor the quaint, graphic power of the Scotch when spoken in its purity. It was the custom, also, at this time, for counsel to address the judges according to certain obsolete forms, and in a whining tone, the exact cadence of which was prescribed; and to have abated from which would have been an unpardonable liberty in the eyes of the lords of Council and Session." We find it difficult to reconcile this with what we know of the contemporaneous eloquence of the General Assembly, where many of the performers were the same, and indications are not wanting that prior to the period in question the Scotch judges were occasionally startled out of their sobriety by rhetorical displays of an aspiring or even melodramatic order. It would be difficult to imagine a more exciting scene in a court of justice than that which (in or about 1750) led to Wedderburn's (Lord Loughborough's) abandonment of the Scotch for the English bar.

Shortly after commencing practice at the Scotch bar, he happened to be opposed to Mr. Lockhart, at that time a



leading counsel. In replying to an impassioned appeal of this powerful opponent, he summed up an ironical picture of Mr. Lockhart's eloquence in these sarcastic terms: "Nay, my lords, if tears could have moved your lordships, tears, sure I am, would not have been wanting." The lord president immediately interrupted the young counsel, and told him he was pursuing a very indecorous course of observation. Wedderburn maintained with spirit that he had said nothing he was not well entitled to say, and would have no hesitation in saying again. The lord president, irritated at so bold an answer from a junior, rejoined in a manner, the personality of which provoked the advocate to tell his lordship that he had said as a judge what he dared not justify as a gentleman. The president invoked the protection of his brother judges, and Wedderburn was ordered by the unanimous voice of the court to make a most abject apology, on pain of deprivation. He refused, and threw off his gown.\*

It was not long, we are told, before even the law lords, who were most antiquated in their ideas, began to acknowledge the superiority of the new style, introduced by Erskine, to the dry and somniferous prosing of the old. Having to address "the fifteen" in a case which presented no difficulty, he began: "My lords, the facts of the case are so exceedingly simple, and the evidence that I shall adduce so perfectly conclusive, that I am happy to say I shall not need to take up much of your lordships' time. I shall be very brief." This exordium did not at all fall in with the expectations or wishes of their lordships, who either had more time on their hands than they knew what to do with, or had settled themselves down for an intellectual treat, and the general sentiment was expressed by one of them who called out: "Hoots, Maister Harry, dinna be brief, dinna be brief."

"His wit," says Lord Brougham, "was renowned and, as it made him the life of society, placed him as the first favorite of the courts; but it was also used in excess, partly owing to the audience whom he addressed, the fifteen judges, who required to be relieved in their dull work, and as soon as he began, expected to be made gay." They gladly caught up and threw back the ball which he flung to them. Opening the case of a venerable spinster with a name provocative of a

pun, he began: "Maclean and Donald, the defendants; Tickle, the plaintiff, my lord!" "Tickle her yourself, Harry, you can do it as well as I," was the retort of the presiding judge. Like his brother, he was extremely popular with the juniors of the bar, and never failed to throw his broad shield over them when, with or without reason, they had fallen under the displeasure of the bench. A young counsel, who was with him in an important cause, had ventured to say that he was *surprised* to hear what had just fallen from their lordships. This called forth a sharp reproof, to the confusion of the junior and the probable prejudice of the client, when Erskine gallantly came to the rescue by expressing the fullest concurrence in the contrition felt by his young friend at an imprudence which was entirely owing to inexperience, "for when he has practised as long, or half as long, at this bar as I have, I can safely assure your lordships that he will be *surprised* at nothing your lordships may say." With some of their lordships it must have been no easy matter to be grave. In a case where Erskine, David Cathcart (afterwards Lord Alloway), and John Clerk (afterwards Lord Eldin), were engaged, the judge, Lord Polkemmet, thus addressed the advocates:—

Weel, Maister Askin, I hae heard you, an' I thocht ye were richt; syne I heard you, Dauvid, an' I thocht ye were richt; and noo I hae heard Maister Clerk, an' I think he's the richtest amang ye. That bauthers me, ye see! Sae I maun e'en tak hame the process and whamble't i' my wame a wee, ower my toddy—and syne ye'se hae an *Interlocutor*.

A similar story is told of an English baron of the Exchequer who complained of the difficulty of deciding after hearing both sides, and begged the counsel to come to an understanding amongst themselves. Lord Braxfield freely indulged on the bench the coarse humor for which he was famous in private life. A sample of the kind of colloquy that took place amongst their lordships is given in "Redgauntlet":—

"What's the matter with the auld bitch next?" said an acute metaphysical judge (Lord Kames) aside to his brethren. "This is a daft cause, Bladderskate. What say ye till't, ye bitch?" "Nothing, my Lord," answered Bladderskate. "I say nothing, but pray to Heaven to keep our own wits." "Amen, amen," answered his learned brother, "for some of us have but few to spare."

Having to be examined as a witness in

\* The Lives of Twelve Eminent Judges. By W. C. Townsend, Esq., M.A. London. 1846. In two volumes. Vol. i., p. 167.



a consistorial court before Mr. Commissary Balfour, a pompous, absurd person, Erskine so framed his answers as to turn the whole proceedings into ridicule:—

It was only when everybody in Court was shaking with laughter that a suspicion of the truth dawned upon the judge; when he, in vain, tried to restore order. With even super-added dignity of utterance he, at last, was driven to pronounce the words: "At this shameful point in the proceedings of this Court, it grieves me to have to say that the intimacy of the friend must yield to the severity of the judge. Macer,—forthwith conduct Mr. Erskine to the Tolbooth!" To the increased amusement of the audience, the only notice of this awful mandate that the macer deigned to take was to reply, with ill-concealed disgust,—*"Hoots! Mr. Ba'four!"*

Meeting Balfour, who was suffering from lameness, he asked what had happened, and was informed in labored and tortuous phraseology that Balfour had fallen in getting over a stile on his brother's property. "Well, Balfour, it was a mercy it was not your own stile (style) or you would certainly have broken your neck."

The Scotch bench and bar were then principally filled and recruited from the landed aristocracy, and did their best to be as exclusive in their way as the old French nobility. Thus an influential section of them opposed a steady resistance to the claim of a gentleman named Wright to be admitted of the faculty on the ground of low birth, and it was only through the strenuous exertions of Erskine that the opposition was overcome. His *protégé* got little or no practice, and died in embarrassed circumstances. His death was announced to Erskine by Sheriff Anstruther, who added: "They say he has left no *effects*." "That is not surprising," was the rejoinder, "as he had no *causes*, he could have no *effects*." This is not the only instance in which what was a good joke at the time, and has since become a hackneyed one with many reputed fathers, has been traced to Henry Erskine. The punning inscription *Tu Doces* on a tea-chest has been claimed for him. At a circuit dinner to the bar, Lord Kames had directed that port wine only should be placed upon the table, and turned a deaf ear to the many audible hints for claret. At length when hard pressed, in the hope of producing a diversion, he turned to Erskine and asked: "What can have become of the Dutch, who only the other day were drubbed off the Doggerbank by Admiral Parker?"

"I suppose, my lord," was the reply, "they are like ourselves, *confined to port*."

The dearth of claret at a judicial table seems to have been a standing grievance, although "Jupiter" Carlyle states that he remembered claret, fresh from the cask, being hawked round Edinburgh at eightpence a quart. Erskine was dining with Lord Armadale when, being confined to port, he addressed the host in parody of an old song:—

Kind sir, it's for your courtesie,  
When I come here to dine, sir,  
For the love you bear to me,  
Give me the claret wine, sir.

To which Mrs. Honeyman, the hostess, retorted readily:—

Drink the port, the claret's dear,  
Erskine, Erskine;  
Ye'll get fou on't, never fear,  
My Jo, Erskine.

Henry Erskine warmly co-operated with his brother, Lord Buchan, in the foundation of the Scotch Society of Antiquaries, and his name heads the list of ordinary members, dating from the first formal meeting on Nov. 14, 1782. His subsequent attendance was irregular, and he was accused of not having made a donation to the society, upon which he wrote to the secretary, regretting that he had been unable to attend their meetings for some time past, at the same time stating that he enclosed "a donation which, if you keep it long enough, will be the greatest curiosity you have." This was a guinea of George III.

Amongst the most remarkable members of this society was Hugo Arnot of Balcormo, advocate, author of the "History of Edinburgh." It was to him, on his assuming the title of fellow, that Lord Buchan happily applied Pope's couplet:

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,  
The rest is all but leather or prunello.

Arnot was a lantern-faced, lean and attenuated figure of a man, of avowedly sceptical opinions. The white horse he ordinarily bestrode was as lanky and sepulchral-looking as the rider. Returning from a Sunday-afternoon ride, he met Erskine coming from divine service, and called out to him, "Where have you been, Harry? What has a man of your sense to do consorting with a parcel of old women? I protest you could expect to hear nothing new;" adding, with an extra sneer, "What, now, was your text?" "Our text," replied Harry, with a voice of



impressive solemnity, his eye sternly fixed, the while, on the white horse and his rider, — “was from the 6th chapter of the Book of Revelation and the 8th verse: ‘And I looked, and behold a *Pale Horse*: and his name that sat on him was DEATH, and *Hell* followed with him.’”

On another occasion, when Arnot, taken to task for his irregularities, was contending that a liberal allowance would be made by a gracious Deity for the errors and temptations of the flesh, Erskine replied by an impromptu verse: —

The Scriptures assure us that much is forgiven  
To flesh and to blood by the mercy of heaven;  
But I’ve searched all the books, and texts I  
find none  
That extend such forgiveness to *Skin* and to  
*Bone*.

With this may be coupled his better-known epigram on Moore’s translation of Anacreon: —

Oh, mourn not for Anacreon dead —  
Oh, weep not for Anacreon fled —  
The lyre still breathes he touched before,  
For we have one Anacreon *Moore*.

His own translation, or imitation, of the 33rd Ode of Anacreon is not unworthy to be placed alongside of Moore’s, and his translations from Horace are marked by grace and vivacity; but the production which won him a place amongst poets, and attained at one time an extraordinary amount of popularity, was “The Emigrant: an Eclogue. Occasioned by the late numerous Emigrations from the Highlands of Scotland. Written in 1773.” After going through several editions, it was published, in 1793, as a “chap-book,” and sold by pedlars or chapmen as a part of their penny libraries. The verses are smooth and flowing, and that a sympathetic public was found for them in the pastoral districts of Scotland is intelligible enough, but they want the genuine poetic ring, and, so far as the higher class of readers are concerned, they lie under the very serious disadvantage of provoking a comparison with “The Deserted Village” of Goldsmith.

On the formation of the Coalition ministry, Erskine was appointed lord advocate in the place of Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, his lifelong rival and competitor for place. The appointment was announced to him in a letter dated August 15, 1783, by the Duke of Portland, the prime minister, and in a congratulatory letter of the 19th, Adam writes: —

I expect soon to see the time when *two Ers-kines*, in two different climates practising, are to be at the head of the profession in the different countries, where, unlike Castor and Pollux of old, the one will not be in the shades below when the other is in heaven, but both at once lords of the ascendant in their respective hemispheres. In order that that object may be attained with as little delay as possible, I wish you with all convenient speed to be among us in the House of Commons; and if any means occur by which I can tend to forward that object, you have only to desire me to be upon the watch.

He did not succeed in obtaining a seat till many years afterwards, and he remained in Edinburgh as manager for the Whig party during the whole of the struggle which ended in the complete triumph of Pitt. In addition to the office of lord advocate, he was appointed advocate and state counsellor to the Prince of Wales on his Royal Highness’s establishment as great steward of Scotland. His confidential communications with the Coalition were carried on through Sir Thomas Dundas, whose letters abound with proofs of the delusion under which the contest was begun, and continued on their part, until the general election placed the state of public opinion beyond a doubt. On December 18, 1783, Sir Thomas writes: —

Parliament will be dissolved on Saturday: it therefore becomes necessary that every well-wisher to the wellbeing and salvation of this Constitution should exert himself to the utmost in forming the new Parliament properly.

Report says Pitt is First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Temple Secretary of State, etc., etc., etc.

I think these new Ministers are so little known in our country, that those who are known, although not Ministers, may still have some weight.

Fox was with the King after Lord Temple and his friends came out, and H. M. said nothing to him out of the common road of business, which is rather extraordinary. However, there is little doubt of a dissolution.

From the nicest calculations of those who know all the connections of this country, it is said with confidence that the new Administration will at the utmost gain twenty-four votes from amongst our friends, whatever they may lose in the jumble from their own, which will secure to us a large majority in the new Parliament.

When the dissolution took place, no less than one hundred and fifty-eight supporters of the Coalition lost their seats.

On the 22nd of December, 1783, he writes to say that Lord Temple had resigned, and encloses the copy of an address to the king, moved by Thomas



(Lord) Erskine and seconded by Colonel Fitzpatrick:—

It needs no comment. In short, the disappointment, distraction, confusion, and (I had almost said) shame of these our opponents, are not to be described. The address is to be carried to the King by the whole House, and will probably be received on Wednesday.

There is an end of all illusions respecting a dissolution.

His Majesty's present Administration consists of Mr. William Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Earl Gower, President of the Council—no other person having as yet accepted, or *now* being likely to accept, of any office.

In short the game is up with them.

Fox says he hopes that you and Wight have not wrote to resign your offices, and desires you may not think of doing so.

For God's sake publish the address in every paper, and also the account of the proceedings of the present glorious and unparalleled Ministry, that it may be proclaimed to the remotest corner of the country. I wish you may be able to make sense of this confused letter, for I am so hurried, and twenty people talking to me, that I hardly know what I am writing.

Again, a week further on, in confident anticipation of an assured victory:—

LONDON, 1st January, 1784.

MY DEAR HARRY,—I am delighted to find by yours of the 26th December that my letters of the 22nd, with the copy of the address, had a good effect. Believe me, the game is up with this still-born Administration. They begin to look upon it as all over themselves; and the K— has lately used expressions which are not very promising in their favor,—such as, “He had no wish to turn out the late Ministry;” and, “These gentlemen have taken the Government upon themselves—they have themselves to blame if they cannot carry it on.” All this looks very much like preparing for a change. . . . Keep up your spirits, and do not let them crow too much on their supposed victory.

“Immediately before the decisive division in the Lords, when the India Bill was rejected in compliance with the king's wishes conveyed through Lord Temple, Adam is reported to have said: “I wish I was as sure of the kingdom of heaven as I am of carrying our bill this evening.”

Next to the intemperance of Burke, nothing did the Coalition more harm with the country than a rash expression of their attorney-general “Jack Lee,” when, making light of the chartered rights of the East India Company, he asked, “What is a charter but a piece of parchment with a lump of wax dangling to it?” Sheridan was guilty of more than one

*escapade* of the same sort, and, according to Sir Thomas Dundas, he (Sheridan) “has had a compleat trimming both from the D. of P. and Fox, and promises to be more cautious in future; that hobby-horse of his called *Wit* frequently runs away with him.” He forgot that he was writing to the most incorrigible wit in Scotland.

On the 9th of February, Sir Thomas writes: “The present glorious ministers begin to droop most piteously; their famous address from the House of Peers is turned into such ridicule that they cannot bear it.” A month later, March 9, there is a perceptible change of tone: “You will probably be much surprised when you hear that we carried the question of a representation to the king last night only by one vote.”

Not the least remarkable part of this correspondence is that relating to the “Irish Resolutions,” the object of which was to mitigate the glaring injustice by which Irish commerce and manufactures had been restricted or suppressed. Lord North declared that “they outdid everything that the wildest imagination could suggest;” and Pitt's willingness to make equitable concessions, which, with Ireland in arms and Grattan proclaiming her independence, could be withheld no longer, was represented by the Foxites through the whole length and breadth of England and Scotland as a base surrender of British interests and rights. On the 18th of February, 1785, Sir Thomas Dundas writes: “This is a moment of the most anxious expectation that perhaps ever occurred in this country;” and Erskine is exhorted to strain every nerve to procure petitions from all the principal Scottish towns, by assuring them that Irish competition would be their ruin if it was set free. How zealously and effectively he carried out the wishes of his party and his political chiefs, may be collected from the letters of acknowledgment addressed to him, *e. g.*:—

LONDON, Saturday, 7 May, 1785,  
4 P.M.

MY DEAR SIR,—The very extraordinary exertions you have made in opposition to Mr. Pitt's intended transfer of the commerce of this kingdom and complete ruin of the landed interest, insure me the most favorable construction of the sentiments which such services must have occasioned in my mind, and therefore I shall not detain you with a repetition of my thanks. PORTLAND.

The Scotch Pittites never lost heart, and Henry Dundas instinctively divined



the long lease of power that was in store for them. On Erskine's playfully remarking, during a casual meeting in the Parliament House just after his appointment, that he was about to order his silk gown, the official costume of the lord advocate, Dundas drily observed: "It is hardly worth while for the time you will want it: you had better borrow mine." The biographer's version of the reply differs disadvantageously from the current one: "From the readiness with which you make the offer, Mr. Dundas, I have no doubt that the gown is a gown made to fit *any party*; but however short my time in my office may be, it shall never be said of Henry Erskine that he adopted the *abandoned habits* of his predecessor." A gown cannot be made to fit a "party" except in the sense of "person," a vulgar use of the term of recent date; and the repartee is best in the more concise form: "Thank you, but it never shall be said," etc.

When the Coalition ministry came to an end, Erskine was succeeded by Mr. Ilay Campbell, a shorter man than himself, and on offering to hand on the gown, he said, "You must take nothing off it, for I'll (*sic*) soon need it again." "It will be *bare* enough, Harry," retorted Campbell, "before you get it again." He did not get it again till after the lapse of twenty-one years.

Towards the end of 1785, Erskine was consolated for the loss of his official rank by being elected dean of the Faculty of Advocates. "The deanship," remarks Lord Cockburn, "is merely a station of honor, but when not lowered by the interference of political, or other improper, considerations, it is the highest honor of the kind that can be conferred in Scotland. Each election is only for a single year; but he who once succeeds is almost never dispossessed, so that it is the presidency for life, or during the holder's pleasure, of the most important public body in the country." The contest was warm. Sir Thomas Dundas writes, Dec. 30, 1785:—

MY DEAR DEAN OF FACULTY, — . . . I rejoice and am exceeding glad at your victory—and a great victory it appears to me to be, because your opponents certainly stirr'd heaven and earth, with all the hellish powers of administration, to defeat you and the cause of freedom at the Scots Bar. You have now, thank God, got the command over our enemies, and I know you will make a good use of it.

It is one almost inevitable disadvantage of having a soldier for the biographer

of a lawyer, that professional subjects are thrown into the background, and we hear more of the accomplished man of the world and leader of society than of the learned jurist or forensic orator. Thus we are told of Erskine's patronizing Lunardi, the Italian aeronaut, who became the rage in Edinburgh and is immortalized by Burns; and we learn how the second visit of Mrs. Siddons to the northern Athens, in 1785, gave rise to a theatrical altercation in which the dean of faculty was mixed up. He must have been stage-struck or Siddons-struck, for, not content with heading a cabal against an actor whom the playgoing public had proscribed, he set on foot and exerted all his influence to promote a subscription of the faculty to present "the admirable Mrs. Siddons" with a massive silver tea-tray, "in token of their appreciation of her many virtues as much as in gratitude for the pleasure she had afforded them." Nor does his connection with the stage end here. In 1791 Stephen Kemble and Jackson entered into an agreement to rent the Edinburgh and Glasgow Theatre. They fell out, and referred the matter in dispute to Erskine, who after due deliberation issued what is called a decret-arbitral, which pleased neither party, and especially displeased Jackson, who picks it to pieces, paragraph by paragraph, in his "History of the Scottish Theatre." During one of the disturbances at the theatre caused by the cabal, a man in the pit persevered in retaining a standing position in defiance of a clamorous call to him to sit down. Erskine came to the front of his box and appealed to the indulgence of the audience: "Pray excuse the gentleman: don't you see it is only a tailor resting himself." The man sank into his seat, and would gladly have sunk under it.

The tragic muse was not the only one of the sisterhood which enjoyed the protection of the dean. Burns writes to his friend Gavin Hamilton: "December 7, 1786, — My Lord Glencairn and the Dean of Faculty, Mr. Henry Erskine, have taken me under their wing, and in all probability I shall soon be the tenth worthy, and the eighth wise man of the world." Again, December 13: "I have been introduced to a good number of the *noblesse*, but my avowed patrons and patronesses are the Duchess of Gordon, the Countess of Glencairn, with my Lord and Lady Betty, the Dean of Faculty, and Sir John Whitefoord." It was Erskine whom Burns had to thank for his introduction to



Lord Monboddo, who gave suppers after the manner of the ancients, with the table strewn with flowers and the flasks garlanded with roses. It was the same kind patron whom the poet consulted as to the prudence or policy of including in an edition of his works the fragment of a "Ballad on the American War;" and there is extant a letter obviously addressed to him, beginning: "There are two things which, I believe, the blow that terminates my existence alone can destroy,—my attachment and propensity to poesy, and my sense of what I owe to your goodness."

Burns was accidentally present when Erskine and the then lord advocate (Ilay Campbell) were opposed to each other in an important cause, and he immediately pencilled down his impressions in two stanzas, headed "Extempore in the Court of Session." The lord advocate comes first:—

He clenched his pamphlets in his fist,  
He quoted and he hinted,  
Till in a declamation mist  
His argument he tint it;  
He gaped for't, he graped for't,  
He faud it was awa, man:  
But what his common sense came short  
He eked it out wi' law, man.

Collected, Harry stood a wee,  
Then open'd out his arm, man;  
His Lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e  
And eyed the gathering storm, man.  
Like wind-driven hail it did asail,  
Or torrents ower a lin', man;  
The *Bench* sae wise, lift up their eyes,  
Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

This was very far from Erskine's ordinary style and manner, which were remarkable for grace and polish.

One morning in the summer of 1788 the good citizens of Edinburgh were startled by the announcement that Deacon Brodie, a member of the Town Council, had been apprehended on a charge of burglary, for having (with others) broken into the Excise Office and carried off whatever fell within their reach; which, however, turned out not to exceed 14*l.* in value. The deacon, a cabinet-maker by trade, was the son and grandson of burgesses of good repute, and his hereditary claims to respectability, combined with his social qualities, had enabled him to laugh off, as invented pleasantries, some stories which sound as if the famous pickpocket, Barrington, had been the hero of them. How, for example, as Colonel Fergusson relates, an invalid lady, unable to go to church

one Sunday, was surprised by the entry into her room of a man with a crape over his face, who quietly took her keys from their accustomed place, opened a bureau, took out a considerable sum of money, and, having replaced the keys on the lady's table, retired "with a low bow." The lady, speechless till her visitor had withdrawn, in amazement exclaimed, "Surely that was Deacon Brodie!" Subsequent events showed that she was probably right in the surmise.

A friend of the councillor at supper mentioned to him casually that he was going to the country for a few days on a certain day. Something occurred to detain him in town. In the dead of the night he was disturbed by a creaking in the floor. A light glanced across the wall of his bedroom. Through a window which looked into another room he observed his friend the deacon, in a mask, calmly at work by the help of a dark lantern, making a selection from amongst his valuables. It has been noted, remarks Colonel Fergusson, as characteristic of the town's manners, that this little episode should have been quietly tided over, apparently, with little or no unpleasant remark.

Up to the hour of his detection Brodie was frequently employed in the way of his trade by the Erskines, and their son (Lord Buchan) mentions in proof of his mother's insight into character that she had an instinctive distrust of the deacon, and never could endure his presence with complacency. The trial took place at the High Court of Justiciary on August 29, 1788. Brodie had retained Erskine, remarking that "however the matter might go, he had pitted the best cock what ever fought." The lord advocate led for the prosecution. The only plausible plea was an alibi, and when this broke down, Erskine's case was hopeless, for the facts of the robbery were clearly proved, and the line of defence to which he was driven was irreconcilable with the now notorious antecedents of the prisoner. According to the printed report, the dean of faculty rose at three in the morning to address the jury:—

He observed, that the situation of his unfortunate client presented to the world a most astonishing moral phenomenon! That a man descended from an ancient and respectable family, who, from the state of his affairs, made up by himself, was in opulent circumstances, and infinitely removed from indigence and temptation; who for a long series of years had maintained an irreproachable character in so-



ciety, and had often filled offices of honor and trust among his fellow-citizens, the duties of which he had discharged with attention and fidelity; that such a person should even be suspected of the crime charged in the indictment was a most extraordinary fact. If it was true, he allowed that he was of all men the most culpable. But who could give credit to such a charge as was here exhibited? for as an eminent poet of our own country, who was still alive, had expressed himself:—

The needy man who has known better days,  
One whom distress has spited all the world,  
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon  
To do such deeds, as make the prosperous men  
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them.

It being therefore highly incredible that Mr. Brodie would have all at once departed from his integrity, and dashed into such guilty and atrocious crimes as now were charged against him, it would require a very strong and unsuspecting proof indeed to fix the guilt upon him; and if parts of Mr. Brodie's conduct which appeared to infer suspicions against him could be ascribed to any other cause, the gentlemen of the jury would lay these appearances altogether out of their view in judging of the import of the evidence.

The jury were unanimous in the verdict of guilty, and Brodie was sentenced to be hanged on the 1st of October following. Creech, the publisher of the trial, who was on the jury, states that he applied for a report or notes of the speech, but was informed that it was extempore; that there had not been a syllable in writing, and that the dean was too much immersed in business to attempt setting down anything from memory.

The nomination to the clerkship of the General Assembly, which lay with the members, becoming vacant in 1789, was contested with as much eagerness as if everything valuable in Church and State was involved in the issue, although the salary was only 84*l.* a year. "Jupiter" Carlyle was the candidate of the Moderates; Dr. Dalzell, professor of Greek in the university, of the Highflyers. Erskine was manager and leader for the one party; his old and constant antagonist, Henry Dundas, for the other. Erskine opened the campaign by proposing and carrying a resolution that it should be competent to any elector to demand a scrutiny, which was opposed, not without reason, by Dundas; for although in the first instance a majority of three (145 to 142) was declared for Carlyle, he eventually retired from the contest rather than await the result of a scrutiny. The importance attached to this affair may be collected from a letter addressed to Lady Betty Cunningham by Mrs. Mure:—

This town is now very quiet after the great bustle of the General Assembly, and a sad one it has been too for such a trifle as 84 pound a-year, but it came quite to be a political affair, and Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox combatants. The latter, however, carried it merely by the great abilities and exertion of our friend Harry Erskine. Some people say it is to come on again, but I don't believe that will answer.

In his capacity of lord advocate to the Prince of Wales, Erskine was bidden to all the formal gatherings of the prince's friends, and Lord Buchan (the son) states that whenever his father was in London, the prince "appropriated" him, and desired he should be invited wherever H.R.H. went. His conversational powers were particularly in request, and taxed to the uttermost, to entertain the Stadtholder when on a visit to this country; "the sleepest prince in Europe," as the Prince of Wales described him to Erskine in an *aside* at the presentation. He slept through performance after performance at the theatre, and gave audible evidence of heavy slumber during the greater part of a State ball. There were occasions, however, when he was wide awake, to the confusion of those who mistook his sleepiness for stupidity. When he was at Cambridge, he was taken to divine service at one of the college chapels. On coming out attended by the vice-chancellor and some heads of houses, he turned to them and asked where the text of the sermon was taken from, as he had not heard it distinctly. None of them knew. At length, risking a haphazard answer, Dr. B—— named the Second Epistle of Jude. "There is but one epistle of Jude," said the Stadtholder. "Oh, yes, I meant of course the second chapter." "There is but one chapter."

It was about 1790 that Erskine purchased an estate in the Valley of the Almond, which he christened Ammondell. The situation he chose for the house was low, and his elder brother, Lord Buchan, who had a fancy for living upon a hill, exclaimed on being taken to it, "Why there is actually no *prospect* whatever!" "You forget, my dear David," was the laughing reply, "that I have always the *prospect* of your estate." He was already a Fifeshire laird in right of his wife, and in 1790 he was looking to the representation of the Fifeshire District of Burghs. On the 30th of March the Duke of Portland writes:—

The prospect you give us of your success in Fifeshire is highly gratifying to the wishes of



all your friends, and especially so to myself, who look to it with the interested view of its furnishing me with the means which I have long wished for, of knowing you personally. It is perfectly true that no new or additional motive was wanting to call forth the question of my best endeavors in promoting any object you have at heart; but I am ingenuous enough not to attempt to deny the force of that which I have just stated and to be proud of the avowal.

Erskine's moderate politics account in some measure for the difficulty he experienced in obtaining a seat in Parliament, and also for his not figuring as the champion of free discussion, like his brother Lord Erskine in England or Curran in Ireland. "What," asks Lord Cockburn, "preserves the forensic glory of Thomas Erskine except the 'State Trials,' which gave subjects of permanent dignity to his genius, and which, thus sustained, his genius made immortal? Few such occasions occur in England, and far fewer in Scotland." There were enough and more than enough of such occasions for any one willing and able to take advantage of them. It was a Scotch State trial (of Muir in 1793) that Curran, in one of his finest passages, adduced as an example of the persecuting spirit generated by fear:—

To what other cause, gentlemen, can you ascribe that in the wise, the reflecting, and the philosophic nation of Great Britain, a printer has been gravely found guilty of a libel, for publishing those resolutions to which the present minister of that kingdom had actually subscribed his name? To what other cause can you ascribe what in my mind is still more astonishing, that in such a country as Scotland—a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth; cool and ardent, adventurous and persevering; winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires; crowned as she is with the spoils of every art and decked with the wealth of every Muse, from the deep and scrutinizing researches of her Hume, to the sweet and simpler, but not less sublime and pathetic morality of her Burns—how, from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character, and talents should be banished to a distant barbarous soil, condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base-born profligacy, for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life? But I will not press any idea that is painful to me and I am sure must be painful to you. I will only say that you have now an example of which neither England nor Scotland had the advan-

tage: you have the advantage of the panic, the infatuation, and the contrition of both.\*

The biographer states that Erskine only appeared in one of the State trials, one in which the prosecution was withdrawn upon a point of law. This is the more remarkable, because his readiness to take up the cause of the oppressed had grown into an article of popular belief. A writer to the signet in the west of Scotland, representing to a needy tacksman the futility of entering into a lawsuit with a wealthy neighbor, was told: "We dinna ken what ye say, maister; there's nae a puir man in Scotland need want a friend, or fear an enemy, whilst Harry Erskine lives." The truth is, Harry Erskine was himself something of an alarmist: in the great Whig schism of 1792, he sided with Burke against Fox, and although he was an active member of the convention for reforming the internal administration of the royal burghs, he threatened to withdraw from it if it meddled in any manner with Parliamentary reform. In April, 1792, his younger brother, who had just joined the "Society of Friends of the People," writes to the eldest, Lord Buchan: "I have, after serious reflection, become a member; I am quite sure nothing less will save the country. In completing the original body, each member has leave to name two non-resident members, and my wish is to name you and Henry; we have never yet come forward together, and I like the 'Tria juncta in uno' in a good cause." Lord Buchan assented; Henry declined. In the June following he writes to Sir Gilbert Elliot:

For myself I have ever been of opinion, that, however excellent the principles of our Constitution may be, it certainly admits (particularly in respect to Parliamentary representation) of many very salutary amendments; and whenever, at a *proper time*, and in a *proper mode*, there shall be brought forward a plan of reformation in that respect, it shall meet with my cordial support. But I am decidedly of opinion that this is of all others the most im-

\* "Speech in defence of Archibald Hamilton Rowan," Jan. 29, 1794. Thomas Muir, a member of the Faculty of Advocates, was tried (Aug. 30, 1793) for sedition, and sentenced to be transported for fourteen years. Jeffrey and Romilly were present at the trial, which (Lord Cockburn states) Jeffrey never mentioned without horror. Romilly writes to Dumont: "I am not surprised that you have been shocked at the account you have read of Muir's trial. You would have been more shocked if you had been present at it as I was." Palmer, a Dissenting minister who had been educated at Eton and Cambridge where he graduated, was tried for the same offence and underwent the same sentence. We cannot venture to print the retort of Lord Braxfield to a person similarly accused, who justified being a reformer by divine example.



proper *time* that such a plan could have been suggested, and that the mode adopted is in the present conjuncture the most unfortunate that could have been devised.

At the same time he thought the coercive measures proposed by the government too strong; and at a public meeting in Edinburgh, Nov. 20, 1795, he was the mover of resolutions condemnatory of the Seditious Meetings and Writings Bill and strongly protesting against the continuation of the war. "Who is not with us is against us," was the motto of the anti-Gallican party, as indeed it is of most parties when what they think their vital interests are at stake, and Erskine's political opponents, finding that they could command a majority amongst his professional brethren, resolved on striking a blow which turned out, as they meant it should, the most mortifying that could be inflicted on such a man. The office of dean of the faculty, as already mentioned, was formally an annual one. Erskine had held it for ten years, when a circular signed by eight members was addressed to the body at large, calling on them to show their disapproval of their dean's conduct and principles by displacing him in favor of a candidate better fitted to "represent them to the world, and to sustain their character of attachment to the laws and constitutions of their country." This candidate was the lord advocate, Robert Dundas of Arniston, who was chosen by a majority of 85, 123 to 38. Lord Cockburn, who condemns the proceeding, is obliged to admit that the provocation was strong:—

Considering the state of the times, the propriety of his presiding at a public meeting to petition against the war may be questioned. The official head of a public body should consider what is due to the principles and the feelings of those he may be supposed to represent; and to the great majority of the Faculty, Erskine's conduct must have been deeply offensive. Still the resolution to dismiss him was utterly unjustifiable. It was nearly unprecedented, violent, and very ungrateful. He had covered the Faculty with the lustre of his character for several years; and if wrong, had been misled solely by a sense of duty. Nevertheless, on the 12th of January, 1796, he was turned out of office. Had he and the Faculty alone been concerned in this intemperate proceeding, it would not have occurred. But it was meant, and was taken, as a warning to all others to avoid the dangers of public meetings on the wrong side.

In times long after, when men's minds had calmed down, it was a subject of pride and self-congratulation to have been one

of the minority, and a subject of regret to have refrained from voting with them. Jeffrey was eager to be one of the chosen band, but was over-persuaded by his father and Lord Glenlee to stay away. "He envied the thirty-eight, and always thought less of himself from his not having been one of them." Lord Buchan (the son) says: "I believe this expulsion from the deanship was a great grief to my father; though, according to his nature, he bore it with a sweetness and equanimity unchanged. My mother controlled her feelings less." There were occasions when his equanimity gave way, and the feeling of irritation at the treatment he had received from his professional brethren was too strong for him. As his biographer suggests, he was but human. At some public Whig dinner at this time the chairman proposed "the health of the gentlemen of the Faculty who had done themselves the honor of voting for Mr. Erskine's re-nomination to the deanship." Mr. Erskine rose, and very quietly remarked, "Mr. President, would it not be sufficient to propose the health of *the gentlemen of the Faculty?*"

Burns gave vent in verse to his indignation at the affront put upon his distinguished friend in "The Dean of Faculty: a New Ballad." It was not one of his happiest effusions. The first verse describes the heat of the contest:—

Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,  
That Scot to Scot did carry,  
And dire the discord Langside saw,  
For beauteous, hapless Mary:  
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,  
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,  
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job  
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.

There appeared also amongst several satirical pieces in verse and prose on this event, one entitled: "The Telegraph: a Consolatory Epistle from Thomas Muir, Esq., of Botany Bay, to the Hon. Henry Erskine, late Dean of Faculty." It contains some spirited lines:—

The vote is passed, and black balls fill the urn;  
The silken gown is from thy shoulders torn  
And all thy titles—all thy honors pass  
To deck the persen of abhorred *Dundas*.  
Come to the sacred shore, and with thee bring  
All who have virtue to detest a king.

One of the most remarkable cases in which Erskine was engaged after his degradation or (as his friends insisted in calling it) his elevation, was the trial of Macdonald of Glengarry for a duel which ended fatally. The victim of the duel



was Lieut. Macleod of the 42nd Highlanders. The scene of the quarrel was the ball-room at Inverness, May 1st, 1798. At a late hour, after supper, Glengarry came up to a young lady, Miss Forbes of Cul-loden, and claimed her promise to dance the last country dance with him. She disclaimed any such promise, and said she was engaged for the dance to Mr. Randal Macdonald, and on this gentleman's relinquishing his right in Glengarry's favor, she refused to dance with either of them. On Glengarry's still insisting on his claim, Macleod, a mere youth, who was sitting by her, said: "Why do you tease the lady? Can't you allow her to choose for herself? You are one of the stewards, and can command as many dances, as you please." Glengarry replied, "It is no business of yours; you should not interfere." Macleod explained that he only did it "in a friendly manner." After this, Miss Forbes danced a reel with Macleod, and then left the room. This was the lady's account of the occurrence. The gentlemen adjourned to the mess-room of the 79th Regiment. There high words passed between Glengarry and Macleod, and Macdonald, it is said, struck the lieutenant over the bonnet with his stick, and kicked him, with the remark, "It is now daylight, and you know the use of your pen and ink." Macleod drew his dirk, but the company interposed to prevent further mischief.

A hostile meeting was arranged, but was delayed by some mistake as to the locality: the magistrates interfered; and a rumor had got abroad that Glengarry was disposed to show the white feather. When the meeting took place, Major Macdonald, Glengarry's second, endeavored to bring about an amicable arrangement; but besides an apology in writing to be dictated by military men, Macleod required that the stick with which he had been struck should be placed in his hands to be used as he thought proper. This was positively refused, and the parties took their ground at eleven paces. Captain Campbell (Macleod's second) had proposed ten, and Major Macdonald twelve. The bullets for the pistols proved to be too small, but Major Macdonald would not hear of their being wrapped in leather to make them fit. Macleod was hit at the first fire, under the arm. At this stage the seconds induced the gentlemen to shake hands. Macleod, it was found, was badly wounded. He was taken by the surgeon in attendance to Fort George, when the ball was extracted,

and he seemed to do well at first; but he gradually declined, and died on the 3d of June. Throughout the affair, adds Colonel Fergusson, the prime idea in the poor lad's mind seems to have been to bear himself in a manly fashion, and to support the dignity of the 42nd, under the gross insult that had been put upon him. When he shook hands with his adversary, his *naïve* remark was, "You will allow, Glengarry, that I stood your fire like a man."

Whilst an indictment for murder was preparing by the direction of the lord advocate, Erskine was consulted whether it would be safe for Glengarry, who was still at large, to stand a trial. The reply was that the case was a serious one, but that he (Erskine) would do his best, and Glengarry at once determined to "stake his chance on Henry Erskine." The facts were proved as stated, and we can well believe that the excitement was extreme when the principal witness presented herself, — a handsome young woman, dressed in a riding-habit, black hat, and green veil, — to whom Lord Eskgrove, the presiding judge, addressed the remark, after she had been sworn, "Sit down, young leddy, but ye maun pit up your veil, and let's see your face."

The court had sat nearly fourteen hours, and it was close on midnight, when Erskine began his speech for the defence, which occupied upwards of three hours. No report of it is extant, but it consisted, we are told, of a powerful appeal to the jury, on the point of honor, stress being laid on the persistent efforts of Major Macdonald and his principal, to offer every kind of apology consistent with their character as gentlemen. It was four o'clock in the morning when the jury were enclosed, and appointed to give in their verdict at twelve o'clock that day. Such had been the effect of Erskine's appeal to the jury, that it was felt that the matter was as good as ended. So much was this the case, that a question arose as to the necessity for Glengarry's returning to his quarters in the Tolbooth. Col Macdonald, Glengarry's agent and kinsman, came to consult Mr. Erskine on the point, when he said, "If Glengarry is wise he will return to the prison." He deemed it imprudent at this stage to appear over-confident of the result. The jury accompanied their verdict of "not guilty" with a statement of their reasons, which were essentially the points urged by Erskine, disclaiming, with doubtful consistency, the doctrine that killing in a fair duel was any defence



against a charge of murder. Lord Eskgrove expressed his approval of the verdict with a hope "that the pannel, and all others, would be careful by their future conduct to avoid so illegal and dangerous a practice as that of duelling." With questionable taste, a dinner was given by Glengarry's friends to celebrate his acquittal, to which Erskine was invited, but his approval of his client's conduct was not sufficiently strong to admit of his being present. According to the strict laws of honor as understood when duelling was in vogue, a hostile meeting was hardly to be avoided; but assuming Glengarry to have been rightly advised in declining the required act of humiliation, he should certainly have fired in the air.

Instead of seeking occasions, like his more mercurial and excitable brother, to inveigh against abuses of authority and encroachments on constitutional rights, Erskine counselled prudence and conciliation to the clients who wished to make him the organ of their discontent. Almost anything in the nature of a combination could be brought within the Seditious Meetings Act. Some shoemakers who had formed themselves into a Benefit Society, were prosecuted and applied to Erskine; who advised them to plead guilty, and trust to the leniency of the court on the ground that they had unconsciously offended against the law. An incorporated body of tailors, whom he had saved from a threatened prosecution much in the same manner, insisted on giving him a dinner at which his health was drunk with due honors. Seeing when he rose to reply, that there were just *eighteen* of them present, he concluded his speech by wishing "health, long life, and prosperity to *both* of you," and vanished from the room without waiting to see how the joke took. His sense of fun was absolutely irrepressible. Having succeeded in a cause in which his clients, a large coal company, were deeply interested, they invited him to a grand dinner, to celebrate their good fortune. The chairman having called on Erskine for a sentiment or toast, he gave them: "Sink your pits — blast your mines — dam your rivers!" \*

The offer of the post of lord justice clerk in 1804 by his political opponents was a handsome acknowledgment of his professional eminence, and the circumstances under which it was declined reflect credit on his firmness of principle

and consistency. Hope, the lord advocate, who had the prior official claim to the office, represented in the strongest terms that he would neither renounce his party nor hamper his future conduct by accepting it. "The place," writes his son, "would have been highly agreeable to him, and the salary was much needed; his ready generosity had forbidden him to lay by much more than he had engaged to pay as the price of Ammondell. But unfortunately, as I think, and as all but himself thought afterwards, a scruple of separating his fortunes from those with whom he had ever believed himself closely united by a common principle, was the uppermost idea in his mind."

His wife died early in 1804, and in less than a year (Jan. 7, 1805) he married a fascinating widow, Mrs. Turnbull, a sister of Sir Thomas Munro, and an intimate friend of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who, after she had again become a widow, writes of her: "Except Mrs. Dunlop, Burns's patroness, and Mrs. Henry Erskine, married to the late lord advocate, I do not find a creature who has oil enough in the lamp of enthusiasm to burn on to advanced life."

The death of Pitt (Jan. 23, 1806) and the formation of the Cabinet of All the Talents placed Erskine once again in the high road of preferment. But there was a delay in his reappointment to his former office, owing probably to the difficulty in procuring a seat in Parliament. This was removed by Lord Lauderdale, who (Feb. 20) writes: —

I kissed hands to-day for the peerage (of the United Kingdom). His Majesty looked very well, and received the citizens of London with the address, surrounded by the new Ministers. You would have hardly known the Chancellor (Lord Erskine), he looked so solemn. I could not persuade myself I had ever heard him joke in my life.

There is no news but what you know. In the formation of a Government, consisting of various parties, there have necessarily occurred difficulties, but everything goes on well and smoothly; and it is to me surprising that there has not been more jarring in the course of the whole business.

Have you any plan for getting into Parliament immediately? I think I will manage, if you have no view of a seat, to get you in this session. You shall hear from me in a day or two.

The mode in which his lordship managed this affair of a seat is an illustration of the state of the Scotch representative system prior to the Reform Bill of 1832. There was a group of royal burghs, con-

\* Townsend, vol. ii., p. 141.



sisting of Dunbar, Lauder, North Berwick, Haddington, and Jedburgh. The Dalrymple family were all-powerful at North Berwick, as were the Maitlands (of which Lord Lauderdale was the head) at Lauder and Dunbar: and having thus between them three of the five burghs, they arranged that a Maitland nominee should sit for *two* Parliaments and a Dalrymple for *one*. This arrangement, which completely excluded Haddington and Jedburgh, had existed for centuries. When Lord Lauderdale wrote, it was in expectation of a vacancy which it was his turn to fill up. The vacancy occurred by the resignation of Sir Hugh Dalrymple; and Erskine's election was notified to him by the agent in a letter dated April 18th, 1806:—

EDINBR., 18th April, 1806.

MY DEAR LORD,—I have only one moment's leisure to congratulate your Lordship on your election, which took place at North Berwick yesterday; but there being no post for London, the return could only be made this day by the Sheriff.

It seems it has been the constant practice for the sitting member to send an English newspaper to each borough in the district, with the exception of *Lauder*, to which Mr. B— informed me that it had been in use to send the *Courant*. This is an expense I could not have dreamed of, but so much is it understood, that James Dalrymple desired that, instead of the *Courier* the *Globe* should be sent to *North Berwick*. The delegates for *Haddington*, *Dunbar*, and *Jedburgh*, made choice of the *Star*.

As Sir Hugh [Dalrymple] will instantly countermand these papers, it will be necessary for your Lordship to have an immediate communication with Lord Lauderdale upon this subject; and might I beg the favor of a single line in course, with your Lordship's instructions with regard to the *Courant* for Lauder?

A group of royal burghs, which required only an English newspaper a piece, suggests the image of a model constituency, a shining example of purity and independence; but it would seem that the self-denial of the corporate body did not exclude a certain amount of self-seeking in the individual members. Not many weeks after his election, Erskine received an epistle beginning thus:—

NORTH BERWICK.

Two of the burgess's of North Berwick beg leave to present their most respectful compliments to their representative in Parliament, the Lord Advocate. Conceiving ourselves not the least of his Lordship's constituents, we request to offer him a few remarks for his consideration. In the present state of things, there are only two ways in our opinion that

his Lordship can distinguish himself in the present Parliament. The first that occurs is, that his Lordship should seize the chief or entire management of all Scots affairs, in the same way that Dundass formerly did, whereby he would become popular in the country, when he could turn out the Dundass party, and put in their places his own friends and well-wishers. His Lordship has a large scale to go on. He has the church, excise, custom-house, post-office, and many other lucrative situations in his power of gift, that we are unacquainted with, and therefore shall not specify them. The second is, that he should make some eminent display of his great and unrivalled abilities in Parliament; and how far the present trial of Lord Melville would be a proper opportunity for such a display as we allude to, is submitted to his Lordship's better judgment.

His Parliamentary career was short. His connection with the Maitland burghs was terminated by the dissolution in the October following; and his connection with the Dumfries district of burghs, for which he was next elected, lasted only till the dissolution of April, 1807. He stood twice for Linlithgowshire, and failed. Neither was his official career sufficiently prolonged to enable him to carry out any of the useful measures he meditated. Even the abolition of the famous "fifteen" was reluctantly left to his successor.

His appointment as lord advocate was gazetted on the 8th of March, and he immediately left Edinburgh for London. Alluding to his first appearance in London in a professional capacity, Lord Campbell says: "I remember hearing him plead a cause at the bar of the House of Lords. All the courts in Westminster Hall being deserted from a curiosity to compare the two brothers—and full justice was done to the elder." Lord Brougham also bears ample testimony to the same effect:—

He was a most argumentative speaker; and if he sometimes did more than was necessary, he never for an instant lost sight of the point to be pressed on his audience by all the means he could employ, and which really were every weapon of eloquence except declamation and appeals to the tender feelings. Of course, a great cause placed him more under restraint, and more called forth his exertions; yet it was singular how much he would sometimes labor even in the most ordinary matters. However, if I were to name the most consummate exhibition of forensic talent that I ever witnessed, whether in the skilful conduct of the argument, the felicity of the copious illustrations, the cogency of the reasoning, or the dexterous appeal to the prejudices of the court, I should



without hesitation at once point to his address (*hearing in presence*) on Maitland's case; and were my friend Lauderdale alive, to him I should appeal, for he heard it with me, and came away declaring that his brother Thomas (Lord Erskine) never surpassed — nay, he thought, never equalled it.

"He at that time" (continues Lord Campbell) "represented Dumfries, but he never opened his mouth in the House of Commons, so that the often debated question, how he was qualified to succeed there, remained unsettled." This is an unaccountable mistake. A lord advocate could not have remained mute, and the Parliamentary debates contain several speeches of his, of a not unambitious character, although, judging merely from the reports, we cannot say that they support his traditional reputation for excellence in debate, which Lord Jeffreys says died with him. The discussion on the Mutiny Bill of 1806 turned mainly on the advantages or disadvantages of short service, a question which has remained unsettled to this hour. Erskine spoke at some length on this subject, and gave free indulgence to his fondness for illustration, not, it must be owned, in his happiest vein: —

Limited service was the most successful way of procuring men; and to suppose they could not judge of the advantage of limited service because they had not sustained the character, was as absurd as to imagine that a young woman could not tell the inducements that one of her sex might have in taking a husband, because she herself had not entered into the marriage state. In the country with which he was best acquainted, the men were not to be obtained by hanging a purse upon a halberd; they took a rational view of their situation and so formed their determination.

When gentlemen talked of the future and remote disadvantages of the plan, they reminded him of a dispute regarding a canal between Edinburgh and Glasgow for the supply of coals. In one direction it passed through a vale without the smallest interruption on a perfect level, and the tract through which it was to pass contained a supply of coals for *three centuries*; in another it was to be obstructed by sixty-seven locks, and to be elevated 750 feet above the surface of the sea, but the supply of coals was sufficient for *five centuries*! It was a disgrace to the good sense of the country that, like this Bill, the former channel had numerous opponents.

He had the qualification, highly esteemed by his countrymen, of a goodly presence. "We Scotchmen," said Ferguson of Pitfour, "always vote with the lord advocate, so we like to be able to see

him at the close of a debate." It was this Ferguson of Pitfour who boasted that he had heard many a speech which altered his opinion, never one that had the least effect upon his vote. "Sixty years since" it was rare to find a Scotchman who had succeeded in throwing off his native dialect. Henry Dundas (Lord Melville) spoke broad Scotch, and Lord Braxfield accurately described the effect of Jeffrey's brief residence at Oxford on his accent by saying: "The laddie has tint his Scotch but fand nae English." The accent of both the Erskines was unexceptionable and Henry's diction classically pure. If he failed comparatively before so fastidious an audience as the House of Commons, it should be remembered that, as was said of Flood, he was an oak of the forest too old to be transplanted. He was sixty when he entered Parliament, but if the following story be accepted as told by Colonel Fergusson, the occasion mentioned by Lord Campbell could not have been the first on which he appeared in a professional capacity in the metropolis: —

To this period of Mr. Erskine's official career belongs a story which has often been repeated, illustrative of a quaint mode of pronunciation of certain terms peculiar to the Scotch Law Courts. . . .

On one occasion, it is related, Harry Erskine was addressing a committee of the House of Lords regarding some trust business. In the course of his speech he had frequently occasion to mention the "*cūrātors*," always pronouncing the word in the manner approved in the Scottish Courts — that is, with the accent on the first syllable. One of the English judges — Mr. Erskine's son understood that it was Lord Mansfield who was so fastidious — could stand this no longer, and exclaimed: —

"Mr. Erskine, we are in the habit in this country of saying *curātor*, following the analogy of the Latin, in which, as you are aware, the penultimate syllable is long."

"I thank your Lordship very much," was Erskine's reply; "we are weak enough in Scotland to think that in pronouncing the word *cūrātor*, we follow the analogy of the English language; but I need scarcely say that I bow with pleasure to the opinion of so learned a *senātor*, and so great an *orātor*, as your Lordship."

Lord Mansfield being himself an emigrant from Scotland, was doubtless not unwilling to show his own superior attainments in the direction of civilization, forgetful how ticklish a question is that of the quantities of classical words in English.

Lord Mansfield, the emigrant from Scotland, the silver-tongued Murray, died in 1793.



Erskine was in Edinburgh when the news arrived of the downfall of the government, brought about by an injudicious attempt to introduce a small installment of Catholic emancipation. Referring to the bigotry of some among their successors, he condoled with the Duchess of Gordon upon the death of her son, saying "it was much to be lamented that poor Lord George did not live in these times; he would have stood such an excellent chance of being in the Cabinet instead of in Newgate."

Some bitterness of feeling may well have been inspired by a foreboding sense of the series of disappointments in store for him. There are few more disagreeable positions than that of a man in advancing age and failing health who, after filling the office of attorney-general or lord advocate, is thrown back upon the ordinary practice of the bar. His only hope of dignified retirement is the bench, and this hope Erskine was encouraged to form, not only by the general recognition of his professional claims, but by the attachment professed for him by the Prince of Wales, and the influence which some of his party, Lord Moira and Adam in particular, were still known or thought to possess at Carlton House. The manner in which the coveted elevation was kept dangling and flickering before his eyes till within a year of his death, may be collected from the correspondence. Early in 1811 (precise date wanting), the office of lord president of the Court of Session having become vacant by the death of President Blair, Adam writes to say that, in a very full conversation with the prince, he had dwelt upon the admitted fact that the Scotch lawyers of ability and legal knowledge are all on "our" side of the question; that he (Erskine) was at the head of them; and that the selection should be on the *detur digniori* principle. On May 23, 1811, he writes:—

MY DR. HV.—I have hardly time to do more than refer to what Gibson will have written to say that the Chanr. has just left me, and I have communicated the Prince's wishes to him that you shd. succeed to the Preside's chair. He recd. it wt. great candour, and wh. an unqualified declaration that fitness, not politics, shd. be the rule. Ld. Moira, Ld. Dundas, and Ld. Keith, were all of opinion that this was the course to take—*valeat quantum*. Mr. P. (Percival) was most kind about you, and seriously wishes it.

Again, June 6th, 1811:—

I have explained everything minutely. He [the Prince] knows the state of the Scotch

Bar as well as I do, and that the talent is all in our quarter. So that your appt. is founded in *fitness*, not *politics*. I have sd. I will not answer for his not being circumvented and defeated, but I am sure of his good intentions and of my watchfulness.

If the prime minister seriously wished it, and the regent's intentions were good, where was the hitch? But the office of president was conferred on Charles Hope, and that of lord justice clerk, which also had become vacant, on David Boyle. In a letter dated Harrowgate, October 30, 1811, to his friend, Cathcart, Erskine writes:—

My object here was my daughter's health; but I had resolv'd to go on to London to be fully apprised of everything, and to take my resolutions accordingly. One of them is, in every event finally taken, never again to stand at the Scots Bar. I trust you will be reliev'd from that odious situation by the application in your favor being successfull, tho', after what has happen'd, I confess I speak more from my wishes than my hopes. Having yielded to the appointment of Boyle, and Ministers having had the audacity to press that measure, what is to be expected of any signification of the Prince's will? He has signified to me that the late arrangement was yielded to, not from any abatement of his regard for me, or the high opinion he entertains of me, and that when he has an opportunity he will *himself* explain the whole. I think it right to give him such opportunity.

In this letter he expresses some distrust of Adam, which was speedily removed, and (strange to say) in a letter to Cathcart, dated London, November 28, 1811, he says:—

Of the unaltered state of the Regent's regard towards me I have no doubt, and, so far as I am individually concern'd, I am convinc'd his intentions are good. I do believe that, without resorting to a change, he could not have driven the point, which I believe he had earnestly in view.

In the same letter, referring to a possible change of government, he writes:—

Should the change be a right one, the Court of Revision would undoubtedly take place, and you need not doubt that the chair of that Court would be my object beyond all others. That you will have the next gown, in all events, I have not the least doubt. In that event, we should be able to form a respectable Bench; as the Court now stands, the plan would be impracticable.

It was about this time that an incident (related by the biographer) occurred, which ought to have undeceived him once for all. One morning he met — at the Par-



liament House, and asked if he had any news from London. "Excellent," was the reply; "we shall all be sent for in a short time," and the speaker threw down a letter for Mr. Erskine to read: but two letters, received that morning, had been misplaced in their franked covers. Mr. Erskine reading the one *not* intended for his perusal, came upon the expression, "We must at any rate *get rid of the Erskines*,"—when he discovered the mistake. Soon after this, he gave up the bar and retired to his country house at Ammondell, where he was visited in September, 1812, by Horner, who writes:—

He is living among the plantations he has been making for the last twenty years in the midst of all the bustle of business: he has the banks of the river Almond for about four miles: he told me he had thrown away the law like a dirty clout, and had forgotten it altogether. It is delightful to see the same high spirits, which made him such a favourite in the world while he was in the career of ambition and prosperity, still attending him, after all the disappointments that would have chagrined another man to death. Such a temper is worth all that the most successful ambition could ever bestow.

Apparently absorbed in rural pursuits, building, landscape-gardening, his violin, and his books, he never entirely lost the hope of reappearing in public life. Nor was he permitted to lose it. At one time he was led to expect a peerage; at another, so late as 1816, the office of lord clerk register. Lord Erskine writes to Mrs. Erskine:—

Everything possible was done. Adam had in the kindest manner laid the ground, and the Prince had not forgotten Harry, and, as Macmahon told me, most unwillingly relinquished the object; but Lord Liverpool had promised the Duke of Buccleugh, and before Lord Frederick [Campbell] was cold in his bed, Lord Sidmouth was sent from Lord Liverpool to claim it. . . . There seems literally to be a spell upon our family; arising, however, from our continuing, after the death of Fox, to be connected with men who assume the name of a political party, but by their folly have ruined their . . . country along with themselves.

The year following, Oct. 8, 1817, he died after a short illness: Lord Erskine died in November, 1823: Lord Buchan in April, 1829; when Sir Walter Scott sets down his impression of all three in his *Diary*:—

*April, 1829.*—Lord Buchan is dead, a person whose immense vanity, bordering upon insanity, obscured, or rather eclipsed, very considerable talents. His imagination was so

fertile, that he seemed really to believe the extraordinary fictions which he delighted in telling. . . . The two celebrated lawyers, his brothers, were not more gifted by nature than I think he was, but the restraints of a profession kept the eccentricity of the family in order. Henry Erskine was the best-natured man I ever knew, thoroughly a gentleman; and with but one fault—he could not say *no*, and this sometimes misled those who trusted in him. Tom Erskine was positively mad. I have heard him tell a cock-and-a-bull story of having seen the ghost of his father's servant, John Burnett, with as much gravity as if he believed every word that he was saying. Both Henry and Thomas were saving men, yet both died very poor. The latter at one time possessed 200,000*l.*; the other had a considerable fortune. The Earl alone has died wealthy. It is saving, not getting, that is the mother of riches. They all had wit. The Earl's was crackbrained, and sometimes caustic; Henry's was one of the kindest, best-humored, and gayest that ever cheered society: that of Lord Erskine was moody and muddish. But I never saw him in his best days.

Lord Erskine's wit in his best days was as gay and good-humored as his brother's; and to talk of having seen a ghost as if he believed it, was surely no proof of madness. Dr. Johnson believed that he heard his mother's spirit calling to him. If both Henry and Thomas were saving men, and saving is the mother of riches, why and how did they die very poor—if they did, which we doubt? Sir Walter places the trio in the best point of view by taking them together. "How animated and excited a view of human nature," exclaims Lord Cullen, "is the contemplation of superior talent employed for the benefit of mankind, and how unique it is for three brothers to attain that pre-eminence!" It is literally unique, unless we recognize the pretensions of the Dupins;\* and if Thomas (Lord) Erskine's career was the most brilliant, Henry's shone through life with a steadier, more sustained light, and his memory is most fondly cherished by his countrymen. It was not merely his wit, his eloquence, his patriotism, his public services, that called forth the burst of popular enthusiasm at his death. It was the combination of head and heart that had endeared his name to all classes; and not a dissenting voice was heard when "To the best-beloved man in Scotland" was proposed as the most appropriate motto for his monument.

\* "A la mère des trois Dupins" is the inscription on a tombstone in Père la Chaise. Dupin *aîné* and the Baron Charles were men of undoubted eminence. The younger brother was a clever advocate.



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE STORY OF JAMES BARKER:

A TALE OF THE CONGO COAST.

## PART I.

KABOOKA BAY was a quiet spot on the desolate Congo coast. There was no European habitation within forty miles of it on one side or the other, and the white-washed roof of the factory, or trading station there, could be seen from far out at sea, a solitary speck on the border of an almost treeless, barren-looking country.

The large, wide bay itself was bounded at each end by low cliffs; and from dark seams in the sides of these exuded a thick shale oil, which lay yellow and greasy on the surface of the pools of sea water at their bases, amid the rocks round which the sea curled and poured.

Nevertheless the surf was neither so high nor so heavy at Kabooka as at many other places along the coast. Out seawards, instead of the usual lines of white dangerous water, were only here and there little patches of foam, where the rollers came upon the hidden rocks. Close in-shore the breakers fell in almost gentle succession, and at last spent themselves on a beach of fine sand, strewn with coral-encrusted seaweed, pink, white, gray, grass-green, yellow, and purple in color; while delicate sea-shells of all shapes, tints, and sizes, lay scattered about, and glistened in the rays of a tranquil sunset.

Drawn up beyond the reach of the water lay two gaily-striped surf-boats, their sharp curved stems pointing seawards. Beyond them a pathway was worn through the bent grass, and led up a gentle slope to the factory.

On the planked verandah of the low wooden felt-thatched house sat two white men in the coast costume of a shirt and a pair of white duck trousers a-piece, enjoying the cool of the evening after the long heat of the day. And the two had had a piece of hard work, as upwards of a hundred tusks of ivory lying in the dark cargo-room of the factory testified. These had all been bought during the day, and probably more would be forthcoming from the native traders on the morrow. On this day, too, a steamer from Europe had been due at Kabooka, and it was the probability of her arrival before they should be ready to ship their ivory by her that the two men had been discussing.

"Ah, well, when she comes," said the elder, — a dark, sallow-faced, but good-

looking man, — "she will be the last but one before my relief arrives, and then 'hey for England, home, and beauty!' Eh, Master James Barker?"

"Ay," returned the younger; "and I don't know how I shall get on without you, sir," he added. "Since you took me, a sick ship lad, out of the old barque in Sharks' Creek, and nursed me to life again, when near every man aboard died of the *bilioso* fever, you've been more than a father to me — you have, sir;" and the lad turned a glance full of gratitude and trust towards his companion.

"Tuts, tuts," replied the elder shortly, "yours was the worst case, and you were the youngest on board; so naturally I took care of you. But what's more to the purpose, James, you've amply repaid anything I ever did for you since you've been in the service of the firm. You've turned out an honest, brave boy, an A 1 trader, and a prime favorite with the natives; and I'll go bail you'll be quite indispensable to my relief when he comes; for I dare say he'll be some fellow quite ignorant of the trade and the way of the natives here," and Mr. Monke's voice had in it a touch of sarcasm.

"Let me go home with you," suddenly pleaded the lad. "I will be your faithful servant; I will not ask for wages from you if" — and he stopped — "if you will only allow me to be near you," he whispered.

Mr. Monke stared. Here was evidence of attachment in all sincerity. He was flattered; but he said, "What, James Barker! *you* propose to be *my* servant? And what about your position on the coast? Why, you will be an agent in charge in course of time, with a station all to yourself, and your own master. If the firm had only taken my advice, they'd have put you in here until I returned; but they never do the correct thing until it is too late," he added, having another fling at his relief.

"I am sick of the coast; I hate it," returned the lad vehemently, the color mounting in his face. "The same sea, sky, and land, day after day. Nothing but the prickly bush and the niggers to look at. Why, sir," he went on quickly, to hide what the other might possibly deem ingratitude, "we haven't seen a white man for three months, and not a white woman for as many years."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the elder man kindly, seeing through the pretended disgust of the lad, "you've tired of it all very suddenly. And as for a white woman,



wait till you have a beard. I never heard you mention the name of one before, James. You surely did not leave a sweet-heart at home, eh?"

"No, sir," replied the lad shortly, and rose as a native servant, clad in a white flowing cloth, caught dexterously round his shoulders, came on the verandah, and after making a low salaam with the whiteish palms of his hands turned outwards, announced that dinner was served. He then, with free stride, followed his whit-masters into the dining-room, his round, black face and thick, red lips showing in the lamplight like polished ebony and coral. There could not have been a greater contrast to him and the other three of his race who waited at the table—the counterparts of himself in the *physique* of their frames, and the unmeaning look of their broad faces—than the two white men. The latter, though thin and pale through the effect of the climate, and looking as if any one of their servants could have mastered them with ease, had yet in their clear-cut features, and, above all, in the quick, intelligent look of their eyes, a something that gave warning not only of what they could do, but would attempt.

Yet between the two there was a great difference besides that of age. Monke's face was dark, thoughtful, and sarcastic in expression, seeing through things, as the natives well knew. The lad's countenance, on the contrary, was open and fair, his hair was light brown, almost yellow in color, and there was a dreamy look in his blue eyes which contrasted oddly enough with his gaunt, awkward, growing frame, whose bones showed too plainly. Yet there was a gentleness about him which had first attracted his senior. In short, while the one was educated and practical, the younger, ship-boy though he was, and rough and coarse in exterior, had the finer mind.

After their meal the two wearied men retired to rest through a night brilliant in moonlight, beneath which the phosphorescent waves glittered as they broke with the swell in the dark water of the open bay, and edged the beach with continual flashes of silver. On the shore there was not a sound heard save the murmur of the ocean and the melancholy cry of the watch set round the factory.

Even the vast, shadowy background to the bay was silent. As the hours wore on and day broke, a heavy mist collected over the gray sea, and crept slowly inland, and the natives for the last watch drew

their trade blankets about them, as they shivered with the cold. But as the sun showed himself the mist soon rolled away, and everything sparkled and revelled in the warm light of the early tropical morning. With it came a band of traders from the native village, numbering, with their bondsmen, fully one hundred. Between each two slaves, in a sort of wicker basket, was slung a heavy, curved elephant's tusk, and in single line the men descended a path through the grass, and forded a river. The interpreters belonging to the factory and the masters headed this procession, holding long wands, with which they gesticulated and pointed as they walked, and the rear was brought up by a crowd of fighting men, whose duty it had been to guard the band on their journey, and who, now their duty was over, beat tom-toms, blew horns, and made a great fuss.

All this excitement was by way of rejoicing over the arrival at the factory of another company from the far interior, whence, after many months' journeying through tribe after tribe and past danger after danger, they had emerged on the seacoast, and had come to Kabooka to dispose of their produce. The men were, one and all, armed with knives and flat-headed spears, and some carried bows. Their knives they wore stuck through folds of native yellow grass-cloth wound round their waists. The bondsmen and fighting men had no other clothing on their bodies, but confined their decorative talents to their hair, which they wore in the form of great trained bushes of wool. The masters, in whatever condition they had travelled, after their rest in the village of Kabooka, had arrayed themselves in long, trailing pieces of European cotton cloths, and wore anklets and bracelets of brass, and strings of bright beads round their necks. All had flat features of the true negro type, and they differed outwardly only in color, verging from a dark brown to quite a light bronze tint. Their frames were worn through their long march; but to them repayment for all their toil was soon to come through the instrumentality of the white trader.

Arrived within the yard of the factory, the bearers sat themselves down beside the walls, while the others stood about in groups discussing prices while waiting for the white men. Presently the large doors of the cargo-room were thrown open, and immediately, irrespective of degree or rank, a rush was made through them to be brought up in front of a small desk, at



which James was seated calm and ready. He motioned with his hand to the foremost men, who instantly squatted down on their haunches on the floor in circles, their tusks of ivory in the centre. The others blocked up the entrance to the room, and streamed out into the sunny yard, each man agog to catch the price of the first tusk sold, which would necessarily serve as a guide to the value of the rest. James rose and inspected one belonging to the group immediately in front of him. It was what was called a prime tooth, fully five feet in length, curved gradually and without knot or crack, although its dark-brown smooth surface was dented and scarred, and its point worn fine by use in far-off forests.

James signed to a native to put it in the balance, and it turned the scale at fifty pounds. Then he thrust a stout stick into the hollow root of it, and brought out the end of the stick covered with wet mud. A downcast look came over the faces of the owners as he smiled grimly and bade them clear the tusk. At most times he would have packed the group off, or made them wait till all were served; but as theirs was the first tooth, and a fine one, he passed over the attempt to cheat, and after the mud had been scraped out of the tusk, took a good two or three pounds off the weight of it by way of retaliation, and then considered his offer. So many guns, so much powder, and so many "parts" of cloth, he cried out, after a brief calculation of the goods he had for barter; and immediately his voice was heard, it was answered by a derisive chorus of refusal from all parts of the room.

He sat down and waited calmly while the groups consulted among themselves and with the interpreters in a state of pretended frantic indignation. He feigned indifference. After a while, an offer to take a price exceeding his by fully a third was made by them, which he refused, and told them good-humoredly to speak their "last mouth" next time, or in another word *sense*. Upon this he was asked to name a fresh price, and after pretending to look with much seriousness at the slate before him, he increased his offer by a very little, informing them that he had now truly spoken his "last mouth." Then ensued another chatter, in which bondsmen and fighting men joined, so great was the eagerness of all to have a part in settling this most important question. James was implored and entreated over and over again to make yet another

mouth, but he answered firmly, "What I have said I have said," and sat back in his chair with folded arms.

It was a sufficiently striking picture, — the long, low, wooden, whitewashed cargo-room, with the many groups of stalwart black figures squatted before the solitary white man seated at his desk, and keeping the whole company in check, as it were; while behind him for a background, were piled huge opened bales of gaudy-colored cloths, — striped, checked, figured, flowered, or dyed wholly red or blue. Blankets, rugs, and shawls were spread beside gold and silver threaded dress-pieces, and soldiers' uniform coats — trappings gorgeous to the native eye. Stands of old flint muskets with shining barrels, some of which bore the Tower mark, were ranged along the walls, or lay in open cases. Bundles of glittering swords, spear-pointed knives, *machets*, and much other cutlery, were placed beside hundredweights of heavy brass rings, slender brass rods, flints, hoop-iron, and other hardware. Pottery of common sorts and heaps of nick-nacks in the shape of toys, hand looking glasses, and a great quantity of false jewellery, took up the whole of one corner, while another was occupied by boxes of beads. Cases of coarse liqueurs stood thick together, and stowed behind them loomed large puncheons of rum.

The sight of all these riches was perhaps too tempting to the crowd of savages, for at last, though with a tremendous show of reluctance, James's second offer was accepted by them, and a bargain struck for the number and quantity of muskets, powder, and cloth he had named, which articles would be afterwards exchanged for many others, according to a fixed standard of values much in favor of the white trader.

The price of the first tusk sold having thus been ascertained, and received with a grunt by the natives, bargaining was speedily proceeded with, and Monke joining the lad, the two men toiled busily and eagerly for many hours, managing the increasing stream of sellers with consummate tact, ability, and good humor. Indeed so much ivory was bought that the elder man began to have serious doubts of there being sufficient goods in the store to pay for it all, and he bade James stop buying and take a look round and give his opinion. James rose and was beginning to roughly calculate the contents of the bales and cases before him when he happened to turn suddenly, and



saw in the little doorway which led to the dwelling portion of the house, the slender though tall figure of a white woman. He started backward as if shot. He could not at first believe his eyes. He stared, and slowly approached the figure, which looked at him. He gave an inarticulate cry to Mr. Monke, who, turning, was also transfixed with astonishment. A lady! a white lady! It was the last object either had thought to see, and she stood before them, and quite close, having advanced into the room, and being brought to a standstill by a roar of surprise from the astonished natives.

James further approached her, and she put out both her hands, which he took involuntarily between his own rough palms. There were tears in her eyes, and it was with difficulty she spoke. At last she cried, "Oh, you are English, are you not?" "Yes," answered James, "this is an English house, and we are both English, Mr. Monke and I." Monke now came forward and told James to take the girl into the dining-room and attend to her, while he would go on with the work.

So the pair thus oddly brought together went out of the dark and now close-smelling cargo-store into the light and cheerful dining-room of the factory, and there James found a Dutchman leaning out of one of the windows, and talking at the top of his voice to a number of hammock-bearers outside.

Senhor Thoolen explained that he had conducted the lady to Kabooka. She had landed from the steamer that had passed down the coast two nights before. "The steamer is past Kabooka, then?" queried James. "Yes, but it is to call on its return from the south." Mees M'Gibbon had come out to her brother, and was forwarded by the Dutch house to the nearest English factory. He, Senhor Thoolen, had instructions to return with all speed, and would make his farewell if the Senhor English would provide him with four fresh bearers for his hammock.

"M'Gibbon!" ejaculated James, as he heard her name pronounced. Was it possible that she could be the sister of the notorious Bill M'Gibbon, well known on all the coast betwixt the Congo and the Gaboon? "M'Gibbon!" again said James to himself—a Yankee in manner, a Scotchman by birth, an ex-soldier of the American war, whose face was scarred by the mark of a bullet-wound through the cheek, a swaggerer, a drunkard by reputation. Could so fair a being be of the same flesh and blood as he? And if so,

how had he allowed her to come to so strange a land? It was cruel of him. And James poured out his inquiries in Portuguese to the Dutchman, who, surprised, shook his head slowly, and did not know any more about the matter than that the *senhora* had landed from the steamer, and that he had been ordered to deliver her safe and sound at Kabooka, which he had done. "But," and he drew James to one side, "is she not beautiful,—*lovely*?" And he grasped James hard by the arm, and his little eyes twinkled knowingly as he turned them up in his head until nothing but the white of them was seen, and kept them so long inverted that they began to look like fixtures.

The sooner he was out of the way the better, thought James; and sent for the bearers he wanted. Then the girl, who had stood by wondering, staggered the lad by asking simply to see her brother. James tried to explain. "Is he not here?" she asked, trembling violently. Nothing had been heard of him, confessed James. But Mr. Monke would be only too glad to receive her until a messenger could be sent to him. If she could trust herself to stay at Kabooka, that would be the best way. It might be a week or more before the messenger could return; but she might be sure he would go as quickly as possible. It was of no use. By some misapprehension she had expected to meet her brother, and her disappointment was too great. She sat down and burst into tears. She had already heard enough of the country on her passage out to know that probably she was the only Englishwoman in the land, and the thought frightened her. By the sight of her distress James was distracted. He did not know what to do. Smelling-salts, perfumes, he thought of; but there were none within a thousand miles of him. All he said to her seemed at first to increase her grief. He contented himself with cursing, to himself, the absent M'Gibbon. And yet he was conscious that he rejoiced at his absence.

At last she calmed down a little, and following up his advantage, he sat down beside her and soothed her as well as he was able in his awkward way; and she, becoming gradually interested in what he said, told him in return how and why she had been brought to the coast.

Her profession at home had been that of a governess. Her only brother had never taken any notice of her; but having lost a situation she had been in, and not being able to obtain another, she had



written to his agents in England asking him, as her only relation, to help her, and for a reply they had paid her passage out to him.

This surprised and puzzled James very much. What kind of life did M'Gibbon imagine she would lead on the coast? What could she expect to do there, and in its climate, if it did not kill her? As these thoughts ran through his mind, Margaret — for that was her name — plied him with questions as to her brother and his surroundings; and though the sympathetic lad gave her as good an account of the man as he could, and of his house and the place it was in, yet he could not help showing some of his anxiety to her, which she perceived, and he felt that she seemed to look to him for help. Mr. Monke found the two together, and alone; and he smiled in spite of his curiosity to know the wherefore of the appearance of this waif from the civilized world. Upon being told, he was as much astonished as James had been, and then he was grave. There was something more than curious in the fact that a man like M'Gibbon should bring this young and educated girl out to the coast. She would undoubtedly be a restraint upon him, which his rough disposition could not but feel irksome. And, like James, Monke thought, What of the girl's fate in a spot far from any other woman?

However, he could do no more for her than to assure her that she was as welcome as possible until her brother came for her; and he despatched a messenger to him at his factory on the Bay of Donde with the news of his sister's arrival and a letter from her. Then the two men, leaving Margaret alone for a time, went back to their work as if no unexpected interruption had come to the routine of their solitary lives, — at least the elder one did. As for James, already something led his thoughts astray.

That night, when the work was again done, Monke sat on his verandah in the shade and watched the two young people as they talked together, entirely forgetful of him, and already fast friends. Thoughts of far-off days many years past came to the man involuntarily. And James happened to rise and go out with the girl into the bright moonlight. The two strolled away together, and then they came back and stood by the verandah covering. Presently the lad turned his face up to the great orb, whose strong, pure light brought out his every feature. There was an expression on his face which had

never been there before, thought the elder man; and he leaned forward in his chair, breathless and startled in spite of himself, for the moment. The look of the lad had suddenly reminded him of some one, and he gazed, utterly transfixed, until James came on to the verandah again, when he dropped back into his chair with a sigh. "It was the expression, the very expression," he murmured to himself, half-affrighted. "Bah! the idea was nonsense," he muttered, recovering. It was only the effect of time and circumstance on his imagination, and he tried to dismiss the lad from his thoughts.

Yet that night the vision of a face came to him again and again, so that he could not sleep, and he rose and went outside. Just as he reached the edge of the verandah, he gave a little cry of surprise and partly of terror. There, before him in the moonlight, was the very face that had haunted him. But the next moment he recognized James; and, to cover his emotion, he asked the lad roughly what he did out so late, and on getting no answer, ordered him off to bed.

The sudden advent of the girl had unduly disturbed both the lad and himself, Monke concluded, and the sooner she was away the better. It was no business of his how her brother would behave to her; and with this decision he tried to sleep.

Nevertheless, not even James became more attentive to Margaret during her enforced stay than Monke. It was wonderful how readily he, so disinclined to be disturbed or roused, put himself about to accommodate her. He insisted on giving up his own room to her, and had all his bachelor belongings removed out of it into a little dark room. He found in his trunks collars and neckties of bygone fashions, and white drill-coats, and adorned himself to the great envy of James, who possessed no such evidence of refinement, and had, to his great disgust, to appear at table in his usual costume of shirt and trousers and an old pilot coat.\*

All the native women about the factory were banished with the exception of one, who had strict injunctions to wait upon the *senhora* and do nothing else. James, whose duty it was to superintend the household arrangements of the factory, endeavored to make up for his want of a white coat by extreme nicety in the supply of the table. He held long consultations with the cook and the cook's mate. He shot and dressed a bullock. He bribed the native hunters, with the result that



little deer not much larger than hares, red legged partridges, green pigeons, and other delicacies, were served every day after fresh oysters from the river. And for vegetables there were green corn, yams, and large red peppers. He went on board the steamer on its return; and after seeing two tons of ivory safely stowed away on board, returned with as many loaves of the ship's white bread, and bottles of pickles and sauces, and potted meats, as he could buy from the steward. At this improved fare Monke chuckled to himself, and wished the girl would stay a very long time to stimulate Mr. James in his arrangements.

And to Margaret's great distress, a whole week passed away without any news from her brother. The first intimation that was received of the message being delivered, was the reappearance of the man who had carried it, as he crawled through the open doorway of the dining-room. Beside him strode one of the head-men of the factory, whose brazen bangles and heavy coral necklet rattled as he pointed with angry gesticulation to the head of the messenger, which was bound up with a piece of blue *bast*.

His story was soon told. He had delivered his "book" (letter) on the third day after leaving Kabooka, and on its presentation had been paid his cloth. While resting after his quick journey, he had been summoned before the *mun-della* (white man), who had struck at him and cut him — and the man's hands were lifted tenderly to his head. Then he had been seized, tied up, and lashed — and he turned his back to his audience and remained kneeling in that attitude. However, a cross-examination conducted through the head-man elicited the fact that Zinga, the bearer, had received two extra bottles of rum over and above his allowance, and as to what had happened after receiving those bottles of rum his memory was defective. He had been flogged, he explained. But that he had been drunk was suspected, and his case was dismissed amid many groans and complaints of injustice from him, which were summarily cut short by the head-man, who, when he found nothing was to be made out of Zinga by way of going shares in compensation for injuries received, laid his wand across the poor creature's sore back without compunction, and drove him out of the door.

The treatment the messenger had received gave Margaret but a poor idea of her brother. He had been terribly severe

with the poor negro, she thought, and his continued silence in regard to herself filled her with vague alarm. However, by James's advice, she tried to be hopeful, and was rewarded in two days by the sight of a white hammock which was carried into the yard of the factory amid a great noise, and came to a sudden halt before the door. Out of the hammock rolled M'Gibbon, and as he lighted on his feet he was conscious that a pair of soft arms were about his neck, and that a face so sweet that it seemed to him a vision, was upturned to his own bronzed and bearded countenance. It was a face set in a frame of soft hair and gemmed by a pair of eyes of the color of the ocean that rolled not fifty yards from him. So taken aback was the rough man with the beauty before him, that he kissed the face on the brow, and then, as if ashamed of the emotion he displayed, he thrust his sister a little way from him and stood looking at her through his grey eyes.

"By G——!" he exclaimed, partly in admiration and partly to himself. "How old are you?" he added quickly.

"Twenty, Will," she replied, wondering.

"You are too young and too good-looking to be buried on this d——d coast," he answered. "I've made a mistake to send for you."

She trembled a little as she heard what he said, and she was bitterly disappointed by his manner; but she bravely replied, "So long as you are near me, Will, what need I care?" and so saying clasped her hands caressingly on his arm. M'Gibbon hastily withdrew it, and muttering, "Well, as you are here, you'll have to stay," he went on to the verandah where Monke stood surveying him. That gentleman gave him the very tips of his fingers to shake, and was frigidly polite to him. There was not one thing in common between them save the fact that they had both failed in life; but Monke, though he had blundered, knew how and why he had blundered, and that his self-exile on the African coast was of his own doing. Whereas the other was a coarse bully, who had sinned, and would sin again. He felt most uncomfortable under the keen eyes of the trader, particularly when the latter chided him in his most sarcastic manner for his want of attention to his sister, and let him know he thought him most unfeeling. Then there was that matter of Zinga. But as for Zinga, M'Gibbon swore that if he caught the rascal he would repeat the flogging he



had given him; for he had been discovered in an attempt at theft. And as in principle theft, or attempt at theft, was never allowed to go unpunished by the traders, Monke said no more on the subject; but privately sent a message to the erring Zinga to the effect that it would be as well to keep out of the white man's way for a little while to avoid unpleasant consequences, — a hint which Zinga at once took, and disappeared to his own village. James, M'Gibbon treated with the greatest curtness, despite the lad's care for his sister, of which he was informed by Monke. The lad was but an "assistant" or trader's servant in the man's eyes. Nevertheless, when the little coasting schooner that was to convey the brother and sister to their destination dropped anchor in the bay, James was the first to go on board to make its little three-cornered den of a cabin, with its curtained berths and its single-peaked skylight, fit for her reception. In fact, he turned the skipper out of his cabin, much to that seaman's disgust at having to make way so unexpectedly for a woman. But when Margaret stood upon his quarter-deck, as he called it — three steps and overboard — he, in his own vernacular, clapped a stopper on his jawing tackle, and bowed her below.

Before she went down, James took her hand to say good-bye; and so beautiful did she look to the foolish boy, as she stood on the moving deck with the blue sky and the rolling sea behind her — things dear to him — that he was hardly able to say the word. But presently the rough growl of the skipper gave the order to up anchor, and the foresheet was loosened, and James went over the side. But when a little way off he bade the crew of his boat lie on their oars, and they waited beside the low, black hull of the schooner, as it dipped to the swell into the clear water, until the clank of the windlass on board ceased, and her head pointed seaward. By the time James reached the shore she was already a far-off speck upon the water, and before long had vanished out of sight — but not out of mind.

For three months nothing more was heard of Margaret, and her stay at Kabooka had come to be regarded as a far-off remembrance. Monke's leave of absence had now come, and with it his substitute. To him Monke praised James's zeal and judgment, and recommended the lad strongly; but, to his surprise, when he told James of what he had said for him he found him uneasy and dissatisfied.

James did not like to offend his friend, that was evident, but there was something on his mind which turned that friend's kind words to gall, and Monke questioned him until he confessed that he too was going away from Kabooka. Monke turned on the lad astonished. "What!" exclaimed he, "that silly notion again! Do not think of going home for many years, more than you've been here."

"I was not thinking of home," answered James; "I have no home," he added simply.

"What, then?" asked Monke.

James placed a letter in his friend's hands, and on opening it Monke found it contained the offer from M'Gibbon of a situation on terms no better than the lad was receiving. The trader looked straight into James's face, and read him at once.

"It is that girl you are thinking of, you young fool," he said.

James did not reply.

"For the chance of seeing her you would sacrifice your prospects with the firm? Bah, it is the utmost silliness," and Monke laughed outright. The result of this was that James walked away seemingly not the less determined. Monke, seeing that ridicule would have no effect upon the lad, strode after him, caught him by the shoulder, and, turning him round, endeavored to reason with him, but to no purpose.

"Yet you are as changeable as you can well be," said he at last. "Not long ago you wished to leave the coast to go to England with me, and now you wish to leave me to go to this M'Gibbon for a longer term of years than would see you master here. I am disappointed with you. However, you are nothing to me, to be sure," and Monke shrugged his shoulders, and turned away. "If you choose to make a fool of yourself, do so. Accept this berth," he added, with rising anger, "but do not call me your friend again."

"I have accepted it," said James quietly.

Then the two faced each other; and Monke, in his anger, was about to say something bitter regarding the ingratitude that had been displayed towards him, when the pleading look that filled the lad's eyes struck his imagination with such force that he stepped back a pace or two almost in dismay, and was silent.

Recovering himself with an effort, he laid a kindly hand on the lad, for he could not be rough with him now. "Very well, James, have your own way," he said; and



without speaking more, went straight to his bedroom and sat down, amid the preparations for his departure. Placing his head between his hands, he fell into a deep reverie. He was more affected than he thought he could be. Was it possible? he reflected. No. He knew the lad's story, as James had often told it to him, — how his father and mother were dead; how he had been brought up by an uncle, a laborer in a bonded dock warehouse; how the child's earliest recollections were of the greasy, narrow, and filthy streets, close to the river, of a great town, and among the tall, smoke-begrimed warehouses which overshadowed everything near them, except the flaunting gin-palaces, fed by the sailors, laborers, wagoners, and loafers, who pushed in and out of their greasy swing-doors in two almost never-ceasing streams; how three golden balls, poised aloft, were the only signs that rivalled those of the drinking-places; how the rumble and jolt of countless wagons, bearing merchandise in value untold, sounded from grey dawn to late night along those very streets, whose darkness, squalor, and wretchedness the lad had suddenly exchanged for the blue sea, the breezy sky, and the strong rushing wind as he found himself on board ship.

These facts Monke knew, and they were commonplace and trite enough, and hardly to be twisted into any romance about James any more than the not less simple story of the little native boy, who on his knees was busily packing the great white man's boxes as neatly as could be, his black eyes sparkling the while in anticipation of receiving an old shirt or coat in a present. Both he got, though what possible use the garments could be to such a mite of naked humanity, whose sole attire was a narrow strip of cloth over his loins, was not apparent. But he rose and salaamed for them gracefully.

A few days after this Monke had embarked, and James had set out on his journey by land, and the factory was left in other hands, to the great outward grief and lamentation of the head-men, who had certainly received enough parting gifts to console them, but who thought it politic to impress upon the new-comers a sense of the ineffable goodness of the white men who had gone, and the miserable inferiority of their successors.

At Donde all James's regret at losing his only friend was at once swept away by the mere sight of Margaret, who received him with an eagerness which brought a

sparkle to his eyes. But he perceived at once that she looked pale and thin, and not at all so strong as when she had arrived on the coast, and there was in addition a wistfulness in her eyes which told his eager and concerned glance that something more than faded health affected her. He had not been many days in Donde before he found out that she had always been neglected and left alone in that solitary spot. It, like Kabooka, was a bay; but a beautiful one. It was land-locked, and surrounded by steep hills, wooded down to a tiny strip of circular beach, upon which there was scarcely a ripple, so smooth was the water. It was so nearly round in shape, that from most parts of it appeared a half circle of the dense vegetation of the valleys and the more scattered hardwood forests on the hillsides, some of which were reflected in the pool of water, as it were, for the height of the hills dwarfed the size of the bay, so that it appeared much smaller than it really was, and not until one took boat and tried to reach an opposite shore was its size revealed. To the south-west a narrow opening led to the sea. The soil of the country was heavy and rich, and consequently the chief trade was in the products of it, — palm-oil, kernels, and earth-nuts. Of this trade M'Gibbon ought to have had the better share, for his only opponent was a Portuguese of the name of João Chaves, who lived in a mat-house surrounded by woods. But, as James soon found out, the Portuguese had the better trade, and what was more curious, the Scotchman, instead of being jealous of Chaves, spent no little time with him, to the neglect of his own business. Moreover, he was always assisting him with goods, for which he received apparently no return.

James could not account for all this. The Portuguese was known to him as one of the many convicts who are deported to west Africa by the Lisbon government, and after a time are allowed to go at large, provided they do not return to Portugal. What particular crime Chaves had committed James did not know; but his face, to the lad's eye, was not a pleasant one. And in truth he was cruelty itself to the natives he was possessed of. In frame he was a tall, loosely made, powerful man. From his straight heavy eyebrows his dark eyes flashed quick furtive glances, while his lips kept their alertness company with a shifty smile, which appeared to be always verging upon a snarl. This was partially concealed by a thick



black moustache and a tangled beard. There was a something about his presence that always took James by surprise. It flashed upon the lad like that of some wild animal. Nevertheless, Chaves tried to be on good terms with James, and would bid him good-day, with a sweep of his *sombrero*, and the smile that was like a snarl, whenever he saw him, which was not often. Margaret shrank from the man.

M'Gibbon's neglect of his sister was James's opportunity, and Margaret and he became closer companions than ever. He shortly worshipped the very ground she stood on, and while doing his work faithfully, tried to comfort and amuse her to the best of his ability. But somehow never did he show by word or deed what was in his inmost heart. He considered her too beautiful, too far above him for that and she — well, she looked upon him only as a sailor.

As time flew on, the factory, denuded from time to time of goods, gradually fell into disrepute with the native traders, and the trade dwindled away slowly but surely during all the wet season. James ventured to remonstrate about this, but was roughly told to keep a silent tongue in his head, and to do the best he could, which he did, until at last all the goods, except a supply sufficient to buy provisions with, had been either bartered away or sent to the Portuguese.

Then it was, after a week of nearly constant rain, one stormy night as the lightning zigzagged in the heavens in constant, broad, violet-white bands, blinding in intensity, and the heavy thunder rolled peal after peal right over the house, shaking it to its foundation of bricks, and the rain plashed down in almost solid sheets of water, that James was awakened during a slight lull in the storm by the sound of a woman's scream, followed by the noise of the heavy footsteps of a white man staggering along the verandah, and the patter of the bare feet of the black boys as they fled before him. To throw aside his mosquito curtains and leap out of his bed, took the lad but a few moments; but during those moments the scream was repeated. He dashed into the chief room of the factory, and saw, by the light of the lamp that burnt there of nights, a sight that for a second almost paralyzed him. Margaret was struggling in the arms of the Portuguese, and at one end of the room stood her brother, swaying to and fro, and fumbling at the lock of a revolver.

Without a thought James sprang upon Chaves, and struggled with him to bring him down, and so far succeeded that Margaret was enabled to escape from him; but the strong man, recovering from the shock, threw the lad from him, so that he staggered and fell. The Portuguese then strode out of the room into the darkness, M'Gibbon daring him with many curses and flourishes of his weapon to return. At once James did his best to calm his drunken master, and relieving him of his weapon, got him out of the room and into his bed, and hastening back, he found Margaret in a faint. He bathed her face with water, and when she had recovered a little, supported her to the door of her room. As she was about to enter it, she suddenly turned and clung to him convulsively. "You will not — you will not leave me?" she whispered, affrighted.

"No, no," he muttered; and then she told him in broken sentences what had happened.

She had awakened in the night, and feeling thirsty, had called to the little native girl who attended on her; but finding the child stretched across the doorway of her room fast asleep, she had stepped across her, and had slipped into the dining-room to draw the water herself from the round earthen jar which always hung there suspended from the roof. Suddenly, as her arms were stretched upwards, she found herself clasped in the embrace of the Portuguese. She struggled to escape, and then James entered.

This was her story, which she told amid the gradually decreasing noise of the thunder, and the fainter lightning flashes, trembling violently the while as she half lay in James's arms. Thus he held her until, on his promise to watch over her for the rest of the night, she went into her room. He stretched himself before her door, taking the place of the little negro girl. His thoughts were troubled for her safety. He knew the nature of men like the Portuguese, and he knew also that the man had somehow a hold over M'Gibbon. The latter, in spite of his bluster, was afraid of Chaves, and if — if the latter had taken a fancy to Margaret? And, sickened by the thought of what might happen to her in such a case, James lay awake until the dawn.

When he saw Margaret again alone, she added to his suspicion by confessing to him that her brother had even gone the length of hinting to her that the Portuguese admired her, and it would be for her advantage if she did not discourage



him; and he had backed his hints up by coarsely reminding her that she might any day find herself a beggar.

James's indignation at this knew no bounds, and on Margaret adding that her sole anxiety now was to leave the country, he, without a moment's hesitation, offered her the bill that represented the whole of his savings, to pay her passage. Even the generosity of this did not reveal to her all that was in the lad's heart towards her.

"Present the order to the captain of the next schooner that calls here," said he, "and get you away while you are safe. The captain will take it, for it is on the firm I was with, is signed by their agent, and nearly due. But will M'Gibbon permit you to leave?" he added.

"He cannot surely prevent me," she replied, "except by force, and he could not use that. And you—you will be on my side, will you not?" and she laid her hands on his arm.

James smiled at the trust she had in him, and at the thought that he could be anywhere else except on her side, and then he told her how much he feared from the ascendancy the Portuguese had over her brother.

"Yes, yes," she answered, "there is something between them,—something that gives that man"—and she shuddered—"power over him. I had felt it before you came, and now I fear it."

"He has already about ruined him," said James.

"I fear he may do worse," she replied.

James said nothing more to her; but he resolved that that night he would, if possible, satisfy himself as to what bond kept the two men together. He had already a suspicion; but he was determined to verify it.

M'Gibbon, after having mooned about the factory for the whole of the day, and without referring to what had occurred the night before, or even showing that he expected it to be referred to, went as usual to the factory of Chaves. James waited until darkness had well set in, and then placing Margaret in the charge of two brawny natives, armed with *machets*, followed him.

The single path wound gradually upwards past scattered trees and brushwood until above the point of the bay, near to which the house of Chaves stood. Then it descended into a valley where the forest was thick and tangled, and the trunks of the huge redwood-trees so encircled by thick creepers, so matted and interwoven

overhead, that the starlight only flickered through them here and there to make the darkness visible. On the opposite side of this valley the factory of the Portuguese was built, encircled by the forest except to within fifty yards or so of the house, where the ground was clear.

James, when quit of the wood, crept as softly as he could through the grass so as not to disturb the watch, and succeeded in passing the sentries unobserved. He halted beneath a single tree on a small level space. All was silent about him except the ceaseless "tick, tick, tick" of the insects in the tree above, and the solemn "croak, croak" of the frogs in the marshy places far below. Before him the light given by a twisted rag floating in a dish of palm-oil, shone yellow and dim through the reed blinds of the open verandah of the house. He could hear his own breath. All at once the long-drawn moans of some one in intense agony fell upon his ear, and sounded as if from close beside him. He started, and peered about, and again he heard a moan. Guided by the sound, he saw, a little way off, the punishment post of the factory, and beside it lay the naked form of a negro, and a puff of wind coming from that quarter brought with it a sickening smell.

The man was chained to the post, and the moans he made were so distressful that James crept up to him. He was lying on one side fastened by his wrists tightly, so that he could hardly touch any part of his body with his hands. His ribs showed through his skin, which was covered with mud, wrinkled and cracked by exposure, and seamed by raw and partially healed welts where the lash had twisted round him. His arms and legs were wasted away, and his face was hollow. The only sign of life about him was his eyes, which glittered with a piteous stare as James knelt down beside him. This the lad was hardly able to do for the stench and filth about the slave, who must have been chained, exposed to sun, rain, and dew, for some weeks. There was a tiny cup with a little water in it, which James put to the lips of the man, who made one effort to swallow, but could not. He was evidently dying. James thought to put him on his back, and to support his head a little; but on placing his hand behind him, felt that it was covered with blood, and that little strips of flesh were adhering to it. The whole of the slave's back was one mass of deep cuts crossed and recrossed, as he had



been flogged again and again, with just sufficient intervals between each flogging to allow him to recover some vitality. This was a piece of the cruelty of Chaves, thought James, as he slipped a billet of wood under the man's head, and rose to leave him. He could do nothing for him, and he had yet to accomplish the discovery he had come to make.

Notwithstanding the want of cover, he managed to gain the edge of the floor of the verandah undiscovered. This was elevated a couple of feet or so above the ground, and he could hear the voices of the two men in the room inside. As he lifted a corner of the rattans, M'Gibbon gave a loud laugh. James paused and heard a slight, rattling sound, followed by a second or two of silence, and then a low chuckle of exultation. He knew now what he had come to find out.

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From Longman's Magazine.

SOME POINTS IN AMERICAN SPEECH AND CUSTOMS.

I.

THAT the two great branches of the English people on the two sides of the ocean should never weary of hearing about one another is surely only natural and creditable to both. I trust at least that those whose business it is to hear do not weary of hearing; for certainly those on either side who expect others to listen to them seem never weary of telling their experience of the other side. He who visits Britain from America, he who visits America from Britain, seems bound, if he be at all in the habit of using the pen, to use it forthwith to set down all or some of his impressions of the kindred land and its people. The thing seems to have taken its place as a formal duty which cannot be escaped. For my own part, I had hoped to escape it. I was so well treated in America that it really seemed unthankful, almost uncivil, for me to write anything about America. Yet, while I was there, I was asked over and over again whether I meant to write a book about America. All thought of writing a book I could honestly disclaim; and it was only gradually that the necessity of writing something less than a book forced itself upon me. It somehow became unavoidable to say something, and my graver thoughts, whatever they may be worth, on several important matters dealing with the condition and prospects of

the United States I have tried to set forth in a graver quarter. But, having once begun, I still find something to say, and, being asked to write something for an early number of *Longman's Magazine*, it came almost natural to me to think of talking about some other things which had struck me in my American visit, things bearing on matters of less dignity than the constitution of the Union and the historical relation of that constitution to those of England and other European lands.

I have elsewhere ventured on the saying which to some may very likely seem a paradox, that I found less difference between England and the United States than I find between England and Scotland. Perhaps I am not altogether qualified to judge, as I have certainly seen more of the United States than I have seen of Scotland. But so it certainly struck me; and I thought I saw one chief reason for the fact, namely, that English and American law are for the most part the same, while English and Scottish law are for the most part different. I believe that this difference of law affects many more things, much more of daily habit, many more of the common forms of speech, than would at first be thought. But, on this showing, I may possibly be asked whether I do not find a greater likeness between Ireland and either England or America than I find between either of these lands and Scotland. In going to Ireland, as in going to America, we cross the sea—certainly a much smaller part of it—and we then find ourselves in a land essentially of our own law, while in going to Scotland we keep within our own island, and yet find ourselves in a land essentially of another law. And it may happen that more superficial likenesses between America and Ireland may strike the British visitor to America pretty soon after his landing. It was an American visitor to England who remarked—I believe he did not complain—that in England he missed the sound of the Irish accent. And he who lands in America, above all if he lands, as most of us do, at New York—yet more, if he makes, as many of us do, his first acquaintance with dollars by spending a large number of them on a New York hackney carriage—will certainly remark, whether he welcomes or not, the sound of the Irish accent at the very beginning of his sojourn. But he may perhaps before long come to think that the presence of English law in Ireland and the presence



of the Irish cab-driver in America are alike phenomena which are a little abnormal, though they may perhaps have a subtle connection with one another. It may be that, if English rule, and along with it English law, had never found their way into Ireland, the Irish cab-driver would never have found his way to New York. And some may even go on to think that, if the history of mankind had taken that turn, three countries at least would be the happier for it. Anyhow the likeness of the law between England and Ireland does not bring with it the same kind of likeness between England and Ireland which the likeness of the law between England and America brings with it. And the reason is plain. In Ireland English law, and all that comes of the presence of English law, is something thoroughly foreign. In America the presence of English law, and all that comes of the presence of English law, is something thoroughly natural and native. The law of Ireland is like the law of England, because Englishmen conquered Ireland and forced their own law upon the people of Ireland. The law of America is like the law of England, because Englishmen, freely settling in the new land of America, naturally took their own law with them. But Scotland was never either conquered in the same sense as Ireland nor settled in the same sense as America; Scotland therefore has never accepted English law, but keeps a wholly distinct law of her own growth.

Whatever therefore of likeness the English traveller in Ireland finds between that island and his own country is due to causes exactly opposite to those which bring about the likeness between England and America. In both cases the likeness is due to the presence of Englishmen in lands beyond the bounds of England; but it is due to their presence in altogether different characters. In the one case it is the presence of conquerors in an inhabited land; in the other it is the presence of settlers in what was practically an uninhabited land. Whatever likeness there is between England and Ireland, between America and Ireland, is only on the surface. Whatever likeness there is between England and Scotland, between England and America, belongs to the very root of the matter. The likenesses and unlikenesses are of course in all cases due to historical causes. But in the one case they are due to comparatively modern historical events, after the nations severally

concerned had put on their several national characters. In the other case they are due to those subtler causes, those earlier events, which ruled that the nations concerned should severally be what they are.

I said that the difference between England and Scotland seemed to me greater than the difference between England and America. I may add that the difference in each case is, to a great extent, a difference of the same kind. And here I must venture on a paradox. The difference between Scotland and England and the difference between America and England are both, I hold, largely owing to the fact that both Scotland and America are in many things more English than England itself. This is above all things true in the matter of language. People talk of "Americanisms" and of "Scotticisms," as if they were in all cases corruptions, or at all events changes, introduced by Americans and Scotsmen severally into the existing English tongue. Now I do not deny that there are a good many "Americanisms" and a few "Scotticisms" which really answer that definition. But I maintain that the great mass of both classes come under quite another head. What people commonly call an "Americanism" or a "Scotticism," is, for the more part, some perfectly good English word or phrase, which has gone out of use in England, but which has lived on in America or in Scotland. To take two very obvious instances, most people, I feel sure, would call *bairn* a Scotch word; most people, I feel sure, would call *fall*, in the sense of *autumn*, not indeed an American word, but an American use of the word. It almost seems as if they believed that the use of the word *bairn* in any sense, and the use of the word *fall* in that particular sense, was something that the Scots and the Americans severally had devised of their own hearts, and in which England never had any share at any time. Yet nothing is more certain than that *bairn* is Scotch only so far as it has gone out of use in England and has lived on in Scotland. West-Saxon Alfred talks about his "bairns," while the word would certainly not have been understood by any true Scottish Kenneth or Malcolm. *Fall*, in the particular sense of *autumn*, is, in the like sort, American only so far as it has lived on in America while it has gone out of use in England. That is, if it has gone out of use in England; for I can distinctly remember the phrase "spring and fall" in



my childhood. By "Scotch" in common talk is never meant the Gaelic speech of the true Scots; the word always means the speech of that part of northern England which came under the rule of the kings of the true Scots. The English of that district was naturally less affected than southern English by the Norman and French influences of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. It therefore keeps a crowd of good and strong English words which have dropped out of use in southern English. On the other hand, the later connection between France and Scotland, and the respect shown in Scotland to the Roman law, have brought in a good many French and Latin words which are unknown in southern English. The word "American," as applied to language means, in the mouth of a comparative philologist, the native languages of the American continent, exactly as "Scottish" ought to mean the language of the original Scots. In common use it does mean the English language, as spoken and written in the United States. I say the United States, because I am not quite clear whether Canada would come in or not. Now in the matter of language, as in most other matters, the United States have followed the usual law of colonies. A colony is always exposed to two opposite tendencies, which, though opposite, are found not uncommonly to work busily side by side. There is a greater tendency to stand still, and there is also a greater tendency to go ahead, than there is in the mother country. A colony which has no chance of going ahead is likely to stand very still indeed, much stiller than an old country. A small, isolated colony, say a small island, is likely to become one of the most old-world places to be found. It will in many things keep on the state of things which existed in the mother country at the time of the settlement, long after that state of things has, in the mother country itself, become a thing of the past. It has become a proverb that, if you wish to see old France, you must go to French Canada. And for many things, if you wish to see old England, you must go to New England. In the United States the tendency to go ahead has certainly reached as great a development as in any part of the world; but it has by no means driven out the opposite tendency to stand still. I need not say that I noticed many things in which our kinsfolk beyond the ocean had — sometimes, I thought, for good, sometimes, I

thought, for evil — left us behind. But I also noticed some things in which they had — sometimes, I thought, for good, sometimes for evil — lagged behind us. There is a vast deal of conservative feeling, or at least of conservative habit, at work in the United States, at any rate in the older States. There is much about them in speech, in manners, in institutions, which has a thoroughly old-world character, much that has lived on from the England of the seventeenth century, much in which the circumstances of the settlers called back into being things far older than the England of the seventeenth century. When anything that seems strange to a British visitor in American speech or American manners is not quite modern on the face of it, it is pretty certain to be something which was once common to the older and the newer England, but which the newer England has kept, while the older England has cast it aside. And it is not very hard to distinguish between usages which have this venerable sanction and usages which have come in only yesterday. It does not need any very great effort to discern between words, phrases, ways of looking at things, which have been handed on from the days of John Smith of Virginia or Roger Williams of Rhode Island, and words, phrases, ways of looking at things, which have come in under the reign of the stump orator, the interviewer, and that deadliest of all foes to the English tongue and to every other tongue, the schoolmaster.

I have drawn a parallel between the Scottish and the American forms of English; but it is a parallel which is far from holding good in every point. The Scottish — that is, the northern — form of English is, in the strictest sense, a dialect. That is to say, it is an independent form of the language, which might have come to set the standard of the language and to become the polite and literary speech, instead of that form of the language to which that calling actually fell. Or rather, as long as Scotland was politically distinct from the southern England, the northern form of English actually did set the standard within its own range. It was the polite and literary speech within the English-speaking lands of the Scottish kings. It is only the political union of the kingdoms which has brought northern English down from that place of dignity, and has caused southern English to set the standard of speech through the whole of Great Britain. Whatever a Scotsman may speak, he now



writes after the manner of a southern Englishman. But the Englishman of America does not write — he is in no way called on to write — after the manner of the Englishman of Britain, but after his own manner. For his manner of speech, however it may differ from the speech of the Englishman of Britain, does not differ as a dialect strictly so called. And this is none the less true, though it is quite certain that several dialects of English are spoken in America. Some Americans, specially curious in such matters, profess to mark some difference of speech in almost every State, and to be able in most cases to say from what State a man comes. To this amount of discernment I naturally can make no claim; but I can see some marked points of difference between the speech of the Northern and Southern States, taken as wholes. And I can further see that the speech of Virginia agrees in some points with the speech of Wessex, points in which it differs from the speech of either Boston. Thus, for instance, the surname *Carter*, which to us does not sound specially patrician, but which in Virginia is reckoned to be at least as noble as Berkeley, if not as Montmorency, is locally sounded *Kyartah*. Now if the utterance of the latter half of the word may seem to be that of a London lounge, the utterance of the former part is genuine west-Saxon, whether of the days of Alfred or the days of Victoria. But if we come to compare the English of the United States, as a whole, with the English of Britain as a whole, there is no difference of dialect strictly so called between them. There is not the same kind of difference which there is between the English of the northern and southern parts of Britain itself. The test seems to lie in the fact which I have just spoken of. The speaker of northern English finds it needful to adopt, for certain purposes, the southern form of English, instead of that which is natural to him. But no American speaker or writer ever thinks it needful to adopt a British form of his own language, any more than a British speaker or writer thinks it needful to adopt an American form.

And yet it is perfectly plain that the English tongue common to Britain and America is not spoken and written in exactly the same way in Britain and in America. The man of either land carries with him marks characteristic of his own land which will not fail to bewray him to men of the other land. But those marks are not of the nature of dialectic differ-

ence strictly so called. I told my American hearers, in some of the lectures which I gave in several places, that between them and us I could see no difference of language, no difference of dialect, but that there was a considerable difference of local usage. Now local usage in matter of speech, whether it be of old standing or of quite modern origin, is altogether another thing from real difference of dialect. Real difference of dialect is a matter which lies pretty much beyond the control of the human will. It is often unconscious, it is almost always involuntary; if any reason can be given for the difference, it is a reason which does not lie on the surface, but which needs to be found out by philological research. But mere local usage, though it may have become quite immemorial, is not thus wholly beyond our own control. There is something conscious about it, something at any rate which can be changed by an immediate act of the will. For mere difference of local usage in language, we can often give some very obvious reason, which needs no philological research at all to find it out. For instance, what we may call the language of railways is largely different in England and in America. But this is no difference of dialect, only difference of local usage. In each case a particular word has been chosen rather than another. In each case the word which has been chosen sounds odd to those who are used to the other. In each case we can sometimes see the reason for the difference of usage, and sometimes not. No obvious reason can be given why in England we speak of the "railway," while in America they commonly speak of the "railroad." But no one on either side can have the least difficulty in understanding the word which is used on the other side. And indeed the American might say that, in this as in some greater and older matters, he has stuck to the older usage. Though "railroad" is now seldom used in England, my own memory tells me that it was the more usual name when the thing itself first came in. "Railway," for what reason I know not, has displaced "railroad" in England, and it is worth remarking that it is doing the same in some parts of America. Here one can see no reason for one usage rather than the other, and no advantage in one usage rather than the other. But when the American goes on to speak, as he often does, of the railroad simply as "the road," his language may sometimes be a little misleading, but it is



easy to see the reason for it. In England we had everywhere roads before we had railroads; the railroad needed a qualifying syllable to distinguish it from the older and better known kind of road. But in a large part of America the railroad is actually the oldest road; there is therefore no such need to distinguish it from any other. This to us seems rather like a state of things in which printing should be familiar, but writing unknown; but it is a state of things which the circumstances of our time have brought about in a large part of the United States. That is to say, the two tendencies of which I spoke have been at work side by side. The tendency to lag behind has hindered the growth of a good system of roads; the tendency to go ahead has brought in a gigantic system of railroads. Here we see the reason for the different use of language. We see it also in the different names for the thing which, when the railroad is made, runs along its rails. In Britain it is a "carriage;" in America it is a "car." This at least is by no means a distinction without a reason. The different forms of English railway-carriage might afford some curious matters for observation to a philosopher of the school of Mr. Tylor. Nowhere can the doctrine of survivals be better studied. The original railway-carriage was the old-fashioned carriage put to a new use; the innovation lay in putting several such carriages together. It is only quite gradually that what we may call a picture of the old carriage has disappeared from our trains. This is as distinct a survival as the useless buttons on a modern coat which once fastened up a lappet, helped to carry a sword, or discharged some other useful function now forgotten. But the American "car" was not made after any such pattern. It is strictly a "car;" at any rate it is quite unlike the special meaning attached to the word "carriage." If anything other than itself was present to the mind of the deviser of the American car, it was rather the cabin of a steamer than any earlier kind of carriage; and such an origin is suggested by the American phrase of being "on board" a train, which I fancy is never heard in England. Among European things, the older kind of American car is most like that which is used on the Swiss railways, as if there were some kind of federal symbolism in both. And now another form of the American car is making its way into England, and with the thing the name comes too. For "car" then there is a good

reason; but it is hard to see why a railway-station should be called a "depôt." The word "station" is not etymologically English; it is therefore not so good a name as the German *Bahnhof*; but it is quite naturalized and familiar, while "depôt" is still foreign, and hardly becomes less so by being sounded as if it were Italian and written *dipo*. But on several American railroads the name is beginning to give way to the more reasonable word "station."

All these instances taken from railway matters are necessarily very modern; I will take another which I have no doubt is as old as English settlement in America. In England we use the word "shop" both for a place where things are made or done and for a place where things are sold. In America the word is confined to the place where things are made or done, as "barber-shop," "carpenter-shop;" a place where things are sold is a "store." Less old most likely, but certainly not of yesterday, is the usage which confines the name "corn" to one particular kind of corn, that namely which we know as "Indian corn" or maize. I heard a most distinguished Englishman — Britisher, at all events — lecture to an American audience on the history of the English corn-laws; and I doubted in my own mind whether all his hearers would understand that he was mainly speaking of wheat. Now neither of these forms of speech comes among the cases in which the colony has kept on the elder usage of the mother country. This hardly needs proof in the case of "corn." But the narrower use of that word is exactly analogous to the narrower use of the word "beast" among English graziers, and of the word "bird" among English sportsmen. In the case of "shop," the word is perfectly good English both in the wider and in the narrower sense, as it is in a good many other senses besides. But I cannot find that "store" was ever used in England in the American sense, till it came in quite lately in the case of "co-operative stores." But I have not the slightest doubt that a perfectly good reason for the difference of usage could be found in some circumstance of early colonial life. I can fancy that in one of the first New England settlements a shop would really be a "store," in a sense in which it hardly is now on either side of ocean. And the "co-operative store" may be so called for some reason of the same kind, or it may be because the name is thought to be finer, or it may be a mere transplantation of the



American name. The "shop" or the "store" suggests its contents; and I dare say that there is some good reason, though I do not see it, why the contents of one particular kind of "store" should be specially called "dry goods." The contents of some other kinds of store seem to the untechnical mind to be equally dry. But the phrase, however it arose, is just like our phrase "hardware," which does not take in all things that are in themselves hard. Then again, I have known some foolish Britishers mock at such phrases as "town lot," "city lot;" but these are perfectly good and natural names for things to which we have nothing exactly answering in modern England. The constant use of the phrase "block," in showing a man his way about a town, struck me at first as odd. But it is a perfectly good use. American towns are built in blocks, in a way in which the elder English towns at least are not. The "city lot" suggests the "city" itself, of which we certainly hear much more in America than in England. The use of the word "city" in England is rather strange. At some time later than Domesday and earlier than Henry the Eighth, it came to be confined on one hand and extended on the other, so as to take in all places that were bishops' sees, and no places that were not. In America a "city" means what we should call a corporate town or municipal borough. But in England the word "city" is seldom used, except either in rather formal speech or else to distinguish the real city of London from the other parts of the "province covered with houses" which in common speech bears its name. In America the word "city" is in constant use, where we should use the word "town," even though the place spoken of bears the formal rank of a city. I remember getting into strange cross-purposes with an American gentleman who, in speaking of a visit to London, went on speaking of "the city," while he meant parts of the province covered with houses far away from what I understood by that name. "Town," in New England at least, has another meaning. A "town" or "township" may contain a "city," or it may not. On the other hand, one often hears the phrase "down town," even in New York itself. New York, by the way, calls itself a "metropolis;" in what sense of the word it is not easy to guess, as it can hardly be because it is the seat of a Roman Catholic archbishopric. And I have even known a New York paper speak of

the rest of the United States as "the provinces." That insulting name is bad enough when it is applied to an English shire; it is surely worse still when it is applied to a sovereign commonwealth.

The words "metropolis" and "provinces," used in this way, I venture to call slang, whether the city which is set up above its fellows is London or New York. Anyhow this use of them is in no way distinctively American; indeed the misuse of the word "provinces" is, I fancy, excessively rare in America, and it is certainly borrowed from England. Each side of the ocean unluckily finds it easier to copy the abuses of the other side than to stick to the noble heritage which is common to both. But even in the abuses of language on either side there is no strictly dialectic difference; still less is there any such difference in those legitimate varieties of local usage which have grown up out of the different circumstances of the two countries. But many of these last have thus much in common with dialectic differences, that they have come of themselves without any fixed purpose, even though we often can, as we cannot in the case of strictly dialectic difference, see why they have come. It is otherwise when one word is used rather than another under the notion of its being finer. This is plainly the case with "depôt," and I suppose it is also with "conductor" for "guard." But one cannot see either that "railroad" is finer than "railway," or that "railway" is finer than "railroad." If "store" may, from one point of view, be thought finer than "shop," the increased fineness is quite accidental; it is another thing when any man on either side calls his shop or store his "establishment." In nearly all these cases the difference matters nothing to one whose object is to save some relics of the good old English tongue. One way is for the most part as good as the other; let each side of the ocean stick to its own way, if only to keep up those little picturesque differences which are really a gain when the substance is essentially the same. This same line of thought might be carried out in a crowd of phrases, old and new, in which British and American usage differs, but in which neither usage can be said to be in itself better or worse than the other. Each usage is the better in the land in which it has grown up of itself. A good British writer and a good American writer will write in the same language and the same dialect; but it is well that each should keep to those



little peculiarities of established and reasonable local usage which will show on which side of the ocean he writes. It is not so with slang, on whichever side it has grown up. It is hard to define slang; but we commonly know it when we hear it. Slang, I should think, was always conscious in its origin. A word or phrase is used, not unconsciously under the natural compulsion of some good reason for its use, but consciously, indeed of set purpose, because it is thought to sound fine or clever. It presently comes to be used by crowds of people as a matter of course, without any such thought; but its origin sticks to it; it remains slang, and never becomes the true yoke-fellow of words and phrases which have grown up of themselves as they were really needed. Or again, there may be a word or phrase which is good enough in its turn with others, but which, if used constantly to the exclusion of others, seems to partake of the nature of slang. Some favorite American forms of speech seem to us in this way to savor of slang, and I believe that some favorite British forms of speech in the like sort savor of slang to an American. To take a very small example, perhaps the better because it is so very small, the word "certainly" is a very natural form of granting any request; but in England we should hardly use it except in granting a request of some little importance, or one about the granting of which there might be some little doubt; American use extends it to the very smallest civilities of the table. "I guess" I have always stood up for, as a perfectly good form, if only it is not always used to the exclusion of other forms. "I reckon" is as good English as English can be; it is only at "I calculate" that one would begin to kick; but I do not think that "I calculate" is often heard in the kind of American society to which I was used. It might however be taken as an instance of the way in which technical and special words get into common use, sometimes on one side of the ocean, sometimes on the other, and which seem odd to those who are not used to them. Let me take an Oxford story of perhaps five-and-thirty years ago. A story was told in a common-room of an American clergyman who was in the habit of getting into theological discussions with his bishop, and who was sometimes a little puzzled as to the way in which he ought to behave in such cases towards his spiritual superior. "I had a respect for his office," said the presbyter; "but I did not like to *endorse*

all that he said." A fit of laughter went round the room. Thirty-five years ago there seemed something irresistibly ludicrous in applying a commercial word like "endorse" to agreement or disagreement on a theological matter. I am quite sure that no one would laugh at it now either in America or in Britain; we all endorse, or decline to endorse, positions on all questions, theological, political, philosophical, or any other. But I doubt whether any one in England would talk of "the balance of the day," a phrase which I have heard in America, though I should doubt its being common. Purely legal phrases too seem to get more easily into common use in America than here, and I am told that the same is the case with medical phrases also. I was a good deal amazed at first to see "Real Estate," "Real Estate Office," written up as the mark of a place of business. I knew my Blackstone well enough to have no difficulty as to what was meant; but it looked to me very much as if anybody had advertised a "Jetsam and Flotsam Office." But I presently found that "real estate," "to buy real estate," were phrases in daily use both in the newspapers and in common talk. Now certainly no one in England would, if a man had bought houses or lands, say that he had bought "real estate." He would, if he did not define the particular thing bought, be more likely to veil it under the general name of "property."

In pronunciation strictly so called, I mean the utterance of particular words as distinguished from any general tone, accent, intonation, and the like, I remarked less difference between America and England than there is in the use of the words themselves. Of certain dialectic differences within the United States themselves I have already said something. When the Virginian says "doe" and "floe" for "door" and "floor," it is as truly a case of dialect in the strictest sense as the difference between the dialect of Somerset and the dialect of Yorkshire. But I noticed some prevalent differences of pronunciation in America which were in no sense dialectical, but which were clearly adopted on a principle. I fancy that something that may be called a principle has more influence on pronunciation in America than it has in England. This remark is not my own; I found it, or something to the same effect, in an American periodical. It was there remarked that in America there is a large class of people who read a great deal



without very much education, and who are apt to draw their ideas of pronunciation rather from the look of the words in the book than from any traditional way of uttering them. This will most likely account for some cases, specially for one on which I have something to say presently. But there are other cases in which the American usage, though it sounds odd to a British ear, is strictly according to the analogy of the English tongue. I heard in America "ôpponent" and "înquiry," and very odd they sounded. But they simply follow the English rule of throwing the accent as far back as we can, without regard to the Latin or Greek quantity. If we say "théâtre" — which, by the way, is accidentally right, according to the Greek *accent* — "aúditor," "áblative," and a crowd of other words of the same kind, we may as well say "ôpponent" and "înquiry." The only reason against so doing is, I suppose, that they are a little hard to say, which is doubtless the reason why, while everybody says "aúditor" and "sénator," nobody says "spéc-tator." But there is one word on which I wish to speak a little more at large, as a clear instance in which the schoolmaster or the printed text or some other artificial influence has brought about a distinct change in pronunciation. The word "clerk" is in England usually sounded "clark," while in America it is usually sounded "clurk." I say "usually," because I did once hear "clurk" in England — from a London shopman — and because I was told at Philadelphia that some old people there still said "clark," and — a most important fact — that those who said "clark" also said "marchant." Now it is quite certain that "clark" is the older pronunciation, the pronunciation which the first settlers must have taken with them. This is proved by the fact that the word as a surname — and it is one of the commonest of surnames — is always sounded, and most commonly written, "Clark" or "Clarke." I suspect that "Clerk" as a surname, so spelled, is distinctively "Scotch," in the modern sense of that word. Also in writers of the sixteenth and early seventeenth century, the word itself is very often written "clark" or "clarke." But of course "clerk" was at all times the more clerklly spelling, as showing the French and Latin origin of the word. It is plain therefore that the pronunciation "clurk" is not traditional, but has been brought in artificially, out of a notion of making the sound conform to the spelling. But "clurk" is no more

the true sound than "clark;" the true sound is "clairk," like French "clerc," and a Scotsman would surely sound it so. "Clark" and "clurk" are both mere approximations to the French sound, and "clark" is the older, and surely the more natural approximation. The truth is that we cannot sound "clerk" as it is spelled; that is, we cannot give the *e* before *r* the same sound which we give it when it is followed by any other consonant. We cannot sound *e* in "clerk" exactly as we sound *e* in "tent." This applies to a crowd of words, some of Teutonic, some of Latin origin, in which the spelling is *e*, but in which the sound has, just as in "clerk," fluctuated between *a* and *u*. The old people at Philadelphia who said "clark" also said "marchant." And quite rightly, for they had on their side both older English usage and, in this case, the French spelling itself. The sound "marchant" has come in, both in England and in America, by exactly the same process as that by which the sound "clurk" has come in in America, but not in England. In these cases the words are of Latin origin; so is "German," which people used to sound "Jarman" — as in the memorable story of the Oxford University preacher who wished the "Jarman theology" at the bottom of the "Jarman Ocean." But the same thing happens to a crowd of Teutonic proper names, as Derby, Berkeley, Berkshire, Bernard, Bertram, and others. In these names the original Old-English vowel is *eo*; the modern spelling and the different modern pronunciations are mere approximations, just as when the vowel is the French or Latin *e*. One has heard "Darby" and "Durby," "Barkley" and "Burkeley;" and though the *a* sound is now deemed the more polite, yet I believe that fashion has fluctuated in this matter, as in most others. And fashion, whether fluctuating or not, is at least inconsistent; if it is polite to talk of "Barkshire" and "Darby," it is no longer polite to talk about "Jarman" and "Jarsey." But in all these cases there can be no doubt that the *a* sound is the older. The names of which I have spoken are often spelled with an *a* in old writers; and the *a* sound has for it the witness of the most familiar spelling of several of the names when used as surnames. "Darby," "Barclay," "Barnard," "Bartram," all familiar surnames, show what sound was usual when their present spelling was fixed. Tourists, I believe, talk of the "Durwent" (as they call the Dôve the "Duv"); but the



Derwent at Stamfordbridge is undoubtedly Darwent, while the more northern stream of the name is locally Darwin, a form which has become illustrious as a surname. Now in words of this kind, while British use is somewhat fluctuating, I believe that America has universally decided for the *u* sound. But there can be no doubt that, whether in England or in America, the sound of "*Durby*" or "*Burtram*" is simply an attempt to adapt the sound to the spelling, while "*Darby*" and "*Bartram*" are the genuine traditional sounds. I see another instance, not quite of the same kind, of the influence of the schoolmaster, in the name which in some parts of America is given to the last letter of the alphabet. This in New England is always *zee*; in the south it is *zed*, while Pennsylvania seems to halt between two opinions. Now *zed* is a very strange name. Has it anything to do with Greek *zeta*? or does it come from the old form *izzard*, which was not quite forgotten in my childhood, and which I was delighted to find remembered in America also? (*Izzard* is said to be for "*s* hard," though surely *z* is rather *s* soft.) But anyhow *zee* is clearly a schoolmaster's device to get rid of the strange-sounding *zed*, and to make *z* follow the analogy of other letters. But the analogy is wrong. *Z* ought not to follow the analogy of *b*, *d*, *t*, but that of *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, and above all of its brother *s*. If we are not to have *zed*, the name should clearly be, not *zee* but *es*. But it is a comfort that, besides *izzard*, I also found "*ampussy* and" — I hardly know how to write it — remembered beyond the ocean. I may very likely be called on to explain on this side. "*Ampussy and*," that is, in full, "*and per se, and*," is the name of the sign for the conjunction *and*, &, which used to be printed at the end of the alphabet. May I quote a riming nursery alphabet of my own childhood? The letters have all done their several services towards the apple-pie that was to be divided among them: —

Then AND came, though not one of the letters,

And, bowing, acknowledged them all as his betters;

And, hoping it might not be deemed a presumption,

Remained all their honors' most humble conjunction.

The humble "conjunction" seems to have fared yet worse than Lord Macaulay's chaplain, and to have got no apple-pie at all.

Quite distinct from the pronunciation of particular words are any general characteristics in the way of utterance which speakers of English on either side may notice in speakers of English on the other side. Americans constantly notice what they call the "English intonation," the "English accent," and I have even seen it called the "horrible English intonation." Now I am not very clear what this accent or intonation is, and the less so as I have sometimes been told that I myself have it, sometimes that I have it not, but that I speak like an American. As no man knows exactly how he himself speaks, I cannot judge which description is the truer. On the other hand we Britishers are apt to remark in Americans something which we are tempted to call by the shorter word "*twang*," a description less civil, perhaps, than "*intonation*" without an adjective, but less uncivil surely than "*horrible intonation*." As to the origin of this "*twang*" I have heard various opinions. Some trace it to a theological, some to a merely geographical cause. It has been said to be an inheritance from the Puritans as Puritans; others say that it is simply the natural utterance of East Anglia, without reference to sect or party. As an American mark, the thing to be most remarked about it is, that, though very common, it is far from universal. It would be in no way wonderful either if everybody spoke with a *twang* or if nobody spoke with a *twang*. But the facts, as far as I can see, are these. Some people have the *twang* very strongly; some have it not at all. Some, after speaking for a long time without it, will bring it in in a particular word or sentence; in others it is strongly marked when a few words are uttered suddenly, but dies off in the course of a longer conversation. And I distinctly marked that it was far more universal among women than among men. I could mention several American friends from whose speech — unless possibly in particular technical words — no one could tell to which side of the ocean they belonged, while the utterance of their wives was distinctly American. To us the kind of utterance of which I speak seems specially out of place in the mouth of a graceful and cultivated woman; but I have heard hints back again that the speech of graceful and cultivated Englishwomen has sometimes had just the same effect on American hearers. But, on whichever side our taste lies, there can be little doubt that the American utterance, be it Puritan, East-Anglian, or any-



thing else, is no modern innovation, but has come by genuine tradition from the seventeenth century.

It is otherwise with some peculiarities which concern, not the natural utterance of words to the ear, but their artificial representation to the eye. If the school-master is a deadly foe to language, English or any other, the printer is a foe no less deadly. Half the unhistorical spellings which disfigure our printed language come from the vagaries of half-learned printers, on which side of the ocean matters very little. As for Latin words, one is sometimes tempted to say, let them spell them as they please; but it is hard when Teutonic "rime," a word which so many Romance languages have borrowed, is turned into "rhyme," merely because some printer's mind was confused between English "rime" and Greek "rhythm." So with specially American spelling-fancies. If any one chooses to spell words like "traveller" with one *l*, it looks odd, but it is really not worth disputing about. Nor is it worth disputing about "color" or "colour," "honor" or "honour," and the like. But when it comes to "armor," still more when it comes to "neighbor," one's Latin back in the former case, one's Teutonic back in the other, is put up. Did he who first wrote "armor" fancy that "armor" was a Latin word like "honor" or "color"? By all means let *armatura*, if any one chooses, be cut short into *armure*; but let us be spared such a false analogy as *armor*. "Arbor" for "arbour" brings out more strongly the delusion of those who, having a Latin tree on the brain, doffed Teutonic "harbour" of its aspirate. But the most unkindest cut of all is when Old-English "neáhgebúr," which, according to the universal rule of the language, becomes in modern English "neighbour," is also turned into "neighbor." Did anybody, even a printer or a dictionary-maker, really fancy that the last three letters of "neighbour" had anything in common with the last three letters of "honour"? It is surely hardly needful to say that Old-English *ú* is in modern English consistently represented by *ou*; "hús" becomes "house;" "súth" becomes "south;" "út" becomes "out" — and "neáhgebúr" becomes "neighbour." American printers too have some odd ways in other matters, specially as to their way of dividing words when part of a word has to be in one line and part in another. Thus "nothing" will be divided, not as "no-thing," but as "noth-ing," as

if it were the patronymic of a name "Noth." Yet surely even a printer must have known that "nothing" is "no-thing" and nothing else. So again "knowledge" is divided as "knowl-edge," suggesting rather the side of a hill than the occupation or condition of one who knows. It is really quite possible that the *d* may have been thrust into "knowledge" — better written "knowlege" — from some thought of a *ledge*. Anyhow one suspects that very few people know that *ledge* in "knowledge" and "lock" in "wedlock" are one and the same ending. "Wedlock" at least is safe from being divided as "wedl-ock," because everybody thinks that it has something to do with a lock and key.

It would be easy to pile together a far longer list of differences of usage in matter of speech between England and America. But I have perhaps brought together enough to illustrate my main general positions. I have tried to show that so-called "Americanisms" are not to be at once cast aside, as many people in England are inclined to cast them aside, as if they were necessarily corruptions of the common speech, as if it proved something against a form of words to show that it is usual in America, but that it is not usual in England. Abuses of language undoubtedly arise in America, just as they do in England. It is hardly worth while trying to count up and find out in which country they are the more common. Possibly the go-ahead side of the younger English land may win for it the first place. But, if so, it is merely a difference of degree, not of kind. I fancy that "racial" is American; but "sociology" is undoubtedly British. On the other hand, the conservative side of the American character has led to the survival in America of many good English words and phrases which have gone out of use in England, and which ignorant people therefore mistake for American inventions. In other cases, again, differences of usage between the two countries are fully explained by differences of circumstances between the two countries. In some cases, again, usages which cannot be called correct, but which differ from mere abuses of language, have been brought in — in either country — through mistaken analogies or other processes of that kind. In these different ways there has come to be a certain distinction between the received British and the received American use of the common



English tongue, a distinction which commonly makes it easy to see from which side of ocean a man comes. But there is no real difference of language, not even any real difference of dialect; the speech of either side is understood without an effort by the men of the other side, and the differences are largely of a kind in which neither usage can be said to be in itself better or worse than the other. Such is the general result of what I have to say about language and about some points specially connected with language. In another article I hope to carry on the same line of argument with regard to some other matters.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From Golden Hours.

SIX WEEKS IN SORRENTO AND ISCHIA—  
BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE  
BLACK FOREST," ETC.

NAPLES, May 14th. We had a delightful drive to Castellamare, and on to Naples by train. The driver who brought us from the station to the hotel kept continually signing to us to beware lest anything should be snatched from the carriage, and Mrs. M—— bade me hide my watch and chain, Canon M—— told me I might get my pocket picked at the first turning; and altogether I gained rather an alarming impression of Naples. But I think the driver was alarming us for his own purposes to get an extra *douceur* for his care, and Mr. and Mrs. M——'s experiences dated from twenty years ago, and now *tout cela est changé*. In these years the city has grown to almost four times its former size; the new streets are as handsome and as crowded as Cheapside, and a great deal more picturesque; the *lazzaroni* have disappeared, and the population is clothed instead of going naked, or nearly so. Sixteen million francs have been expended in cleansing and purifying the town, and a pleasant, fresh air circulates through its open squares and thoroughfares. The old *vicos* and *vicoli* running up from the main streets are picturesque beyond description, far more so than those in Rome, and sometimes they are almost to be compared to an Eastern bazaar. The churches are numerous and richly decorated.

The Theatre of San Carlo is the largest in Europe, with the exception of La Scala at Milan; the Chiaja and the fine Corso

Vittor Emanuele are perhaps two of the most beautiful promenades to be enjoyed anywhere, and the sight and sounds all around are charming and delightful in the extreme. Here are the Abruzzi Piffarari in their rough, sheepskin clothing, piping and dancing beneath our windows. There goes a vendor of iced water, with his stone jar on one side, and his basket of tumblers, sugar, and lemon on the other. At a street corner is a smart sherbet-stall, decorated with branches of fresh flowering broom; and beneath a quiet arcade sit a row of letter-writers, inditing epistles for their various clients. A country lass looks coy and delighted as hers is read over to her. The writer has evidently put her words into a form that pleases her. Further on two lads lean on their elbows, with anxious faces; probably they are answering some advertisement, or offering themselves for some situation. There stands a poor woman chaffering for a piece of sweet curd laid out on a leaf; there are morsels small and large, and the largest suits her appetite but not her purse. In one arm she holds a little, swaddled baby upright, with its face outwards. When it cries she lays hold of it by its feet and gives it a shake down in its bag, whereat it cries more; but we suppose this is to give its toes more room to kick in. Little open carriages fly about everywhere, the horses guided by a bright bar of brass across the nose instead of by a bit, the harness studded all over with polished nails, and surmounted on the back by a brazen figure-head of some kind of sphinx, or a flying dragon, or a flag, etc.

Wagons move slowly in between, drawn not seldom by mixed teams of horse, ass, and ox; and here come a file of donkeys, staggering beneath the heavy burdens of vegetables, wood, or charcoal with which their painted panniers are laden. Morning and evening, flocks of goats come and go through the streets, prettily tinkling their bells as they do in Switzerland; and cows are led by, with their calves, to be milked at the house doors, if required. After dark *chiffonniers* may be seen with their lanterns, carried *à terre*, wandering hither and thither, like Diogenes in the marketplace looking for an honest man, searching for odds and ends worth picking up. (Query: Why should they be so much more picturesque than our rag and bone pickers?) In the midst of the chromatic-scale cries of the various errant vendors of all sorts of wares is heard the horn of the tramway-driver, warning vehicles off



the rails, and this *mélange* of noises seems to continue the whole night through, till early dawn arrives with that strange, indescribable stillness which that hour brings with it all the world over.

*A propos* of looking for honest men, Diogenes would have had to look long amongst the Neapolitan coral and tortoise-shell sellers. There is a great trade here in these wares, and they are to be had at all prices from one franc to many hundreds, and two-thirds more than their value seems to be the rule to ask. In two instances we have got things at exactly *one-half* of what was first named, and then one felt that one had still been cheated!

The Chiaja is very prettily planted with exotic trees and shrubs of all kinds, palms, prickly pears, and pepper-trees amongst others. Vesuvius still sends up his column of smoke and steam, but does nothing more, although more seems to be very generally expected of him.

The night after our arrival we went to San Carlo to hear the opera of "Robert le Diable," which was most excellently given. The music was perfect, and the dress and scenery and getting up altogether capital. We all enjoyed it greatly. The ballet, however, would certainly never have been allowed by the lord chamberlain; the dress of the dancers is neither decent nor graceful, and would be vastly improved by a foot and a half added to the length. The theatre is magnificent, and the arrangements for entrance and exit most comfortable. Of course, we have been to the Exhibition and to the Museum. The modern pictures in the former do not nearly come up to our own Royal Academy Exhibition; but the *beaux-arts* collections, both of paintings and of china, are rich in the extreme. The Museum is most interesting, especially for the Pompeian remains: frescoes, mosaics, vases, lamps, and jewellery. One might spend days and weeks in studying them.

Sunday was a great *fête*, the festival of St. Januarius, the patron of the cathedral here. On this day and on one other in the year his blood, preserved in a small jar in the sacristy, becomes miraculously liquefied, and is in that state exhibited to the people. The churches were most of them much decorated with flowers and colored draperies, and the country people, in their picturesque dresses, flocked in to the services. In the afternoon we drove up to St. Martino. Five o'clock had struck as we reached the summit of the steep hill,

and the church had just been closed. We got permission, however, to ascend to the ramparts of the fortress of St. Elmo, from which we had a magnificent panorama over the bay to Capri and Ischia, Vesuvius, the little island of Procida, and down upon the flat roofs and tall houses of the town of Naples itself. We returned by a steep stairway, which led from the hill summit to the fine Corso Emanuele, winding above the bay, and commanding beautiful views at every turn.

On Monday we made a pilgrimage amongst the churches, and to St. Thomas Aquinas's cells and oratory. The monastery in which he was visited by many great princes and people of the land is now turned into public offices and law-courts. We entered one of the latter where a trial was going on. The prisoner, a very young man, who looked like a student, stood high upon a sort of graduated marble platform, guarded by soldiers with drawn bayonets and blank swords. I enquired what was his crime, and was told that he had assassinated some one. I did not quite make out whom, but I am afraid it was a fellow-student, in some after-dinner quarrel, so far as I could make out from what was said. When the judge had summed up, he was asked whether he had anything to say in his own defence, and after some nervous twitching of his jaws and gloved hands, he spoke with considerable fluency. When he came to a stop, the judge looked at him very severely, and in angry, indignant tones told him that "he had lied." We could not stop to see him removed; but I asked what his sentence was likely to be, and was told it would not be death. It seemed singular that the very first trial that we should happen upon in Italy should be for assassination. The judge spoke most severely of the crime, both in a moral and religious point of view. Very picturesque groups of peasants streamed up and down the stairs to the courts, and if we had had time, we should have liked to have looked into another of them. In the Church of St. Severo there is a curious and beautiful figure of the veiled Christ, recumbent, and carved in marble. As an old priest observed, it is a *cosa rara*. We made our way back to the Via Tribunale, one of the most charmingly picturesque streets I have ever seen, lined on either side with arcades of shops, containing all sorts of bright wares, fruits and vegetables of every description, church decorations,



carvers of images and vendors of fanciful sweetmeats. Here was found a little carriage with much brass studding over it, and we were quickly speeding down the Via Toledo towards home. We spent the afternoon amongst the coral-shops, much amused with some of our own bargainings. One man pointed to Mrs. M——'s medal with the pope's effigy upon it, and solemnly said, "in the name of the *Santo Padre*," he could not reduce his prices to ours; but he took two-thirds of what he asked. In another shop we offered exactly one-half, and said laughingly that it was all we had left in our purses. The people looked amused, and the woman cast quite an admiring gaze upon Mrs. M——. Her round, fair face, beaming with merriment, seemed greatly to take her fancy, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed, "Tanto graziosa!" I need not say that we got our coral at half price, and I believe we might have made any bargain we pleased. It is quite true that one may do almost anything with Italians, if one is only good-tempered and patient.

May 16th.—Yesterday Canon M——, who had preceded us to Ischia, to see what sort of a place it was, wrote to us to join him there, so we started by the steamer at two o'clock, and reached the village of Casamicciolà at five. The scenery was lovely all the way, especially when we passed the steep cliffs of the little island of Procida, with the town and fortress above. Our arrival here was a strange one. A number of boats came to the steamer's side to fetch off the passengers, and in one was a courier who had been sent down to meet us, as Mr. M—— was not well, and could not come himself. The courier handed up a card to Mrs. M——, and after a struggle we got into the right boat, which pushed off, and then pushed back for two Germans who were coming to the same hotel. They and we decided on walking up from the shore, leaving our small luggage to follow. The smart courier seemed a little surprised, and took a mule for himself, while the *cameriere* had a horse. One preceded and the other followed us, while a whole bevy of donkey-men and lads accompanied us, tormenting us to engage them, if not for to-day, for to-morrow, or the next day. Nothing would persuade them to leave us in peace; one entreated us in the name of the "Salvatore" to engage him; another told us that he was "Antonio," and that "Antonio was the man for us." Two more besought us "not to forget Giuseppe and Francesco." We grew perfectly des-

perate at last, and the courier assured them that in this way they disgusted every one who came to the island, and the *cameriere* reasoned with them, and we by turns laughed at and scolded them; but all to no purpose. They came with us to the hotel, and the last words we heard were "Remember Antonio!"

We found a very comfortable room awaiting us, large and airy, with a prettily tiled floor, in a kaleidoscope pattern of blue and buff; the windows opening upon a balcony overlooking a large garden planted with palms, magnolias, fig and lemon trees, the Neapoli or Japanese medlar, and delicious roses, hedged in by a slope covered with trellised vines. To the right through the trees a view of the bay and Vesuvius.

After dinner we wandered about the garden, watching the fireflies flitting like jewels or sparks amid the shrubs. The first thing we heard this morning was that there had been an earthquake in the night, and we knew then what had caused us to awake at one o'clock, and what had occasioned the stir in the house. There was one also a few days back, which set all the bells ringing, and which greatly alarmed the courier, his master tells us. Mr. S—— has been staying here some time with his wife and children and servants—Mrs. S—— taking the sulphur baths, which Mr. M—— is now also trying. After breakfast a Pulcinello show arrived, much to the delight of Mr. S——'s two little boys. We amused ourselves by watching them and it. Our hump-backed Punch is represented here by the masked Pulcinello, in his loose white drawers and shirt girt round the waist. Toby, the dog, seems to take no part in the play, but in true Italian style a duel is fought *à propos* of some fair lady, and Pulcinello apparently gains the day in the end. This is, I believe, the Italian idea of him. The acting and declamation, especially the latter, are superior to those of our Punch and Judy shows.

We have taken a ramble along the road through the village, and down to the shore. We had first to lodge a complaint against the donkey-men to the landlord, who gave them a good scolding for persecuting us, and so we got a little peace. The high-road is quite a good one now, but only a few years ago there was not a wheel to be seen in the island, and the first horse and cart created quite a commotion, the people assembling in crowds to see it. The hillsides are covered with terraces of trellised vines, interspersed with uncleared



tracts of sweet chestnuts and pine-trees, overtopped here and there by a silvery limestone crag. The walls of the narrow vicos glow with ferns and mosses and wild flowers of every hue, and every house and hut is a picture in itself — flat roofs, walls of pink or ochre, arcades and loggias with trellised vines, little domed buildings here and there, giving the place a Moorish sort of aspect, increased by the dark complexions of many of the people. Some of the men, with their half-bare legs and brown skins, remind me of the felahs in Egypt, and the girls coming from the wells with their earthen water jars poised upon their heads look Egyptian too. The head-dress of the women is very picturesque and becoming — a handkerchief of some bright color, orange, scarlet, green, or blue, folded cornerwise over the head, one end hanging down the back, the other two crossed behind, and brought up to be tied in a large bow at the top. Sometimes the point at the back is caught lightly up, and tucked in on one side, which is prettier still.

The chief occupation of these islanders consists in vine-culture and fishing. The women employ their spare time in spinning. The island is but five miles by three in extent, but it contains a population of five-and-twenty thousand. All seem industrious, and the ground is well utilized. Little patches of Indian corn, bamboos, and vegetables are cultivated on spare plots between the vineyards. The *vin ordinaire* is a very pleasant, full-flavored, light wine, the color of golden sherry, which I very much prefer to the claret species one otherwise gets.

The hotels seem to provision themselves from Naples, and are very comfortable and well-ordered, the worst thing in them being the beds, and they are dreadful. On a groundwork of hard boards is laid a sacking, filled with the hard dry leaves of the Indian corn, and over that a wool mattress, as hard and unyielding as iron. We have had this laid below, and the other above, thinking that the softer of the two. But how I do long for a good spring-mattress! We hear that there is to be a grand *fête* to-morrow at Lacco, a fishing village, about a mile and a half from Casamicciola. It is in honor of Saint Restituta, the patron of fishermen, whether in general, or only of this island, I can't say, but I should imagine her to be a local saint. Mrs. M—— says she never heard of her before. A woman told us quite earnestly this morning that Saint Restituta had brought some rough

weather to-day for the sake of the fishermen, that they might get some good fish!

May 18th.—We spent nearly all yesterday at Lacco, going down in the morning, and again in the afternoon, to remain till ten o'clock to see the illuminations and fireworks. The latter, however, began only as we came away. The whole village and mountain-side was lighted up with lines of tiny oil lamps, sheltered ingeniously from the wind by white and colored paper shades. Festoons of these formed triumphal arches and arcades across the market-place, and over and around the church porch. A little rocky islet in the bay was encircled with light, and a number of little barks hovered about, some of which were hung with colored lanterns. Each mountain peak showed a crown of light, as if it were studded with fireflies. The whole effect was very pretty and fairy-like.

We reached the village in the morning in time for the choral mass, given with a full orchestra. We were astonished at the good music and singing, and at the quiet, orderly, and devout congregation — such a contrast to Sorrento. It consisted chiefly of women, and their bright head-dresses and petticoats made a brilliant mass of color almost indescribable. The harmony was wonderful, when one considered the individual mixtures. Here a girl with an orange skirt and a scarlet kerchief; there another with a plum-colored jacket, trimmed with pea-green braid and a green apron; a woman in a sky-blue dress and a crimson and yellow head-piece, and so on. The men seemed all to have got new fezzes for the occasion, scarlet or brown, with a broad red border — some of them must have been nearly half a yard long.

The church itself was decorated in every part, the whole roof and walls, pulpit, and altar, as well as Saint Restituta's shrine, were covered — not an inch of the original whitewash to be seen anywhere. The artistic arrangement was perfect, and all the designs in good taste, although not to be called ecclesiastical; indeed, the whole looked more like a very prettily got up little theatre, or the boudoir of some grand ballroom. But the ingenuity with which the most simple materials had been turned to effective account was what most of all pleased us. The groundwork was white tissue paper, or coarse white muslin, and on this was disposed tinsel, red, blue, and yellow, intermingled with folds and draperies of colored muslin, chiefly orange and crimson. Even the



rose in the centre of the ceiling was done in puffs and flutes of this. On one side of the high altar stood Saint Restituta resplendent with jewels and ornaments, branches of coral, chains and rings, beneath a gorgeous canopy. To her all eyes were turned; and when the first grand burst of music came with the commencement of the Gloria in Excelsis, some of the poor women just behind us sobbed aloud, and we could hear them crying, "Oh! Restituta mia! Restituta mia!" A wail which sounded to me as if their hearts were saying, "You have not stood by me." Probably they were mourning some husband or son lost at sea. Others prayed very hard and earnestly to her, as if hoping against hope for the return of one long unheard of, and then they would sit down with eyes red and heavy with weeping. A little brown-eyed lad of about six brought to the priest, just before the commencement of the afternoon vespers, a packet of long wax tapers, tied round with a crimson ribbon, to which a ring was attached. It was evidently a votive offering to the shrine of the saint from his mother. The priest hung the handsome ring upon a coral branch, and gave the little fellow the relic of the saint to kiss. It was a pretty sight, but a sad one, and I prayed in my heart that these people might be taught of the Holy Spirit no longer to offer their substance to idols, or to put their faith in the dead, but to place their trust in the living God, to ask the Saviour to give them that help and comfort which they look for in vain from their imaginary saint, Restituta. Some of the women seem to possess a large amount of jewellery, good, but of a very quaint description. Huge gold earrings, of Genoese work, in the form of ships or boats, hanging down quite to their shoulders, quantities of rings, perhaps brought by sailor relatives from distant lands, and heavy gold chains, which must have come down as heirlooms in their families, from time immemorial.

Towards the end of the mass some of the men, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, clapped the singers, and called out "bravo." This demonstration was, however, quenched in a moment, and was not repeated. Outside the church, before and after the service, we found ourselves in the midst of a curious motley scene. Jugglers, tumblers, actors, and orators stood up upon casks, beating drums and tambourines, and inviting the crowds to enter their booths and witness

their respective performances. Over charcoal embers women were busily frying little fish or vegetables in batter; iced water was cried about, a glass for five centesimi, with a few drops of anisetto in it to take off the chill. Stalls of gingerbread displayed wonderful devices, including St. Peter's keys and flaming hearts. Under a tent coffee was to be had, and opposite to it a temporary wine-shop had been erected. Of course Pulcinello did not fail. He always secured an audience, and this time the gallows appeared upon the scene, which perhaps was omitted the other day out of respect to the children.

The great event of the evening was the procession of the saint, accompanied by clergy and choir-boys, and a great confraternity of the villagers dressed in white cassocks with sky-blue copes — all carrying lighted tapers. The boys were dressed in muslin and tinsel, like the church, and sang sweetly as they went, —

Jesu's heart all burning  
With fervent love for thee.

Three tiny maidens followed dressed in white muslin, with wreaths on their heads, flowers in their hands, and chains and jewellery all over them. They held the streamers of a large banner, and were led by sailor brothers. There was almost a fight on the altar steps between the young men for the honor of carrying the saint. It was ended by the priest turning one young fellow out of the church. This was the only bit of bad behavior we witnessed from beginning to end of the festival. All the people were most civil and pleasant towards us, giving up to us the best places, asking whether we were pleased with the *fête*, and anxious that we should understand and appreciate it.

The procession had a long round to make. The priest gave the benediction with the relic to all the houses in the village and the scattered dwellings about it. It was nearly nine o'clock before it returned to the church, which was now brilliantly lighted up with chandeliers and tapers, about as pretty a sight as anything could be. The people crowded in for the final ceremony of the "benediction with the blessed Sacrament." We only looked in at the door, and then turned to see the effect of the illuminated village and mountain sides and peaks. It was a scene not easily to be forgotten. In the distance Vesuvius reared his two peaks, a column of white steam ascending from the one, the other half lost in haze. In the fore-



ground rose a jagged, steep promontory of the island of Ischia itself, and just beyond jutted out a long spur of little Procida, with its white castle surmounting it.

In the market-place was a general buzz of talk and movement amongst the crowd, eagerly awaiting the promised fireworks. We were obliged to leave just before they began, glad to find donkeys and donkeymen ready and willing to carry us up the hillside to Casamicciola. Indeed, they fought for the honor (or the money !), and I was reminded of the same sort of scene in former years at Cairo.

We are told that the great earrings I have described are of Greek origin, and are worn only by the married women. Short petticoats and wooden sandals used to complete their costume. The latter one still sees.

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From Temple Bar.

#### THE LAST OF THE GEORGES.

A WELL-KNOWN epigram praises Heaven that with the death of George IV. the Georges ended, and it may give a moment's surprise to some to read that there was a George V., the best, the ablest, the unhappiest, the most interesting in mind and fortune of all the Georges. The fifth George inherited, indeed, only one of the crowns that were worn by the other four — their original ancestral crown of Hanover, which could not, like that of England, be assumed by a woman, and consequently passed, on the death of William IV., in 1837, to his brother Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. When the latter died he was succeeded by his only son George, who was to be the last king of Hanover and the last of the Georges. Of this monarch personally the world has hitherto known little, but we are now enabled to make his better acquaintance by a book of memoirs on contemporary history, which has been recently published in Germany by Oscar Meding, who occupied peculiarly close relations with him during the last twenty years of his life. Meding's official position in the Hanoverian service was never higher than that of a clerk in the Office of the Interior, but he saw more of King George, and enjoyed a larger share of his confidence, than the ministers of the crown, of whom, indeed, the king, from his blindness, was curiously jealous; and after the annexation of Hanover, when the dethroned

monarch settled in Paris for the work of intrigue and conspiracy, Meding seems to have been to him eyes and hands, and all in all. His memorials naturally contain much important information about the various causes and influences that conducted to the remarkable catastrophe of 1866, but there is nothing in them more interesting than the figure and personality of the king himself.

Born in Berlin in 1819, three days after Queen Victoria, George V. was in his boyhood taught to look on himself as a possible rival to her for the English throne, there having been some talk at that time — Meding goes too far in representing it as a strong movement — among the Tories for introducing a Salic law to exclude the Princess Victoria from the succession. Meding says the recollection of this rivalry disturbed the cordiality between the courts of England and Hanover ever after, though their relations continued friendly in form. However this may be, difficulties certainly arose now and again out of the peculiar situation of the two royal families as branches of the same house. A constant source of bitterness at Hanover was the persistent refusal of Queen Victoria to permit any of her subjects to accept the Hanoverian order of Guelph. This order had been founded by one of the Georges, and while the crowns were united, had been habitually conferred on English subjects and worn by them, but on the separation of the crowns, it came under the same rules as other foreign orders, and these were not allowed to be accepted by English subjects except in a few specified and exceptional cases. Ernest Augustus and George V. both conferred the order repeatedly on Englishmen, but its acceptance was never permitted. This always gave high offence at Hanover. It was taken to spring from jealousy of the male line of Guelph, and to indicate disrespect to the head of the house. If so, the latter had his own peculiar opportunities for reprisal as head of the Guelphic house of Brunswick, of which the English royal family was now a subordinate branch. His consent was required to the marriages of the English princesses, and sometimes that consent was withheld after the marriage was recognized by all other members of the house. This occurred in the case of the marriage of the princess Mary Adelaide with the Duke of Teck. George V. refused to regard it otherwise than as a morganatic one, because, while the duke's father was of royal blood, his mother be-



longed only to the lesser nobility, and he could not, therefore, in the king's opinion, be treated as being of equal birth with the princess Mary.

Immediately after their marriage, the Duke and Duchess of Teck visited him in person at Vienna (where he then was) in order to procure his assent; but though he received them with the utmost kindness, he still adhered to his refusal, and at table, while the princess was set at his right, the Duke of Teck took place according to his rank, and officially was not treated as a relative of the family. But King George valued nothing so much as his family. Pride is too weak a word to express his feeling for it. It was worship. The Guelphs had a providential *rôle*, a divine mission: they were a sacred, a chosen house, and it was less humiliation than sacrilege to give admission to inferior blood. He would rather be head of the house of Guelph than king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and Defender of the Faith; and at the very moment when he refused to acknowledge the Duke of Teck as a full relative, he was already nothing more; the kingdom had departed, and forever, and even his vast private property was forced to be confiscated on account of his continued attitude of irrecconcilability.

In reading Meding's sketches, we cannot escape a curious impression that from first to last a mysterious fatality always hung upon King George. Accident seems to play weightier parts and carry graver issues than in most other careers; opportunities come and tempt and are let slip, nobody can well say how; without wrong intention, without even any conspicuous error of judgment on the data that presented themselves, the wrong turn is always sure to be taken. The divinity that does *not* hedge kings seems ever lurking hard by, and weaving threads of ill omen that eventually converged in the remarkable catastrophe of 1866.

Nothing exercised a more peculiar and important influence on the character of George V., and through his character on his history, than his blindness, and his blindness was the result of three consecutive misfortunes. He perhaps had a constitutional tendency to it, for his father was blind of one eye, but, at any rate, he first lost the sight of the left eye in a disease of childhood, and then, in 1833, when he was fourteen, he seriously injured the other by an accident while at play with the present Duke of Cambridge in the garden of Windsor Castle. He was amus-

ing himself by throwing a long silk purse with heavy gold tassels up into the air and catching it as it fell, and was warned to be careful of his eye, as the purse had already nearly struck his face; but the very next throw, it fell upon the right eye and impaired its vision permanently, though without as yet taking it altogether away. That was left for another accident in 1840.

The elder Gräfe, the celebrated Berlin oculist, was brought to the Palace of Herrenhausen to perform an operation upon the injured organ, and by some fatal shake of the hand accidentally cut through the optic nerve. The surgeon, driven to despair by what he had done, took refuge in suicide immediately on his return from Hanover. The crown prince remained henceforth in impenetrable darkness. He bore this calamity like a brave man and a philosopher. He never complained of it. He was full of that cheerful, if subdued repose which so often surprises us, and charms us, and reproves us, in the blind. He even took that light estimate of his affliction which sometimes surprises us even more. He used to say that eyesight was the sense we could most easily dispense with; and that is so far true. Blindness, though a much more impressive, is a much less severe, calamity than deafness, for example. It secludes the sufferer less from the enjoyment of society, it unfits him less for its business; and by virtue of its impressiveness it engages instant sympathy and help, while the other attracts too often little but ridicule. The deaf are less dependent, at least less obviously dependent on others than the blind; but their independence means isolation, whereas the dependence of the blind gives them often new limbs, new powers, new organs, both by the fresh faculties it develops in themselves, and the use it enables them to command of the ready assistance of others. Had Mr. Fawcett been deaf he would never have become postmaster-general, and it is questionable whether in such a case Prescott would have kept up sufficient interest to write his histories.

In his father's lifetime George was always treated as if he saw. Everybody was obliged to speak of him and to him as if he had no defect, and though he never exhibited this sensitiveness himself, he still—from habit probably—often used the expression, "I see." He always said, "I am glad to see you." But while he was still crown prince, there was a party in Hanover who thought this defect le-



gally disqualified him from the succession, and there was some dissatisfaction on the subject down even to the last year of his reign. In that year one of the leading newspapers of Berlin published in its Hanoverian correspondence an account of a religious ceremony that took place in connection with some family event in the palace, and mentioned that a sermon was preached from a certain text. On referring to this text, it was found to be, "Woe to the country whose king is blind." The paragraph was of course a mystification. No such sermon had been delivered, but the king was much hurt when it was discovered that the writer of the paragraph was a high official of his own treasury. This official immediately took to flight, and the king, with a truly royal magnanimity, supported the forsaken wife and children from his own private purse. But as to the prejudice against a blind king, the history of George V. shows both where it is wrong and where it is right. It is entirely wrong in considering blindness a necessary intellectual disqualification for government. On the contrary, this defect perhaps leaves to the mind more disposition and more leisure to reflect upon important affairs; and King George, at any rate, had a better and more enlightened grasp of public questions than any of his chief ministers. But his blindness exercised a curious and sinister effect on his relations with his counsellors. It made him excessively jealous of his monarchical prerogative, and even when he had the highest personal regard and affection for his ministers, he was morbidly suspicious of their making encroachments, and consequently never gave them his entire confidence. For the same reason he never had any minister of great ability. Meding accounts for this by saying that Hanover was a small country, whose kings had always been resident abroad, and that its bureaucracy having accordingly got into humdrum ways, were not the stuff statesmen are made of. But in that case, if King George wanted a man of ability he might have gone beyond his own borders for him, as the king of Prussia did for Stein, as the emperor of Austria did for Beust. But the abler the minister the more suspicious and uneasy would George become, and he paid heavily in the end for the inferiority of his advisers.

Before leaving the subject of his blindness, it may be added that in spite of that defect he was an excellent and even daring rider. Of course he could not take

the right directions or turnings without assistance, but in some respects he had quite a wonderful sense for locality. "I remember," says Meding, "being one day with him on a hill at Goslar and ascending a watch-tower; he stood with his face to the north, and then explained the whole prospect round the horizon, naming every place and every hill without making a single mistake."

Meding's narrative begins with the year 1859, when he first came to Hanover to be assessor at the Landrostei (the office of local government for the metropolitan province). He was brought into personal relations with the king almost immediately after his arrival, inasmuch as from his literary qualifications he was selected to organize a press bureau for Hanover, to secure for the government an extensive connection with journals, to employ an efficient staff of leader-writers and correspondents, and in every possible way to get the views of Hanover represented far and wide in the German press. This was an enterprise in which the king took much more interest than his ministers. He had been brought up in England and knew something of the power of public opinion, which the official mind in Hanover was far above noticing. He gave directions to Meding every day in person, he even wrote leaders, and, more remarkable still, for one of his leaders the publisher of the newspaper in which it appeared was prosecuted before a Hanoverian court and his plant arrested by the Hanoverian police, though the proceedings were immediately quashed when Meding gave the minister of justice a hint as to how the land really lay. It was found incredibly easy to secure the German press. In Hanover this was done by means of a distribution of government printing jobs—a cheap defence of monarchies—though even this moderate *douceur* was often unnecessary, many of the country papers being only too glad to insert articles that wore the appearance of being original, whether they came from the government bureau or anywhere else. They had previously been in the habit of simply copying the leaders of the Liberal journals, from their want of ability to write leaders of their own. The German press outside of Hanover was reached by more ingenious devices: they were approached, not through the editors but through the correspondents—the Berlin newspapers through their correspondents in Vienna or Frankfort, and the Vienna newspapers through their correspondents



in Berlin or Dresden. Meding describes this class of persons, who collect information in the government and newspaper offices during the day and despatch it in the evening in the form of letters to the various journals they serve, and he says he found no difficulty in making an arrangement with them by which they agreed to write their daily letters according to his instructions. In this way he was able to make his voice heard through some of even the principal journals in Germany, and to get the Hanoverian view of a question simultaneously asserted in the most diverse quarters, without stirring the smallest suspicion of collusion. The glimpses of German journalism we receive in these volumes are sadly unfavorable, but both in regard to incompetence and to corruption, they are confirmed by all we learn from other sources.

King George was very fond of sea-bathing and yachting, and for these purposes resided on the island of Norderney for some months every year. Here all ceremony was cast aside, and the life of the court was the happiest and freest. The island belonged to Hanover, but the king wished it to have the neutral character of an international bathing resort, and always maintained the incognito while he resided there. He wore only the plain black clothes of a citizen, with the star and ribbon of the Garter, and he had every day a little dinner to which the visitors on the island were invited without any strict regard being paid to their competency to appear at court. These little entertainments, where princes and clergy and players met on easy footing, were thoroughly enjoyed by the king, and made most agreeable to all who were present. An invitation to a trip on the royal yacht was however one of the terrors of Norderney for many. The king never suffered from seasickness, but he was often the only one on board except the crew who enjoyed this immunity. Herr von Manteuffel, brother of the Prussian minister of that name, frequently implored permission to remain ashore, but the king always withheld it with a laugh, enjoying the misery of the poor man, who was already ill by anticipation. The queen rarely accompanied him to Norderney. The tenderest affection reigned between them; he always called her, even before large companies, "my angel-queen;" but she was very much of a recluse, and her ways were solitary and peculiar. Much misfortune might have been spared the family had she been fonder of society,

and especially had she cultivated, as in that case she would almost certainly have done, friendly relations with the neighboring and connected family of Prussia. The only instance of intercourse between the two families that is recorded in the present volumes, is a brief meeting between the king of Hanover and the present emperor of Germany, then prince regent of Prussia. The circumstances of this meeting show the remarkable energy and initiative of which the blind monarch was capable. Napoleon III. had arranged an interview with the prince regent to exchange views about the German question, and no doubt other matters more closely at that time affecting the French emperor's personal position. This interview caused considerable anxiety to the king of Hanover, who feared it would be misconstrued into an indication of a desire on the part of Prussia to separate itself from its understanding with the other German powers, and be used by the Prussian party in Germany to forward its own views of the situation at home. And there was no time to be lost, for Napoleon's proposal was made in the beginning of June, 1860, and on the 15th of the same month the interview was to take place at Baden-Baden. After praying earnestly, as was his custom, for light on the course he should pursue, the king resolved on the evening of the 12th of June to go at once in person to Berlin, and suggest to the prince regent that the other German princes should accompany him on the occasion of his meeting with Napoleon. Taking the midnight train and telegraphing to his ambassador to have a carriage awaiting him at the Berlin station, he changed his dress in the railway carriage for the uniform of the Prussian regiment of Hussars of which he was colonel, and the star and ribbon of the Prussian order of the Black Eagle, and immediately on arriving at Berlin drove to the royal palace. It was not yet seven o'clock, and the prince regent was not a little astonished when his servant came to his bedroom and announced that the king of Hanover had arrived at the palace. He hastened down to the room where the king awaited him, and after embracing and kissing one another, the latter immediately began: "You are to meet Napoleon in Baden? That will not do; it will be misinterpreted. I have come to tell you my view. You must not go alone. I will go with you; the others must come also. Then all misconception will be prevented, and you will meet Napoleon



more worthily, surrounded by the German princes." The prince thanked the king warmly for his visit, entered heartily into his proposal, and the result was that on the 15th he was accompanied by the rest of the German princes at his interview with the French emperor. The king stayed to dinner, returned to Hanover in the evening, and set out for Baden on the day after.

At Baden-Baden King George lived in the English Hotel, and on the morning following the interview, as he came from his chamber on the arm of his servant Mahlmann, a stranger was sitting in the salon. Mahlmann, who did not know him, and took him to be one of the occupants of the house, asked him angrily what brought him there, for that was the king of Hanover's room. The stranger advanced, and the king at once recognized the voice. It was Napoleon, who had come in plain dress and without attendant, and had requested that no ceremonious announcement of his visit should be made to the king. He produced the ribbon of the Legion of Honor and decorated King George with it, which was to the latter a source of embarrassment, as he had up till then entertained a prejudice against Napoleon, and was the only one of the German sovereigns who had not given him an order. The emperor remained long with the king, and repeated his visit again and again while in Baden, and completely overcame the prejudice of the latter by his charming manner, and the high reverence he professed for legitimism. His great idea was that the empire was the only form of government that could possibly represent the legitimist standpoint permanently in France. Count Chambord had no heir, and the Orleanist family were anti-legitimist, and it was the first empire that had really stemmed the Revolution. King George was thoroughly converted into an ardent admirer of the emperor, and telegraphed to Hanover for a courier to come on at once with the insignia of the order of George to bestow upon his new friend.

The king's relations with Napoleon did not end here. One of the most curious documents in Meding's volumes is a proposal for arrangement with the Count Chambord, which was undoubtedly drawn up by Napoleon at the beginning of the Italian war, and which was sent in a very indirect and informal way to the court of Hanover. Count Walewski gave it to a French teacher in Hanover, who was tutoring the crown prince; he gave it to

Meding, and Meding laid it before the king, whom it was meant to reach, and for whose good offices it was a feeler. The proposal was that Count Chambord should recognize Napoleon, not as his *successeur légitime*, which was of course impossible, but as *continueur reconnu de sa dynastie*, and so exclude the pretensions of the house of Orleans. In return for this, the emperor, on his part, should secure to the count all the French possessions of his family, the title of *Majesté royale*, and a residence in any French town except Paris; and should, besides, maintain by arms the Bourbon dynasty on the throne of Naples, and use his influence to maintain them on that of Parma. The king of Hanover entered so far into the scheme that negotiations were actually begun. But delays arose — the Italian question would not wait, and Napoleon, who had kept his ships off Naples ready for either course, according to the result of these negotiations, finally struck in in favor of Piedmont and Garibaldi. His Italian campaign — his war for an idea, for which he has received so much mistaken praise, is thus seen to be only one of the selfish shifts of a selfish and shifty life.

One of the oddest pictures in the book is the pilgrimage of King George and the royal family to Goslar to undergo the so-called "nature-cure" of "Dr." Lampe. This Lampe was the ideal of the harmless and successful quack. He had been a shoemaker in the peaceful village to which he now attracted such illustrious people, and he professed to have discovered his panacea in certain ancient books and manuscripts which had long lain there in the dust. His treatment consisted of two parts — outwardly of periodical rubbings; and inwardly of the use of juices expressed from some herbs of the Hartz, mixed by Lampe himself on a system known to no one else, and adapted with special modifications to every particular case that came before him. He had been frequently punished for quackery, but his punishments made his fortune. They advertised him in a way nothing else could, and drew patients from far and near. Among others who visited him was the Archduchess Constantine of Russia, the sister of the queen of Hanover, and she experienced so much benefit that she induced the queen to give the new cure a trial. The king had always been a homœopathist, but he now sent Lampe a formal license to practise his method of treatment, bestowed on him the title of cure-



director, and went to Goslar to put himself personally under the cure-director's hands. Lampe was at this time about sixty years old — a long, haggard figure, with wild, weather-beaten features, and eager, sharp, and knowing eyes. He wore a Polish tunic, like that of which German students are still so fond, made of velvet, and elaborately braided all over; and as Lampe must now have some special dress to appear at court with, corresponding to the novel dignity of cure-director, the king determined that this Polish tunic should be his uniform. The queen presented him with a fine carriage and two splendid greys, and Lampe in his gay coat drove up in great state every morning to the Frankenberg cloister, where the king resided, to ascertain the condition of his royal patients, and brew the appropriate mixture for the next day. It was only to kings that Lampe condescended to pay a personal visit, for he too was a king, and exercised the most despotic authority both over the inhabitants of the village of Goslar, and the patients who now flocked to him. He assigned to the latter the lodgings where they must live, and if they complained or went elsewhere, he peremptorily refused them all medical treatment; and in the same way, if a villager did not do as he bade, he received no more lodgers, and lost the income he derived from them.

Ordinary patients had to come every morning and in all weathers to the "cure-garden," where Lampe sat in a little booth and received them one by one. His examination and consultation were conducted in the most rigorous silence; he judged their condition by sight alone, and no one was permitted to utter a word, to make a complaint or explanation, or to put a single question; a code of simple signs had been established, by which the little information the mysterious physician desired to learn as to the effects of his treatment could be conveyed in solemn silence by holding up finger or thumb, or fist, in various combinations. The old shoemaker must have had a sense of humor; some of his prescriptions seem so exquisitely absurd that he could hardly have given them without a laugh in his sleeve. Meding called one morning on Professor Pernice of Gottingen, who held a high legal position at the court of Hanover, and found him in his room, standing on one leg and drinking a brown decoction of herbs. He had come to Goslar to be cured of extreme corpulency, and Lampe ordered him to stand on one leg for an

hour every morning while he sipped the mixture. On the whole, perhaps the absurdity that mingled with the entire system may have conspired not unessentially with the change of diet and habit to any cures that were made by it.

From the "cure-garden" of Goslar to the assembly of princes at Frankfort — the most pompous gathering of recent times — is a long step, but unfortunately it does not carry us clear of the ridiculous. Meding accompanied King George to that glittering fiasco, and gives us vivid descriptions of all its state and circumstance; the splendid horses and equipages of the sovereigns, their civil and military retinue, the lesser glories of the ambassadors, the countless lackeys in all the colors of the rainbow, thronging the corridors of the hotels and illuminating the dulness of the streets. Into the politics of this remarkable assembly we shall not enter. The king of Prussia simply stayed away, and that brought the whole array to nought. Meding dwells with much unction on the daily dinners — the "*table d'hôte* of kings" — which culminated in the great banquet at the Roman Hall where the old emperors used to be crowned, and where now in memory of these ancient times, when the coronation oxen were roasted whole at the public market-place, a *quartier de bœuf historique* was placed in the *menu*. When the elector of Hesse rose from the table, he said in a dry, sarcastic way he had, "Well, we have done our part, and now for the rush to our doctors." The joke was greatly relished, but it seems now almost sad to think how soon he and others of the sovereigns there present were to find the results of that diet of princes much more difficult to digest than they had then the least suspicion of.

King George was very liberal with money in big sums, but had, remarkably enough, a very high idea of its value in little amounts. Fräulein Schubert, a well-known operatic singer of the time, had pleased him much by her performances, and learning that she had suffered what for her was a serious loss, he asked her one day how much it was, and she said nineteen hundred thalers — some £300. He promised to make it up to her, but added that he had not so much over at present, but would make a point of paying her in due time. His habit was to lay out once a month a definite sum for his personal expenditure, and he took a very strict account of the disbursement of this monthly budget. A hundred thalers



spent from this personal fund seemed to him much more than half a million spent in the general administration of the court. But he did not forget Fräulein Schubert. He took a hundred thalers a month from this source, and laid them by for her regularly in a special box. In the course of nineteen months he had accumulated enough to make good her loss, and caused it to be sent to Fräulein Schubert, who had probably by that time given up expecting it.

Meding, of course, narrates very minutely all the negotiations and preliminary movements of the fatal year 1866, and the impression his narrative leaves upon us is that Hanover suffered its judgment to be paralyzed by a fear of Prussia, and drifted uncertainly from step to step till it found itself in actual combat with that power before it could draw breath, and swallowed by her entirely before it could draw another. Prussia was from its situation a sort of natural, though not declared, enemy of Hanover. Hanover stood between one part of Prussia and another, and, what was worse, between Prussia and the seacoast. Little difficulties were always arising, and annexation was long talked of. King George was in a dilemma. He shrank from siding with Austria, because that would provoke the future vengeance of Prussia; and he hesitated to side with Prussia, or even to give the pledge of neutrality which Prussia desired, because that would only help his natural enemy to become great. In whatever direction he turned, Prussia was still the peril, and he ran into it from his very circumspection to avoid it. He left Hanover with no intention of fighting against Prussia; he awoke one morning and found himself at war with her; in a few weeks he was a dethroned king, and he never saw his country again.

Some current mistakes are disproved by facts mentioned by Meding. The annexation of Hanover is often ascribed to the king's obstinate and inflexible adherence to his hereditary rights; but it appears that he was quite ready to make concessions of territory, and actually wrote King William, addressing him "Dear William," and begging for an arrangement on some such basis. But Bismarck had made his mind up for annexation; it was there the inflexibility lay; and the letter was never answered. Then it is commonly said that once the annexation was settled, King George ought to have bowed to the inevitable, and saved at least the family property by

submission to King William. But, as Meding shows, his restoration was at that time far from being so hopeless as it now seems, and the secret organizations of the blind king were not the least formidable of the enemies that then threatened Prussia. It is noteworthy, too, that strongly legitimist as King George had always been, he based this new struggle not on divine right, but on the democratic principle of popular choice. The people of Hanover had the right to choose their own ruler, and every member of the community had a right to participate in the choice. His idea now was a monarchy founded on a plebiscite, and his right was the grace of God coupled with the affections of his people. Adversity usually petrifies the views of pretenders and emigrants into an impracticable rigidity; it expanded those of King George, and this adaptability is a quality he is not commonly credited with.

The last sight we get of the king in these volumes is at the Duke of Brunswick's villa at Hietzing near Vienna, which the duke placed at his disposal in 1866, and in which he lived for several years after that fatal crisis. This villa was furnished in a peculiar style: the chief salon was decorated after Chinese taste; the walls were covered with Chinese tapestry; round the roof hung rows of Chinese bells, which the slightest breath of wind made to tingle; on the floor lay a Chinese straw mat; motley Chinese lanterns hung from the ceiling, and Chinese porcelain figures, as large as life, stood here and there in the room. The smoking-room was furnished like a Turkish salon, and the room which the king occupied was ornamented in Scottish fashion: the heavy, richly-gilt chairs and tables were covered with silk of Scotch tartan; the walls were decked with Scotch weapons and tartan plaids, and the paintings represented picturesque scenes from Sir Walter Scott's novels. Meding says that in this room, where he passed so much of his time with the king transacting the secret work of conspiracy, he never could escape a strangely uneasy and mysterious feeling; the Stuarts came always to the recollection, and overshadowed the work with evil omen. The suggestion was natural, and its premonition has so far come true. The great events of 1870 drove the Guelphic claim to Hanover out of the sphere of practical politics, and it is already as much a tradition of the past as the Jacobite cause. King George died in 1878, and his son, the present Duke of



Cumberland, may find it easier—he would certainly find it wiser—to accept the situation, and accepting the situation means merely giving up a hopeless dream, and getting instead the Duchy of Brunswick, to the throne of which he is legal heir, besides the old property of the family in Hanover, amounting to some two millions sterling.

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From The Spectator.

#### WHAT MAKES LITERATURE POPULAR?

MESSRS. LONGMAN'S spirited attempt to issue a magazine for sixpence which may fairly compete with, and, if possible, excel in intrinsic worth as well as popularity, magazines of double the price, brings strongly before us the secret of genuine literary popularity with the great majority of readers,—a point on which it is by no means easy for any critic to decide, unless he suppresses for the moment all reference to his own individual taste, and considers calmly the class of books which win from the reading public the most signal signs of favor. Messrs. Longman, we see, regard Mr. James Payn as the novelist to whom they would most naturally turn when looking for great popular favor, while they ask the brilliant author of "*Vice Versâ*" to lend them the supplementary aid of his talents. They justly consider Professor Tyndall one of the most popular writers on physical science, while they ask Professor Owen,—a somewhat eccentric choice,—to give them his judgment on the present state of the controversy as to the origin of species. They go to Mr. Howells, the clever American novelist, for his sketch of a New England village; ask the author of "*John Halifax, Gentleman*," for verse; publish "*A Gossip on Romance*" from that lively essayist, Mr. R. L. Stevenson; and put before us some of the observations made by Mr. Freeman during his recent tour in the United States on those American usages of speech and practice which struck him most. This is not a bad sixpennyworth, and as regards some of the authors chosen we could not offer a suggestion likely to have improved the popularity of this first number. But there are clearly one or two omissions, while one or two of the authors whose papers are here published, seem to have been selected rather for the purpose of stamping the magazine with a reputation for care and learning, than for the purpose of

eliciting a large demand. Had we to draw up the list best adapted simply to command a large sale, we should have left Mr. James Payn and Professor Tyndall where they are, secured from Mr. Edwin Arnold,—the author of "*The Light of Asia*," *not* the author of "*The Sick King of Bokhara*," and "*Tristram and Iseult*," a poem on Egypt; extracted from Dr. Farrar an essay on the meaning of the Apocalypse; obtained a criticism of England (instead of his sketch of New England) from Mr. Howells, or failing Mr. Howells, from Mr. Henry James; asked Mr. Froude for an estimate of the imaginative power and weakness of Carlyle; Mr. John Morley for a paper on the capacities and incapacities of English journalism; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, for an article on the sins of Mr. Gladstone's government,—and Professor Bryce, for one on its merits; while the whole might close with a paper from Mr. Ruskin on the art and poetry of Rossetti. Messrs. Longman would say, if they criticised our suggestion, that it violates their first rule, not to meddle either with religion or with politics. Well, that is just the rule which seems to us to destroy their best chance of popularity, for it is the most distinctive note of modern feeling that there shall be no subject of supreme popular interest excluded from the survey of our popular literature; and though it may be wise to admit contributions to that survey from all sides, it is foolish and unmeaning to exclude such subjects artificially from any journal which professes to appeal to the imagination and to minister to the intellectual life of man. If Messrs. Longman's magazine fails to secure the popularity which it would otherwise deserve, it will be through this obsolete reluctance to meddle with subjects on which men are fiercely at issue with each other.

It will be observed that in our suggestions for a popular programme, we have included some writers who have a first-rate reputation with the most fastidious critics, and some who have not, but only a first-rate power of securing readers. It is in fact to some extent a matter of accident, whether a man of first-rate powers will or will not choose subjects on which he can hope to interest the great mass of readers, or whether or not a man who has the happy art of interesting a great number of readers will or will not have the power to deal with great subjects in a vivid and adequate way. The result is that some really great writers are thoroughly popular, and that some extraordi-



narily popular writers are not by any means great, and that a magazine which needs in the first place to be read, if only that it may gain the ear of the public, ought, at least at the outset, to secure the aid of both classes of writers. Now, what is it that constitutes the popular element in style, as distinguished from real power to treat the subject in hand with lucidity and force? We are inclined to think that it is the power of producing a rapidly-moving series of vivid and novel impressions, clear in detail, which seem to illuminate a subject without always really doing so. We have intimated, for instance, that Mr. Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia," a poem on Buddhism which has now reached its ninth edition, would probably write a much more popularly effective poem on Egypt, — or on any other subject of the moment, — than Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose poems many of us know by heart, and, indeed, regard as part and parcel of our truest intellectual life. Let us compare their methods of work. Here is a very effective passage from "The Light of Asia," describing the situation of Siddârtha's Palace of Pleasure, fronting the Himalayas: —

Yet not love  
Alone trusted the king; love's prison-house  
Stately and beautiful he bade them build,  
So that in all the earth no marvel was  
Like Vishramvan, the Prince's pleasure-place.  
Midway in those wide palace-grounds there  
rose

A verdant hill whose base Rohini bathed,  
Murmuring adown from Himalay's broad feet,  
To bear its tribute into Gunga's waves.  
Southward a growth of tamarind trees and sâl,  
Thick set with pale sky-colored ganthi flowers,  
Shut out the world, save if the city's hum  
Came on the wind no harsher than when bees  
Hum out of sight in thickets. Northwards  
soared

The stainless ramps of huge Himâla's wall,  
Ranged in white ranks against the blue — untro-

d, Infinite, wonderful — whose uplands vast,  
And lifted universe of crest and crag,  
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,  
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice  
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until  
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with  
gods.

Beneath the snows dark forests spread, sharp  
laced

With leaping cataracts and veiled with clouds:  
Lower grew rose-oaks and the great fir groves  
Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's  
cry,

Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream  
Of circling eagles: under these the plain  
Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot

Of those divinest altars. Fronting this  
The builders set the bright pavilion up,  
Fair-planted on the terraced hill, with towers  
On either flank and pillared cloisters round.

Here is a great stream of vivid impressions, some of them made vague by names which to the ordinary reader only conceal the meaning, though none the less imposing on that account, — some of them distinct and clear, — all of them studded with vivid points of color, many of which distract the attention from the general effect of the great scene painted.

Tamarind trees and sâl,  
Thick set with pale sky-colored ganthi flowers,

impress the casual reader much more than tamarind trees alone would do. Then, "the stainless ramps of huge Himâla's walls," by which we suppose is (incorrectly) meant "ramparts," tickles the ear. Then, the idea that, by looking upwards, *thought* climbs higher till it seems "to stand in heaven and speak with gods," produces a kind of spurious sense of unimaginable exaltation; and finally, we receive a number of really vivid impressions of the mountain-heights, which are, however, grotesquely contrasted with the plain as "a praying carpet" at the foot of the mountains. That is art of the sparkly kind, art which relies on the sparkling detail in it much more than it relies on the wholeness of the effect, which, indeed, deliberately sacrifices wholeness of effect to startling fragments, just as in another passage Siddârtha is described as standing, —

His tearful eyes raised to the stars, and lips  
Close-set with purpose of prodigious love.

No true poet would have written that word "prodigious," but it will waken the attention and catch the memory of many who would never have noted or recalled a simpler and more natural phrase. It is the word of a clever man trying to become a poet by virtue of standing on intellectual tiptoe; and we cannot imagine a worse way of becoming a poet, or a better way of winning popular attention, if he can but keep up continuously the same strenuous efforts. Now, take a mountain picture, as described by Mr. Matthew Arnold, and one sees the difference at once, — the wholeness of the effect, the subordination of the details: —

In front, the awful Alpine track  
Crawls up its rocky stair;  
The autumn storm-winds drive the rack  
Close o'er it in the air.



Behind, are the abandoned baths  
Mute in their meadows lone;  
The leaves are on the valley paths,  
The mists are on the Rhone;

The white mists, — rolling like a sea, —  
I hear the torrents roar.  
Yes, Obermann, all speaks of thee, —  
I feel thee near once more.

I turn thy leaves, I feel thy breath  
Once more upon me roll,  
That air of languor, cold, and death,  
Which brooded o'er thy soul.

A fever in these pages burns,  
Beneath the calm they feign;  
A wounded human spirit turns  
Here, on its bed of pain.

Yes, though the virgin mountain air  
Fresh through these pages blows,  
Though to these leaves the glaciers spare  
The soul of their white snows;

Though here a mountain murmur swells  
Of many a dark-boughed pine;  
Though as you read, you hear the bells  
Of the high-pasturing kine;

Yet, through the hum of torrent lone  
And brooding mountain bee,  
There sobs I know not what ground-tone  
Of human agony.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, like a true poet, groups the effects of the Alpine scene before him round the memory of a solitary dweller in those scenes, whose motives for shrinking from the world he was desirous to recall, and nothing could well exceed the spiritual grandeur of the picture. There are no beads of insulated color in it; nothing that is not subordinate to and in keeping with the whole.

In the other popular writers we have mentioned, we find the same swift movement with the same brilliancy of detail. It is this which makes Professor Tyndall so effective a popularizer of science, for instance. Mark the rapidity with which he narrates and the skill with which he selects his words, so as to produce a graphic conception of a minute phenomenon. In this very paper in *Longman's Magazine*, what can be happier, for the purpose of stamping his meaning on his readers, than his use of the expression, "the wreck of a molecule," for its chemical decomposition by the action of light? It paints exactly what he desires to draw attention to, and paints it most vividly. In science, detail is everything, and the very faculty which often spoils poetry and the higher imaginative writing, discrimi-

nates link from link in the sequence of a scientific process. Mr. Ruskin, again, though one of the most beautiful writers of our day, has gained his popularity greatly by the faults as well as by the beauties of his effects. But his failing is not in the style, but in the eccentricities of his judgment itself, which often manages to distort and bring into undue prominence points which, startling as they are, are startling by their faulty perspective, not by their truth of effect. And again, is it not Mr. James Payn's fault as a novel-writer, — a fault which practically adds enormously to his popularity, — that he is *too* amusing, indulges in too much light comedy, and imparts the effect of a spurious piquancy to his pictures of life? Certainly, that is Canon Farrar's fault as a religious writer. His rhetoric is far too fond of impressive contrasts or combinations; his style is sensational; and it is the sensationalism of his style that wins popularity for sermons often much more valuable in substance than they are in form, though it is the over-rhetorical form, and not the valuable substance, which catches the public ear. It will be observed that in regard to politics, we have selected much more lucid and temperate writers than in regard to any other subject which can stimulate passion, and this, we think, rightly, for on politics the judgment of the great majority of readers is beginning to be an educated judgment, and intolerant of tinsel. Even the *Daily Telegraph* has found this out, and for the most part keeps its special telegraphese for the arcana of social or geographical mysteries. The secret of all popular writing not also good writing is, we are convinced, first, a power of rapid movement, not to say rhapsody, which carries men on, and, next, a power of striking out sudden lights to startle and awaken them. Sometimes, as in scientific exposition, and, again, in the painting of really great historic scenes, these habits are consistent with true art; but even when they are not consistent with true art, they are almost always at the bottom of a great popular reputation.

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From All The Year Round.  
LIVING CHESS.

COWPER, who like many another good man, would put under ban every recreation in which he did not himself delight, portrays the chess-player marching and



counter-marching his host of wooden warriors, —

With an eye  
As fixed as marble, with a forehead ridged  
And furrowed into storms, and with a hand  
Trembling, as if eternity were hung  
In balance on his conduct of a pin.

Who, asks he — with a mind well tuned to contemplation — would waste attention on the chequered board? The poet would have endorsed Bishop Beveridge's argument: "Either chess is a lottery or not. If it be a lottery it is not lawful . . . if it be not a lottery, then it is not a pure recreation; for it depends upon man's wit and study, it exercises his brains and spirits, as much as if he were about other things. So that being on one side not lawful, and on the other side no recreation, it can on no side be a lawful recreation."

Neither bard nor bishop would have countenanced the good people of Darlington and Bishop Auckland in parting with their coin to see the vicar and schoolmaster of Heighington play chess in Redworth Park; not with wooden warriors, but with boys and girls, attired in canvas copies of fifteenth-century costumes, figuring on the turfy board as kings and queens, rooks and bishops, knights and pawns. *A propos* of this novel device for augmenting the Heighington school fund, a journalist recalled to recollection Adrien Robert's story of a like contest on the plains of Barrackpore between the chief of the Thugs and a representative of John Company. Many attempts had been made on the latter's life, all of which proved ignominious failures; owing, as the adepts at assassination believed, to the protective powers of an old grey felt hat, the favorite head-gear of their foe. To obtain possession of this talisman, and so put matters on a more equal footing, the Thug leader challenged the governor to a game at living chess, undertaking to supply him with men, at the charge of twenty-five pounds sterling per man, it being understood that every "man" taken on either side was to be put to death then and there. The governor promptly accepted the challenge, staking his old hat against the surrender of those concerned in the attempts upon his life. After playing for some hours, the Englishman captured his opponent's queen and actual wife, and then adjourned for luncheon, leaving the Thug chieftain in great perturbation of mind regarding his prospective loss, an anxiety relieved on his adver-

sary's return, by the latter gallantly waiving his right of execution in the lady's case; an unlooked-for act of generosity utterly overcoming her lord, who, in consequence, lost the game, and handed over the stakes.

The imaginative Frenchman's game with living chessmen was not entirely evolved from his inner consciousness. An old traveller avows that the kings of Burmah used to play chess in that grand fashion. Describing Akbar's palace at Delhi, in 1792, Hunter says the pavement of one of the courts was "marked out with squares in the manner of the cloth used by the Indians for playing the game called pachess. Here, it is said, Akbar used to play at the game, the pieces being represented by real persons. On one side of the court is a little square apart, in the centre of which stands a pillar supporting a circular chair of stone, at the height of one storey. Here the emperor used to sit to direct the moves." One of Austria's many Don Johns had a room in his palace paved with black and white marble after the pattern of a chessboard, and there played the game with living pieces. A duke of Weimar turned his soldiers to similar account, as did Frederick the Great and his marshal, Keith, when more serious evolutions were not in hand.

Some half-century ago a futile attempt to popularize living chess here, was made by opening the Lowther Rooms in West Strand — now known as Toole's Theatre — for the purpose. The floor was marked out as a chessboard, and men and women, dressed in appropriate garb, were always in attendance to serve the use of those who chose to pay a crown for the pleasure of playing chess under such unusual conditions. The players sat in boxes overlooking the board, directing the movements of their pieces. The taking of a man was always preluded by a clashing of weapons in mimic combat, before the captured piece retired from the fray. One who tried his skill at the Lowther Rooms found the battling of the men, and their fidgeting about their squares, anything but conducive to the concoction or carrying out of artful combinations; while he was in constant expectation of seeing his forces weakened by some piece or pawn taking huff, and walking off the board, regardless of consequences. Neither players or the public took kindly to the new way of playing the old game, and want of patronage brought the experiment to an end in three months' time.



In 1857, Count Platen gave a grand fancy ball in the Hanover Theatre; opening it with a procession of magnificently arrayed living chessmen, who, the parade over, put themselves in position on a gigantic chessboard, to enable two mock magicians to test their powers, and in so doing afford much amusement to the company, who watched the varying phases of the combat with great interest.

Only three years since, Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Delmar played a game at living chess at the Academy of Music, New York. The stage was covered with alternate squares of black and white Canton cloth, forming a board thirty-two feet square, surrounded by a red border. The kings wore the costume of Charlemagne, their jewel-decked robes differing but in color, one donning red, the other blue; their crowns being in one case gold, in the other, silver — or what passed for such. Rich dresses “of the historical period” draped the forms of the rivalled queens, and “jewelled coronets sat upon their graceful heads.” The bishops wore highly decorated vestments, bore mitres, and carried croziers. The knights, wielding heavy pikes, were clad in bright armor. The rooks were distinguished by bearing miniature castles on their heads; and the pawns were represented by pretty girls of uniform height, in amazonian dress, and armed with spears and shields. The players sat on raised platforms with their chessboards before them, a crier announcing each move, and pursuivants conducting the piece or pawn concerned to its proper square. Captain Mackenzie first called: “Pawn to king’s fourth.” A dainty miss of sixteen, whose long black hair hung loose over her helmet, was led to her square, and when Mr. Delmar’s crier also made the same move, the two misses, standing face to face, suspended hostilities for the nonce, and exchanged smiles. The following move brought the captain’s knight to the king’s bishop’s third square, and Delmar made a similar move with his knight to his queen’s bishop’s square. Delmar’s fourth move was the capture of a red pawn by a bishop. Her rosy cheeks assumed a scarlet hue of mortification at being captured at such an early stage of the game, and as the pursuivant led her off, she pouted petulantly. The pouting was repeated on the sixth move, when Delmar, who seemed to take a great fancy to the pretty pawns, pitted a blue-eyed pawn against a red, and she, too, had to retire. The next move was another match of

maiden against miss, and the queen’s bishop’s pawn of the gallant captain was the third victim. Mackenzie’s tenth move, after fine strategic manœuvres, was a capture of a blue pawn, and three moves later his bishop vanquished a stately knight. The panoplied descendant of Henry the Second, twirling his moustache, sought consolation among the charming prisoners behind the wings. On the twenty-fifth move Delmar made a brilliant sacrifice of his bishop, which proved unfortunate, the captain’s thirtieth move giving him checkmate. Doubtless the loser found consolation in the fact that “the game throughout brought out very happily the merits of the various costumes.”

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From The Spectator.

ROLLING-STONE RAMBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “A LAZY JOURNEY.”

I.

“DID you ever see such a winter as this?” asked one sufferer of another. “Yes, last summer,” was the answer. And the melancholy epigram was present in my mind the other day, as I looked listlessly from the window of the Siddons Club, having returned from my holiday outing, upon the usual procession of impure particles which make a London atmosphere; and Wilkins, who never leaves town, but stays there on purpose to abuse it, asked me, in that tone of unoccupied depression which is peculiar to a club window, whether I had ever seen such a London fog as that in September. “Yes,” I said, “this September, on the Italian lakes.” For it is true that Mrs. Balbus and myself had recently visited those climes of the perennial sun. Years lapse, and I do not like to think how long it is since I chronicled, for the patient readers of the *Spectator*, the story of a lazy ramble through nearer-lying regions, which I ventured to describe under fictitious names, for fear of rousing susceptibilities. That was but my humor, which has passed, like most humors, and leaves me in a mood of solid realism. These kind of half-fairy fancies are but the cynthias of a minute, and “no two dreams are like.” Terrefolle has assumed to me the common-place guise of France; Feuille-morte and Eau-qui-dort have evaporated in the guide-book into Avranches and Coutances, and giddy and brilliant Trouville asks me



with scorn how I can have dared to paraphrase her into Trou-vilain? How a man's old work seems to jibe at him sometimes, as he takes it up, as if to say to him, "It isn't *you* that did me, you know!" Three years after: and what changes have passed over the whole mental and moral frame, gradual ministers of the law of growth, forerunners of the final change! Illusions have been lived down, and hopes have been disappointed; dreamed-of reconciliations have not come about, and short, sharp partings have come in where none such were feared, to toss about the cards of life in quite another deal. Unexplained estrangements have elbowed out old friendships, and seeming accident has knit again, more strongly than before, former ties which had been all unloosed; trusted affections have proved as rotten as tinder, where the hot spark of self has fallen; and honor has tumbled like a house without foundations, when treachery and "expediency," vanity and ingratitude, have sprung their little mines beneath it; till looking back, over a three years' space, its moral reads as this, — that there is nothing certain but uncertainty. Of what we believed would be, nothing has been; of what we purposed to do, nothing has been done. But much has been done that we did not purpose; and much has been which we never believed in, and — nobody knows. Even scientific congresses have made mistakes; and only American weather-prophets are never wrong.

Can it be I, for instance, that but three years since was dilating on the advantages of living in a valley, and scoffing at those who built their houses upon hills? How soon afterwards was it that the irony of fate avenged the mountaineers, and the pale spectre of typhoid drove us forth bag and baggage, to join the hill faction at once, and, as I now suppose, forever! My landlord — he was at once of the legal and house-letting persuasions, and therefore doubly acute — was a great admirer of those papers of mine, and for a long time convinced me out of my own mouth (as against my nose), when I suggested smells. The thing was not possible, in so sweet a valley. Moreover, he was one, he said, who had himself lost a thumb through bad drainage, and was sure to be very tender of mine. I have every reason to hope, in the ordinary course of justice, that he has by this time lost the other. I am not vindictive; but, as we said in the Catechism, such is my desire. He persuaded me of many things, assisted

by my views. He spoke of imprudent diet, of the habit of servants to throw vegetables down the sink, and so forth, and for a long time persuasively. The garrison held out. The whole household lived upon brandy-and-water, and nothing else. (After I had left, the local wine-merchant sent me in a magnificent account for succulent drinks which I had never seen. I resisted him before the judge of the county, and had to pay. "My dear sir," said an eminent legal expert, to console me, "the trick is obvious, and 'the books' palpably cooked. But county-court judges always decide for a tradesman versus a 'gentleman,'" which is a pleasant reputation for justices to sleep on; and I am glad I am not one of them.) This is parenthesis; but I am talking of migrations, and I migrated from North Bitton on Silverstreak, this time guarding a strict anonymous, because it is not a good place for simple-minded people to live in. At last my cook took to rolling about on the floor in fits, regularly, when she "opened up" the scullery in the morning. And one evening, after various premonitory whiffs, there burst forth between cod and mutton such an overmastering stink, that we literally packed our clothes and fled into the darkness, then and there. It was impossible even for that soliciting landlord, this time, to persuade me that it was the fish that smelt. No cod could ever do it, even there. It was a Saturday night, as I well remember; for we picnicked for the Sunday at the house of a comparatively sweet and positively hospitable friend; and on the Monday we departed from the district forever, leaving, as our last contribution, a just action behind us, which, I trust, smells sweet, as in the poem, in spite of surrounding example from the county court downwards.

So it was that we left that ancient town upon the river, and found ourselves another home, with all the conditions reversed except as to Conservative members. Our lines are cast this time in a city by the sea, on whose grey-and-blue pattern we look down, from a height above it, over a sloping garden, which provides us with the regulation lawn-tennis ground, circled with a halo of vegetables. We are our own landlords, taught by the bitter experience of another's smells. Henceforth, at least, my smells shall be my own, and I will pay no rent for them. The bonny, bright town, which shall be called Sunbourne, lies before us in a tempting maze of tree-planted streets, which recall



the green alleys and avenues of certain foreign cities. They bisect each other at odd angles, instead of running in a series of parallel lines to the water, after the dull, uncompromising fashion of most seaside towns. And beautiful bits of green, sudden bursts of unexpected fields and parks, with endless varieties of comfortable and tasteful homes, each to itself in its own walled garden, and built in all the quaintnesses of parti-colored form with which modern architects have exorcised the grim, old barrack-spirit of monotony, leave us but small room to regret the cottage in the plain, and the enterprising, but inventive, wine-merchant, or his friend and backer, the county-court judge. Before us a broad plain of level marsh, dotted with old castles and new gas-works, and other landmarks upon the wrinkled face of Time; and behind us, an amphitheatre of breezy down, stretching its arms out to the sea and folding Sun-bourne to its heart, as well it may, in gratitude for the balmiest air and the most perpetual and buoyant sunshine which the spirit of man can crave for; and as a result, I have solemnly recanted to Mrs. Balbus all the theories I formerly expressed as to the proper requisites for a residence; she has said, "Yes, Tom," in each instance in a spirit of un murmuring adhesion; and I cannot tell how it is that I seem to realize that she fails to attach any serious importance to my opinions. Indeed, she distinctly said, upon one occasion, when I was emphasizing the importance of living on a hill, that "we'd got to do it now, and it didn't matter." Some people have a way of putting things which is fatal to argument.

I attribute it partly to the novelty of the new home, and partly to the Machiavellian craft of which I am a master, that for the three years which have passed since that same lazy journey through the Cider lands, I succeeded in staving off the fatal question of foreign parts. I leaned upon the exquisite pleasure of that former tour, and the pity it would be to spoil its memories; I insisted on the disagreeable characteristics of foreigners, and the alluring qualities of home; I quoted Sir Charles Coldstream on the general inadequacy of the Continent, and his opinion even of the crater of Vesuvius, that there was nothing in it; I appealed to my advancing years (for which I was pulled up somewhat sharply); I pointed out that I had seen it all, to be met by the undeniable counter that other people had not; I used household arguments

about the purse, which were forcible, but not convincing; and was met throughout by that steady persistency which wins campaigns and civilizes deserts, and compasses in lesser matters what it will. And so it came about that I found myself committed to a foreign tour, this time upon the understanding that we were to reverse our former plan, — never stop more than two nights anywhere, and see as many lands as could be seen in the space of four weeks. And so we did. Belgium and the Rhine, Coblenz and the Mosel, Heidelberg and the Neckar, Lucerne and the Reuss, Verona and the Adige, with a kaleidoscope of lakes and the climbing of many mountains (in railway trains), chase each other in picturesque confusion through my brain, like the whirligig of spires and towers which, after his famous visit to Oxford, made havoc with the head of Mr. Verdant Green's papa.

It was with a sense of awe due to the occasion, that a day or two ago I took up the *Times* — no lesser medium would have met the emergency — and read therein a letter of some proportions, by a professor of eminent fame, both in the world of science and in that of Alpine enterprise. It was couched in language of much dignity and authority, and the text of it was this. That, on the whole, the weather in Switzerland this summer had not been fine. It was true that this had been for some time freely reported in many prints and in various places, and that a large number of tourists of the baser sort had come to the same conclusion as the professor. But obviously it could not be accepted as a fact till it had received his counter-seal, and it was very good of him to affix, as it were, his black mark to the weather, and to let unscientific people feel sure that it had really rained. I thought it did at the time, myself; and now, of course, I know it. When I came to the end of that letter, tears of gratitude stood in my eyes. I do not mean because I had come to the end of it, but from sympathy with the admirable sentiment which wound it up. In spite of its raining in Switzerland — indeed, whilst it was raining — the professor had heard how we had been winning in Egypt, and felt called upon publicly to express his devout thankfulness that England was still a nation. It was impossible for me — or, I should think, for England — not to feel this condescension on the professor's part all the more, from his having gone rather out of his way to show it, at least to the lay mind.



To the man of science, the connection between the nature of England and the weather in Switzerland may, of course, be clear. But from the outside world, in that letter, that connection was artistically veiled; so much so, that it was impossible to conceive what one fact had to do with the other, except, possibly, that both had occurred to other people before, though they had no authority to mention them. Let me add, however, that the letter was a great comfort to me, because I had just been reading, in the same unerring journal, an article on a text it has been persistently preaching of late, on what may be called the monohippoid or one-horse character of England in the matter of literature. I had derived therefrom the melancholy information that we have no novelists, no playwrights, no humorists, no historians, no poets, and no orators, only a large number of critics — appar-

ently with nothing to criticise — and science, and the *Times*. So I, too, lifted up my voice and wept, and thanked God that we have still critics to tell us of our faults, and professors to let us know when it is raining. *How* it rained (for I am bound to confirm the professor, and to say that it did), I hope to be permitted to show another day. I remember a dramatist who was congratulated on having obtained the services of a certain actress for his new burlesque. "Yes," he said, "I'm lucky. She can't sing, and she can't dance, and she can't act. And she's very plain. Otherwise she's delightful." So might I say, that we were in Switzerland a fortnight, and never saw the mountains; and in Italy for another, and never saw the sun. And we ate too little, and paid too much. Otherwise, it was lovely.

TOM BALBUS.

THE FOUNDATION OF ALEXANDRIA. — Entering Egypt at Pelusium, Alexander found his fleet already there. The Egyptians crowded to welcome him, and, leaving a garrison in the city, he marched across the desert to Memphis. Here the satrap Mazakes immediately surrendered himself, and an immense treasure came into the hands of Alexander. The whole of Egypt, indeed, submitted with alacrity, as a relief from the insulting despotism of the Persians. The Macedonian hero rested himself for some time in this ancient and magnificent city, offering sacrifices to the god Apis and the other Egyptian deities, and entertaining the people with gymnastics and musical performances. He then sailed down the western branch of the Nile to Canopus, situated at its mouth. Seeing the advisability of removing the seat of government from Memphis to some spot upon the coast which would be more within his power, he determined to found a new metropolis on the shores of the Mediterranean. Hence arose the famous city of Alexandria, afterwards one of the most splendid and important capitals of the world — the great seat of commerce for Europe, Africa, and India, and an intellectual centre of the Greek race, which for several ages exercised a powerful influence over the philosophy and religion of the civilized world. Alexander himself

marked out the circuit of the walls, the direction of the principal streets, and the sites of numerous temples, which were to be dedicated to Grecian and Egyptian deities. The site was on a narrow tongue of land stretching between Lake Mareotis and the sea, and the plan of the city was made to include the adjacent isle of Pharos, which was joined to the other part by a causeway. Two harbors were formed — one on each side of this causeway — for ships coming by sea; and Lake Mareotis was utilized for the reception of exportable produce from the interior. The nucleus of the population was mainly derived from the neighboring town of Canopus. During the rule of the Ptolemies, Alexandria grew immensely in size, in grandeur, in population, and in wealth. Its museum was celebrated in all civilized lands, and the library of Alexandria (the destruction of which has been the subject of contradictory statements) contained the finest collection of Greek classics in the world. In this most interesting city, the East and West may be said to have mingled as in a common centre; and from the consequent interchange of ideas between the more ancient and the more youthful communities of the world, Christianity itself received some of those elements which rank among the philosophical influences of a later epoch.

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## CONTENTS.

I. MOZLEY'S REMINISCENCES, . . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i> . . . .	515
II. THE LADIES LINDORES. Part XIV., . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . .	531
III. FALSE COIN IN SACRED HERMENEUTICS, .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . .	540
IV. SOME ASPECTS OF AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE. By James Bryce, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . . .	551
V. NO NEW THING. Part VIII., . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . .	564
VI. AMERICAN PERFUMES, . . . . .	<i>Queen,</i> . . . . .	575

## POETRY.

THE TAPESTRY-WORKER, . . . . .	514	WAITING, . . . . .	514
--------------------------------	-----	--------------------	-----

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## THE TAPESTRY-WORKER.

BY MARGARET SCOTT MACRITCHIE.

"CARRY me out, my brethren;  
For I can work no more.  
Carry me out to meet him —  
My Master at the door!  
The sun is slowly setting,  
And the old man's eyes are dim,  
And the task he gave is finished;  
Carry me out to him!

"The task he gave is finished:  
I mind when it began,  
How joyously and swiftly  
The busy moments ran;  
In ardor for his service,  
Methought I wrought so well  
That e'en his own appointments  
I should at last excel.

"But through my vain ambition  
There fell the hand divine,  
That quietly effac'd it —  
My dearly-loved design.  
And whilst I sore lamented  
For beauty swept away,  
'*More beauty hath obedience,*'  
I heard the Master say.

"Then I was still, my brethren,  
And turned to toil anew,  
Leaving to *him* the guidance,  
Whose plans are sure and true;  
And though to trace his pattern  
At times I vainly tried,  
My heart found rest remembering  
*He sees the other side.*

"I sat behind the canvas,  
I saw no beauty grow,  
I held his own directions —  
*Enough* for me to know;  
Many had wider portions  
Of clearer, brighter hue,  
But the old man in the corner  
The Master needed too.

"And if nor gain nor glory  
Shine out from this my weft,  
Still he will not be angry —  
I did the task he left.  
And now that I am helpless,  
And weary is my frame,  
My brethren, in the distance  
I hear him call my name."

They bore the old man gently  
Forth from the working-room,  
Forth from the ended labor,  
Forth from the silent loom,  
And down a voice came floating,  
A voice serene and blest,  
"O good and faithful servant!  
Enter thou into rest.

"Long, long in patient duty  
Thy yearning soul was tried;  
Open thine eyes to beauty  
Upon the *other* side!  
Behind the canvas toiling,  
Thou didst not dream of this,  
That every shadow-tangle  
Wrought out eternal bliss;

"And every thread mysterious  
Into the pattern given,  
Was weaving rich perfection  
Of love and life in heaven.  
Now rise thou to the glory  
By lowly hearts possessed,  
Who but fulfil my bidding,  
And leave to *me* the rest!"

Sunday Magazine.

## WAITING.

WHERE the sunlight and the shadow  
Strive throughout the day,  
Happy children in the meadow  
Gaily laugh and play;  
Boasting one above another,  
As they idly roam,  
How will each surpass the other  
When their ships come home!

We, who smile at childish prattle  
With a stately air;  
We, who fight a sterner battle  
With our daily care, —  
Though a prudent, grave adviser  
Each himself may deem, —  
Are we really so much wiser  
Than the children seem?

Have we not, alas, how often!  
Through departed days,  
Watched for cold, grey skies to soften  
Into golden haze?  
Looking o'er life's troubled ocean,  
White with angry foam;  
Waiting through the day's commotion,  
Till our ships come home?

Hope, that shed a fuller splendor,  
O'er us as we went;  
Love, that gleamed so true and tender  
With a clear content;  
Wealth that might be had for winning,  
Peaceful heart and brow:  
These were ours at life's beginning —  
Are they with us now?

Still, the children's happy laughter  
Ripples in our ears;  
Heedless they of what comes after,  
Careless all of fears.  
Youth and age are linked together,  
Onwards as they roam,  
Waiting both through changing weather  
Till their ships come home.

Golden Hours.

R. S. W.



From The Edinburgh Review.  
MOZLEY'S REMINISCENCES.\*

To speak with niggardly praise of these amusing and interesting volumes would be scarcely less churlish than to look a gift horse in the mouth. None, certainly, who take up the work will fail to mark its faults; and to many the faults may not unreasonably seem very serious. But the question is, not whether Mr. Mozley would have done well to spend more time on his task, or whether the task should not have been undertaken and finished long ago, but whether we would willingly be without these contributions to the social, the religious, and even the political history of the nineteenth century. In point of fact, Mr. Mozley has reserved for his advanced old age the work of arranging and recording recollections which embrace the lifetime of two generations; he has accomplished this work in the short space of a few months; and he has chosen rather to trust to his memory than to weary himself by ransacking the rich store of documents in his possession. But the memory which will make no blunders in traversing so vast a field, and will judge with unfailing accuracy the characters of workers in it who still survive or who have passed away, must be a wonderful memory indeed; and the remonstrances and protests called forth by some of Mr. Mozley's reminiscences prove that there may be some grounds for doubting his possession of this rare gift. We may say at once that the mistakes, or, as some would have it, the blunders, in these volumes are not few; that the portraits of some of the actors in the great drama are not exact, and that the painter does not always catch their spirit and rightly appreciate their motives. But after all the abatements which may be made on every score, the impartial judge will assuredly close the work with a conviction that Mr. Mozley's inaccuracies nowhere affect his honesty; and that, although he might have done more and might have done it better, his book is a storehouse of facts of which future historians of the nine-

teenth century will be glad to avail themselves.

There is, first, the intrinsic interest of the subject. No chapter in the history of human thought is entirely unattractive; and if, some years ago, the temptation to look on the religious history of the eighteenth century as dull was widely felt, it has now well-nigh lost its power. The narrative of Mr. Abbey and Mr. Overton, if other testimony were wanting, has exhibited in its true colors the energetic life which preceded the more varied and widespread movements of our own day, and has vindicated for it our hearty respect. It has enabled us to see more clearly how the life of the earlier age has blended itself with that of the later, and only by insisting on the same largeness of view shall we be able to discern the direction in which the currents of modern feeling and thought are flowing. Our nearness to the period embraced in Mr. Mozley's pages may interfere with the impartiality of our judgments on some points involved in the survey; but there can be no question that the retrospect of the last sixty years is one of surpassing and altogether singular interest, and we cannot readily believe that an impression so deep answers to no substantial reality. For those who never care to look below the surface of things, or who, to speak more plainly, do not take the trouble to think at all, the retrospect may reveal little more than a maze of controversies not always profitable, and not seldom repulsive; but a more patient scrutiny will furnish ample proof that the ebbing of the tide does not really arrest the onward flowing of the waters, and that the manifold movement is distinctly and steadily in the direction of good. That the issues should differ widely from the results aimed at and striven for even by the foremost actors in the great work, follows almost of necessity; and if the issues of the controversies which have stirred this century are, as we may reasonably believe, likely to be more mighty than those of the last century, there will be nothing to surprise us in the fact that they were not anticipated by those who have been most active in bringing them about.

\* *Reminiscences chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement.* 2 vols. By the Rev. T. MOZLEY, M.A. London: 1882.



Few men have more strongly influenced their age than the great thinker and writer who must be regarded as the hero of Mr. Mozley's pages. This influence has been exercised on minds of very various types; and it has been felt by many who may affect the future course of English thought in directions far from acceptable to himself. In the religious history of our time the most prominent figure is beyond doubt that of John Henry Newman. Without any such intention on his own part the fact of this prominence has been brought into the strongest light by his "Apologia." It could scarcely be otherwise. He had in that work to speak chiefly and almost exclusively of himself. In Mr. Mozley's volumes he appears in no dwarfed proportions; but he appears more as the centre of a group, the members of which, with but few exceptions, have attained or left behind them a name memorable for high sincerity of purpose, for singleness of heart, and for the thoroughness of their self-devotion. Nor is this tribute to be paid only to those who from first to last have accompanied and followed Dr. Newman. It belongs of equal right to those among them who at no time had much sympathy with his aims, or who may have felt that his aims were mistaken and his methods delusive. Thus viewed, the group is of striking interest. Furthest removed from us are those who represent the earlier school, whose modes of thought and expression tended to foster in Dr. Newman the hatred of the temper and spirit which he is never weary of condemning under the name of Liberalism. The "Noetic" philosophy, arrested by Dr. Newman and his friends, had its attractions for men like Copleston and Whately; but there were others in whom were stirring the elements of a stronger opposition to any theories which might invest the Church with autocratic power as the visible city of God. Among these was Blanco White, the Spanish priest who sought in England a place of refuge from the intolerable burden of mediæval traditionalism, and whose hatred of the scholastic terminology as an instrument of oppression and a source of deadly corruption was to find expression

in the Bampton Lectures of Dr. Hampden; and among these also was one whose influence was to outweigh altogether that of either Blanco White or Hampden, the great teacher who filled Arthur Stanley with a double portion of his own spirit, and fostered in many more the manly independence and fearlessness of which the coming years would show a constantly growing need. With these or near to them are men, not one of whom will be soon forgotten, men linked in personal friendship, and to whatever extent in unity of motive and aim — Keble, the humble-minded and retiring poet of "The Christian Year;" the three brothers who added lustre to the honored name of Wilberforce, but who in life were to follow different paths; and not a few more, Hurrell Froude, Manning, Isaac Williams, Oakley, Faber, Ward, of whom, in spite of all changes, errors, and mistakes, Oxford and England may well be proud. All these, with the rest who may remain unnamed, may have been combatants in opposing armies; but they were also fellow-soldiers in a crusade in which all were honestly striving to further the victory of good over evil, and in which there was, for a time at least, an enthusiasm as deep as that which spurred Godfrey and Tancred, and a devotion altogether more pure and self-sacrificing. Even when closing in battle with each other they cannot be regarded as enemies; and those of them who still survive to carry on the warfare may well cherish the memories of all who have passed away to the peace in which, with the removal of the veil of sense, all strife is forever extinguished. The man is happy who can look back on years so spent. The lapse of time and the failure of hope will, if we are to believe Gibbon, always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life; but these dark shadows do not fall across the path of those who are assured that human efforts, and the sense of responsibility, and high purposes steadily worked out, cannot go for nothing. To this serenity Mr. Mozley has attained, and the thought of the past brings to him neither pain nor depression, but only thankfulness and trust. It has added to his happiness to tell the story



which carries him back over all the changes of his long career.

As I tell these names, and feebly recount their services, other names, and others still, pierce through the haze of many years. The constellation grows, and brightens, and surrounds me. Some have gone their way, and I have gone mine. There has been failure and shortcoming; decay of mental power and diminution of lustre, not without touch of sadder infirmity. There have been mistakes, miscalculations, and extravagances, with humbling and mortifying consequences. But in no like cause, or like number or kind of men, was there ever less to be remembered with shame. If I may estimate them by the measure of my own feelings, they are all good and true men; they are a goodly company that will never wholly part, and what they lack of present unity or other fulfilment they will hereafter enjoy. (Vol. ii., p. 15.)

For Mr. Mozley these old friends and friendly antagonists are altogether human still. No halo of unapproachable brightness surrounds any of them; none of them rise above heights which his criticism cannot reach; and he has told the story of their greatest achievements, their passing weaknesses, and their saddest failures, with hearty praise, with thorough sympathy, and with humor which is infinitely amusing. In spite of sturdy assertions from time to time, of his right to judge of the sayings or acts of others by such powers of reason as have been granted to him, his pages are full of a self-depreciation which seems to betray here and there a touch of irony. Readers not well versed in the literary or theological history of the last half-century may be pardoned if they are put off their guard by the humility which pleads that the present work is Mr. Mozley's first publication, and will most probably be his last. With whatever faults he may be chargeable, lack of skill in writing cannot be numbered among them. Every page of the work attests, perhaps only too clearly, that peculiar readiness acquired only by long experience, which is never at a loss in the treatment of any subject, and which can at the least make every topic pleasant to every reader, even if it be at the cost of exhibiting on their ludicrous side matters which, for the writers criticised, were ter-

ribly solemn and serious. His confessions of ignorance are made with admirable adroitness. A pleasant chapter on Frank Edgeworth, the Frank who is the young hero of his sister Maria Edgeworth's stories, and who regarded both his sister and her tales with impartial aversion, introduces a conversation in which Edgeworth, telling him that he wishes to believe but cannot, asks if the Fathers who quoted the Gospels were "men to enquire or only anxious to believe." "What," he adds, "do we know about them?"

Ah me! this struck at the root of my defence, for I knew nothing about the Fathers. Even had I known more, it would have been all book knowledge—nay, worse than that, mere "cram." (Vol. i., p. 45.)

When a happy retort is needed, he delights in recording his discomfiture. After hearing Samuel Wilberforce the younger naming with a friend, alternately, more than fifty species of pines and *Taxodia*, he became impatient and threw in:

"Yet the meanest grub that preys on those trees is higher in the order of creation than all of them." Wretched man that I was! Instantly the bishop looked me in the face. "So you think a bucket of Thames water a nobler object of contemplation than Windsor Forest." I collapsed, for I never executed, or even attempted, a repartee in my life: I might have said that I would rather spend a day in Windsor Forest than in the House of Commons or in Convocation, but that it did not follow I thought Windsor Forest higher than both of them in the order of creation. (Vol. i., p. 117.)

At Colchester he finds himself laden with work in the library of Mr. Morant, overlooking the remains of Colchester Castle and the grand Norman church a few steps off.

But I had never five minutes [he tells us] of that absolute rest which my poor nature required, and which less scrupulous or more courageous people obtain by the use of tobacco. Had I gone there provided with a few dozen sermons, or with some speaking power, I might have remained at Colchester to this day. . . . My visiting was not such a burden; indeed, Round seemed to think me rather an enthusiast in that way. Yet my first visit was a nervous one. . . . How I acquitted myself, and what good I did, I cannot say, but if I was not pre-



pared for the pulpit, neither was I for the bedside. (Vol. i., p. 278.)

This scantiness of natural power and of acquired learning becomes not inconvenient in dealing with the many high matters which he confesses to be much too hard for him. He understands the first invocation in the Litany of the English Prayer-Book; the rest are not to him intelligible.

When I pronounce them, I feel in a momentary maze, as if a dizziness had come on me, or as if I had slipped and were twisted round. I have had to execute a performance, and I have always done it ill. . . . To confess the honest truth, when I say the words of our invocations with the least attempt to understand them, I feel balancing myself upon the finest edges between Tritheism on the one side, and Sabellianism, if I know what that is, on the other. I may confidently say I feel no such straitness and peril in using the Latin forms. (Vol. ii., p. 349.)

Nor is it only here that he speaks of himself as feebly groping his way where others walked with enviable confidence.

Sixty years ago the interpretation of Scripture was one vast mass of conventionalisms, very galling, very oppressive, yet not to be touched as you would value your peace and character. Should any one have the temerity to express a doubt whether the words, "In the place where the tree falleth, there shall it lie," were point blank against purgatory, or whether the "works" contrasted by St. Paul with "faith" included Christian obedience in the same category as Jewish ordinances, he must be an atheist, or, still worse, a Papist in disguise. . . . Hence possibly my questionings were less reverent and more impatient than they might have been. I had to seek, and I did seek, for a clue through this sea of doubtful interpretations; but I was not much of a Biblical scholar, and still less read in the Fathers or even in our own divines. The latter are a wordy race, and one has to be a long time getting at the pith of their meaning. Some of them seem to have no other art than that of disguising the weakness of their own convictions. (Vol. ii., p. 378.)

In like manner he is willing to admit that when, after a sojourn in Normandy, he made up his mind to join the Church of Rome, he was actuated chiefly by a desire to rid himself of a sense of tormenting and overpowering difficulties.

I believe I was seeking rest. I was distracted and wearied with discussions above my measure, my faculties, and my attainments. I disliked the tone of disputants, all the more because I easily fell into it myself. The Church of England was one vast arena of controversy. Ten thousand popes — the lay popes

ten times more arrogant, unreasonable, and bitter than the clerical, and the female popes a hundred times worse than either — laid down the law, and demanded instant obedience. (Vol. ii., p. 392.)

This is all very amusing, although it fails to carry to our minds a due sense of the author's incapacity for dealing with the points in question. It is not without a slight temptation to incredulity that we listen to Mr. Mozley when he tells us that he has attempted no account of Newman's works, having always been a "bad reader" and having now "less power than ever of mastering any work requiring close attention and continued thought;" and we are tempted to put our own interpretation on his confession that the work before us is but a superficial one, "for I am not much of a logician, or of a metaphysician, or of a philosopher; least of all am I a theologian." The truth is simply this, that Mr. Mozley is before all things a journalist. Although he has not thought proper in these confessions to do more than hint obscurely at the principal occupation of his own life, it is notorious that he has been for many years one of the chief contributors to a leading newspaper, and he has no reason to be ashamed of his performances in that capacity. He also acted for some time as editor of the *British Critic*, as the successor of Newman himself. These facts suggest the singular reflection that a man so whimsical in his habits, so inaccurate in his statements, and so unsettled in his opinions, should have exercised a considerable influence over the political and theological views of his contemporaries. If we were to judge of his writing by the style of the volumes now before us, we should say it is slipshod and careless, though humorous. He probably wrote better at other times and in other places. But both as a writer and a thinker he must be ranked far below his brother, Dr. James B. Mozley, the late Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. His lifelong experience as a journalist accounts for some shortcomings as well as for some of his merits as a writer. It has put him so effectually on his guard against dulness as to tempt him to undue efforts to be always bright and sparkling. Matters even of importance are rather touched lightly than handled with adequate seriousness; and Mr. Mozley is more anxious for dramatic grouping than for the clear sequence of his narratives. The same cause has led him into not a few useless digressions and exaggerations. It has exposed him



to charges of inaccuracy in speaking of Archbishop Whately, of Sir James Stephen, of the father of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and others. It has betrayed him into some inexact statements about his brother-in-law, Cardinal Newman. It is quite possible that he might have steered clear of some of these reefs and rocks had he availed himself of means at his disposal—in other words, if he had bestowed upon his task the time which beyond doubt it needed. He insists, indeed, with some earnestness, that his book consists of reminiscences, and reminiscences only.

I possess a great mass of letters, journals, and other documents that might have helped to make these volumes a little more interesting and more authentic. But I have now only a small remainder of my eyesight—one eye gone and not much left of the other—while my prospects of life and strength are also a small and doubtful remainder. I should soon have lost myself had I attempted to penetrate into all this buried material. (Vol. i., p. 9.)

We regret that he should have had this fear, or that, having it, he should not have shrunk from entering into details with regard to the cardinal's early life, unless he had something like a certitude of the exactness of his picture. To the outward world it is of comparatively little moment whether Dr. Newman's mother belonged to one school of religious thought or to another; but our knowledge of the influences which moulded or may have moulded his childhood must affect our judgment of his career as a whole. For a long time he showed a marked leaning to the party which was known as the Evangelical. Later on, he was for a long time the champion of the theories of churchmanship specially insisted on by the great Caroline divines. It is therefore a matter of importance to ascertain, if we can, the channel by which he passed from one stage of his religious life to another. On this point we learn something from his "Apologia;" we gather something more from the reminiscences of Mr. Mozley, who regrets that in his "biography" "Newman has not done justice to his early adventures and sallies into the domains of thought, politics, fancy, and taste." To this it is a sufficient answer that the "Apologia" was not meant to be a biography, and that an enumeration of his accomplishments in music and poetry would have been out of place in it. But if the "Apologia" does not in terms contradict, it gives no direct countenance to Mr. Mozley's statement that Mrs. New-

man, born of a Huguenot family, "was from first to last thoroughly loyal to her family traditions, and all the early teaching of her children was that modified Calvinism which retained the Assembly's Catechism as a text, but put into young hands Watts, Baxter, Scott, Romaine, Newton, Milner—indeed, any writer who seemed to believe and feel what he wrote about."

Calvinism, even in a modified form, is not so pleasant a creed as to leave room for dissatisfaction if any one can be shown not to be imbued with it; and in the Assembly's Catechism it still exhibits features so shocking that we can well understand the indignation which the imputation of it would rouse in minds for whom it has no attraction. The Catechism states, in the broadest and baldest way, the severance of mankind into the small body of the elect who must be saved in spite of themselves, and the larger body of the reprobate whose ruin even divine power is unable to avert. We welcome, therefore, the assurance of Mr. Francis Newman that Mrs. Newman was free of all leanings to Calvinism in any shape; nor are we sorry to learn that she never introduced, either to him, or, as he believes, to any of her children, any one of the books named by Mr. Mozley. Not only is it, he declares, untrue that she taught him or them the Assembly's Catechism, but he is not aware that he has ever seen it, while he is quite sure that in his father's house he never heard of its name or its existence. On this subject we have in the "Apologia" only the following sentence:—

I was brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible; but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. Of course I had perfect knowledge of my catechism.

We can scarcely doubt that the words "my catechism" must denote the catechism which he would regard as his own so long as he remained a member of the Church of England; and this catechism, it is quite certain, could not be that of the Assembly of Westminster. But it is not so easy to understand precisely what may be meant by the absence or lack of formed religious opinions in his early youth. If we follow Mr. Mozley, we shall suppose that Dr. Newman refers to the sudden passage from death to life, from deliberate rebellion to absolute submission, from love of iniquity to love of goodness, which, according to certain



schools, is the immediate result of the instantaneous conversion wrought in the elect and in these alone. "He expected," Mr. Mozley tells us, "to be 'converted'; in due time he was 'converted'; and the day and hour of his conversion he has ever remembered, and no doubt observed." This description scarcely tallies with the account in the "Apologia," which speaks only of a "great change of thought."

I fell under the influences of a definite creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured.

But far from adding that the exact moment of the change has been commemorated continuously to the present time, Dr. Newman goes on to say that the feeling itself, in its Calvinistic aspect, soon passed away. The reason for its thus vanishing is obvious. He had never embraced the negative side of the Calvinistic theory of conversion. He looked upon himself as predestined to salvation; he thought of others as "simply passed over, not predestined to eternal death," adding that, like his beloved teacher, Thomas Scott, of Aston Sandford, he rejected the latter proposition as a detestable doctrine.

The passage is significant as showing the pertinacity with which Dr. Newman has always clung to the idea of dogma as the declaration of an external visible authority, not as the statement of truth which remains unaffected whether it be declared by such an authority or not. We can therefore take these sentences along with Mr. Mozley's declaration, elsewhere made, that "Newman was always for a thorough religious conversion, with a real sense of it; a deep sense of the necessity of doctrinal truths, and an absolute devotion to its claims." But Mr. Mozley had spoken of conversion at the outset as an instantaneous passage from one type of character to another; and this we fail to reconcile with a later passage in which he speaks of Newman as maintaining such a change to be impossible, and as claiming for himself "to have been substantially the same from first to last, only in progress and development; under heaven-sent guidances, impulse, and assistance." It is quite possible that the charge of inconsistency may apply both to Mr. Mozley and to Dr. Newman. The latter, it seems, was disposed not merely to approve the notion of a Yorkshire schoolmaster that men never change, but to formulate a theory accounting for deaths chronologically premature. Per-

sons so removed had done, he supposed, all the good they could do or were likely to do, and they were suddenly withdrawn because they would do no more or could do no more, although the prolonged life of many who had altogether survived their work was a fact calling not less urgently for an explanation. There is, in truth, no difficulty in framing theories which account for certain sets of phenomena only; and the illustrations of such theories may exhibit no little humor. Such an illustration, we are told, Dr. Newman gave, when Mr. Mozley's servant drove him in a pony trap from Cholderton to Salisbury, eleven miles.

The poor man, who was gardener, and always had a good deal to say about the country and things in general, talked the whole way. The next letter from Newman ended with, "Pony went well; so did Meacher's tongue. Shoot them both. They will never be better than they are now!" (Vol. i., p. 209.)

An inconsistency still more marked is exhibited in the case of one of the most conspicuous figures in the early days of the Oxford movement. Richard Hurrell Froude has left behind him a reputation such as the most rigid of sacerdotalists might rejoice to attain; but it is quite possible for a Hildebrand or Becket to unite the most extravagant ecclesiastical pretensions with extreme hatred of other religious bodies which put forth like claims, and in such instances there is in truth no difference of opinion, except as to the geographical centre of power. Froude, therefore, might insist on these pretensions, and yet remain an Anglican of the Anglicans. The only question is whether he did so or did not. Mr. Mozley speaks of him as always somewhat in advance of Newman, but still as returning from his cruise in the Mediterranean in 1833 "more utterly set against Roman Catholics than he had been before. His conclusion was that they held the truth in unrighteousness; that they were wretched Tridentines everywhere and, of course, ever since the Reformation; that the conduct and behavior of the clergy was such that it was impossible they could believe what they professed; that they were idolaters in the sense of substituting easy and good-natured divinities for the God of Truth and Holiness." (Vol. i., p. 304.) In his "Remains" Froude was allowed to speak unreservedly for himself. No attempt was made by his editors to soften or modify any of his utterances; and



upon the whole, Mr. Mozley remarks, they were right, "for no one ever charged, or could now charge, on Froude that his expressions had brought any one to Rome, or could doubt that Froude himself was Anglican to the last."

With this we need only contrast the following sentences in Dr. Newman's "Apologia." Froude, we are here told,

had an intellect as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold. Dying prematurely, as he did, and in the conflict and transition state of opinions, his religious views never reached their ultimate conclusion, by the very reason of their multitude and their depth. His opinions arrested and influenced me, even when they did not gain my assent. He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome and his hatred of the Reformers. . . . He felt scorn of the maxim, "The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants," and he gloried in accepting tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching.\*

It seems, indeed, strange that the portrait of Hurrell Froude drawn by Newman in the "Apologia" should not have led Mr. Mozley to reconsider some statements which he advances with absolute confidence. It is quite possible that a tendency Romewards, or in any other direction, may exist for a time without being known to those who are affected by it; and in the same way Newman's language in 1833 may have given no signs of steps to be taken some years later; but it is quite certain that a strong leaning to, and indeed a preference for, the Roman Church, was for Hurrell Froude no reason for deserting the communion of the Church of England, and that from him Newman learnt to regard this position as legitimate.

It is difficult [he says] to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend to whom I owe so much. He made me look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence.†

It is little better than a quibble to pretend that minds in such a state are not in substantial harmony with the dogmatic system of the Roman Church. The honesty of men who with such convictions retain their position in the English Church is another question, which cannot be settled quite so easily perhaps as Mr. Mozley

seems to think. Such conduct may be made to look very black; but, the aspect being changed, it may assume a fairer hue. Speaking of some French priests whom he met at Caen in 1843, Mr. Mozley tells us that "they took it for granted that Newman would join their communion, and that he was only lingering in order to bring more with him in the end."

This [he adds] they seemed to think a natural and proper proceeding; and I should doubt whether there exists a Frenchman capable of thinking otherwise. It may seem unwarrantable to attribute to a great and gallant nation a moral code which few Englishmen will be found to tolerate; but France is a military nation, and has also ever been divided into parties practically at war, and observing the old maxim that all is fair in love and in war. We Englishmen hardly know what a great blessing we enjoy in being able, upon the whole, to observe the code of honor, even while we disagree. (Vol. ii., p. 291.)

This is one of the taunts against France and Frenchmen which Mr. Mozley throws out from time to time with discreditable rashness. Yet it appears from his grotesque account of his visit to Normandy that he was profoundly ignorant of the language and the manners of the French people, and he seems never before to have been inside a Roman Catholic Church. It seems to us the height of fatuous impertinence to assume that "we Englishmen" have a sense of honor to which the French cannot attain because they are "a military nation;" and certainly that high sense of honor was not universal amongst Mr. Mozley's priestly friends and associates.

For at this very time Mr. Spencer, afterwards known more widely as Father Ignatius, was urging on his party precisely the conduct which commended itself to the priests at Caen. "Let us remain quietly for some years till, by God's blessing, the ears of Englishmen are become accustomed to hear the name of Rome pronounced with reverence." At the end of this term you will soon see the fruits of our patience. In truth, wherever there is compromise, we must expect to see the terms on which it rests strained from time to time at either end. That there are elements of compromise both in the articles and in the formularies of the English Church, is a fact beyond question; and the large extent to which the compromise may be lawfully, though not honorably, carried in the direction of Roman teaching, has been authoritatively laid down in the Bennett judgment.

\* Apologia, p. 85.

† Apologia, p. 87.



Whether the amount of liberty exercised by the vicar of Frome would have permanently satisfied Mr. Spencer, we may well doubt; but that there are honest English gentlemen who cannot see why the terms of compromise may not be interpreted as indulgently on the side of Laud as on that of Baxter, we cannot doubt at all; and the admiration for Rome on the one side balances the admiration of nonconformity on the other.

It is unfortunate that the value of the reminiscences which form the bulk of these volumes must be tested in details affecting personal interests and feelings, and sometimes trenching on painful topics. But the necessity exists; and only by seeing how matters stand in two or three instances can we reasonably convince ourselves that careful examination may produce the same results in others. The world has already dealt somewhat freely with the relations, or the supposed relations, between Cardinal Newman and his brother Mr. Francis Newman. Such relations need, of course, the most delicate handling; and here assuredly Mr. Mozley would have done well to try his own memory by the impressions left on those of whom he was speaking. The matter is not one of intrinsic importance. The public is not greatly concerned in determining the degrees of cleverness or other qualities in a family. But when two brothers have won for themselves a name, when in different directions they have exercised a large influence on the thought of the age, it becomes doubly imprudent to commit to paper recollections which may not be trustworthy. Mr. Mozley is anxious to make good what he regards as serious omissions in Dr. Newman's "Apologia," forgetting that that work contains professedly a history not of his life, but only of his religious opinions; and for this reason he speaks of the school at Ealing, in which Newman rose almost at a bound to the head, "where, before long, he was followed by his no less remarkable and even more precocious brother, Frank Newman. From boyhood the two brothers had taken the opposite sides on every possible question, and perhaps the fact that one of the born disputants was more than four years younger than the other accounts somewhat for their respective lines of divergence. If they argued at all on an equality, the younger must be the cleverer, the elder more mature." On this point Dr. Newman, in his "Apologia," says nothing; nor is this description warranted by any

statements of Mr. Francis Newman in his "Phases of Faith." It seems, in truth, to be far removed from fact. The precocity was exhibited not by the younger brother, but by the elder, who soon found himself in circumstances which forced him into a premature leadership. The brothers started from a common ground, where a general agreement left no room for anything like angry debate or painful argument, until the mind of the elder began to show that the impression of the Augustinian City of God was already deeply engraven upon it. The difference began when the elder formulated his ideas of an external infallible authority in matters of faith; but even when this was met by the counter assertion that the choice between Rome and Canterbury as such an authority was a mere geographical accident, there was nothing of that prolonged disputing on which Mr. Mozley lays stress.

The banquet to which Mr. Mozley invites his readers is both rich and varied; but we cannot say that the entertainment places us altogether at our ease. If all the personages of whom he speaks were wholly unknown to us, we might resign ourselves to the comfortable supposition that his judgments of them are to all intents and purposes just and right. But each fresh mistake abates our confidence, while it makes us feel that Mr. Mozley's reliance on his power of recollection is vastly too great. He remembers the enthusiastic praises bestowed on Arnold by Rugby boys during their Oxford residence, and the wealth of oracular sayings for which they professed themselves indebted to him. "Had I memory," he adds, "or had I kept a journal, I should now be able to reproduce hundreds of them." But the lack of memory and the absence of a journal are serious hindrances for an historian, and such admissions do not allay our fears. With some feelings of wonder we read of Rugby as giving itself up, after Dr. Wooll's time, to "historical and philosophical speculations," and it is not without amusement that we come across some remarks on the relation of a public schoolboy to his head master. Mr. Mozley had been unsuccessful in his application to Arnold for the admission of his brother James, the future divinity professor, to Rugby. The boy was a few months too old; and Mr. Mozley was reconciled to the decision, which at first keenly disappointed him, by the fact that his brother had a hesitation in his speech, and, moreover, that there were "some points of fatal resemblance"



between him and Arnold. "Both were independent in their opinions and quick in their tempers. It was only sixteen years after this that my brother published in the *Christian Remembrancer* an exceedingly able and interesting review of Arnold's 'Life and Correspondence' by Stanley." At the beginning of this period dangerous controversies were not much to be dreaded between the pupil and the teacher; and long before the sixteen years were ended he might be qualified not merely to write a review of his life, but to take part in his work at Rugby. With regard to the constitution of the school again, Mr. Mozley's memory must have played him false: His brother, we are told, would not have been content to be in any lower form than the highest — "that is, Arnold's own twenty." This phrase is explained in another passage, which tells us that

Arnold was now conducting Rugby on the principle of selection, adaptation, and careful manipulation. He was sending away every boy not likely to do good to himself or to the school. Contenting himself with a general oversight of the rest, he chiefly devoted himself to the twenty boys most qualified to benefit by his instruction. He also innovated considerably on the old routine of books and studies. It is impossible to imagine a greater innovation than to occupy lads of sixteen and under in the unfathomable problems of Niebuhr's "Roman History." (Vol. i., p. 255.)

This passage may be taken as a fair specimen of the inaccuracies into which a writer with a singular, if not a fatal, facility for painting rapidly and broadly may fall. Had he said that Arnold did not hesitate to send away a boy who was manifestly doing himself or the school harm, he would have hit the mark fairly enough. Had he looked at Stanley's "Life of Arnold," he would have seen there that the head master's form was the sixth, and not the twenty, which was entrusted to the charge of Mr. Bonamy Price; and had he cared to acquaint himself with the teaching of the school forty years ago, he would have found that Niebuhr's "Roman History" was not a textbook for the sixth, and therefore not for any other form, and that the business of the boys was to get up their lessons in Herodotus, Livy, or any other author, as best they could, and then to benefit by such instruction as their more widely-read teacher could impart to them. Lastly, had he spent a little time on the historical criticism of the last thirty years, he might have learnt that Niebuhr's "Roman His-

tory" is not a storehouse of unfathomable problems, but little more, unfortunately, than a house of cards, very rudely shaken, if not demolished, by the unsparing scrutiny of Sir Cornwall Lewis.

Arnold, however, was a thinker as well as a teacher, a Christian as well as an historian, with very decided views on the nature of Christianity, faith, and religion, and on his duty with reference to them. It was not for him to keep silence if there were evils in Church or State which called for correction; still less could he fail to lift up his voice and cry aloud if he saw any possessed by beliefs which seemed to him to strike at the very roots of all trust in God and in the moral government of the world. Such a danger he thought that he saw in the growth of a party at Oxford which made human salvation depend on the perfection and soundness of an organization which appeared to him a mere mechanism. These convictions he expressed with irrepressible earnestness, and with a vehemence which his opponents could not fail to regard as excessive and unwarrantable. It was his belief that all Christendom and all mankind are in the hands of God, who is dealing with each mercifully and justly, and that their condition in his sight is determined by the sincerity of their motives and the purity of their lives, and not primarily by their position in any ecclesiastical system; that Church order and Church government are, like all order and government, indispensably necessary, that they may be inestimable blessings, or may become instruments of perversion and corruption, and that they must inevitably become the latter in the proportion in which the latter is in any matter made to take the place of the spirit, and the shadow is treated as if it were the substance. Believing that this, and only this, could be the result of the new Oxford teaching, how could he do otherwise than speak out plainly and strongly? Without holding that the whole work of the Reformation was perfect, he could yet insist that, if the new teaching should prevail, the great uprising against the ecclesiastical despotism of the Middle Ages would have gone for nothing; and it is not easy to see why his antagonists should have been much offended by his words, when it was their secret or avowed determination that it should go for nothing. But strong words, no doubt, carry a sting, and the article which in the pages of this journal\* gave

\* April, 1836, "The Oxford Malignants." Stanley, "Life of Arnold," ii. 9.



utterance to all that he felt was rendered perhaps still more stinging by a title not devised by himself. If his language was too personal, this was a matter for regret; but no evil could be more serious, and he could not meet it with any weapons which would be manifestly unsuited to such a warfare. He could not describe as insignificant a struggle which might, he feared, tax all the powers of the combatants engaged in it; nor could he treat with contempt men whose sincerity and zeal gave to their work its dangerous and deadly impetus. But Mr. Mozley is under the impression that Arnold relied chiefly on these weapons of contempt and ridicule; and mingling the words of some among his pupils, followers, or friends with his own, he has made Arnold responsible for them all. Hence we are told that Arnold tried to crush the movement with social contempt.

Unhappily, the most distinguished of his pupils believed themselves justified in saying everything he had said, and they described Newman as an unknown person at Oxford, seen in the pulpit once a week, and having nothing to do with the world, that is "society." In a certain sense it may be said that the Apostles and the fathers of the first three centuries were not in society, socially known and insignificant. In that sense the studiously contemptuous expressions of Arnold and some of his pupils may be true. (Vol. i., p. 395.)

In words still stronger we are informed that "when Arnold discharged his torrent of abuse at Newman and his friends, the worst thing he had to say of them was that they were nobodies in Oxford; almost unknown there; not in society, hardly indeed admissible, so he insinuated."

Such statements assuredly ought not to come without a reference. The method of insinuation was one with which Arnold was not familiar; and we are at a loss to know how Mr. Mozley measures the severity of adverse criticism. To be told that we are nobodies is scarcely so intolerable a rebuke as to be told that our theories are "incompatible with all sound notions of law and government," and that we are "substituting a ceremonial for a spiritual Christianity." In this lay the gist of Arnold's censure; and to suppose that it lay elsewhere is to run into a strange misconception. Mr. Mozley is surely ascribing to Arnold features foreign to his character, when he speaks of him as having a special turn for speculation and a special lack of practical aim. In the following words, at any rate, we

have little more than an imaginary picture:—

Whether as private tutor or as head master of Rugby, Arnold was engaged in the most laborious and engrossing of all occupations, seeking occasional relief from that drudgery by enquiries into the most conjectural regions of history, or into the political or religious problems of the future. He thus lived in a world of his own, as despotic at his writing-desk as in his school, and wielding his pen as if it were a ferule. (Vol. ii., p. 52.)

Can Mr. Mozley have read the "Roman History," in which, so far as it traverses the regions of conjecture, Arnold takes for granted that the work has all been rightly done by another, whom he follows accordingly, while he hastens onwards himself to find his full enjoyment in recording the career of Hannibal? Can he have spent much time on the other writings of a man who might perhaps with greater truth be described as too much oppressed by the sense of present evils to see not only that there might be more than one way of escaping from many of them, but that the sense of despair is strengthened by shutting our eyes to the teachings of the past and the possibilities of the future? To Mr. Mozley all that Arnold said on the Tractarian movement involved a "ridiculous misconception," we must suppose, of Mr. Newman and his allies; but the misconceptions are not altogether on one side. Stanley's narrative must be strangely misleading, if sundry baitings which Arnold is here said to have undergone at the hands of the Tory clergyman, Mr. Litchfield, stirred him to paroxysms of indignation.

His imagination peopled the world with Litchfields, and he could not hear of the slightest contravention of his opinions without imagining some lively animal of the same lively species about to spring on him. He seemed to live in a jungle, where every moving of the reeds was fearfully significant.

Such a delusion, however, would scarcely be greater than that of Newman's friends, if, as we are told, they "had accepted the character of Arnold as an amiable enthusiast, drawn in by Bunsen . . . but still true to his professions of dovelike sweetness and simplicity." There was nothing even in the article on the Oxford Malignants differing in kind from what he had said before and what he said afterwards. It furnished no warrant for the inference that it expressed the "indignation of a man disappointed of a mighty ambition," and still less that it is the



language of a man who denudes himself of his Christian livery on entering the anonymous arena. Nor is there any more solid groundwork for the fancy that "some years after, from one cause or another," "there was a great softening in Arnold, and when he came up for his lectures on ancient history and was thrown into Newman's company at Oriel, they became good friends, and so parted." Arnold delivered no lectures on ancient history. He was not Camden Professor. The phrase, "thrown into another's company," implies something like frequent intercourse. From Arnold's journal it would seem that there was but one meeting between himself and Newman, when they dined together in Oriel Hall—a meeting of which his biographer says simply that he then became "for the first time personally acquainted with that remarkable man, whose name had been so long identified in his mind with the theological opinions of which he regarded Oxford as the centre." There was no doubt courtesy and friendliness between the two men; there is no sign of softening towards the system of dogma which was daily acquiring greater power over the mind of Dr. Newman.

The career of Arnold stands out in marked contrast with that of Dr. Hampden. The former is throughout consistent. There is no break in the continuity of his thought, no abandonment of any definite line pursued for a time, no laying aside of any method used vigorously on some solitary or rare occasion. The other has surprised both friends and foes by what would seem to be its strange inconclusiveness. In its earlier portion and towards its close it exhibits no peculiar features; but between these two comes a period of strange philosophic activity which to many brought a foreboding of disastrous change. The time was at hand, unknown as yet probably to Hampden and even to those who were to be most active in the work, when the movement, directed by Newman and his friends, should lead to the ransacking of the almost forgotten stores of patristic literature, the "sad rubbish" from which Gaisford hurried visitors to the library of Christchurch. But before that time came, a blow was struck against the method apart from which that patristic literature would be altogether useless. The writings of the Fathers were, or were supposed to be, a storehouse of dogma; but what benefit would there be in dogma if it could not be dealt with scientifically? and of

what use again would be the most elaborate fabric so reared, if there should be reason for suspecting that its foundations rested on sand? Not much was known of the scholastic philosophy; but some of its terms were familiar sounds, and were associated with beliefs held to be of primary importance. The fact of this connection excited but a languid interest, or perhaps no interest at all, until the University of Oxford was startled by a condemnation of this terminology from the university pulpit. The condemnation was based on the definite ground that the "speculative logical Christianity which survives among us at this day has been the principal obstacle to the union and peace of the Church of Christ." It was formulated in the propositions that the "vast apparatus of technical terms which Christian theology now exhibits" was radically vicious and wrong, and that "whilst theologians of the schools have thought that they were establishing religious truth by elaborate argumentation, they have been only multiplying and arranging a theological language." The fatal mischief lay in the fact that this system converted signs into things. "The combination and analysis of words which the logical theology has produced have given occasion to the passions of men to arm themselves in defence of the phantoms thus called into being." Hampden might naturally have supposed that a challenge thus deliberately given would not fail to be taken up by those to whom a dogmatic theology seemed a thing never to be dispensed with. For a time, nevertheless, no one appeared to heed it. Hampden was not a man likely to gather around him a throng either of friends or of enemies. He was, indeed, in Mr. Mozley's uncomplimentary language,

one of the most unprepossessing of men. He was not so much repulsive as utterly unattractive. There was a certain stolidity about him that contrasted strongly with the bright, vivacious, and singularly lovable figures with whom the eyes of Oriel men were then familiarized. Even the less agreeable men had life, candor, and not a little humor. Hampden's face was inexpressive, his head was set deep in his broad shoulders, and his voice was harsh and unmodulated. Some one said of him that he stood before you like a milestone and brayed at you like a jackass. It mattered not what he talked about, it was all the same, for he made one thing as dull as another. (Vol. i., p. 380.)

It might well have been supposed that the lectures were forgotten, when in 1834



Hampden published his pamphlet on religious dissent and the use of religious tests in the university. The challenge was now conveyed more directly. Instead of attacking the scholastic terminology only, he "stated that the creeds were but opinions, for which a man could not be answerable, and that they were expressed in obsolete phraseology." The pamphlet contained a distinct proposal to abolish subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles; and the orthodox timidity of Englishmen began to take alarm. They have been, it would seem, unable to learn that the Church of Rome can maintain her authority without resorting to this machinery of subscription; and the want of confidence in the potency of truth thus indicated was admitted in terms by Henry Wilberforce in a letter to the primate. The very foundations of the faith, he argued, had been assailed by the pamphlet; and his protest, if it did nothing more, made Hampden a marked man, exposing him to obloquy on one side, and increasing his chance of promotion on the other. The promotion came on the death of Dr. Burton. Hampden was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity; and if the sacerdotal theory of the Church was to be upheld, the condemnation of the lectures became an indispensable necessity. The cry of danger to the Christian faith insured the adverse sentence of Convocation, of which probably not more than two or three members had read the lectures. For the rest a series of extracts were supposed to render superfluous the task of going through a book admitted by a general but tacit consent to be utterly unreadable. Eleven years later the floodgates of controversy were reopened, when Hampden was named for the see of Hereford. The lectures had not been listened to when they were delivered; they were not read when judgment was passed on them by Convocation, nor were they read now when an attempt was made to annul the nomination of the crown. But the circumstances of the strife were changed.

Hampden had now to fight not only for his opinions, but still more for the royal prerogative. The latter was an impregnable position. Hampden did nothing, said nothing, and was unassailable. As peace there must be on the bench, and he would not submit, others must. S. Wilberforce then began to read the lectures seriously, at least as he had never done before; and the result was an apology to Hampden for all he had himself done, on the plea of ignorance. (Vol. i., p. 376.)

Thirty-four years after the delivery of

the lectures came another recantation. Mr. Gladstone "had done his best for a whole generation to understand the lectures without the slightest success. As it was utterly past his power to understand them, he had been clearly wrong to condemn them on the information of others." The reason given was an inability to master works of an abstract character, the last phrase which perhaps could be rightly used to designate the lectures.

It was, in truth, a strange history. There had been nothing in Hampden's earlier career to account for his devoting himself to this special task; but there was something significant in the close acquaintance subsisting between himself and the shy Spanish priest who had found a refuge in the haven of an Oriel fellowship, and for whom the throwing down and the casting aside of the scholastic terminology was nothing less than a matter of life and death. Blanco White made no secret of the disappointment which he felt at the incompleteness of Hampden's work; and the suspicion gained strength that he himself had had no small share in what had been already done. So far as we can now see, he had looked forward to the delivery of the lectures as to an event which would "seal the doom of orthodoxy;" and Hampden's refusal to take the final plunge was for him, in Mr. Mozley's words, "the deathblow of a long-cherished hope." The fact that Blanco White had this share in the composition of the lectures has been warmly disputed and confidently denied; but the chain of circumstantial evidence adduced by Mr. Mozley seems amply to establish it. There is something extremely significant in the slender acquaintance which Hampden possessed with the subject before he became known to the Spanish exile, and the comparatively full knowledge which he seems to have attained subsequently, a knowledge seemingly lost again later on. It is a mere question of fact. The credit or discredit of Dr. Hampden is not the point to be dealt with, although his defence, if any defence be needed, is complete.

Is it wrong [Mr. Mozley asks] for a man charged with an important public duty, and undertaking a new and difficult task, full of peril, to avail himself of the only informant, the only man at all familiar with the subject, within reach, that informant being also an old and intimate friend? Would it have befitted the lecturer himself, his position, or the interests of the university, to neglect an opportunity ready at hand, and of a very exceptional char-



acter? There is no such folly, no such cause of utter breakdown and disgrace, as the silly pride of doing things by oneself, without assistance. Hampden never claimed that originality, which, as often as not, is the parent of error. He was a laborious and conscientious reader and thinker, whose chief anxiety seems to have been to work on a recognized foundation, and to use all the means at hand for doing his work as well as he could. What, then, are universities made for, if not to bring students together, and enable them to compare notions and render mutual services? Nor does a statesman or an orator demean himself, and practise a fraud, because he avails himself of professionals and experts.

Mr. Mozley has in this instance fairly made good his statement. He has put together a strong chain of circumstantial evidence, and for most of it he insists that he speaks of his own personal knowledge. In one or two other cases it is not impossible that his account may be right, and the explanation of his critics wrong. Of all the prominent workers in the new Oriel or Oxford movement, Keble has been most surrounded with something of a saintly halo; and he who would question the beauty of his character would betray only his own folly. But the deep reverence of friends is sometimes unduly, although pardonably, offended, if some flaws are pointed out in what to them may seem wellnigh perfect; and as Dr. Newman has said, Keble's name was spoken "with reverence rather than admiration" sixty years ago.

When one day I was walking in High Street with my dear earliest friend just mentioned, with what eagerness did he cry out, "There's Keble!" and with what awe did I look at him! Then, at another time, I heard a Master of Arts of my college give an account how he had just then had occasion to introduce himself on some business to Keble, and how gentle, courteous, and unaffected Keble had been, so as almost to put him out of countenance. Then, too, it was reported, truly or falsely, how a rising man of brilliant reputation, the present Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Milman, admired and loved him, adding that somehow he was unlike any one else. (Vol. i., p. 219.)

Mr. Mozley was less contented to live in this atmosphere of worship. He speaks of Keble with hearty appreciation as the sun of the little Oriel world. "His nature, indeed his very appearance, was such as to move the affection of all about him, and he could hardly ever have the least need of those rebukes and contradictions that pursue ordinary people from infancy to manhood, indeed later still." But the fact remained that he had grown up "in

what may be called the sacred seclusion of old English family life, among people enjoying a perfect harmony of taste and opinion."

Such a training [Mr. Mozley thinks] had not that admixture of roughness which is necessary to fit a man for the work of this rude world. He could only live in a calm and sweet atmosphere of his own. He had not the qualities for controversy or debate, which are necessary for any kind of public life. He very soon lost his temper in discussion. It is true there were one or two in our college who really might have tried the temper of an angel; but there really was no getting on with Keble without entire agreement, that is, submission.

This criticism is not unnaturally resented by Dr. Pusey. To Mr. Mozley's remark that Keble "had renounced all hope of promotion," he replies that Keble could not renounce what he had never entertained. The charge of irritability in argument he meets by the retort that Mr. Mozley's mind was not fitted to appreciate either Keble or Newman, and that, without meaning any harm, he wrote off-hand of Keble as he would of any man of the world. Dr. Pusey, "of course, never witnessed any loss of temper in him," and that to which Mr. Mozley seemed such was only "the pain which it gave him to hear the truth contradicted." The defence is singularly characteristic. We seldom encounter opposition from those with whom we wholly agree, and we have only to regard as the truth a number of propositions which make up virtually the bulk of our own opinions; and when these are impugned, we may without any loss of temper show signs of a pain which shall effectually arrest discussion. The number of these propositions has always a tendency to enlargement; and Mr. Mozley significantly remarks that this method of bringing controversies to an end "was the more lamentable, in that some very small matters came in those days to be raised into tests of loyalty and orthodoxy."

We are, in truth, apt in greater or less degree to make our own world, and it may be that men of the world are not the least unlikely to take due account of forms of thought differing indefinitely from each other. In Dr. Pusey's eyes Mr. Mozley was a man of the world, and Mr. Mozley has certainly exhibited, in a series of pictures at once amusing and instructive, the manifold aspects of religious and intellectual life at Oxford in the earlier half of the present century. Lessons not unimportant may be learned from those por-



tions of his narrative which most provoke a smile. The history of the Noetic party at Oriel, and of the more distinctly ecclesiastical school which followed it, may be grave and dignified enough; but there were other parties or schools which exhibited no dignity at all. Such was the little society gathered at St. Edmund Hall, which was intended "to be a burning and shining light in the surrounding darkness." The brightness was not a physical one.

These Edmund Hall men could be known anywhere. They were either very shabby or very foppish. They all had the look of dirt, which, perhaps, was not their fault, for they had dirty complexions. How is it that goodness, poverty, and a certain amount of literary or religious ambition, produce an unpleasant effect on the skin?

They were not, however, always birds of a feather. Some few were men of reading and of learning.

But they did not find themselves at home, and they made their escape to another college at the first opportunity—Jacobson to wit. Matters must have been even worse at the beginning of the century. An old family friend of mine, Mr. Wayland, together with his friend Mr. Joyce, who became a popular private tutor and used to help Lord Grenville to write elegiacs on his departed dogs, found themselves thrown together by misdirected kindness in St. Edmund Hall. I cannot say that they blessed the friends who had so ordered their career.

Their feelings of disappointment and annoyance may well be forgiven under the conditions which Mr. Mozley goes on to describe.

As the St. Edmund Hall men divided their time between self-contemplation, mutual amusement, and the reading of emotional works, studying no history, not even critically studying the Scriptures, and knowing no more of the world than sufficed to condemn it, they naturally, and perforce, were driven into a very dangerous corner. This was invention. Their knowledge was imaginary. So, too, was their introspection, their future, sometimes even their past. All precocity is apt to take this form. The quick ripening mind, for lack of other matter, feeds upon itself. These young men had been reared on unsubstantial and stimulating food; on pious tales, on high-wrought death-beds, on conversations as they ought to have been, on one-sided biographies. Truth of opinion, they had always been told, was incomparably more important than truth of fact. Henry Wilberforce used to relate the rather unguarded speech of a well-known archdeacon, friend of Sumner, Bishop of Winchester: "It's remarkable that all the most spiritually-minded men I have known were in

their youth extraordinary liars." (Vol. i., p. 245.)

It is, perhaps, not easy to say where the strict sense of truthfulness is most thoroughly fostered. Such education as these St. Edmund Hall men had, they had received probably either at home or in some insignificant school; but elsewhere Mr. Mozley seems to speak of such conditions as by no means unfavorable to the growth of the virtue which they conspicuously lacked. On the Wilberforces we are told that "one result of a private education was their truthfulness."

A public school, and indeed any school so large as to create a social distance between the masters and the boys, is liable to suffer the growth of conventional forms of truth and conventional dispensations from absolute truth. Loyalty to the schoolfellows warps the loyalty due to the master. The world has had many a fling at Bishop Wilberforce's ingenuity and dexterity, but his veracity and faithfulness cannot be impugned. He said what he believed or felt, and was as good as his word—a fact that must be admitted by many who owe him little or nothing.

But we can scarcely stop at this point; and in the comments which follow, Mr. Mozley is not quite consistent with himself. For the cultivation of truthfulness, private education stands, it seems, after all, at a disadvantage.

It may be said that a public schoolboy, even if he cuts a knot with a good bold lie every now and then, on what custom holds to be the necessity of occasion, yet learns to manage the whole matter of truth better than he could at home or at a private tutor's. He learns better to distinguish between truthful and false characters, true and false appearances, the genuine and the spurious in the coinage of morality, the words that mean and the words that don't mean, the modes of action likely to bear good fruit, and the modes which only promise or pretend. Every public schoolboy can say how it was S. Wilberforce made some considerable mistakes, and how it was he acquired a reputation for sinuous ways and slippery expressions. (Vol. i., p. 114.)

These remarks leave the main point untouched. Promises made by man to man, exactness in conversation, and truthful judgments of others, do not exhaust the conditions which may be tests of truthfulness. In his private life Bishop Wilberforce was absolutely trustworthy, high-minded, and honorable; but he was also a theologian and a politician, and in both capacities he had to deal with circumstances which called not seldom for wary treatment, and which exposed him,



we think unjustly, to the charge of slipperiness and insincerity. It is impossible to read the bishop's private correspondence in the biography lately published of him without arriving at the conclusion that he was even more earnest in his convictions than he was supposed to be.

At the outset of the Tractarian movement, vast numbers had already half convinced themselves that there was a well-organized conspiracy for reducing Englishmen under papal bondage. Their worst fears received an absolute confirmation when, as Mr. Mozley puts it, "a man retiring and modest even to a fault, who could never have seen a dozen people together without a wish to hide himself," made a pretty theory of what all the world does in one way "or another." In Mr. Mozley's opinion the theory was superfluous as well as imprudent. The Bible, he asserts, is now the most universal book in the world, and where it goes there can be no reserve. This may be doubted. The multiplication of books does not change the powers of the human mind; and a vast superiority in education and learning will always enable a man to practise reserve with the common folk, if he chooses to do so. But of Isaac Williams, as the one to make the challenge, Mr. Mozley may well say:—

Could the man himself have been exhibited at Exeter Hall . . . people would have seen what a simple rogue the poor child was, what an imitation Guy Fawkes, what an innocent Inquisitor. As it was, and in total ignorance of the man, the world fell, or affected to fall, into a paroxysm of terror at the infernal machinations preparing against it. The front line of the advancing foe it could venture to cope with in open fight and measure swords with. It was the awful indefinite reserve and the dark ambuscade that made ten thousand pulpits tremble to the very foot of the steps. For many years after, whenever the preacher had exhausted his memory or his imagination, and run out his circle of texts or ideas, he could easily fall back on the dark doings of Oxford. Congregations of London shopkeepers were told that Newman and Pusey inculcated and practised systematic fraud, concealment, and downright lying in a good cause—that is, in their own. When one looked round to see the impression made by the dreadful charge, the congregation either were so fast asleep, or they were taking it so easy, that they must have heard it often before, or perhaps, after all, did not think habitual lying so serious a matter. (Vol. i., p. 435.)

The alarm, however, was not simply feigned; and in spite of all that has been

said and written to demonstrate its absurdity, it is felt still. Individual men may have cleared themselves of the very faintest complicity with dissimulation in any shape; but it has not been found easy or even possible to banish the fear of systems which seem to furnish congenial soil for something worse than mere evasion. The difficulties which surround the subject are exceedingly great; and to take it in hand without keeping these difficulties fully in sight is simply to betray huge folly. It is precisely this folly of which Mr. Kingsley was guilty when he made his attack on Dr. Newman in person, and so fell into a trap from which extrication was impossible. It was the method of his protest rather than the substance of his accusation that was in fault. His charge was mere water as compared with that of a writer in the *Christian Remembrancer* ten years before. The allegations of this writer, even after a careful weighing of all that is urged in the appendix to Dr. Newman's "Apologia," remain, so far as we can see, substantially unaffected, and they are certainly far more serious than those which Mr. Kingsley made in his unfortunate article in *Macmillan's Magazine*. It is a grave matter when a writer, after a careful examination of authoritative treatises on casuistry, ends by saying that, so long as Liguori's theory of truthfulness remains uncondemned, "we must be pardoned if we believe their word, because they are Christians—because they are men of honor—because they are Englishmen; not because they are, but in spite of their being, Romanists." Yet, on the other hand, we cannot refuse to hear Dr. Newman when he says that the practice is founded on the words which warn us against casting pearls before swine; and that in matters of practice, apart from questions of teaching, "great English writers simply declare that in certain extreme cases, as to save life, honor, or even property, a lie is allowable."\* It is Jeremy Taylor who insists that "to tell a lie for charity, to save a man's life, the life of a friend, of a husband, of a prince, of a useful and a public person, hath not only been done at all times, but commended by great and wise and good men." Jeanie Deans was brought up in a sterner school of morality. John Inglesant, brought up in the school of the Jesuits, thought it his duty to lie for his king, even at the risk of his own life.

\* Apologia, p. 418.



So, running out in all directions, penetrating the domain of poetry and art, provoking against itself reactions, of which we have not yet in all cases seen the issue, the great movement has gone on, and is indeed going on still. With its origin and progress are associated a multitude of memorable names; and of many of these Mr. Mozley has spoken with affectionate enthusiasm, of none without tender sympathy, or at the least an impartial forbearance. But who shall say that he has fully appreciated either the actors or their work? Mr. Mozley would assuredly make no such imprudent claim. Some of the most conspicuous among them live in his pages; others, scarcely less important, are barely seen within the charmed circle, and such omissions seem to point to personal characteristics in himself which Mr. Mozley would be the last to disavow. Milman and Stanley are but two out of many, whose minds have been in whatever measure shaped and braced to their work by the influences of the Oxford movement, and who are destined, as we believe, to mould in far greater measure the religious faith of Englishmen hereafter. These men Mr. Mozley has, we think, failed to understand, as Dr. Pusey holds him to have failed in understanding Newman and Keble. It may therefore be true that though he has lived through it, he has, in a certain sense, failed to understand the movement itself. He can speak of the theories, rather we should say the doctrines, of the Apostolical Succession, of priestly power, of absolution, and the rest, but nowhere, it would seem, as going to the root of the matter. Churchmanship, as understood by Hurrell Froude, by Keble, or by Newman, is nowhere compared closely with the churchmanship of the older men, of whose general excellence he speaks with genuine and hearty admiration. The time came when, in the orderly sequence of thought, the road to which he had committed himself brought him to the great alternative, and bade him, as he thought, make choice between the Church of England and the communion of Latin Christendom; and in picturing for us the struggle through which he passed he has given expression, on various subjects of the greatest gravity, to thoughts pointing to like modes in which other minds may be working, and of which it will be well for his readers to take account. But that of the primary conviction needed for an irrevocable decision there was an unconscious, or rather a half-conscious, lack,

the following sentences are a virtual confession:—

Why did I go so far, and why did I not go farther? Why enter upon arguments and not accept their conclusions? Why advance to stand still, and in doing so commit myself to a final retreat? The reasons of this lame and impotent conclusion lay within myself, wide apart from the great controversy in which I was but an intruder. I was never really serious, in a sober business-like fashion. I had neither the power nor the will to enter into any great argument with the resolution to accept the legitimate conclusion. Even when I was sacrificing my days, my strength, my means, my prospects, my peace and quiet, all I had, to the cause, it was an earthly contest, not a spiritual one. It occupied me, it excited me, it gratified my vanity, it identified me with what I honestly believed a very grand crusade, it offered me the hopes of contributing to great achievements. But good as the cause might be, and considerable as my part might be in it, I was never the better man for it, and, not being the better, I never was the wiser. In fact, it was to me, all or most of it, an outside affair.

The explanation, probably, is not far to seek. All faiths rest on certain ultimate premisses; and where a man is honest and single-hearted it is by these that his course is throughout life determined. No doubt there are Roman Catholics in England, and a far larger proportion of them elsewhere, who never troubled themselves about such questions; but no man has joined the Roman Church with a mind at ease, who had not convinced himself that only by so doing he could escape from complete and irremediable ruin; and this conviction in all but its final stage was fully formed in Dr. Newman's mind for years before he made his submission. In the very striking and forcible part of the "Apologia" which gives his "General Answer to Mr. Kingsley," he declares that as he looks on this living, busy world he sees no reflection of its Creator, and is led to the conclusion that either there is no Creator, or this living society of man is in a true sense "discarded from his presence." Hence, if there be a God, and since there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity, and is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. If for any this ruin is to be arrested and a method of deliverance vouchsafed, there must be a concrete representative of things invisible, which shall have the force and the toughness necessary to be a breakwater against the deluge of unbelief and rebellion. There must be "a power in the world,



vested with the prerogative of infallibility in religious matters." These premisses being granted, it may, we allow, be a hard matter to resist the conclusion; but they must be granted in full. It is not enough to say that the idea of moral goodness excludes that of a mechanical obedience, and that moral action and the responsibility consequent upon it imply choice; that a bad choice involves indefinite mischief; that the divine purpose is not therefore affected, and that the divine work still advances to its great consummation. We are offering no arguments and pronouncing no judgment. Both would here be out of place; and there is no less need for offering them, as we have had occasion lately to deal at some length with these premisses, and with the theological fabric which rests on them, in our remarks on Dean Stanley's "Christian Institutions." Dean Stanley's answer to Dr. Newman's syllogism is also our own; and we are content to leave behind us the controversies which no theories of sacerdotalism have ever been able to settle. In some of his comments on the religious history of the last half-century, Mr. Mozley seems to have caught the true answer to the perplexities which he has rather shaken off than fairly unravelled. He has at least fully learnt the lesson that "everything warns us and calls us to moderation and to mutual toleration;" and if his mind had been less fixed on organized ecclesiastical constitutions, he would have seen, in Dean Stanley's words, that underneath the vast mass of sentiments and usages which have accumulated round the forms of Christianity "there is a class of principles—a religion behind the religion, which, however dimly expressed, has given them whatever vitality they possess." In this assurance we can read more cheerfully the beautiful words with which, at the close of his "Apologia," speaking of all those who had with him been so united at Oxford, and so happy in their union, Dr. Newman prays "with a hope against hope that they may even now be brought at length, by the power of the divine will, into one fold under one shepherd."

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE summer went over without any special incident. August and the grouse

approached, or rather the twelfth approached, August having already come. Every bit of country not arable or clothed with pasture, was purple and brilliant with heather; and to stand under the columns of the fir-trees on a hillside, was to be within such a world of "murmurous sound" as you could scarcely attain even under the southern limes, or by the edge of the sea. The hum of the bees among the heather—the warm, luxurious sunshine streaming over that earth-glow of heather-bells—what is there more musical, more complete? These hot days are rare, and the sportsman does not esteem them much; but when they come, the sun that floods the warm soil, the heather that glows back again in endless warmth and bloom, the bees that never intermit their hum "numerous" as the lips of any poet, the wilder mystic note that answers from the boughs of the scattered firs, make up a harmony of sight and sound to which there are few parallels. So Lord Millefleurs thought when he climbed up the hill above Dalrulzian, and looking down on the other side, saw the sea of brilliant moorland, red and purple and golden, with gleams here and there of the liveliest green,—fine knolls of moss upon the grey-green of the moorland grass. He declared it was "a new experience," with a little lisp, but a great deal of feeling. Lady Lindores and Edith were of the party with John Erskine. They had lunched at Dalrulzian, and John was showing his poor little place with a somewhat rueful civility to the Duke of Laverder's son. Millefleurs was all praise and admiration, as a visitor ought to be; but what could he think of the handful of a place, the small house, the little wood, the limited establishment? They had been recalling the Eton days, when John was, the little marquis declared, far too kind a fag-master. "For I must have been a little wretch," said the little fat man, folding his hands with angelical seriousness and simplicity. Lady Lindores, who had once smiled at his absurdities with such genial liking, could not bear them now, since she had taken up the idea that Edith might be a duchess. She glanced at her daughter to see how she was taking it, and was equally indignant with Millefleurs for making himself ridiculous, and with Edith for laughing. "I have no doubt you were the best fag that ever was," she said.

"Dear Lady Lindores! always so good and so kind," said Millefleurs, clasping his little fat hands. "No, dearest lady, I



was a little brute; I know it. To be kicked every day would have been the right thing for me — and Erskine, if I recollect right, had an energetic toe upon occasions, but not often enough. Boys are brutes in general: with the exception of Rintoul, who, I have no doubt, was a little angel. How could he be anything else, born in such a house?"

"If you think Lindores has so good an effect, Rintoul was not born there," she said, laughing, but half vexed: for she had not indeed any idea of being laughed at in her turn, and she was aware that she had never thought Rintoul an angel. But Lord Millefleurs went on seriously, —

"Rintoul will despise me very much, and so probably will Erskine; but I do not mean to go out to-morrow. I take the opportunity here of breaking the news. If it is as fine as this, I shall come out here (if you will let me) and lie on this delicious heather, watch you strolling forth, and listen to the crack of the guns. No; I don't object to it on principle. I like grouse, and I suppose that's the best way to kill them, if you will take so much trouble; but for me, it is not my way of enjoyment. I was not made to be a son of civilization. Do not laugh, Lady Edith, please; you hurt my feelings. If you take luncheon to the sportsmen anywhere, I will go with you: unless you, as I suppose you will, despise me too."

"I don't think it is such a noble thing to shoot birds, Lord Millefleurs."

"But yet you don't dislike grouse — and it must be killed somehow," said John, somewhat irritated, as was natural.

"My dear fellow, I don't find fault with you. I see your position perfectly. It is a thing you have always done. It is an occupation, and at the same time an excitement, a pleasure. I have felt the same thing in California with the cattle. But it doesn't amuse me, and I am not a great shot. I will help to carry your luncheon, if Lady Lindores will let me, and enjoy the spectacle of so many healthy, happy persons who feel that they have earned their dinner. All that I sympathize in perfectly. You will excuse me saying dinner," said Millefleurs, with pathos. "When we got our food after a morning's work we always called it dinner. In many things I have quite returned to civilization; but there are some particulars still in which I slip — forgive me. May we sit down here upon the heather and tell stories? I had a reputation once in that way. You would not care for my stories, Lady Edith; you know them all

by heart. Now this is what I call delightful," said little Millefleurs, arranging himself carefully upon the heather, and taking off his hat. "You would say it is lovely, if you were an American."

"Do you mean the moor? I think it is very lovely, with all the heather and the gorse, and the burns and the bees. Out of Scotland, is there anything like it?" Edith said.

"Oh yes, in several places; but it is not the moor, it is the moment. It is lovely to sit here. It is lovely to enjoy one's self, and have a good time. Society is becoming very American," said Millefleurs. "There are so many about. They are more piquant than any other foreigners. French has become absurd, and Italian pedantic; but it is amusing to talk a foreign language which is in English words, don't you know?"

"You are to come back with them to dinner, Mr. Erskine," Lady Lindores said.

She thought it better, notwithstanding her prevailing fear that Millefleurs would be absurd, to leave him at liberty to discourse to Edith, as he loved to discourse. "I hope you are going to have a fine day. The worst is, you will all be so tired at night you will not have a word to bestow upon any one."

"I have not too many at any time," said John, with a glance, which he could not make quite friendly, at the visitor — who was flowing blandly on with his lisp, with much gentle demonstration, like a chemical operator or a *prestidigitateur*, with his plump hands. Our young man was not jealous as yet, but a little moved with envy — being not much of a talker, as he confessed — of Millefleurs's fluency. But he had thrown himself at Edith's feet, and in this position felt no bitterness, nor would have changed places with any one, especially as now and then she would give him a glance in which there was a secret communication and mirthful comment upon the other who occupied the foreground. Lady Lindores preferred, however, that he should talk to her and withdraw his observation from her daughter. Reluctantly, against the grain, she was beginning in her turn to plot and to scheme. She was ashamed of herself, yet, having once taken up the plan, it touched her pride that it should be carried out.

"I have always found you had words enough whenever you wished to say them," she said. "Perhaps you will tell me everybody has that. And Lord Lindores tells me you don't do yourself jus-



tice, Mr. Erskine. He says you speak very well, and have such a clear head. I think," she added with a sigh, "it is you who ought to be in Parliament, and not Rintoul."

"That is past thinking of," John said, with a little heightened color. He thought so himself; but neither could the party bear a divided interest, nor had he himself any influence to match that of Lord Lindores.

"You are going to Tinto on Tuesday," said Lady Lindores, "with the rest? Do you know, Mr. Erskine, my boy has never met his brother-in-law since that evening here, when some words passed. I never could make out what they were. Not enough to make a quarrel of? not enough to disturb Carry —"

"I do not think so. It was only a — momentary impatience," John said.

"Mr. Erskine, I am going to ask you a great favor. It is if you would keep in Rintoul's company, keep by him; think, in a family how dreadful it would be if any quarrel sprang up. The visit will not last long. If you will keep your eye upon him, keep between him and temptation —"

John could not help smiling. The position into which he was being urged, as a sort of governor to Rintoul, was entirely absurd to his own consciousness. "You smile," cried Lady Lindores eagerly; "you think what right has this woman to ask so much? I am not even a very old friend."

"I am laughing at the idea that Rintoul should be under my control; he is more a man of the world than I am."

"Yes," said his mother doubtfully, "that is true. He is dreadfully worldly in some ways; but, Mr. Erskine, I wonder if you will disapprove of me when I say it has been a comfort to me to find him quite boyish and impulsive in others? He is prudent — about Edith for example."

"About — Lady Edith?" John said faltering, with a look of intense surprise and anxiety on his face.

There is no doubt that Lady Lindores was herself a most imprudent woman. She gave him a quick, sudden glance, reddened, and then looked as suddenly at the other group: Millefleurs, flowing forth in placid talk, with much eloquent movement of his plump hands, and Edith listening, with a smile on her face which now and then seemed ready to overflow into laughter. She betrayed herself and all the family scheme by this glance, — so

sudden, so unintentional, — the action of one entirely unskilled in the difficult art of deception. John's glance followed hers with a sudden shock and pang of dismay. He had not thought of it before; now in a moment he seemed to see it all. It was an unfortunate moment too; for Edith was slightly leaning forward, looking at her companion with a most amiable and friendly aspect, almost concealing, with the forward stoop of her pretty figure, the rotund absurdity of his. She smiled, yet she was listening to him with all the absorbed attention of a Desdemona; and the little brute had so much to say for himself! The blood all ran away from John's healthful countenance to replenish his heart, which had need of it in this sudden and most unlooked-for shock. Lady Lindores saw the whole, and shared the shock of the discovery, which to her was double, for she perceived in the same moment that she had betrayed herself, and saw what John's sentiments were. Some women divine such feelings from their earliest rise — foresee them, indeed, before they come into existence, and are prepared for the emergencies that must follow; but there are some who are always taken by surprise. She, too, became pale with horror and dismay. She ought to have foreseen it — she ought to have guarded against it; but before she had so much as anticipated such a danger, here it was!

"I mean," she faltered, "that she should — meet only the best people, go to the best houses — and that sort of thing; even that she should be perfectly dressed; he goes so far as that," she said, with an uneasy laugh.

John did not make any reply. He bowed his head slightly, that was all. He found himself, indeed, caught in such a whirlpool of strange emotion, that he could not trust his voice, nor even his thoughts, which were rushing headlong on each other's heels like horses broken loose, and were altogether beyond his control.

"But he is himself as impulsive as a boy," cried the unlucky mother, rushing into the original subject with no longer any very clear perception what it was; "and Mr. Torrance's manner, you know, is sometimes — offensive to a sensitive person. He does not mean it," she added hurriedly; "people have such different degrees of perception."

"Yes — people have very different degrees of perception," said John dreamily; he did not mean it as a reproach. It was



the only observation that occurred to him; his mind was in too great a turmoil to be able to form any idea. To think he had never budged from his place at her feet, and that all in a moment this should have happened! He felt as if, like a man in a fairy tale, he had been suddenly carried off from the place in which he was, and was hearing voices and seeing visions from some dull distance, scarcely knowing what they meant.

Meanwhile Millefleurs purred on like the softest little stream, smooth English brooklet, without breaks or boulders. He was never tired of talking, and himself was his genial theme. "I am aware that I am considered egoistical," he said. "I talk of things I am acquainted with. Now, you know most things better than I do—oh yeth! women are much better educated nowadays than men; but my limited experiences are, in their way, original. I love to talk of what I know. Then my life over yonder was such fun. If I were to tell you what my mates called me, you would adopt the name ever after by way of laughing at me; but there was no ridicule in their minds."

"I hope you don't think I would take any such liberty, Lord Millefleurs."

"It would be no liberty; it would be an honor. I wish you would do it. They called me Tommy over there. Now, my respectable name is Julian. Imagine what a downfall. I knew you would laugh; but they meant no harm. I acknowledge myself that it was very appropriate. When a man has the misfortune to be plump and not very tall—I am aware that is a pretty way of putting it; but then, you don't expect me to describe my personal appearance in the coarsest terms—it is so natural to call him Tommy. I was the nurse when any of them were ill. You have no notion how grateful they were, these rough fellows. They used to curse me, you know—that was their way of being civil—and ask where I had got such soft hands." Here Millefleurs produced those articles, and looked at them with a certain tenderness. "I was always rather vain of my hands," he said, with the most childlike *naïveté*, "but never so much as when Jack and Tim d—d them, in terms which I couldn't repeat in a lady's presence, and asked me where the something I had learned to touch a fellow like that? It occurred to me after that I might have studied surgery, and been of some use that way; but I was too old," he said, a soft little sigh agitating his plump bosom—"and

then I have other duties. Fortune has been hard upon me," he added, raising pathetically the eyes, which were like beads, yet which languished and became sentimental as they turned upwards. It was when he spoke of Jack and Tim that Edith had looked at him so prettily, bending forward, touched by his tale; but now she laughed without concealment, with a frank outburst of mirth in which the little hero joined with great good humor, notwithstanding the pathos in his eyes.

This pair were on the happiest terms, fully understanding each other; but it was very different with the others, between whom conversation had wholly ceased. Lady Lindores now drew her shawl round her, and complained that it was getting chilly. "That is the worst of Scotland," she said—"you can never trust the finest day. A sharp wind will come round a corner all in a moment and spoil your pleasure." This was most unprovoked slander of the northern skies, which were beaming down upon her at the moment with the utmost brightness, and promising hours of sunshine; but after such a speech there was nothing to be done but to go down hill again to the house, where the carriage was waiting. John, who lingered behind to pull himself together after his downfall, found, to his great surprise, that Edith lingered too. But it seemed to him that he was incapable of saying anything to her. To point the contrast between himself and Millefleurs by a distracted silence, that, of course, was the very thing to do to take away any shadow of a chance he might still have! But he had no chance. What possibility was there that an obscure country gentleman, who had never done anything to distinguish himself, should be able to stand for a moment against the son of a rich duke, a marquis, a millionaire, and a kind of little hero to boot, who had been very independent and original, and made himself a certain reputation, though it was one of which some people might be afraid? There was only one thing in which he was Millefleurs's superior, but that was the meanest and poorest of all. John felt inclined to burst out into savage and brutal laughter at those soft curves and flowing outlines, as the little man, talking continuously, as he had talked to Edith, walked on in front with her mother. The impulse made him more and more ashamed of himself, and yet he was so mean as to indulge it, feeling himself a cad, and nothing else. Edith laughed too, softly, under her



breath. But she said quickly, "We should not laugh at him, Mr. Erskine. He is a very good little man. He has done more than all of us put together. They called him Tommy in America," said the traitress, with another suppressed laugh. John was for a moment softened by the "we" with which she began, and the gibe with which she ended. But his ill-humor and jealous rage were too much for him.

"He is Marquis of Millefleurs, and he will be Duke of Lavender," he said, with an energy which was savage, trampling down the tough heather under his feet.

Edith turned and looked at him with astonished eyes. It was a revelation to her also, though for the first moment she scarcely knew of what. "Do you think it is for that reason we like him, Mr. Erskine? How strange!" she said, and turned her eyes away with a proud movement of her head, full of indignation and scorn. John felt himself the pettiness and petulance of which he had been guilty; but he was very unhappy, and it seemed to him impossible to say or do anything by which he might get himself pardoned. So he walked along moodily by her side, saying nothing, while Lord Millefleurs held forth just a few steps in advance. Edith bent forward to hear what he was saying, in the continued silence of her companion, and this was a renewed draught of wormwood and gall to John, though it was his own fault. It was with relief that he put the ladies into their carriage, and saw them drive away, though this relief was changed into angry impatience when he found that Millefleurs lingered with the intention of walking, and evidently calculated upon his company. The little marquis, indeed, took his arm with friendly ease, and turned him with gentle compulsion towards the avenue. "You are going to walk with me," he said. "An excellent thing in Scotland is that it is never too warm to walk, even for me. Come and talk a little. I have been telling tales about myself. I have not heard anything of you. The first is such an easy subject. One has one's little experiences, which are different from any one else's; and wherever there are kind women, you find your audience, don't you know?"

"No, I don't know," said John abruptly. "It never occurs to me to talk about myself. I can't see what interest anybody can have in things that happen to me. Besides, few things do happen for that matter," he added, in an undertone.

"My dear fellow," said Millefleurs, "I don't want to appear to teach you, who are a man of much more intelligence than I. But that is a mistake, I must say it. You can always talk best on the subject you know best. Don't you find it a great difference coming here after knocking about the world? Yes, I feel it; but society is quite fresh to me, as fresh as California while it lasts. Then I have had my eyes opened as to my duties. My father and mother are as kind as possible. A friend of mine tells me, and I am partly convinced, that to keep them comfortable is my chief business. You are of that opinion too? there is much to be said for it. It belongs to civilization; but so long as civilization lasts, perhaps — And so I am going to marry and range myself," Millefleurs said, with his air of ineffable self-satisfaction, turning up the palms of his fat, pink-tinged hands.

"Really!" John cried, with faint derision, feeling as if this innocent exclamation were an oath. "And the lady?" he added, with a still more fierce laugh.

Millefleurs gave his arm a little squeeze. "Not settled yet," he said — "not settled yet. I have seen a great many. There are so many pretty persons in society. If any one of them would ask me, I have no doubt I should be perfectly happy; but choice is always disagreeable. In America also," he added, with some pathos, "there are many very pretty persons; and they like a title. The field is very wide. Let us take an easier subject. Is Beaufort coming to you?"

"His answer is very enigmatical," said John. "I do not know whether he means to come or not."

"He is enigmatical," said Millefleurs. "He is the queerest fellow. What is the connection between him and the family here?"

This question took John entirely by surprise. It was so sudden, both in form and meaning. He had expected his companion, before he paused, to go on for at least five minutes more. He hesitated in spite of himself.

"There is no connection that I know of between him and the family here."

"Oh yes, yes, there is," said Millefleurs, with gentle pertinacity; "think a minute. Erskine, my dear fellow, forgive me, but you must have Beaufort here. If he is not near me, he will lose the confidence of my papa — who will think Beaufort is neglecting his precious son. I speak to you with perfect freedom. Beaufort and I understand each other. I am in no need



of a governor, but he is in want of a *protégé*. Don't you see? By this arrangement everything is made comfortable. Beaufort understands me. He knows that control is a mistake in my case. He found me and brought me home, because I was already on my way: he keeps me from harm — for what you call harm has no attraction for me, don't you know. It is only my curiosity that has to be kept in check, and at present I have plenty to occupy that; but my father does not understand all this. Minds of that generation are a little limited, don't you know? They don't see so clearly as one would wish them to see. If Beaufort is long away from me, he will think I am in danger, — that I may bolt again. Also, it will interfere with Beaufort's prospects, which the duke is to take charge of —”

“But this seems to me rather — not quite straightforward on Beaufort's part,” said John.

At this little Millefleurs shrugged his plump shoulders. “It is permitted to humor our elders,” he said. “It pleases them and it does no one any harm. Beaufort, don't you know, is not a fellow to walk alone. He is clever and all that; but he will never do anything by himself. Between him and me it suits very well. So, to save the duke's feelings and to help Beaufort on, you must stretch a point and have him here. It will be thought he is watching over me at a little distance like the sweet little cherub, don't you know, in the song. What objection have they got to seeing him here?”

“None that I know of,” said John steadily, turning his face to the other side to escape the scrutiny of those small, black, bead-like eyes.

“Oh come, come, come!” said little Millefleurs, remonstrating yet coaxing, patting him lightly on the arm, “one sees it must have been one of the daughters. It will do no harm to tell me. Am I such an ignorant? These things are happening every day. Is it this one here —”

“What are you thinking of?” cried John angrily. “Lady Edith was only a child.”

“Ah! then it was the other one,” Millefleurs said seriously; “that suits me better. It would have been a trifle ridiculous — Beaufort might keep in the background if there is any reason for it; but we must really think of the duke. He will be in a state of mind, don't you know, and so will my mother. They will think I have bolted again.”

“And when is it,” said John satirically,

for he was sick at heart and irritable in the discovery which he had made, “that Beaufort's mission is to be accomplished, and the duke to fulfil his hopes?”

Millefleurs laughed a soft, rich laugh, not loud. “My dear fellow,” he said, “that is when I marry, don't you know? That is my occupation now in the world. When I have a wife the other will be off duty. I am much interested in my occupation at present. It brings so many specimens of humanity under one's eyes. So different — for women are just as different as men, though you don't think so perhaps. It might make a man vain,” he said, turning out his pink-tinged palm, “to see how many fair creatures will take notice of him; but then one remembers that it was not always so, and that takes one down again. In California I was liked, I am proud to say, but not admired. It was, perhaps, more amusing. But I must not be ungrateful; for life everywhere is very entertaining. And here are fresh fields and pastures new,” said the little man. “When you have a pursuit, every new place is doubly interesting. It does not matter whether you are hunting or botanizing or — a pursuit gives interest to all things. Now is the time for the country and rural character. I sometimes think it is that which will suit me best.”

“Then I suppose you are on a tour of inspection, and one of our country young ladies may have the honor of pleasing you,” said John, somewhat fiercely. His companion, looking up in his face with deprecating looks, patted his arm as a kind of protest.

“Don't be brutal, Erskine,” he said with his little lisp; “such things are never said.” John would have liked to take him in his teeth and shake him as a dog does, so angry was he and furious. But little Millefleurs meant no harm. He drew his old schoolfellow along with him, as long as John's civility held out. Then, to see him strolling along with his little hat pushed on the top of his little round head, and all the curves of his person repeating the lines of that circle! John stopped to look after him with a laugh which he could scarcely restrain so long as Millefleurs was within hearing. It was an angry laugh, though there was nothing in the young man to give occasion for it. There was nothing really in him that was contemptible, for to be plump is not an offence by any code. But John watched him with the fiercest derision going along the country road with



his cane held in two fingers, his hat curling in the brim, his locks curling the other way. And this was the man whom even Lady Lindores — even she, a woman so superior to worldly motives — condescended to scheme about. And Edith? was it possible that she, too — even she? Everything seemed to have turned to bitterness in John's soul. Tinto before him in the distance, with its flaunting flag, gave emphasis to the discovery he had made. For mere money, nothing else, one had been sacrificed. The other, was she to be sacrificed, too? Was there nothing but wealth to be thought of all the world over, even by the best people, by women with every tender grace and gift? When he thought of the part in the drama allotted to himself — to entertain Beaufort, who was the keeper of Millefleurs, in order that Millefleurs might be at liberty to follow his present pursuit, John burst into a laugh not much more melodious than that of Torrance. Beaufort and he could condole with each other. They could communicate, each to each, their several disappointments. But to bring to the neighborhood this man whom Carry dared not see, whom with such tragic misery in her face she had implored John to keep at a distance — and that it should be her parents who were bringing him in cold blood in order to advance their schemes for her sister — was it possible that anything so base or cruel could be?

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"THE thing is that he must be brought to the point. I said so in town. He dangled after her all the season, and he's dangled after her down here. The little beggar knows better than that. He knows that sharp people would never stand it. He is trusting to your country simplicity. When a man does not come to the point of his own accord, he must be led to it — or driven to it, for that matter," said Rintoul. He was out of humor, poor fellow. He had gone astray in his own person. His disapproval of his mother and of everybody belonging to him was nothing in comparison with his disapproval of himself. This put him out in every way; instead of making him tolerant of the others who were no worse than himself, it made him rampant in his wisdom. If it was so that he could not persuade or force himself into the right way, then was it more and more necessary to persuade or force other people. He took a high tone with Lady Lindores, all the more because he had discovered

with astonishment, and a comical sort of indignation, that his mother had come over to his way of thinking. He could not believe it to be possible at first, and afterwards this inconsistent young man had felt disgusted with the new accomplice whom he had in his heart believed incapable of any such conversion. But such being the case, there was no need to *ménager* her susceptibilities. "Or driven to it," he repeated with emphasis. "I shall not stand by, I promise you, and see my sister *planté là* —"

"You have used these words before, Rintoul. They disgust me, and they offend me," said his mother. "I will not be a party to anything of the kind. Those who do such things dishonor the girl — oh, far more than anything else can do. She does not care at all for him. Most likely she would refuse him summarily."

"And you would let her — refuse a dukedom?" cried Rintoul.

"Refuse a — man whom she does not care for. What could I do? I should even like now, after all that has happened, that it should come to something; but if she found that she could not marry him, how could I interfere?"

"Jove! but I should interfere," cried Rintoul, pacing up and down the room. "How could you help interfering? Would you suffer me to throw away all my prospects?" Here he paused, with a curious, half-threatening, half-deprecating look. Perhaps his mother would be one who would suffer him to sacrifice his prospects. Perhaps she would sympathize with him even in that wrong-doing. She was capable of it. He looked at her with mingled disdain and admiration. She was a woman who was capable of applauding him for throwing himself away. What folly! and yet perhaps it was good to have a mother like that. But not for Edith, whose case was of an altogether different complexion from his own. He made a pause, and then he added in a slightly louder tone, being excited: "But he must not be allowed to dangle on forever. When a fellow follows a girl into the country he must mean something. You may take my word for that."

At this moment the handle of the door gave a slight clink; a soft step was audible. "Pardon me for disturbing you, dearest lady," said the mellifluous voice of Millefleurs. The little marquis had a foot which made no sound on the carpet. He was daintily attired, and all his movements were noiseless. He came upon these startled conspirators like a ghost.



"Send me away if I am *de trop*," he said, clasping his plump hands. "It is my hour of audience, but Rintoul has the first claim."

"Oh, I don't want any audience," said Rintoul. He had exchanged an anxious glance with his mother, and both had reddened in spite of themselves. Not to betray that you have been discussing some one who appears, while the words of criticism are still on your lips, is difficult at all times; and Rintoul, feeling confused and guilty, was anxious to give the interrupted conversation an air of insignificance. "My mother and I have no secrets. She is not so easy as the mothers in society," he said, with a laugh.

"No!" said Millefleurs, folding his hands with an air of devotion. "I would not discuss the *chronique scandaleuse*, if that is what you mean, in Lady Lindores's hearing. The air is pure here; it is like living out of doors. There is no *dessous des cartes* — no behind the scenes."

"What does the little beggar mean?" Rintoul said to himself, feeling red and uncomfortable. Lady Lindores took up her work, which was her flag of distress. She felt herself humiliated beyond description. To think that she should be afraid of any one overhearing what she said or what her son had said to her! She felt her cheeks burn and tingle; her needle trembled in her fingers; and then there ensued a most uncomfortable pause. Had he heard what they were saying? Rintoul did not go away, which would have been the best policy, but stood about, taking up books and throwing them down again, and wearing, which was the last thing he wished to do, the air of a man disturbed in an important consultation. As a matter of fact, his mind was occupied with two troublesome questions: the first, whether Millefleurs had overheard anything; the second, how he could himself get away. Millefleurs very soon perceived and partook this embarrassment. The phrase which had been uttered as he opened the door had reached his ear without affecting his mind for the first moment. Perhaps if he had not perceived the embarrassment of the speaker he would not have given any weight to the words — "When a fellow follows —" Funny alliteration! he said to himself. And then he saw that the mother and son were greatly disturbed by his entrance. He was as much occupied by wondering what they could mean, as they were by wondering if he had heard. But he was the first to cut the difficulty. He said,

"Pardon me, dear lady, I have forgotten something. I'll come back directly if you'll let me," and went out. Certainly there had been some discussion going on between mother and son. Perhaps Rintoul had got into debt, perhaps into love; both were things which occurred daily, and it was always best when such a subject had been started between parent and child that they should have it out. So he withdrew, but with that phrase still buzzing in his ears, "When a fellow follows —" It was a comical combination of words; he could not get rid of it, and presently it began to disturb his mind. Instead of going to the library or any of the other rooms in the house, he went outside with the sensation of having something to reflect upon, though he could not be sure what it was. By-and-by the entire sentence came to his recollection. "'When a fellow follows a girl into the country' — but then, who is it that has followed a girl into the country? — Rintoul?" This cost him about five minutes' thought. Then little Millefleurs stopped short in the midst of the path, and clasped his hands against his plump bosom, and turned up his eyes to heaven. "Why! it is I!" he said to himself, being more grammatical than most men in a state of agitation. He stood for a whole minute in this attitude, among the big blue-green araucarias which stood around. What a subject for a painter if there had been one at hand! It was honor confronting fate. He had not intended anything so serious. He liked, he would have said loved, the ladies of the house. He would not have hesitated anywhere to give full utterance to this sentiment: and to please his father, and to amuse himself, he was consciously on the search for some one who might be suitable for the vacant post of Marchioness of Millefleurs. And he had thought of Edith in that capacity — certainly he had thought of her. So had he thought of various other young ladies in society, turning over their various claims. But it had not occurred to him to come to any sudden decision, or to think that necessary. As he stood there, however, with his eyes upraised, invoking aid from that paternal Providence which watches over marquises, a flood of light spread over the subject and all its accessories. Though he had not thought of them, he knew the prejudices of society; and all that Rintoul had said about leaving a girl *planté là* was familiar to him. "When a fellow follows" (absurd alliteration! said Millefleurs, with his lisp, to him-



self) "a girl into the country, he muth mean thomething"—and once more he clasped his hands and pressed them to his breast. His eyes, raised to heaven, took a languishing look; a smile of consciousness played about his mouth; but this was only for a moment, and was replaced at once by a look of firm resolution. No maiden owed her scath to Millefleurs: though he was so plump, he was the soul of honor. Not for a moment could he permit it to be supposed that he was trifling with Edith Lindores, amusing himself—any of those pretty phrases in use in society. He thought with horror of the possibility of having compromised her, even though, so far as he was himself concerned, the idea was not disagreeable. In five minutes—for he had a quick little brain and the finest faculty of observation, a quality cultivated in his race by several centuries of social eminence—Millefleurs had mastered the situation. All the instructions that Rintoul had so zealously endeavored to convey to his mother's mind became apparent to Millefleurs in the twinkling of an eye. It would be said that he had left her *planté là*; he allowed himself no illusion on the subject. So it might be said,—but so it never must be said of Edith Lindores. He was perfectly chivalrous in his instant decision. He was not to say in love—though did Providence bestow any one of five or six young ladies, among whom Edith stood high, upon him, Millefleurs felt positively convinced that he would be the happiest man in the world. And he was not sure that he might not be running the risk of a refusal, a thing which is very appalling to a young man's imagination. But notwithstanding this danger, Millefleurs, without hesitation, braced himself up to do his duty. He buttoned his coat, took off his hat and put it on again, and then pulling himself together, went off without a moment's hesitation in search of Lord Lindores.

An hour later the earl entered his lady's chamber with a countenance in which gratification, and proud content in an achieved success, were only kept in check by the other kind of pride which would not permit it to be perceived that this success was anything out of the ordinary. He told her his news in a few brief words, which Lady Lindores received with so much agitation, turning from red to white, and with such an appearance of vexation and pain, that the earl put on his sternest aspect. "What is the meaning of all this flurry and disturbance?" he said. "I

hope we are not going to have it all over again, as we had before Carry's wedding."

"Oh, don't speak of poor Carry's wedding in comparison with this. This, God grant it, if it comes to pass, will be no degradation—no misery——"

"Not much degradation, certainly—only somewhere about the best position in England," with angry scorn Lord Lindores said.

But the lines were not smoothed away from his wife's forehead, nor did the flush of shame and pain leave her face. She looked at him for a moment, to see whether she should tell him. But why poison his pleasure? "It is not his fault," she said to herself; and all that she gave utterance to was an anxious exclamation: "Provided that Edith sees as we do!"

"She must see as we do," Lord Lindores said.

But when Rintoul came in, his mother went to him and seized his arm with both her hands. "He heard what you said!" she cried, with anguish in her voice. "Now I shall never be able to hold up my head in his presence—he heard what you said!"

Rintoul too, notwithstanding his more enlightened views, was somewhat red. Though it was in accordance with his principles, yet the fact of having helped to force, in any way, a proposal for his sister, caused him an unpleasant sensation. He tried to carry it off with a laugh. "Anyhow, since it *has* brought him to the point," he said.

This was the day on which Millefleurs was to be taken to Tinto to see the house and all its curiosities and wealth. In view of this he had begged that nothing might be said to Edith, with a chivalrous desire to save her pain should her answer be unfavorable. But how could Lady Lindores keep such a secret from her daughter? While she was still full of the excitement, the painful triumph, the terror and shame with which she had received the news, Edith came in to the morning room, which to-day had been the scene of so many important discussions. They had been perhaps half an hour together, going gaily on with the flood of light-hearted conversation about anything and nothing which is natural between a girl and her mother, when she suddenly caught a glimpse in a mirror of Lady Lindores's troubled face. The girl rushed to her instantly, took this disturbed countenance between her hands, and turned it with gentle force towards her. Her own face grew grave at once. "Something is the



matter," she said; "something has happened. Oh, mother, darling, what is it? Something about Carry?"

"No, no; nothing, nothing! Certainly nothing that is unhappy — Don't question me now, Edith. Afterwards, you shall know it all."

"Let me know it now," the girl said; and she insisted with that filial tyranny against which mothers are helpless. At last Lady Lindores, being pressed into a corner, murmured something about Lord Millefleurs. "If he speaks to you to-night, oh, my darling — if he asks you — do not be hasty; say nothing, say nothing, without thought."

"Speaks to me — asks me!" Edith stood wonder-stricken, her eyes wide open, her lips apart. "What should he ask me?" She grew a little pale in spite of herself.

"My dearest! what should he ask you? What is it that a young man asks — in such circumstances? He will ask you — perhaps — to marry him."

Edith gave a kind of shriek — and then burst into a peal of agitated laughter. "Mother, dear, what a fright you have given me! I thought — I didn't know what to think. Poor little man! Don't let him do it — don't let him do it, mamma! It would make us both ridiculous, and if it made him at all — unhappy; but that is nonsense — you are only making fun of me," said the girl, kissing her, with a hurried eagerness as if to silence her. Lady Lindores drew herself away from her daughter's embrace.

"Edith, it is you who are making yourself ridiculous — consider how he has sought you all this time — and he came after you to the country. I have felt what — was coming all along. My dearest, did not you suspect it too?"

Edith stood within her mother's arm, but she was angry and held herself apart, not leaning upon the bosom where she had rested so often. "I suspect it! how could I suspect it?" she cried. It went to Lady Lindores's heart to feel her child straighten herself up, and keep apart from her and all her caresses.

"Edith, for God's sake, do not set yourself against it! Think, only think —"

"What has God got to do with it, mother?" the young creature cried sternly. "I will set myself against it — nay, more than that. I am not like Carry; nothing in the world will make me do it — not any reason, not any argument." She was still encircled by her mother's arm, but she stood straight, upright, erect

as a willow-wand, unyielding, drawing her garments as it were, about her, insensible to the quivering lines of her mother's upturned face, and the softer strain of her embrace. No, not indifferent — but resisting — shutting her eyes to them, holding herself apart.

"For heaven's sake, Edith! Oh, my darling, think how different this is from the other! Your father has set his heart on it, and I wish it too. And Millefleurs is — Millefleurs will be —"

"Is this how you persuaded Carry?" cried Edith, with sad indignation; "but mother, mother, listen! not me. It is better that never another word should be said between us on this subject, for I will never do it, whatever may be said. If my father chooses to speak to me, I will give him my answer. Let us say no more — not another word;" and with this the girl unbent and threw herself upon her mother, and stopped her mouth with kisses, indignant, impassioned — her cheeks hot and flushed, her eyes full of angry tears.

It may be thought that the drive to Tinto of this strange party, all palpitating with the secret which each thought unknown to the other, was a curious episode enough. Millefleurs, satisfied with himself, and feeling the importance of his position with so much to bestow, found, he thought, a sympathetic response in the look of Lady Lindores, to whom, no doubt, as was quite right, her husband had disclosed the great news; but he thought that Edith was entirely ignorant of it. And Edith and her mother had their secret on their side, the possession of which was more momentous still. But they all talked and smiled with the little pleasantries and criticisms that are inevitable in the conversation of persons of the highest and most cultivated classes, and did not betray what was in their hearts.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

FALSE COIN IN SACRED HERMENEUTICS.

NOT long ago an American journal suggested the expediency of forming a "Society for the suppression of cruelty to Scripture;" not, as might perhaps have been imagined, for the purpose of protecting the sacred volume from maltreatment by its open foes, but to save it from the "twisting, torturing, thumbscrewing, and other savage and outrageous processes," habitually inflicted on it by "its professed friends, in their desperate ef-



forts to extort, haul forth, and by sheer and ingenious methods of torture, tear out of a Scripture passage doctrines which never were in any way or degree connected with or involved in it at all."

We propose to take this quaint suggestion for our text. It is impossible to help being amused at the scene which it conjures up before the mind, — of the reverend expositors assembled in the torture-chamber, like so many familiars of the Inquisition, and busy with a grim alacrity at interrogating the divine word by the *peine dure et forte*, till they wring from it, instead of its own truth, the confession or assent which they are determined by violence to extort. But the pity is that, under the exuberant and racy phraseology characteristic of transatlantic humor, so much of solid truth should lie. Those who have had most experience in overhauling commentaries on the Bible, and exploring the enormous mass of current religious literature, will be the last, we suspect, to extenuate the fact or accuse the statement of exaggeration. That the representation is well founded, we have no shadow of doubt; and it is because we are sure that the evil to which it points is a crying one, and is the cause of much of the distaste notoriously felt by the educated laity for sermons and books of theology and devotion in general, that we make the attempt to hold it up to reprobation, and furnish some brief hints for its abatement.

We do not for a moment pretend that the habit of wresting and misapplying Scripture is peculiar to modern times. It is as old as Christianity, even older, and by a long line of descent has come down to the divines of the present day as a *damnosa hereditas* — a traditional incubus and hereditary disease. Nor do we deny that, with the comparatively recent growth of the critical sciences, a better day has begun to dawn for Biblical exegesis in general, and even for the popular religious literature of tract and periodical and broadsheet, purveyed in such amazing quantities for the uneducated classes. But it seems to us that the very fact of the rise and spread of accurate criticism in other departments of study makes our protest against the still prevalent misinterpretation of the Bible all the more needful; for the last places to catch the light of the intellectual dawn have always been the haunts of theological discussion and exposition, and religion has grievously suffered from the shadows being permitted to lie over them undisturbed,

while all around the gloom was breaking up, and the monsters of ignorance and error were flying before the advancing day.

The earliest and doubtless the most flagrant sinners against sound principle and common sense in the use of the sacred books were the rabbis of Israel, whose hermeneutical vagaries and monstrous applications of Scripture form the staple of the Talmud. To those doctors of the law, the Old Testament from beginning to end was a congeries of riddles, to the solution of which they dedicated their lives. In comparison with their own tortuous and mystical explanations, the plain grammatical sense had little interest for them. The inspired text they used to compare to water; but their *Mishna* or oral tradition to wine, and their *Gemara* or commentary to spiced wine. Every verbal resemblance, however superficial, every variation of spelling and peculiarity of arrangement or order, suggested to them a mystery; out of texts arbitrarily pieced together, meanings were evolved for which not a shadow of warrant could be found; from the mere metaphors latent in common speech portentous conclusions were deduced; in the numerical values of the letters of which words were composed occult meanings were discovered. The results may be imagined, and were perhaps surprising even to the scribes themselves in their saner moments; for among their traditions is one which depicts the amazement of Moses, when in a vision he saw some rabbi of the future extracting whole bushel-loads of meanings and decisions from every angle, curl, and horn of every letter of the law.

We shall try, by a few specimens of the more quotable sort, to give an idea of the rabbinical style of handling Scripture. It might seem to an unsophisticated reader rather difficult to determine from the text, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider," what kind of scourge should be used to inflict the "forty stripes save one" on those who broke the law. But the ingenuity of the rabbis was not to be foiled. Ought not the men who know not, to be beaten by the animals whose knowledge shames them? Then twist together thongs of ox-hide and ass-hide, and lay the compounded lash on the back of the guilty. Out of Laban's invitation to Abraham's servant, "Come in, for I have prepared the house, and room for



the camels," evidence was extracted to show that the piety of the great father of the faithful was so transcendent and contagious as to be shared even by his camels; for by imagining some occult connection between the phrases for "making ready the house" and "removing idols," the meaning was reached that the camels piously declined to enter till the emblems of idolatry had been cleared out. In praise of the phylacteries, or little leathern boxes containing texts from the law, which the Jews were accustomed to bind on the brow and left arm, a proof that they were worn by Jehovah himself was found in the text, "Jehovah hath sworn by his right hand and *the arm of his strength*," i.e., the left arm bound with one of those curious amulets. But on entering a cemetery it was ruled that they should be taken off, on the ground that those who wore them in the presence of the dead would be guilty of the insolent ostentation condemned in the passage, "Whoso mocketh the *poor* reproacheth his Maker." On the narrative which relates that the news of the capture of Lot was brought to Abraham by "one that had escaped," the curious myth was founded of the escape of Og, the king of Bashan, from the deluge, his gigantic stature being supposed to have enabled him to wade beside the ark till the waters subsided. The question whether prayer should be said on a low or an elevated place was decided in the favor of the former by the Psalmist's words, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee." That the second temple should lack five of the excellent things which distinguished the first, was inferred from the casual omission of the final letter, which happens to be the numeral for five, from the word for "glory" in the prediction, "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former." A proof that it is the Messiah who shall bruise the serpent's head was discovered in the identity of the numerical value of the letters in the words for Messiah and serpent. A rule that no man ought to eat before he has fed his beast was extricated from the order of the words in the promise, "I will send grass in thy fields for thy cattle, that thou mayest eat and be full," — "thy cattle" first, and "thou" afterwards. In the remark that Job's cattle increased — literally, *broke forth* — in the land, evidence was found of the extraordinary measure in which the divine favor rested on his possessions; the metaphor being taken as signifying that even his goats so broke through the

ordinary course of nature, as to be courageous and strong enough to resist and kill the wolves that attacked them. To take one more specimen: the rabbis laid it down that in speeding the parting guest one ought not to say, "Go in peace," but "Go unto peace;" for David said to Absalom, "Go in peace," and he went and was hanged; but Jethro said unto Moses, "Go unto peace," and he went and prospered.

Here, then, in the rabbinical method of handling Scripture, was the *fons et origo* of the evil practice of compelling the sacred text to yield up any meaning that the reader wished to extract from it. From the Jewish schools the infection was caught by the Fathers of the Christian Church, of whose exegesis one of the principles seems to have been that whatever, of an orthodox tenor, can be got out of the Bible by any kind of mystic or allegorical interpretation may be safely accepted as the meaning of the Bible. A few specimens will be sufficient to exhibit their perverse ingenuity in making Scripture speak what they wanted it to say. No one can object to the *doctrine* said to have been conveyed by Constantine's vision of the cross with the inscription, "By this conquer;" but nothing can be less satisfactory than to establish it by an appeal to the outstretched arms of Moses during the battle with Amalek, unless it be the discovery of it in the cross-like shape of the letter which in Greek stands for the number (300) of Gideon's conquering band, and more plainly still in the three letters which express the number of the trained servants (318) with whom Abraham defeated the marauding kings, on the ground that the first is the same cross-shaped numeral, and the other two are the primary letters of the word Jesus. The importance of the sacraments is unquestionable; but on no legitimate principle of interpretation can they be found in the table spread for the Psalmist in the presence of his enemies; or in the metaphorical use of liquor and wheat by the royal lover in the Canticles to depict the comeliness of his mistress; or in the genial advice of the Preacher, "Go thy way; eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart;" or in the two pence given by the good Samaritan to the innkeeper. The building up of the Church on the Gospel does not follow very naturally from the Psalmist's statement that the Creator has founded the earth on the seas, and established it on the floods; nor the two advents of the



Messiah, from the two goats of the ritual of the Jewish day of atonement; nor the number of the apostles, from the traditional number of the bells in the fringe of Aaron's ephod; nor the spread of the Gospel through Europe, Asia, and Africa, from the three measures of meal in which the woman of the parable hid her leaven; nor the union of Jew and Gentile in the Church, from the circumstance that two boats were filled with the fish caught in the first miraculous draught; nor the presence of the women at the Lord's burial from the proverbial saying, "Wheresoever the carcass is, thither shall the eagles be gathered together." The spices used at the burial cannot have been really predicted by the "spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense" grown in the spouse's garden in the Canticles; nor the crucifixion in Isaiah's complaint, "I have *spread out my hands* all the day to a rebellious people." To go back to Eden for the origin of the obligation to fast, and deduce it from the prohibition to eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge, is curiously perverse; nor is it less so to turn the parable of the wise and foolish virgins into a eulogy on virginity and almsgiving, by making the lamps mean the former and the oil the latter; and the parable of the sower into an appraisement of the respective merits of the married, widowed, and virgin states of life, in the ascending scale of the thirtyfold, sixtyfold, and hundredfold. The extremely fanciful identification of the four-and-twenty elders of the Apocalypse with the Old Testament reckoned as twenty-four books, and of the four living creatures with the four Gospels, still has its advocates; but we are not aware that any modern expositor has ventured to endorse any of the patristic interpretations of the number of the fish, "an hundred and fifty and three," taken in the second miraculous draught. One scheme makes it up out of the fulness of the Gentiles reckoned at a hundred, the elect remnant of Israel at fifty more, and the three Persons of the Trinity, to whose praise they are all gathered. Another gets it by adding the ten words of the Decalogue to the seven gifts of the Spirit, and then summing the numerals from one to seventeen inclusive, which again brings out a hundred and fifty-three for the number of the redeemed. Another, having got the seventeen as before, multiplies it by three, the number of the Trinity; the fifty-one thus obtained, being one in excess of the Jubilee period of the Jews, is taken to in-

dicating the true rest; and this again, multiplied by three, indicates the total of the heirs of the heavenly rest. Or, if we prefer something simpler, there are other schemes to accommodate us. We may take the mystic number to mean that the Church would be composed of married, widowed, and virgin members in the proportion of a hundred of the first to fifty of the second, and three of the last; or that the divine kingdom would embrace the three known quarters of the globe, with an equal contingent, represented by fifty, from each.

Between the Fathers and the expositors of the modern world the mediæval schoolmen form the connecting link; and of these the chief thing to be noted is that, besides keeping up the mystical and fantastic method of interpretation, they had their own peculiar stone of stumbling in their endeavor to weld together theology and philosophy in a compact, logical system of knowledge. Nothing is less cast in a systematic mould than the Bible; and it was not possible to stretch it on the bed of the Aristotelian logic without sadly straining and distorting it. Under such treatment Revelation was transformed into a code of supernatural knowledge, out of which a theory of the universe might be constructed, and the inspired volume became a repository of propositions capable of being discussed like metaphysical problems. How uncritical was the schoolmen's use of Scripture may be learned from the fact that even the greatest of them, the Angelical Doctor, Thomas Aquinas, takes "the least in the kingdom of heaven" to mean an angel of the lowest rank in the celestial hierarchy; establishes the pre-eminence of Satan by the highly poetical descriptions, in Job of the hippopotamus, in Isaiah and Ezekiel of the cities of Babylon and Tyre; proves the justification of a sinner to be the greatest of God's works by the text, "His mercies are *over* all His works," and to be instantaneous by the suddenness of the sound at the Pentecostal effusion of the Spirit; and bases the seven orders of the ministry in the Roman Church on Isaiah's prediction of the sevenfold grace that should rest upon the Messiah. If it is curious to find his predecessor, the famous Master of the Sentences, interpreting the "beginning" in the first verse of the Bible to mean the second Person in the Trinity, what can be said of a contemporary expositor who explains the cupidity of Judas by the statement, that the bribe offered him consisted of the identical pieces of



money paid by the Ishmaelites for Joseph, which had come down through the ages as an heirloom in Israel, and were worth ten times as much as the current coins?

Such is the long ancestral line through which the habit of misinterpreting Scripture has come down to modern Christendom. From one point of view the antiquity of the practice may perhaps be pleaded in extenuation of our fault. We only follow our fathers, it may be urged, and, at any rate, we are no worse than they. True, we are not worse, for that were barely possible; but our guilt is that we are not greatly better — that we have taken so little to heart the warning that lies before us in their errors, and profited so little by the light which has illuminated other departments of study. If our indictment seems overcharged, let the reader reserve his verdict till he has weighed the evidence we shall adduce.

Probably the most prolific source of modern wrestings of Scripture is the desire to discover in it what the expositor himself wants it to say, or thinks that it ought to say. When a person has any topic on the brain, as the familiar phrase runs, it is surprising how that topic appears to him to lurk in the most unlikely places, and with what ingenious dexterity he hauls it forth, as a conjuror produces his miscellanies from what looks to the spectator like an empty sleeve. The mind of the commentator being saturated with the tenets of Christianity, he is tempted to read them back unconsciously into the documents of the preceding dispensation, and perceive them starting up on all sides out of the rudimentary teaching of the earlier ages of Revelation. Some particular doctrine, perhaps, has laid such an exclusive and tyrannical grasp on his thoughts, that everything in his eyes is colored by it, or in some way or other contains it or leads up to it. What expositors of this stamp draw out of the text is not so much what is really in it, as what they themselves have brought to it. They discover it there because they have unconsciously put it there, and, as the proverb says, "They who hide can find." They remind one of a man looking earnestly into a mirror to ascertain what is in it, and taking for answer the image that confronts him, which, of course, is nothing else than his own likeness.

We borrow from the late Archdeacon Hare's very interesting work, "Guesses at Truth," a curious illustration of this process, because, ludicrous as it is from a critical point of view, it may not unfairly

be taken as typical of a good deal of the exegesis still prevalent. A pious Frenchman, it is related, was bewailing the condition of his country, and pouring forth his sorrows in the pathetic words of the psalm, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept," etc. — a psalm, by the way, which we have heard ascribed to David's inspired foresight. Being somewhat foolishly interrupted by the question whether he did not feel a difficulty when he came to the savage denunciation of Babylon in the concluding verse, "Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones" — the honest mourner replied with touching simplicity, that for him the verse had no such cruel sense, but quite the reverse. The stones meant St. Peter, the rock on which the Church is built; and the blessing was pronounced on those who should gather in the children of the heathen, and attach them to the Catholic faith. The story, as the archdeacon says, is a beautiful illustration of the transmuting power which enables a devout heart, in defiance of the critical intellect, to extract spiritual nutriment out of the least promising materials; but all the same it has a clear note of warning for the mystical expositor.

As to the instances that we now proceed to give, we can assure the reader that they are all genuine, although, for obvious reasons, we shall scrupulously abstain from giving names and references. We are not attacking persons, but protesting against a traditional and mischievous method. Nor shall we attempt to be exhaustive: that would require almost as many volumes as we have pages at our service. It will be enough to make a comparatively small selection of characteristic specimens.

Beginning with the common case of reading doctrines into passages where no legitimate construction can possibly find them, we will take, first, the great doctrine of life and immortality brought to light in the Gospel. In spite of the certain fact that this doctrine was mysteriously held back in the earlier Revelation till near its close, our modern expositors are constantly forcing it out of *Old Testament* texts. When Korah's rebellious company were buried alive by the earth yawning under their feet, the simple phrase which describes them as going down "alive into the pit" is compelled to yield the preposterous sense that their disembodied souls passed on into Hades. When a parent in the old time spoke of going down to his son in the grave, or a patriarch or king



was said to be gathered to his fathers, we are asked to strain the language so as to make it imply a conscious reunion in the world of spirits. Because Josiah was told that he should be spared by his death from seeing the calamities coming on his people, the inference is drawn that news from the upper world does not penetrate the abode of the departed. From Isaiah's saying that the righteous rest in their beds, each one who on earth had lived uprightly, the headlong expositor takes occasion to expatiate on the moral energy of the disembodied saints. The Preacher's saying that when man dies the breath returns to God who gave it, instead of being taken as simply meaning in his mouth the reversal of the original creative process, is turned into a proof of the true but later doctrine of man's continued personal existence in a future world.

But we must not linger on any single doctrine. What reasonable plea can be urged for finding the Atonement in the scarlet thread which Rahab was to bind in her window at Jericho, as a signal to the Israelites? or in the crimson lips of the spouse in the Canticles? or in the worm to which the afflicted Psalmist compares himself in his humiliation? What for discovering the Eucharist in the refreshment of bread and wine offered by Melchizedek to Abraham's weary troop on their homeward march? or in our Lord's condescension in receiving publicans and sinners, and eating with them? or in the whole of the Epistle to the Hebrews, as its central topic? What for tracing the mystery of the Incarnation in the circumstance that Jael was not helped by her husband to slay Sisera? and the cross, in the murderous tent-peg which she drove through her victim's skull?

We have already mentioned that the Atonement and both the sacraments have been discerned in Solomon's beautiful and impassioned idyl; but that is only a small part of the extravagant symbolism found in his portraiture of the person of his beloved. There is scarcely a part of her body—and the delineation is certainly not wanting in detail—which has not been taken to express some feature of the Christian Church; as, for instance, her teeth, to signify the ministers who chew spiritual meat for the babes; and her breasts, the two Testaments, or else the preachers of the Gospel to the Jews and Gentiles: but a good deal of this is not quite fit for quotation. Nowhere, perhaps, have the mystical interpreters run

more wild. Far be it from us to deny that human love, on its spiritual side, is an expressive emblem or shadow of "the love which passeth knowledge;" or that Solomon's Song, viewed in the light of a sacred idealization of the marriage bond, may as a whole be fairly applied to image forth the mystic union of the Redeemer with his bride the Church. What shocks the sober critical sense, as involving an inadmissible anachronism, is the divorce of the Hebrew lyric from its plain historical sense, and the literal transfer, item by item, to the yet unrevealed mysteries of Christianity, of its poetical and impassioned portraiture of courtship and love. Yet this is not without its parallels, one of which may be found in the application to Christians of the characteristics of the animals pronounced clean by the Levitical law. In the cleft hoof has been discerned their steadfast walk in the way of the Lord, or even their twofold faith in the Father and in the Son; in the ruminating function, their habit of meditating on the divine word; in the fish's fins, the elevating and propelling power of their prayers.

Belonging to the same category as the extreme mystical interpretation of Solomon's Song is the direct application to the Christian Church of the Oriental imagery employed by the Hebrew psalmists and prophets to clothe their expectations of the future triumphs of Israel. Thus the martial prediction, "I will render double unto thee, when I have bent Judah for me, filled the bow with Ephraim, and raised up thy sons, O Zion, against thy sons, O Greece, and made thee as a sword of a mighty man"—is gravely explained to mean the mission of the Apostles, as arrows shot forth from Jerusalem by the bow of Christ, to preach the Gospel to the heathen world. So again, the use of a feminine word in the noble processional psalm, probably in reference to the choirs of women in the sacred processions of Israel, has led to the passage, "The Lord gave the word; great was the company of the *preachers*," being interpreted of the part that devout women should sustain in the first planting of Christianity. Many persons must have heard the internal holiness of the Church deduced from the words, "The king's daughter is all glorious within;" yet the obvious meaning is merely that *inside the chamber* the royal bride is sitting splendidly dressed, as the parallelism of the next line shows, "Her clothing is of wrought gold." Something in the same



style is the discovery of the perpetual virginity of the blessed mother of our Lord in the description of the spouse of Solomon's Song as "a garden enclosed, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed;" and also in the gate of Ezekiel's visionary temple, which should forever remain shut, "because Jehovah the God of Israel hath entered in by it." Such uses of Scripture must be pronounced, on all sound critical principles, as trivial and baseless as the finding of a priestly chasuble in the cloak left behind by St. Paul at Troas, and altar-candles in the lights of the upper chamber at the same place, when he preached to the disciples until midnight; and of a divine model of ritual for Christian worship in the apocalyptic symbolism of the celestial temple, evidently borrowed from Jewish sources.

Another cause of much straining and falsifying of Scripture has been the idea that the inspiration of the Old Testament cannot be properly vindicated, unless its statements from one end to the other can be shown to stand on the level of the purest morality and the most advanced science. To effect this, with whatever arbitrary violence both to its spirit and letter, becomes, therefore, the aim of a considerable class of expositors. When dealing with narratives of conduct contrary to the principles of Christianity, but which passed unreprieved, or even gained applause, in the rude times of primitive Revelation, they either resort to the dangerous expedient of inventing and reading into the narratives special divine commands, which they suppose able to turn wrong into right, as in the cases of Ehud, Jael, and other well-meaning but unscrupulous heroes and heroines; or else they take on themselves to bring the narratives up to the proper level, by putting quite a different complexion upon them, as when they deny that Jephthah offered his unfortunate daughter as a burnt sacrifice, and reduce his treatment of her to a dedication to perpetual virginity. In the same spirit they subject to a degrading violence the sublime psalm of creation with which the Bible opens, and the various descriptions of nature which occur in the poetical books, that they may reconcile them, as they call it, with modern physical discoveries, and make them speak the language of science instead of their own noble but simple poetry. Book after book is published to carry out this purpose, and very wonderful are the exegetical feats which are accomplished. Reading these works, we find wrenched

out of the sacred text by hook or by crook, the luminiferous ether and the nebular theory; the globular form, daily rotation, and annual circuit of the earth; gravitation, electricity, galvanism, chemical affinities; the stratification of the earth's surface, and the remains preserved in it of the fauna and flora of the primeval world,—all extorted out of the simple poetical phrases which describe the aspects of nature as it presented itself to the eyes of the inspired prophet or poet. Thus poetry is turned into prose, primitive religion into modern science; the glory of the spiritual into the materialism of the natural!

But on that part of the subject we have no time to dwell, so many are the instances which crowd on our recollection of learning misapplied, historical fitness violated, and every sound canon of literary criticism set at defiance. We take up a couple of erudite commentaries, and find two doctors of theology exhausting the resources of their learning in determining the form and nature of the animal which tempted Eve; one deciding in favor of an "ouran-outang," the other of a brilliant-winged dragon, such as he supposes the celestial seraphim to be. To bring the miracle of the passage of the Red Sea more within our comprehension, we are treated to a serious discussion about the part played in it by the east wind; and are told that as the sea at that place was twelve miles broad and twenty-eight yards deep, and a wind strong enough to scoop out a sufficient trench through it for the crossing, dry-foot, of the six hundred thousand men of Israel would certainly have blown clean away the entire host with all their cattle, we must suppose the trench through the waters to have been formed by other means, and must limit the use of the east wind to drying the bottom afterwards and making it easy walking. Among the strange comments to which the chronicle of the arrest of the sun and moon during the battle of Beth-horon has given rise, two deserve especial notice as illustrations of wooden-headed dealing with the early literature of Israel. One gives us a calculation, in horse-power, of the force sufficient quickly to stop the earth's rotation, and at the end of the proper interval to reproduce it, without causing on either occasion any perceptible shock to the inhabitants; the other elaborately works out the conclusion, that the derangement produced on that occasion in the earth's position was exactly counterbalanced by



the second derangement, seven or eight centuries later, in Hezekiah's time, when the shadow went ten degrees backward on the sun-dial of Ahaz, so that the absence now of any trace of either is satisfactorily explained. Every one knows the controversy, which is almost coeval with Christianity, about the precise relationship to our Lord of his "brethren;" whether they were his own younger brothers; or sons of Joseph by a former wife, according to the general belief of the Church; or, as St. Jerome maintained, to save Joseph's virginity as well as Mary's, sons of a sister of the virgin, and therefore first cousins to Jesus. The question is scarcely soluble, except on sentimental grounds; but a solution of it has just been published by a would-be critical expositor, which is worth noting as showing how far we still are from a reasonable use of Scripture. Is it not written in an ancient Messianic psalm, "I am become a stranger unto my brethren, and an alien unto my mother's children"? My *mother's children*! Surely, then, prophecy settled the matter, so as to preclude further inquiry, hundreds of years before they were born! Perhaps it is even a worse, because more serious, wresting of Scripture, to put, as we have seen done even in Bampton Lectures, the imprecatory psalms into our Lord's mouth, and assert that they were his own personal utterances just as much as any of the words spoken by him when on earth. What must fairly educated people feel when a preacher coolly reminds them that Solomon was one of the most voluminous writers in the Bible, and in proof tells off on his fingers Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Canticles, the Book of Wisdom, and some of the Psalms to boot? or when an essayist, enamored of the ceremonial ordinances of Leviticus, pronounces Psalm CXIX. to be nothing else than an elaborate eulogy of them? or when an annotator bids us observe what additional emphasis is given by the spectroscope to St. Paul's illustration of the resurrection, by the familiar fact that star differeth from star in brightness?

Few more flagrant specimens of what may justly be called Philistinism in literature are to be found than those that are abundantly furnished by the homilists, who lay themselves out to *improve*, by ethical and spiritual applications, the narratives and incidents of the earlier parts of the Bible. The lessons thus enforced may be in themselves unexceptionable; but when they are fathered on texts that

know them not, and like parasitic growths destroy the life of what they feed upon, they become both offensive and hurtful. Space would fail us to give any adequate representation of the enormous currency of this sort of false coin, and half-a-dozen instances must suffice. We may only smile when a preacher on the continuance of the sinful nature, even in the regenerate, founds his discourse on Joseph's inquiry about his father, "The *old man* of whom ye spake, is he yet alive?" or when an archbishop lashes the despisers of episcopacy from the words, "Sirs, ye should not have loosed from Crete;" or when tobacco smokers are admonished from the text, "That which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." But it is a serious outrage on the historical truth of Scripture, and not merely on common sense, when, to point a denunciation of murder, Moses is held up to reprobation as a conscience-stricken homicide, fearfully burying out of sight the dreadful evidence of his crime, and escaping from the stroke of justice to expiate his guilt by forty years of exile and hardship. We should like to know what St. Stephen would have thought of such a version of the great deliverer's conduct. Notwithstanding quaint old Herbert's consolation under bad sermons, —

The worst speak something good; if all want  
sense,

God takes a text, and preacheth patience, —

we cannot withhold our pity from congregations who are called on to illustrate "the patience and the faith of the saints," by listening while some tedious pulpiteer, from the trivial circumstance that Ehud who treacherously assassinated Eglon was left-handed, deduces the wisdom and goodness of God in causing eccentric and abnormal variations to break the usual uniformity of nature; or makes the inquiry of Manoah, the father of Samson, respecting the dedication of his promised child to be a Nazarite, the pretext for a long string of platitudes on the duty of educating children religiously; or propounds the amazing thesis, that as Jephthah's daughter was adopted as the offering of her people, and became the vicarious sacrifice of their repentance and faith, so the Son of God became the world's atonement; or finds important indications of the nature and fortunes of the universal Church in the burning bush of the wilderness, the brazen sockets of the tabernacle, the pillars Jachin and Boaz of Solomon's temple, and the sponge filled



with sour wine which was put to the Redeemer's lips as he hung upon the cross.

We have kept till the last the widespread misuse of Scripture, which comes under the head of what we venture to designate "modern apocalyptics." From time to time, especially since the close of the twelfth century, when some of the mystic periods of prophecy were supposed to be running to the end, an epidemic of prediction broke out in Christendom, and generation after generation shook with the terror of some imminent catastrophe of the world, whether by fire or water, which disturbed imaginations read in the dates and symbols of the most mysterious parts of the Bible. Notwithstanding the falsification which has hitherto invariably dogged the steps of all such vaticinations, this method of using Scripture is as rife as ever, and the crop of fanciful speculations yielded by it during the present century far surpasses all previous experience. How many times the year has been fixed for the final convulsion, and has passed unmarked by any unusual occurrence, it would not be easy to reckon. But nothing discourages our prophets. They revise their dates, and prophesy again. It is no warning to them that the course of this kind of prophetic interpretation is strewn with failures, as the shore is strewn with wrecks after a storm. Scarcely a war or a revolution breaks out on the theatre of Christendom, or a novel tenet arises in philosophy or science, or a new phase comes over ecclesiastical affairs, without these lynx-eyed observers spying out something in the prophetic imagery that corresponds to it, and sounding a fresh note of warning of the nearness of the end. Their manipulating skill never fails them; bricks they will manufacture, straw or no straw. If the historical facts are stubborn, so much the worse for the facts; if the inspired text is reluctant to confess, there are exegetical racks to extort from it a semblance of assent. And so, though wiser men shake their heads, and the world is taught to scoff, the stream of wild vaticination rolls gaily along.

Men may come, and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

One of the most singular and persistent of modern prophetic myths is the one that identifies with a Napoleon the Antichrist who is expected, in the expiring days of the age, to head the final revolt of the world against Christ. Since the time when the well-known philanthropist and

champion of the slave, Granville Sharp, went to Pitt, Bible in hand, to show him Bonaparte in the "little horn" of Daniel, and provoked the astonished statesman to exclaim, "Good God, sir, you don't mean to call Bonaparte a *little* horn!" the romance has preserved its vitality through all the vicissitudes of the Corsican family. We well recollect with what exultation Prince Louis Napoleon's election to the presidency of the French Republic in 1848 was hailed by one of the ablest advocates of this strange identification, whose faith had been sorely tried, but not overthrown, by the untoward death of the first Napoleon at St. Helena nearly thirty years before. "Here," said the aged prophet to us, "here is the solution of the mystery. Wounded to death? Yes, but the deadly wound is healed. Napoleon lives again in his nephew and legal heir, whom you will presently see make himself Emperor of Rome, and gather the armies of the earth to the battle of Armageddon." Well, that Napoleon has gone the way of all flesh, and his poor son too; but the myth lives on, and in its latest form points, we believe, either to Jerome, with Gambetta for his forerunner, or to some yet unborn member of the family, whom the soul of Nero will come back from the abyss to animate!

Another of the extraordinary prophetic myths of the age, also based on misunderstandings of Scripture, circles round the ten tribes of ancient Israel which were carried into captivity by the Assyrian monarch Shalmaneser, and thenceforth vanished from the sacred history. A romance, preserved among the eccentric visions of the second apocryphal book of Esdras, describes them as having miraculously crossed the Euphrates, as Israel crossed the Jordan under Joshua, and journeyed eastward for a year and a half to a mysterious land named Arsareth, where they are to remain hidden till—at the time of the end—the river shall be again dried up for their return; and this romance has become, in one shape or other, an article of faith to thousands of modern Christians. It is difficult enough to understand how any one of even moderate education can believe, in the face of history and of geographical and ethical science, that these lost tribes, as they are called, are still bodily concealed in some unexplored Eastern land, waiting for the divine summons to reappear in the last crisis of the world's apocalyptic agony. But surely there is a still more outrageous defiance of common sense in the other



form of the myth, which represents these old Semitic tribes as having long ago emerged from their hiding-place, and grown up into the Anglo-Saxon race! Yet this monstrous belief has won to itself so many dupes, through a pretended appeal to Scripture, that it has generated a sect and a literature of its own. It has been well said that one might, with less violence to probability, trace back the roses in the Temple gardens to slips of the olive brought home by the Crusaders from Gethsemane.

Indeed, the whole story of prophetic exegesis lends a sad plausibility to the old saying that the study of the Apocalypse drives mad those whom it does not find so already. The moment we recognize the fact that the function of the inspired prophets was not to utter predictions of a distant future to people who had no concern with it, but to speak on behalf of God and his righteousness to the men of their own generation who needed practical guidance and warning, the use of their words to divine beforehand the long course of history for thousands of years, and to fix our own position now in the onswEEPing current of time, cannot appear otherwise than a baseless and perilous superstition. What in the world, we shall be inclined to ask, could the sad captives in Babylon, or the gallant Maccabean heroes in their struggle with Antiochus Epiphanes, have had to do with the wars of Napoleon, or the advance of Russia in central Asia, or the Crimean war, or British railroads and school boards? How could the primitive Christians, as they entered the shadow of the tremendous convulsions which heralded the fall of Jerusalem, and gave occasion for the visions and messages of the Apocalypse, have been concerned with the rise of the Saracens and Turks, the growth of the mediæval Papacy, or the catastrophe of the French Revolution? Is it credible that the seer of Patmos, on whose prophetic soul lay the burden of the thickening gloom, and whose burning desire was to sustain his brethren through the conflict and terror by visions of the divine kingdom that should rise in ideal beauty out of the wreck of the opposing world-powers,—is it credible that he should have trifled with the Church of his day, by setting before it a series of riddles which must wait long ages for a solution? Is it within the limits of even the most strained probability, for instance, that he should have had in mind the heraldic frogs that preceded the fleur-de-lys in the

blazon of the royal arms of France, when he likened to frogs the three unclean spirits from the mouths of the dragon, the beast, and the false prophet? Or that he should have meant the withholding of the Old and New Testaments from the laity in the modern Church of Rome, when he foretold the martyrdom of the two wonder-working witnesses in the street of the apostate Jerusalem? Or that he should have predicted the emancipation of the seven Dutch provinces from the Papal rule of Spain, under the form of the slaughter of seven thousand men by the earthquake of the second woe; and the missionary and Bible societies of the nineteenth century, by the angel bearing in mid-heaven the everlasting Gospel; and the cross keys of the Vatican by the mark of the beast? Yet of such interpretations as these many of our modern apocalyptic commentaries and treatises are full.

But while we ask these questions, and make our protest against the wresting of Scripture to the purpose of vaticination, we would not be understood to suggest the slightest doubt of the value even to our days of the prophetic books of the Bible. It is our firm conviction that their inspired teaching is for all time; that they nobly illustrate, for those who can use them rightly, important principles of the divine government and eternal laws of the spiritual world, and may therefore be turned to good account, so long as the Church is militant, to guide her in comprehending and dealing with each crisis that arises in her long conflict with error and sin. What we do most earnestly reprobate is the practice of employing the sacred records as manuals of divination, and subjecting them to cruel perversions and dislocations in the hope of forcing their language into some fantastic semblance of agreement with events and expectations that lie utterly beyond their scope.

Let the reader now honestly try to estimate the magnitude of the harm caused by that chronic and widespread misuse of Scripture, of which the evidence has been laid before him, remembering at the same time that our presentation of the subject is necessarily so incomplete as to be little better than a faintly traced outline. The more he considers the matter, the less, we think, will he be able to escape from the conclusion, that of the internal evils with which Christendom has been afflicted, there is scarcely one that has not been grievously aggravated by the disastrous



perversion of the divine oracles. It is this, more than anything else, that has doomed religion to be always fighting a losing battle against advancing science, has alienated from her the leaders of thought, and given occasion for the most plausible of the flouts and gibes flung by insolent sceptics at the truths of Revelation. It has been of misinterpreted texts that the extravagant doctrines have been engendered, which have shocked the moral sense of mankind, and produced a fatal harvest of faction, heresy, and schism. It was by means of perverted texts that the Papal usurpation was consolidated, and the worst corruptions of the primitive faith enforced as divine verities on the outraged conscience of the Church. It was the foul wresting of Holy Writ to devilish ends that steeled the heart of the persecutor, sanctified treachery, lying, and outrage, worked the racks and kindled the fires of the Inquisition, and reddened the story of Christendom with intestine war and bloodshed.

In religion

What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

We promised, before concluding, to offer some brief hints for the abatement of the evil; and bold as the undertaking may seem, we will not shrink from the attempt to fulfil it. For in spite of the amazing vitality of bad customs, we by no means look despairingly to the future of Biblical exegesis. Even here the schoolmaster is already abroad; light is penetrating the dark quarters; a noble band of pioneers is hewing a way through the rubbish of centuries, and laying open for the multitude an easy access to a just understanding and use of the Bible. With the help of the immense critical apparatus recently prepared for us by the masters of scholarship, candor, honesty, and common sense may be trusted to do all that is essential. What strikes us as the chief want at present is a fuller appreciation of the progressive character of the revelation of truth recorded in Holy Writ. The expositor must ever bear in mind that the Bible is no single treatise, all of one time and on one level, but a library of treatises, covering a millennium and a half, and standing on very different levels of knowledge and teaching. He will then be in a position to perceive that the revelation recorded in it never proceeded by leaps and bounds, but was always gradual and continuous, like an orderly development, in which

neither gaping chasms nor startling surprises are to be found. As he advances from book to book, following the chronological succession as nearly as it can be ascertained, he will recognize how the inspired teachers, as they were raised up one after another, built on the truths already possessed, and cast their instruction into the existing moulds of thought, adding of new truth just so much as the contemporary generation was able to receive, but always keeping within the limits of its comprehension and its practical needs. He will thus be brought to conceive of divine revelation as a leaven, working slowly and by degrees within the human mass; or as a stream growing fuller and purer as it flows onward through its devious channel; or as the light increasing little by little from the faint gleam of earliest dawn to the radiance of perfect day; or as a course of education beginning with the parables and metaphors suited to infancy, and ascending through primers and schoolbooks towards the final stage of mature knowledge and unadulterated truth. With this idea constantly before him of the order and method of the Bible, the expositor will never be tempted to wrench away any part of it from its historical basis, as if it could be interpreted in the abstract without reference to the time and circumstances of its origin; nor will he be in danger of reading back the more advanced teaching into the elementary forms, and thus incurring the catastrophe which, as the parable warns us, is wont to follow the putting of new wine into old wine-skins. What will chiefly engage his attention is the line of spiritual and eternal truth, ever broadening as it came down the ages, and stage by stage disembarassing itself of such transient accretions and imperfect moulds as the divine wisdom may have been pleased to employ, for the purpose of accommodating it to the capacities of the ignorant and rude; but the riddles and forced uses, whether of the mystic interpreters or gross literalists, will have no charm in his eyes. To disentangle the spirit from the letter — to trace the divine amidst the human — to ascertain what each inspired message really meant to the men of its own time, and how that same meaning bears on our circumstances and duties now, under very different conditions of life, — such will be the aim of the expositor in whom the critical temper of mind is united with the faith and reverence of the devout believer; and just in proportion as this aim



is pursued with an open eye and a sincere heart, he will be preserved, we are confident, from turning the divine order of the Bible into chaos by random interpretations, and drawing the poisonous draughts of error out of the wells of salvation.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
SOME ASPECTS OF AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE.

AMERICAN politics of late have been much brought before English readers. A novel called "Democracy," published in New York some years ago, and now reprinted in England, has had a great success among us. As it paints in strong colors and with great literary force the corruption and selfishness of American public men, it has produced some effect upon English opinion. Much has also been said by our own public writers and speakers about an American institution called the caucus, described as a poisonous weed which, when once brought across the Atlantic, will strike root everywhere among the pure wheat of English politics, just as the Canadian pondweed propagated itself twenty years ago through our rivers and canals, till half of them were choked up. The time is, therefore, opportune for saying a few words upon some aspects of politics in America, in the hope of giving English readers a fair impression of their true state, and of showing how far any warnings drawn from them are applicable to England. I do so, of course, with the diffidence which every one must feel in attempting to speak of a country that he knows only as a traveller. But a citizen of the United States would, in addressing Englishmen, be exposed to other difficulties hardly less serious than those an Englishman has to face in speaking of America.

What is the picture which not only this novel sets before us? It is the picture of a vast continent, a prosperous, rapidly increasing, and highly civilized nation of fifty-one millions of people, whose government lies in the hands of a knot of selfish and unprincipled men, some of them accessible to bribes, the rest ready to wink at corruption and to sacrifice honor for the sake of their personal advantage or that of their party. The central figure in the novel is a man of great force of character, but thoroughly vulgar in his ideas, as well as in his oratory; a

man who admits and justifies a gross breach of public duty in taking money to "put through" a contract, whose power is based upon intrigue, who has done nothing for the country either as a legislator or an administrator. This man is at the head of his party, a candidate for its nomination to the presidency of the United States, and not unlikely to be chosen. The other personages are worthy companions of such a chief. Some are weak, most are ignorant and narrow-minded, all are vulgar. There is no public spirit, no statesmanlike insight among them. Their chief virtue is devotion to a party which seems to have no principles.

"What a shocking state of things!" cries the English Pharisee, not without a comfortable reflection that he is not as these Republicans. "This, then, is what democracy comes to. This is the result of putting power in the hands of the masses. Men of rank and wealth are driven out of public life; the ignoble mob choose people like themselves to be their representatives; corruption reigns; national interests are sacrificed, national honor forgotten; the morality of the country sinks while its revenues are wasted. And this is what you want to bring England to, with a lowered county franchise, attacks on the House of Lords, and the Birmingham Caucus."

One need not be a Tory to be alarmed at such a prospect. If the progress of democracy is to make Silas P. Ratcliffe a fair type of our public men, we had better pause. The present state of things, whatever its faults, is not so bad. But is the picture a true one? That is to say, are Silas P. Ratcliffe and his associates fair types of leading politicians in America? and if so, does the dominant position which he holds in United States politics mean the same thing as the premiership of a Silas P. Ratcliffe would mean in England? I am not going to discuss the matter as a political question. Reasonings from the politics of one country to those of another are interesting and, when wisely used, instructive. But they are also dangerous, for there is always something which makes so great a difference between the two countries as to vitiate any inference except under limitations and qualifications which the ordinary reader does not heed, or soon forgets. And sensible people have, at bottom, a just perception of this, and do not suffer themselves to be much influenced by arguments of the kind. The chief practical



use of history is to prevent one from being taken in by historical analogies. My object in these pages is to do what little I can to prevent Englishmen from misjudging America, not to frame any arguments in favor of democratic progress in England. Things in England will proceed on their own path whatever we may read about republicanism elsewhere, for the forces which move them are large and potent. Apart from this altogether it is to be wished that Englishmen should have just views about the country which is most like their own, and with which their relations are most intimate.

That there are such persons as Silas P. Ratcliffe among the public men at Washington must be admitted. There are such persons in England also, and in every country, monarchical or republican. Any one writing a novel about English public life might fill it with people equally unscrupulous and, in their way, equally successful, and yet might justify every character by pointing to some well-known politician as the original of the portrait. There are persons in the English Parliament, and not merely needy adventurers, but persons of wealth or position, some of whom enjoy titles, conferred or inherited, who are no better, and whom we think no better, than these Washington politicians.

"But," it will be said, "these men are very few in England; they are not fair types; they are exceptions, rare exceptions; and in England they never rise to high places. Their schemes are mainly commercial, and do not injure the political interests of the country." This is perfectly true. The people in question are fortunately few in England, nor have they ever climbed to the highest posts. But as they do exist among us an American may say that the picture in the novel is unfair in the same way as an English novel would be unfair which presented only such persons as figuring in English political life. Although, therefore, the American picture may be less misleading than a similar English picture would be, still it is misleading. The author of the novel is not to be blamed for this, for he wrote for his own countrymen, who would understand and allow for those exaggerations which we permit to a writer of fiction. It is only the English reader who is in danger of being misled. He may forget what the American reader knows, that there are plenty of public men at Washington who are just as upright, fair-minded, and high-minded as most of our leading politicians are in England. To

determine the extent to which black sheep are to be found among members of Congress (taking them as a sample of the more successful politicians), and how far such persons have found their way into the front rank, would be hard even for an American, and is much harder for an Englishman. No doubt there are more who can be "got at," whose vote can be influenced by lobbying, than would be found in the English Parliament. So the Americans say themselves, and a stranger may therefore say it without offence. But there are very few indeed who would take a bribe in a naked form, and there are not more who have given bribes to their constituents, or been privy to giving, than were to be found in the English Parliament twenty years ago. "Lobbying," that is to say, the working of a bill through the legislature, usually becomes personal solicitation, backed up by offers of some personal advantage. It is certainly far more rife than in England, and has thrown discredit on the profession of the lobbyist. The protective tariff, with the alterations which are sometimes made and constantly threatened in it, alterations affecting enormous commercial interests, is a fertile source of this evil. In general, however, it affects only what we should call private bill legislation. There is also great laxity in the matter of giving pledges and making promises to catch the votes of particular sections. Members of Congress who in private will speak in harsh terms of Ireland and her people, and tell you that England is too lenient in her dealings with Irish conspiracy or obstruction, allow themselves to make speeches and give votes in support of Irish agitators and against England which excite the disgust of all sensible Americans.

It must further be admitted that the men who do or have done these things, and who maintain their position by jobbing appointments in a way to be explained presently, are sometimes conspicuous men, influential in the councils of their party, talked of for the highest offices, and occasionally rewarded by a judgeship, or a lucrative post, or a foreign mission. They are often powerful stump orators, draw crowds when they make an electioneering tour, and show great skill in manipulating those assemblies of the party that are called nominating conventions. Any one who should take his idea of American politics exclusively from the newspapers in which the doings of these politicians are chronicled and their char-



acters reviled or defended, might suppose that they were the leading persons in the State, and would be alarmed at the prospect of their getting complete control of it. He would indeed perceive that there are also honest and patriotic men engaged in politics, but hearing less of these latter, he would think that they were always being jostled out of the game, and that the bad men were going to have it all their own way. The remarkable fact is that these bad men, though always on the point of getting the great places and doing terrible mischief there, never do get them. The wind lifts the apples just out of their reach, as it did from Tantalus in the *Odyssey*. They intrigue for nominations to the presidency or some other exalted position, but at the last moment, when success seems almost assured, public opinion comes in to baulk their hopes. The nominating convention which has to choose the candidate of the party feels that it cannot go before the nation with a man of tarnished character, a man who has not what the Americans call "a good record." Or if the place is one in the president's gift, he rarely ventures to outrage popular sentiment and injure his own position by making a really bad appointment. To be known as incorruptible is as helpful to a public man in America as in England or in any other country. Indeed, simple honesty and sincerity often raise to the highest places persons of quite ordinary capacity. Out of the whole list of presidents of the United States there is not one on whose character for personal probity a stain rests, while some, of whom Lincoln and Garfield are the most recent conspicuous examples, have been singularly conscientious and patriotic. So, too, among those who have of late years filled the great Cabinet offices, and the not less important places of president of the Senate and speaker of the House of Representatives, there are very few of tarnished reputation. This is more than can be said of minor officials, but the minor officials, for reasons to be explained presently, can do much less mischief than corresponding officials would do in England. Even as regards them there is probably more smoke than fire. People are much less reticent than in England; charges which are only whispered here are made openly there, and made so frequently and so groundlessly that the accused person, even when innocent, does not care to refute them. Scandals that in Europe would be hushed up obtain the widest

currency. No doubt they are frequent. I am far from defending the present state of things, which the wisest Americans deplore. All I mean to say is that it is much less alarming than Englishmen would suppose from reading American newspapers, or from the picture the novel presents. And on the whole the public business of the United States goes on fairly well. Grave offenders are punished by the moral sentiment of the people; mischievous enterprises are checked before much harm has been done; and though as regards foreign affairs there is some gasconading, and sometimes a want of international courtesy, one might point, were it not desirable to avoid controversies of English politics, to English ministers who have rivalled or surpassed the most offensive performances of American secretaries of state. There is a want of dignity in politics generally; there is a want of efficiency in some departments of administration, and serious loss to the public by jobbing; but in comparison with the general prosperity of the country, and especially the extraordinary elasticity of its finance, these failings attract little notice.

It is more important and interesting to inquire how far corruption and vulgarity and ignorance among American politicians mean the same thing and have the same consequences as similar faults would mean and have in England. One may admit that they exist in America, and utterly deny that they cast the same black shadow over the country as they would over England. This is exactly what every one who knows the two countries will deny. But it needs some explanation to Englishmen, who are apt to take their own country as a type, and assume that others must be like it. Where two peoples and forms of government have so many points of likeness as we have to the United States, this tendency is all the greater. The proposition I wish to support is that politics are a totally different thing in America from what they are in England. Here the political life of the country is its main, its central, its highest social life. It is the chief occupation of the men most conspicuous by rank and practical talents. It is the great game which ambitious men seek to join in, the great means of influencing the welfare of the community which patriotic or philanthropic men desire to use. All educated people, and many uneducated, take an interest in it, watch what goes on in Parliament, are familiar with the characters and



even the faces of the leading men. Here there are usually, and during the last few years have been constantly, large and grave questions under discussion — constitutional questions respecting the distribution of political power, questions of foreign policy which involve peace or war with neighboring States, domestic questions some one of which affects every class in the community. The central government, though less dominant and less meddlesome than on the Continent of Europe, is nevertheless always near us, touching us at many points. The badness or goodness of our administration, the wisdom or folly of our foreign policy, the merits or defects of current legislation, make a sensible difference to us. They rightly engage public attention, they naturally attract much of the best talent of the country. In a word, if our central government were to fall into the hands of a corrupt Parliament or incompetent officials, England would decline at once. And if England were to suffer her affairs to be managed by such men, it would only be either because she had none better, or because the tone of public morals and public spirit had already fallen. The decadence of the statesmen would argue the decadence of the people. But in America the political life of the country is not the main or central current of its life, but seems a kind of side channel encumbered by weeds and bushes. Politics are not the career which a young man of talents and ambition naturally turns to or seeks to enter. There are at present, and have been since the pacification of the South, few political questions that rouse any interest. Nobody cares about politics (save at the time of the presidential election) except those professional politicians who are playing the game for their own purposes. There really is nothing to care about. The proceedings of Congress attract little attention, and are very briefly reported. People don't talk about politics as they do in this country. Last autumn, during a stay of four months in America, in which I had constant opportunities of mixing with all sorts of people, I never heard a political subject mentioned unless when I had introduced it myself. In fact, it makes no difference to the ordinary American citizen how the Federal government is carried on, while as to foreign policy it is happily unnecessary to have any. As a distinguished American thinker once said to me, government in America is a mere survival, a relic of past times which has no longer

the importance it still possesses in the Old World. Indeed he went so far as to call it a scab on the body politic, which may in time disappear.

To state fully the causes of this difference would require many pages, so I will only glance at a few of them. There is, first, the fact that there are now really no great questions to engage men's sympathy and exercise their reason. There is, secondly, the superior attraction which the development of the material resources of America has for its people, the progress of colonization, the making and working of railroads, the founding of new industries; all these are more important to their eyes than to those of any European nation, and cover more of their horizon. Then it must be remembered that government is in America divided between the central or Federal, and local or State authorities. Of these two, the former is the more dignified, and in a sense the more important, because it affects the whole republic; but it touches the citizen infinitely less than the central government does in England, because it has nothing to do with direct taxation and very little with legislation, both these matters belonging to the several States. A good deal of the want of interest which educated Americans show in their government appears due to a separation of politics into two divisions, neither of which covers the whole ground. State politics seem too local, restricted, or, as we should say, municipal, to demand the services of a first-rate man. On the other hand, Federal politics are too remote, and do not include one of the departments most interesting to a jurist or philanthropist, that of the reforms in the civil law or local administrative system. It must further be remembered that there is altogether less government, less interference by the State in America, and for the matter of that in our colonies also, than in England. The idea that things ought to be left to themselves, that private enterprise is the safest agency for promoting objects of common utility, is more largely embraced and applied there than here. It is sometimes carried to an extent which a faithful adherent of *laissez-faire* doctrines recoils from. Railroad companies, for instance, and other powerful corporations are subjected to far less control than with us, and sometimes tyrannize over the districts they traverse. There are all sorts of objects which people in England propose to effect by legislation, which in America are assumed to



be left to the benevolence of some voluntary society. And, of course, there are fewer ancient rules or institutions which need to be legislated for in order to adapt them to the necessities of modern times. Lastly, the immense area of the country places its political life under conditions totally different from those of the European States. Although the telegraph informs every village next morning of what has happened at Washington the afternoon before, Washington is not, and never can be, what London is to England or Paris to France. Its life is a purely political life, dissociated from that of the great commercial and literary centres. Statesmen who reside in it are personally known only there and at their own homes. They cannot make themselves known over the rest of the Union. A French or English statesman may in the course of a twenty years' career have visited all the great towns in France or England, and made himself a man of flesh and blood in every part of his country. And in small countries like France and England people are constantly reviving their own interest in politics and that of their friends by visits to headquarters. The chairmen of local Liberal and Conservative associations, who come up to London and are taken into the gallery of the House of Commons by the county or borough member, acquire and carry back with them a personal interest in political struggles and a sense of their dramatic aspects which no American can feel who lives in Maine or Minnesota, not to say on the Pacific coast. True, the professional politician, wherever he lives in America, is at least as much interested in politics as any one in England, for politics affect his livelihood, a professional politician being either an office-holder or an office-seeker. But I am speaking of the ordinary intelligent citizen, and he, just because there is a class of professional politicians, cares less about politics, and has less to do with them than a man of the same position and education would do in England. For these among other reasons politics mean less and politicians count for less in the United States than in any European country. Their merits are less beneficial, their faults less mischievous, their whole sphere of action more restricted and less regarded than in England. Instead of being drawn from the highest class, socially and intellectually, and being a sample of what is best in the country, politicians are largely composed of persons of scanty education,

small means, and average abilities. Their occupation, the practice of what is called politics in the United States, does not, or need not, for the reasons already stated, involve any study or even any dealing with that large round of difficult questions which employs the politicians of European countries. A great many, especially in the cities, and in the eastern and central States generally, are lawyers, and the lawyers (there is in America no distinction between barristers and attorneys) are the representatives of a profession no less valuable and influential than in England. But it is not generally the more eminent lawyers who take to politics; it is often the small practitioner in a small town who, when his business does not prosper, becomes an office-seeker. One does not like to make general statements, because they are apt to be misunderstood; and I know many politicians in America who are men of the highest character, as well as the highest ability. But if a general statement has to be made, it must be that the politicians reflect public capacity and thought not of the best but of the mediocre sort. And as the practice of politics does not require, or produce, any familiarity with those large questions which the members of European legislatures have to face, it is not in itself educative. Besides, it is exposed to many temptations. The president of a small Western university one day showed me a list he had made out of the employments to which his graduates had betaken themselves during the last seven years. When he had given the numbers of those who had become doctors, schoolmasters, and so forth, I asked, "And how many have gone into politics?" "I am glad to say, only five," was his answer, given without any idea of a joke. This is the ordinary sentiment of the educated American towards the local politicians, and it is of course from their ranks mainly that the Federal politicians are taken. Socially and economically regarded, the politicians are an unimportant element in society over the Union at large. It is, therefore, a capital error to compare them with the politicians of any European country, or to suppose that their defects are an index of a decline in honor, morality, or patriotism among the people at large. And it is scarcely less an error to attribute those defects to what is vaguely called democracy.

However our English alarmist returns to the charge. "Admitting the truth of



your statements," he replies, "see what they involve. You grant that the best men of the country seldom go into politics. Is this not a serious misfortune? Does it not leave the field open to bad men? Even supposing the State legislatures to correspond (though the area of their power is so vastly larger) to the municipal councils of our great towns or to the county boards which we are promised shortly, is it not important that capable and upright men should form these legislatures? Is it not the duty of a good citizen to serve his neighbors and his country by entering them, as many good citizens in England serve on local bodies? Must there not be something seriously wrong if good citizens hold aloof? And must not grave evils sooner or later follow from leaving the reins of government, local and still more Federal government, in the hands of persons many of whom are unworthy of trust?"

That there is force in such reflections the Americans are themselves the first to admit. For years past the best organs of public opinion in the United States have been preaching their duty to good citizens, calling on them not only to go to the polls, but to see that worthy candidates are run, and themselves come forward as candidates both for the local legislatures and for Congress. One must, therefore, answer the English critic not by denying that the present evils are serious in such great cities as New York and Philadelphia, nor that they may be serious over a wider area fifty years hence, when the pressure of population on the means of subsistence has increased, but by insisting that as regards the country at large they are incomparably less serious than they would be in Europe. Politics in America — and the same thing is true of Canada (whose condition is in many respects the same as that of her southern neighbors) — mean the distribution of offices; and the offices have so much less importance than in Europe that it matters far less who are the men that fill them. As regards the causes which keep the best men out of politics, I have only space to indicate one or two. Parliamentary life is less interesting and stimulating than in England, because it has fewer and less vital problems to deal with. Other careers, such as that of finance or railroad management, are relatively more attractive than they are here. There exists no large leisured class with a hereditary taste for politics, and almost a hereditary claim to high office. The immense area of the

American Union, and the fact that the political capital is a comparatively small city, diminishes the action of good society upon politics. No such centre exists, as in France or England, where a great merchant, or financier, or advocate, or journalist, or man of letters, can live and pursue politics along with his own profession. In fact he is in most cases forced to sacrifice his other avocations if he goes into Congress, since he cannot conduct his business from Washington.

All these causes taken together go a good way to explain the disinclination of the "best people" to enter political life. There is, however, one still more important, which deserves a paragraph or two to itself, because it brings us to consider the capital evil of American politics, and involves also the explanation of what is called rather absurdly — for the word has in America a different meaning — the caucus system. That system is a vicious one. But it has very little likeness to what is called the "Birmingham Caucus" in England, an institution which must be judged upon its own merits, and not by false analogies drawn from beyond the Atlantic.

The United States, in taking over a century ago English law and the English political system in its main features (such as the two chambers, and the vesting of executive power and the right of appointment to offices in a single head of the State), took over also that remarkable institution which we call government by party. As everybody knows, party government is not very old in England. It grew up under Charles II., before whose time the sovereign had himself chosen his ministers instead of having them forced on him by Parliament; and it became settled under Anne and George I. Its essence lies in the existence in a country of two sets of views and tendencies, which divide the nation into two sections, each section believing in its own views, and influenced by its peculiar tendencies and associations to deal in its own particular way with every new question as it comes up. The particular dogmas may change; doctrines once held by Whigs alone may now be held by Tories also; doctrines which Whigs would have rejected a century ago may now be part of the orthodox creed of the Liberal party. But the tendencies are permanent, and have always so worked upon the several new great questions and problems which have during the last two centuries presented themselves, that each party has had not only a



concrete life in its members, but an intellectual and moral life in its principles. Even when its leaders have been least worthy and their aims least pure, it has felt itself ennobled and inspirited by the sense that it had great objects to fight for, a history and traditions which imposed upon it the duty of carrying on the contest for its distinctive principles. It is because practical questions have never been lacking which brought these respective principles into play, forcing the one party to maintain the cause of order and authority, the other that of progress and freedom, that our two great parties have not degenerated into mere factions. Their struggles for office have been redeemed from selfishness by the feeling that office was a means of giving effect to those principles in practice.

But if the principles which called a party into being have ceased to exist, if its characteristic doctrines have no longer any bearing on the present state of things, or, in other words, if there are no questions to which those principles can be applied so that the one party will naturally, in pursuance of its hereditary tendency, propose one solution and the other party another, what becomes of the party? Clearly it ought to die. Its function is exhausted. It has no longer an intellectual and moral *raison d'être*. The soul is gone; so the life ought to expire and the body be buried. But parties are seldom content so to die. They live on and fight as fiercely as ever, as did the Guelfs and Ghibellines long after the power of the emperor had vanished, and that of the pope had ceased to oppose it. Suppose that in England all the questions which divide Whigs from Tories were suddenly settled. We should be in a difficulty. Our free constitution has been so long worked by the action and reaction of Ministerialists and Opposition that, for a time at least, there would probably continue to be two parties. But they would no longer be Whigs and Tories; they would be merely Ins and Outs. Their combats would be waged not even nominally for principles, but for place. For the government of the country, with the honor, power, and emoluments attached to it, would still remain as a prize to be contended for; and not only the leaders, but those who expected something from the leaders, would continue to register voters, and form political clubs, and fight elections just as they do now. The difference would be that there would no longer be great and noble principles to appeal to,

so that men quiet or fastidious, or otherwise occupied, would not join in the struggle, while those who did would no longer feel stimulated by the sense that they were battling for something ideal, something which involved the welfare of their country. Loyalty to a leader whom it was sought to make prime minister would be a poor substitute, and not a safe substitute, for loyalty to a faith. If there were no conspicuous leader, the only motive left would be party spirit, and a desire that one's friends should have the good things. Something like this has happened in America. Since the resettlement of the Southern States after the civil war there have been no questions dividing the old great parties (such questions as do exist, the tariff and civil service reform, are questions on which Democrats and Republicans have not taken sides). The old principles which made the parties have been worked out, and the parties, having no longer any distinctive programme to carry out, might with advantage have been dissolved. But the government of the country has to be carried on, and therefore the parties must be kept alive for that purpose. They have, therefore, become mere Ins and Outs; and it cannot be expected that the best citizens should feel the same desire to join in a combat of office-seekers as men in France or in England, where the interests of religion or freedom are held to be at stake. This state of matters exists in Canada also — indeed in most of our self-governing colonies — and the results are similar to those in the American republic.

But here comes in another feature, peculiar to the United States. All administrative Federal offices, from the top to the bottom, from the presidency down to a postmastership in a Western village, or the keeping of a lighthouse on the Pacific coast, are party offices, held at the pleasure of the executive. Custom as well as law allows the holder to be dismissed at any moment without cause; and custom prescribes that he shall be dismissed whenever the party opposed to his own comes into power. The new administration is not only permitted but bound to reward its supporters by putting them into the offices whence those of the losing party have been expelled. This is what is called the spoils system, from the famous phrase of President Jackson, "The spoils belong to the victors." Its most immediate evil result is to injure the civil service of the country by



discouraging able and steady men from entering it, since they can have no security that they will keep their places, and by making the nation lose the benefit of such skill as its employés have acquired by practice, since the most devoted and experienced official may be turned out at short notice for no fault of his own, but merely because the place is wanted for some importunate applicant. There is, however, another consequence less obvious to the English reader. It creates a large class of persons who have a direct personal interest in political warfare. The absence of great public questions may make the ordinary citizen indifferent to the triumph of one or other party. But the private and selfish interest of every man who holds a salaried place, or who desires to get one, raises up a set of people full of zeal for their party, eagerly and restlessly active in promoting its triumph by every means in their power. It is they who work politics, or, to use the transatlantic expression, "run the machine." To these men the success of their party means their own livelihood, and the opportunity of providing for their relatives and friends; and although the posts are not highly paid, the income is a fair one for persons who themselves mostly belong to the poorer class. If Federal offices alone were involved, the number of places to be had would be too small to make the office-seeking class a large one. But in every State and every city the two great parties exist, and possess a complete organization. Every State and every city has a large number of salaried offices whose occupants are changed according as the one party or the other is in the majority. Some of these offices are elective, and the party runs its candidates for them. To this category there unfortunately belong, in most States, the judgeships. Other offices lie in the gift of the governor or the mayor, as the case may be, but to these he is expected to appoint adherents of the party to which he belongs, which has put him in power, and in whose hand his own fortunes lie. Besides, the membership of Congress or of a State Legislature is itself also a salaried place, not indeed lucrative, yet to many people quite worth having. The party organization of course looks after all elections and all appointment to State offices and local offices as well as to Federal offices. And as elections are frequent, members of the Federal House of Representatives being chosen every two years, and there being many other

elections for the State offices and municipal offices, the machine is not allowed to rust. It is kept constantly going, it needs the attention and occupies the energies of a tolerably large number of persons. They are of course the persons to whom it means place, profit, and power. Hence in every district the office-holders are the Ministerialists, who keep the party together, conduct the registrations, bring out the candidates, get up and address the public meetings, work the elections, and (in extreme cases) falsify the polling-books. The office-seekers, who can only get in themselves by turning out the present occupants, are the Opposition, and perform similar work for their own side, though of course under the disadvantage of not having the control of the election machinery. If they had only one set of places to look to, the Federal offices, or the State offices, or the local offices, they might be disheartened by repeated failures — such as the Democratic party has had to suffer since the first election of President Lincoln in 1860. But as there are two other sets of places to stimulate their desires and reward their efforts, there is no danger of apathy. A beaten party comes up fresh to the fight every time, and generally before long gets hold of one set at least of the coveted emoluments. So distinctly is the duty of the civil service to work for their own side recognized, that the party managers sometimes impose a sort of tax, informally of course and secretly, upon their officials, who have then to contribute a percentage of their salaries towards the party fund, out of which the expenses of canvassing and electioneering are defrayed.

"Is then," it will be asked, "the business of electioneering left to these personally interested politicians? Do other citizens, those active, keen, bright Americans of whom we hear so much, not take part in it, if for no other reason, yet at least to see that the affairs of the community are entrusted to competent hands? It is easy to see why office-holders and office-seekers should exert themselves; less easy to understand why other people do not join, do not keep such an important matter from falling into these professional hands? Why do not public-spirited men, whose motives are above suspicion, become candidates for the various offices and for the membership of the legislatures? They would naturally be preferred by their fellow-citizens."

Party organization has been brought to a rare perfection in America. Nothing



can be fairer in theory, nothing more conformable to the principles of self-government. The unit is a small local area—in a city one of the wards. The voters belonging to the party in this local area are convoked to a meeting for the purpose of choosing their delegates to the convention of the larger local area in which these wards are included. This meeting is called a primary, and the delegates whom it chooses are a species of ward committee for the ward. Together with the delegates from all the other wards, they form the convention for the district. Either directly or through other delegates whom they in turn choose to proceed to a higher convention, they select the candidates for office. The details of the system are complex: it may be enough to note that the highest of all party assemblies is that which meets once in every four years to choose the party candidate for the presidency of the United States. This council is called the National Nominating Convention; and the similar bodies which meet to choose in each state the candidates for its chief offices are called State Conventions. The main duty of every convention is to choose the party candidates, both for the elective offices and for the membership of the State legislatures and of Congress (as the case may be), the object of course being to secure that the undivided vote of the party shall be cast for the candidates who are most likely to succeed, because most in favor with the party as a whole. And the system seems excellently calculated to attain this end, because it is the rank and file of the party, in their several primaries, who choose the delegates, and these delegates who in turn choose those with whom the selection of candidates rests. The people have every opportunity of expressing their will, and it is their own fault if they do not get the best candidates. Clearly the primary is the key of the whole. Everything depends on the delegates it chooses, for once chosen, they can bring out any candidate they like. He is, through their nomination, the candidate of the party, who has a claim on the votes of the party, even of those who would not have themselves chosen him. The duty, therefore, of every good citizen who desires the best candidates is to go to the party primary of the ward or district he belongs to, and there give his vote for delegates he can trust. But unfortunately the good citizen often does not care enough about the matter. He has an engagement to

dinner, or it is a wet night, or he forgets all about the meeting. The professional politician, however, does not forget. He goes, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he has it all his own way. He has usually a number of acquaintances whom he takes with him (the men whom, in American phrase, he "owns"), so that the primary may consist almost entirely of the professionals and their creatures. In such cases the business is despatched quickly and easily. A list of delegates, which has of course been prepared beforehand by the leading professionals, is proposed to the meeting and carried without a division. These delegates are the professionals themselves, or persons on whom they can rely. The meeting is then dissolved; and in a day or two, when all the primaries are over, the Republicans or Democrats (as the case may be) of the city learn that they have left themselves in the hands of this clique, who have settled the whole thing in secret conclave, and merely gone through the form of obtaining a popular sanction. Sometimes, however, things do not proceed so smoothly. If the local party managers have abused their power by putting into office bad men, who have wasted or misappropriated the city revenues, the better citizens now and then combine to attend, and if possible to "capture" the primaries. They come in large numbers, and when the managers' list of delegates is submitted, they oppose it and propose another list of their own. A struggle follows. The chairman, who is usually in the confidence of the managers, probably tries to rule the speakers of the independent section out of order, and may sometimes go so far as to declare the list of his own friends carried when it has not been so, or even to dissolve the meeting rather than accept a defeat. Possibly, but rarely, the independents succeed in getting their delegates chosen. Generally the victory remains in one way or another with the professional clique. And it must be understood that such a contest is altogether an uncommon occurrence, only to be looked for in places where the ruling party has grossly abused its power and driven the better sort of citizens to exert themselves for the protection of the community. This has happened only in a few of the great cities, and most conspicuously in New York, a place so exceptional, owing to its vast population of poor and ignorant people, mostly recent immigrants from Europe, that it must not be taken as a type of



American city politics. The more usual way of resisting the domination of the party managers is for good citizens, after meetings and combinations among themselves, either to abstain from voting, or to vote for the candidates of the opposite party, or to bring out a rival set of candidates of their own party, and run these both against the opposite party and against what may be called the authorized list of their own party managers. This is called, in the technical language of politics, "bolting," and is sometimes resorted to by moderate and patriotic men of both parties. In Philadelphia, a city which has groaned under the tyranny of its "ring" as long as New York, it was successfully employed a year ago to put several trustworthy men into office. But in general these tactics, when used by an independent section in either party, result in the victory of the opposite party, because the parties are so nearly balanced that any serious defection from one gives the other the majority. The immediate gain may not be great, because the candidates of the other party are probably men of the same kind as those whom the independents refused to accept from their own clique. But the warning given to the ring against which the independents have revolted is not lost. They are made to feel that they have gone too far, and are disposed next time to bring forward better candidates, and so endeavor to win back the "bolters" to their former party allegiance. Thus the evil is by no means without a remedy. Only that remedy is not, as one might have expected, found to be most easily applied by an attack on the primaries.

Through the last few pages I have been describing extreme cases. It must not be supposed that over the length and breadth of the Union, in the rural districts and in the smaller cities, these evils prevail. They are confined to some few great cities, such as those of the Atlantic coast. Only there does one find full-grown rings, only there have the better citizens been driven to organize themselves against the tyranny of bad men, perverting a system which was intended to be truly popular and representative. The management of the affairs of the ordinary towns and cities may not be the best possible — neither is that of our own municipalities — but it is, taking one place with another, tolerably honest and competent, as good as can be looked for in such a world as the present. I have dealt with the extreme cases because it is from

those extreme cases that English assailants of American institutions have drawn their examples, and in particular their illustrations of the working of what they call the caucus system; and have, therefore, sketched that system as it exists in New York, the darkest instance that can be adduced.

The so-called Birmingham Caucus is supposed to be a copy of this American original, and to be likely to reproduce its faults. The different scheme of our English Constitution prevents it from being carried out with the same completeness; it exists here, therefore, only in two grades, viz. the ward meeting (the American primary) and the council for the whole constituency, the eight hundred or four hundred, or so forth, corresponding to the American nominating district convention of delegates from the several primaries. The essence of the plan lies in its creating a representative committee for each constituency, to which the members of the party in that constituency delegate the function of selecting candidates for Parliament. It has no other function but that of organizing the party in the locality, and enabling it, to prevent those divisions, and consequent defeats, which arose from the appearance at elections of more candidates than there were seats for, each alleging that he was the favorite of the party. There were no means, except the rarely available one of a test ballot, of ascertaining which candidate the party really preferred; and this method was therefore invented of giving the majority of the party the means of protecting itself by saying beforehand whom it wished to support. It was the alternative to two methods, both of which had proved bad — nomination by an irresponsible and self-elected clique and the distraction of the party between a number of competitors, some of whom might be plainly out of the running, yet able to ruin the others and so give the victory to the other side.

I am not here concerned either to defend or attack the Birmingham system. My only personal experience of it has been so far unpleasing, that having been once a delegate from the primary of the ward I reside in, I was turned out when the primaries were captured by an inroad of persons belonging to another section of the party; we who fancied ourselves the "good citizens" having been culpably absent from our primary on the night of meeting. This instance taught us one of the weak points of the plan; and the Lon-



don boroughs (in only two of which, so far as I know, does it exist) are obviously not the best places to try it in. However, I am not going to examine its working in England, but only the pertinence of arguments drawn from its working in America.

Two charges are brought against it. One is that it will destroy the independence of members of Parliament by subjecting them to the dictation of a local committee. This is an objection never taken, a result never complained of, in the United States. The councils or conventions of delegates do not control members of Congress, not so much because they might not wish to do so if it were necessary, as because it is not necessary. The bonds of party allegiance are already so tight, it is so well understood that a member of Congress must vote with his party, that no local pressure is needed. This is due to the fact that, as already explained, politicians are largely professionals who must stick to their party for the sake of their prospects in life. The existence of a tight party organization is another symptom, so to speak, of the same tendency, but it is not the cause of this want of personal independence. The phenomena of American politics are here too dissimilar from those of England to make a comparison instructive. Any one who has watched large English constituencies will think the fear of a member being enslaved by his local political committee chimerical. There are, of course, members whose real sentiments differ somewhat from those they have expressed at their election, or whose original provincial opinions have been affected by the social influences, or perhaps by other more purely personal influences to which they are exposed in the capital. It may be occasionally irksome to these members to be reminded by the committee of their local association of what the party there expects from them. In such a case the committee is likely to be right and the member wrong. But a member whose conduct is straightforward and consistent, who tells his constituents candidly what he thinks, and who is not reasonably suspected of concealment or sinister motives, will have more power over them than any committee or other caucus, and need not bow to its dictation. English constituencies are sometimes fickle, like all bodies of men. But they hate dictation. They may be trusted to support a member against a committee, and will not long put up even with their own delegates should they show a tyrannical spirit. Those

who remember the political history of Lancashire during the years from 1850 to 1870, will admit that nothing so much weakened the Liberal party there as the idea (well or ill founded I need not inquire) that it was governed by a clique in Manchester representing the old Anti-Corn-law League. Since that idea has vanished the party has recovered its unity and vigor.

The other charge against the Birmingham system is that by vesting the power of selecting a candidate in the hands of a body of delegates, it limits the range of candidates, prevents good men from coming forward who would otherwise have offered themselves, and throws the conduct of the party into the hands of small knots of men who will use it in a narrow, grasping, selfish spirit, who will push forward their own friends only, and insist on a servile conformity with the programme of their school. Here, it may be said, American experience is in point. The rings, with their control over the delegates and their manipulations of the primaries so as to get just such delegates as they want, are a specimen of what, with a little practice, we shall come to in England.

This would be so but for three profound differences between the American political system and our own. The first lies in the great number of salaried officers (including memberships) given away by popular election. Hence it is worth while to have a complete machinery for the purpose of gaining these offices, whereas in England we have very few such places of emolument, promotion lying not with the people, but with some minister or some administrative body, and members of the legislature receiving no payment. The second lies in the fact that elections are very frequent. As the former cause made the machine so elaborate, this cause makes it so smooth, easy, and efficient in its working. It is kept constantly going. It is a mill to which grist is never lacking, because these numerous short-term offices and memberships are constantly becoming vacant; fresh elections are required; candidates have again to be brought out; the steam is always up, and the wheels always turning. But in England the eight hundred exists only for the purpose of choosing a candidate for Parliament, and this function it has to exercise only once (on an average) in five years, perhaps less frequently if the old members continue popular and offer themselves afresh. This eight hundred, in



its executive committee, may be called together from time to time to pass resolutions condemning or approving the conduct of government, and calling on the representatives of the people to vote this way or that. But that is a harmless proceeding, very different from the kind of work which occupies an American assemblage of nominating delegates. Between a body whose function it is at intervals of several years to select candidates for an unpaid honor, and one which is always choosing them for a great variety of salaried places, there is surely all the difference in the world. The latter must have a power and significance in the country, an influence over the people, which the former cannot have. The third and last point of difference is quite the most important. My readers will have anticipated it. In America there is a class of persons eagerly interested in working the machine, because their livelihood depends on it, viz., the civil service actual and potential, the office-holders and the office-seekers. Whereas in England the civil service, consisting of permanent officials who are appointed by examination without reference to party, and hold office for life (if they properly perform their duties), has no personal interest whatever in politics or political agitation. What can make the contrast stronger than the fact that while in America the civil service have actually been taxed by their superiors for the support of the party funds, and are understood to be the people chiefly bound to look to the party organization, in England a wise custom forbids members of the civil service to take part in political meetings or canvas at elections? It is notorious that the sentiment of the official classes, and particularly of their upper ranks, is often opposed to the government in power. Thus in the United States there is not only a powerful machine, but plenty of people who are led to work it for their own selfish purposes by their own selfish motives. But in England no similar class exists. The men who summon our primaries and are chosen delegates and influence the councils of eight hundred, have nothing to gain by their activity, beyond, indeed, that amount of local notoriety and power which any kind of prominence secures. They are inspired, except so far as mere vanity may move them, by zeal for the principles of their party or attachment to its leaders, not one in a hundred having anything to gain by the completest party victory. In

days of political peace and dulness these feelings languish, whereas in America the time when there are fervent questions to excite the whole community is just that at which the professional politician has to work hardest to get his voters together, and by their means secure the spoils for himself. It, therefore, appears that the machine which is dangerous in America because there is so much for it to do and so many persons interested in working it, has in England neither the interests nor the persons, and may therefore be, so far as the example of America goes (for it is only with that example that we are here concerned), a perfectly harmless and indeed beneficial institution.

This would be less clearly the case if the sphere of the Birmingham system were to be extended far beyond its present function of choosing Parliamentary candidates and occasionally meeting to discuss current topics. Were all municipal elections, for instance, and those of school boards and poor-law guardians to be brought within its scope, it would be a more potent, because a more frequently active, factor in our politics. I am myself one of those who regret the tendency, equally visible in both of our great parties, to drag all popular elections into the sphere of party politics and fight them on party lines, and who heartily hope that the temptation to win a momentary advantage by such means will be resisted. But, even if the authors of the Birmingham system had gone farther in this direction than they have yet done, their creation would remain a totally different thing from that American spectre with which we are threatened.

It would be wrong to leave the subject of the American civil service without reminding English readers that there have been during the last few years very earnest and continued efforts made for its reform and for the total abolition of the "spoils system." A European observer does not, when he first lands, fully appreciate the importance of the question, for it seems to him to concern only the efficiency of the officials. After a time he perceives that the wisest Americans are right in looking upon it as the source of some of the gravest defects in their government, and he learns to admire the disinterested zeal with which so many of the best men in the country are laboring to prove to the bulk of the people the necessity of letting appointments be made by merit, not by political favor, and for life or good behavior. They urge not



merely that the work of the nation will be better done, but that the class of professional politicians will be almost extinguished, and a higher and purer tone given to political life altogether. The American people is so large, so busy, so hopeful, and on the whole so justly contented with the prosperity which it enjoys, that it takes some time to convince it of the necessity and value of this reform, which the professional politicians of both parties, not venturing on open opposition, are trying to evade by minimizing the issues involved. But a steady progress is being made; Civil Service Reform Associations have been formed all over the Eastern States; lectures are constantly given on the subject and discussions raised both in Congress and in the press. Opinion in such a nation is not easily moved on a comparatively new question, but when moved it is irresistible, and the hour of success seems to be no longer distant.

This is an instance of a phenomenon in American life which I may not have sufficiently dwelt on. The higher politics of the country are not, like the lower, left mainly to the professional politicians. There is always a large number of able and thoughtful men, who take no part in electioneering and hold no office, who are engaged in discussing matters of principle and enlightening their fellow-citizens upon them. There is thus formed a body of quiet and sober opinion which holds back the Congress or the persons in power from doing any serious mischief, and which, when things grow really serious, steps in to seize the helm. In 1871 New York was suddenly rescued, by the action of a few public-spirited men who had previously been "outside politics," supported by the bulk of the respectable citizens, from the fangs of the Tammany ring. Three years ago San Francisco was in like manner delivered from a similar gang. Everybody knows that this can be done again if a like emergency should arise, and everybody has, therefore, been comparatively indifferent, perhaps too indifferent, to the defects in the working of the ordinary machinery. But the indifference diminishes, and the number of able and earnest men who enter public life, especially as candidates for local offices, increases every year. The professionals strain every nerve to keep them out, and this is one of the main causes why they are still so few; but the mass of good citizens are less and less obedient to party dictation, more and more disposed

to give their support to independent candidates.

Throughout the foregoing remarks I have intentionally described the worst aspects of American politics, and taken my facts from those great Atlantic cities where the crowd of ignorant immigrants has put democratic institutions to the severest strain. It has been necessary to do so, because it is from these cities that English critics of the United States have drawn their illustrations and their warnings; and my object has been to show that even taking such institutions, — and particularly the caucus system, — where they are at their worst, the differences from England are so great that no inference directly applicable to ourselves can be drawn. America does indeed suggest considerations of practical value to Englishmen and Frenchmen and to all free countries. She bids us maintain the present arrangements of our civil service; she impresses upon all citizens the duty of interesting themselves in public affairs; she dissuades us from multiplying popular elections, or handing over to them such posts as judgeships; she reminds us that the spirit of party must not be suffered to extend its influence too widely and seize upon all elective bodies. But these, except perhaps the last, are not the rocks towards which we in England seem to be drifting.

If this article had been a sketch of American politics as a whole, there would have been many other matters to enlarge on. Some defects in the Constitution and in the mode of working it must have been pointed out; many merits would also have been set forth; and it would have been shown how even the faults are largely due to transitory influences, which may disappear when education tells upon the new and still incompetent citizens whom a too indulgent system admits at once to electoral power. I should have observed that the professional politicians, so often referred to above, are far less harmful through the country generally than in the populous maritime cities; that in many parts of the interior they scarcely exist, and that even where they do, personal corruption is rare among them. The scandals of New York have done great injustice to the fair fame of local government in general. Taking the American political system as a whole, the shadows, regrettable as they are, are less conspicuous than the lights. If it is to be judged by its tendency to promote the welfare and security of the individual citi-



zen and give free scope to his exertions, a dispassionate observer will pronounce it superior to those of France, or Germany, or Italy, and will perceive that it has solved some problems which we in England have still to solve.

JAMES BRYCE.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
NO NEW THING.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

#### PHILIP IN A NEW PART.

IF Mrs. Winnington and her youngest daughter had a disagreeable walk home, owing to the absolute lack of any sympathy between them, the couple who preceded them across the wet grass and through the chilly mists of the autumn evening were in no such evil case, and found mutual solace for the troubles of life in one another's companionship. Philip was still in a downcast and chastened frame of mind, and at such times he commonly felt as though Margaret were the only true friend he had in the world; while she, perceiving his low spirits, and naturally connecting them with Tom Stanniforth's rather conspicuous attentions to Nellie, was half sorry that he should be in trouble, half glad that it should be the means of moving him towards a more than usually demonstrative affection for herself. The best love of the best women has always something of a maternal character, and everybody knows that a son can pay no greater compliment to his mother than to make her the recipient of his confidence, whether spoken or unspoken. Margaret did not attempt any specific kind of consolation, being too much in dread of appearing intrusive for that; but she let her boy know, in a general way, that all his emotions, pleasurable and otherwise, were shared by her, and she further soothed him with such delicate forms of flattery as are conveyed for the most part by inference.

This process was so far successful that it had the effect of warming up Philip's self-esteem, which had fallen below freezing-point; and it was but natural that gratitude to so perceptive a benefactress should make him wish to do or say something that should be agreeable to her. So presently he came out with, —

"Meg, I think I was in rather too great a hurry to decide on cutting the bar. I don't in the least believe, you know, that

I shall ever do any good as a lawyer; still, as I have put my hand to the plough, I might as well perhaps go on to the end of the first furrow, and if my being called was of no other use, at least it would please you, wouldn't it?"

"Of course it would please me," cried Margaret; "I can't tell you how much it would please me. You know I wouldn't for the world urge you to take up any profession that you disliked; but the fact of being called to the bar would not commit you to anything, and it might perhaps lead to some appointment that might suit you. And then — you don't mind people saying disagreeable things about you, I dare say."

"Not in the least, so long as I don't hear them."

"But I am weak-minded enough to be made unhappy by them. And you see, I do hear them; I can't help it. You don't know what a satisfaction it will be to me to be able to tell one or two solicitous friends that you have no intention of leading an idle life."

"Poor old Meg!" said Philip with generous compassion for this womanly weakness. "All right, then; that's settled. In two years' time you shall have a photograph of me in my wig and gown with which to confound the sceptical, and in the mean time I shall keep my eyes open, and try to discover some less objectionable way of earning my bread and butter."

Margaret thanked him so warmly that he really felt for the moment that he was performing an act of self-sacrifice, and could not find it in his heart to inform her of his actual projects, as he had been very nearly doing five minutes before. Why vex her needlessly? he thought. It was not to be expected that she would relish the idea of seeing him behind the footlights of the opera; and it was so pleasant to be patted on the back and told what a good, kind fellow he was. He began to think that he *was* rather good and kind — quite as much so, at all events, as circumstances would allow him to be; and, by way of showing how thoroughly in earnest he was, he declared that he would go up to London and "set to work" no later than the very next morning.

Margaret was a little taken aback by this precipitancy; the more so as she recollected that the Michaelmas term did not begin until the month of November. But that circumstance need not stand in the way of private study, she reflected, and perhaps it was best to strike while



the iron was hot. One thing, however, she felt impelled to say:—

"I hope, dear, you are not hurrying away for any particular reason."

"Particular reason?" repeated Philip; and it was well that the darkness hid his alarmed face.

"I mean, you mustn't jump to conclusions. Tom Stanniforth is the Brunes' guest, you see, and they must be civil to him. I suspect that, if the truth were known, you would find that Nellie is very anxious for his visit to come to an end."

Philip burst into a great laugh of relief. "So you thought I was going off in a fit of jealousy! Now, Meg, I do think you might have known me better. Am I ever jealous? Do I ever covet my neighbor's house, or his wife, or his ox, or his ass, or anything that is his? There is only one person in the world about whom I have ever felt jealous, and that is yourself. There used to be a time when I was horribly afraid that you would end by marrying the trusty Kenyon."

"Then," said Margaret, who now, in her turn, had reason to be grateful to the darkness—"we are quits; for you might have known me better than to think that of me."

Philip left Longbourne, the following morning, in a condition of comfortable self-approval, and no presentiment of the circumstances under which he was next to see the old place occurred to cast a gloom over his excellent spirits.

"Where shall I write to you?" Margaret asked, as he climbed into the dog-cart that was to take him to the station.

"Oh! the Club, as usual," he answered.

He had never been in the habit of giving any other address than this, and, since he had become the tenant of Coomassie Villa, had often blessed the lucky chance which had preserved him from a less cautious custom. Margaret knew that he sometimes went to an hotel, sometimes to rooms, and had not cared to ask for more precise information upon the subject.

Now although there was no particular reason of the kind that Mrs. Stanniforth had imagined to hasten Philip's departure, there was an approaching event which rendered his presence in London at this juncture, if not essential, at least desirable and becoming. On his arrival at Coomassie Villa he found Mrs. Webber (the Aunt Keziah to whom it may be remembered Mrs. Marescalchi had once made reference as the sole representative of her kith and kin) in temporary posses-

sion of the house, and exactly twenty-four hours later a very diminutive gentleman was added to the list of Fanny's near relations.

It seems possible that readers may not, up to the present point, have become greatly enamored of Philip Marescalchi, and perhaps—with a view towards raising him in the estimation of an important section of them—it may be well here to state that he proved himself a father of the most unexceptionable description. To the ordinary male mind an infant, both as regards its aspect and its habits, is a somewhat repulsive little creature. It has none of the soft prettinesses which belong to the young of the lower animals; it is both exacting and ungrateful; and the utter helplessness which is supposed to endear it in a special degree to one of its parents seldom arouses a corresponding sentiment in the breast of the other. Philip, however, was an exception to the general rule. From the first he manifested an immense interest in and affection for his baby, which was indeed an unobjectionable specimen of its kind, being neither red nor uproarious, but a tiny, waxen-faced thing which passed the best part of its days and nights in profound slumber. He purchased for it a cradle so lovely that Mrs. Webber threw up her hands in mingled admiration and dismay at the sight of it; and beside this expensive toy he would sit contentedly hour after hour, endeavoring by means of various expedients to attract the attention of its inmate, who would occasionally reward his efforts with a tipsy sort of smile.

Most ladies will be disposed to think that there must have been some good in a man who could so conduct himself; and it is possible that they may be right. Philip himself was a good deal puzzled and diverted by his own state of mind, and would often laugh gently at himself with that good-humored indulgence which was his normal attitude in moments of introspection. He had no idea of shaping any particular course in life for himself, or of steering by the light of any fixed principle or set of principles; he liked to let things happen to him, and to watch the results; and when these took unexpected forms, as they often did, he was interested, and sometimes greatly tickled. This experience of family life and paternity had for him the charm of novelty mingled with a certain spice of unreality. He never forgot that he could escape from it all whenever it might please him



to do so, and return to practical bachelorhood and the society of his equals, and in that knowledge lay, perhaps, the explanation of the fact that he was quite satisfied to remain where he was. And he was really fond of poor little Fanny, who was recovering very slowly, and upon whom feebleness and her newly acquired matronly dignity had exercised a softening and refining influence. After a time, when she was able to leave the house, Philip used to hire an open fly, and take her out for drives, through miry lanes and byways, into the country, where they were as secure from recognition as in the heart of central Africa, and where creeping mists, and falling leaves, and the pale light of watery sunsets affected her simple happiness with no chilly warning of change. Long afterwards Philip sometimes looked back upon those days with an aching feeling at his heart and a sigh over "circumstances," which he had always blamed, and always will blame, for the various misfortunes that have fallen to his lot.

Fanny's love and admiration for her husband knew no bounds. She was firmly convinced, and would frequently declare, that there was no one like him in the world — no one so kind, so unselfish, so uncomplaining. "And to think of him living like this, after what he's been accustomed to!" Fanny would exclaim, with tears in her eyes. In truth, Coomassie Villa, owing to the disorganized state of the household, was by no means a comfortable place of residence at this time; and if there had not been a good deal of amiability in Philip's composition, he would hardly have been able to tolerate Mrs. Webber, who had taken upon herself the functions of nurse, and who occasionally showed herself to be a very unpleasant old person indeed.

Mrs. Webber, unfortunately, was not an Oxfordshire rustic, who might have been overawed by Mr. Marescalchi's gentility, but a shrewd woman, London born and London bred, whose husband kept a public house in Islington, and whose views of life and humanity were of the coarser and more practical kind. She had never approved of Fanny's escapade, and did not disguise her opinion that her niece's husband was "a slippery one."

"When are you a-going to come forward, like a honest man, and let this poor child have his rights?" she asked, making a sudden descent upon Philip one afternoon when he was sitting alone in the dreary little drawing-room, and tossing

the baby with a series of violent upward jerks while she spoke. She was a tall, stout woman with sharp black eyes and grizzled corkscrew curls, and she put her question in a determined manner.

"His rights? Well, really, Mrs. Webber, I think that at the present moment he may fairly claim it as one of his rights that he should not be made sick, as he certainly will be, if you go on hurling him into the air as you are doing much longer. You can't mean to tell me that any human being, of however tender years, can *like* that mode of treatment."

"Don't you be imperent, young man. I haven't brought up ten children of my own, nor yet I haven't left my comfortable home and come here to do servant's work, for you to teach me what babies like and what they don't like."

"Mrs. Webber, I feel that we have acted most selfishly in keeping you so long. Let us lose no time in engaging a nurse and restoring you to your neglected family."

"Hah! make use of me so long as I'm wanted, and then show me the door — that's it, is it? But I'd have you to know, Philip, that I'm not one as can be treated that way. Are you a-going to do your dooty by my niece? Are you a-going to love, honor, and cherish her as your wife, and introduce her as such to your relations? For that is what you swore to do at the altar, mind you."

"It may be so; but I do not recollect that clause in the marriage service. In any case, the matter is one between Fanny and me, and highly as I respect you, Mrs. Webber, I don't intend to discuss it with you."

"There's two must give their word to that bargain," cried Mrs. Webber, with a defiant toss of her head and of the long-suffering baby. "Now, listen to me, Philip; I don't want to have no trouble; let's sit down and talk over things quiet, as between friends."

"Mrs. Webber, I am sorry to interrupt you, and it grieves me to say anything of a nature to hurt your feelings; but there is a trifling matter which I think it best to mention to you before we go any further. Twice within the last five minutes you have addressed me as 'Philip.' Don't do it again, please; I don't like it."

The effect of this mild remonstrance was very remarkable. Mrs. Webber sank down upon the nearest chair, dropped the baby upon her knees and began to cry.

"Never did I think to be so spoke to in



this house! Not to be allowed to call my own niece's husband by his name! Well, this *is* unkind!" she ejaculated between her sobs.

Philip was immensely delighted. He found himself the richer by a new experience, and mentally noted it down under the heading of "How to deal with the lower classes." Finding he was master of the situation, he proceeded, in accordance with the rules of war, to follow up his advantage and trample upon the fallen.

"My good woman, your intentions may be excellent; but you are meddling with matters which are too high for you. I may in time succeed in raising my wife to my own rank in society; but the process must be taken in hand slowly and delicately. As for her relations, I haven't married them, and it will be altogether out of the question, I am afraid, that we should receive them upon terms of intimacy."

This was rather overshooting the mark. Mrs. Webber raised her head and snorted wrathfully.

"Intimacy, indeed!" quoth she. "Wait till you are asked for your intimacy. I don't want it, nor never did. I want my niece's rights. I'm standing up for them as won't stand up for themselves."

But at this juncture Marescalchi junior intervened appositely with a long-repressed howl, and had to be carried upstairs.

Philip, left in possession of the field of battle, stretched out his legs, whistled, sighed, and made a dismal grimace. He was not afraid of Mrs. Webber's compromising his future in any very serious manner; but she certainly had it in her power to cause him much intermittent trouble and worry; and that was almost as bad. He could not help thinking how much better it would have been if he had married Nellie Brune, and how much — how very much better — if he had not married at all. Then he got up, shook himself, and walked away in the rain to his club, where, chancing to meet an acquaintance who was passing through town, he soon forgot all his sorrows in a game of pyramids.

In the month of October Herr Steinberger returned to London; and Philip lost no time in placing himself in the hands of that competent professor. Steinberger, this time, was complimentary, and more encouraging than he had been upon the occasion of Philip's first visit to him.

"You have a goot ear," he was pleased to say; "and the voice — well, the voice is goot too; but you have not learnt to get him out. What for you want to go upon the stage, eh? That is no business of mine, you say."

"I don't say so at all," answered Philip, laughing, "and I am quite willing to tell you. I want to make money."

"Ah — so! It is no caprice, then. To make money? — well, that might be. At concerts, yes; upon the stage — perhaps." He thought for a moment, and then said: "I will undertake you, if you choose; but only upon the condition that you work hardt, and that you sing not anywhere in public until I gif you leaf. When you break one of these rules I make you my bow and wish you goot morning. Is that agreedt?"

Philip consented willingly, and was then admitted as one of Herr Steinberger's pupils upon terms much more moderate than the great man was in the habit of exacting from fashionable amateurs. For several weeks the new pupil worked as hard as could have been desired, and, finding that he made perceptible progress, enjoyed his work thoroughly. For in art of all kinds it is not *le premier pas qui coûte*; it is the weary second and third steps, when enough has been learnt to show how many more must be taken before proficiency can be reached, that discourage the faint-hearted and the indolent. To Philip, who was of an essentially sanguine temperament, success seemed not only certain, but close at hand, and he was proportionately joyous.

At Coomassie Villa, too, things were going pleasantly and cheerfully at this time. Aunt Keziah had not yet returned to native Islington; it being essential, as she said, that she should remain for a week or so, in order to watch the proceedings of the nurse, to whom she had resigned the care of the precious baby; but she kept herself much in the background, called Philip "sir" when she spoke to him, and was to all appearance disposed to accept the situation in the spirit of a sensible woman. Philip was so much pleased by this change of demeanor, that on the day before that fixed for her departure, he went out and bought her a massive gold bracelet, which peace-offering she accepted with many expressions of humble gratitude. It presently appeared, however, that she had not yet said her last word.

"Before I bid you good-night, sir,"



said she, that same evening, "I should be glad to have an answer to the question I made so bold as to arst you three weeks ago."

"My dear Mrs. Webber, I thought I had given you an answer at the time."

"You'll excuse me, sir, but that is just what you did not do. And a answer I am respectfully determined for to have."

"Oh, Aunt Keziah, *please!*" pleaded Fanny, who was lying on the sofa, and who had become very pink during this speech.

"Now, my dear, don't you worrit yourself. I know my dooty, and your husband will see his, if it's put to him plain. For close upon a year I've held my tongue; but the time has come now for him to acknowledge you before the world, and I mean he shall do it too."

Philip shrugged his shoulders wearily. "My good Mrs. Webber, what is the use of your bothering me in this way? I told you before that I must decline to discuss the subject with you."

"Very well, sir; then you will drive me to take measures which it goes against me to take them. To-morrow I write to Mrs. Stanniforth, and I tell her the whole truth. I have her address, you see, sir," added Mrs. Webber, holding up an envelope which Philip recognized.

"Oho! so you've been reading my letters," said he.

"A speech which no gentleman would make," returned Mrs. Webber, with awful calmness. "No, sir; I have not read your letters, nor wouldn't so demean myself if it was ever so. But a henvelope is what all the world may look at." And indeed the envelope in question bore the words Longbourne, Crayminster, in sufficiently large capitals.

Philip had thought it wisest to shroud the whereabouts of his home in mystery, but, with his usual carelessness about matters of detail, had left clear evidence upon the subject on his dressing-table.

"I suppose you know," he remarked, "that there is nothing to prevent Mrs. Stanniforth from cutting me off with a shilling whenever she pleases."

"I don't think, sir," answered Mrs. Webber, smiling, "that she will do that."

"Well, no; candidly speaking, I don't think she will. She has a weakness for a certain worthless individual, and upon that you appear to have calculated. I may as well tell you, though, that between forgiving me and receiving my wife there is a vast difference. Mrs. Stanniforth,

you must know, has a mother who lives with her—an old lady of whom you remind me in many respects, Mrs. Webber. She is quite as stupid as you are, quite as obstinate, and thinks herself quite as sharp. As a bully, she beats you. Make her your enemy, and you might as well try to get Fanny into heaven as inside the doors of Longbourne, so long as she remains there; and she will remain there, I take it, until she dies. Now, Mrs. Webber, I'll be perfectly frank with you. Your writing to Mrs. Stanniforth, as you propose, would give me about as much pain as anything could do. Mrs. Stanniforth is in a good deal of trouble just now, owing to various things that have occurred—that very letter which you are stroking your nose with was written a few days ago to tell me about them—and if this blow comes upon her as an addition to them, I believe it will very nearly break her heart. That would distress me, and wouldn't do you an atom of good. You probably know enough of your sex to be aware that she would set you down as an interested old schemer, and Fanny, at best, as a willing instrument in your hands. I grant you that she and her mother will have to make the best of what they will consider a bad business in the long run; but, if you will let me manage things in my own way, they may eventually consent to take Fanny by the hand; whereas, if you precipitate matters, the chances are that they will refuse to hear her name mentioned, and will use their influence to get me into the Australian police, or something of that kind. Now you can do as you like."

"Maybe you are speaking the truth," said Mrs. Webber. "Lord knows whether you are or not; but what you say sounds like sense. I shan't interfere without you drive me to it," she continued, after taking counsel with herself for a minute or two; "but mind this: if ever you take it into your head to desert my niece——"

"Aunt Keziah," cried Fanny, starting up from her couch with her cheeks aflame, "I won't sit here and let you talk so! How can you say such wicked things! You don't understand my Philip one bit." And she threw her arms round her Philip's neck protectingly.

He disengaged himself gently, saying, "Lie down again, Fan, and don't agitate yourself. Imitate me: you see I am not agitated. Your Aunt Keziah takes a low view of human nature; which is to be regretted for everybody's sake, and espe-



cially for her own. Try, my dear Mrs. Webber, to rise to a higher moral level, and bear in mind that, as Fanny justly remarks, you don't understand me one bit. That thought may make you easier at times when you are inclined to suspect me of being a consummate villain. Besides, you have got the address, you know."

"Yes; I've got the address," said Mrs. Webber, slapping the pocket into which she had thrust Mrs. Stanniforth's envelope.

"So that you will always have it in your power to throw the fat in the fire. That reflection is likely to be a comfort to you. And now, as there seems to be nothing more to be said, suppose we have some of that mulled claret which you brew so admirably, and drink the baby's health."

Thus Philip glided lightly away from a peril which had frightened him more than might have been supposed from his manner of treating it.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### MRS. WINNINGTON RECEIVES A SHOCK.

DURING the weeks which Philip had spent agreeably in perfecting himself in the parts of husband, father, and vocalist, time had not stood still at Longbourne. The period, indeed, had been an unusually exciting one in the history of that small world, and had brought about rebellions, battles, conferences, and treaties, all of which must now be in due course recorded.

Mrs. Winnington, whom we left administering a well-deserved lecture to her youngest daughter, was so little relieved by that exercise, and so much put out by the various incidents of the afternoon, that her temper entered upon one of its worst and gloomiest phases; and even the sudden retirement of Marescalchi, which at ordinary times would have given her great satisfaction, drew nothing more from her than a passing expression of her utter disbelief in his purpose of working either at law or at anything else. Nor did she at all enjoy being left in a great, silent house, with no one to speak to except her two daughters, neither of whom happened to be a person with whom it was possible to pick a quarrel. From sheer lack of a more worthy antagonist, she fell foul of Mrs. Prosser upon some point of domestic economy, and was routed with great loss; after which, to

Margaret's infinite distress, she took to her bed for twenty-four hours, and sent for the doctor, who unfeelingly ordered her to get up forthwith and go out of doors.

Tom Stanniforth, as in duty bound, walked up, after a day or two, to call upon his sister-in-law; but, as ill-luck would have it, Mrs. Winnington and Edith had selected that very afternoon to pay a round of visits, and consequently missed him. The elder lady's disgust at this *contretemps* was not lessened by the news that Mr. Stanniforth had been persuaded to remain on a few days longer with the Brunes. She still persisted in declaring to herself, as well as to Margaret, that his visit, whether long or short, could have no very serious consequences; still, having nothing else to think about, she allowed herself to brood over the subject until it became a torment to her, and at last — being a woman to whom inaction was unbearable — she made up her mind to go over to Broom Leas and speak a few words "in a friendly way" to Mr. Brune. The words that had hitherto passed between her and that gentleman had not commonly been very friendly ones, nor was her feeling towards him of a very friendly nature; but that, as she pointed out to Margaret, who ventured upon a mild protest against her resolution, "was not the question." Accordingly, she requested the use of a carriage for the afternoon, and drove over to Broom Leas in state, not knowing very well, perhaps, what she was going to say when she got there, but feeling that at least it would be a satisfaction to her to be upon the spot.

That it is always well to be "upon the spot" was a maxim which had been frequently in Mrs. Winnington's mouth in the course of a very fairly successful career; and in truth it was doubtful whether, if she had not been so palpably and unflinchingly upon the spot, in Whitehall and elsewhere, at certain times, her sons would have got on as well in their several professions as they have done.

Mrs. Winnington was by way of being short-sighted; but her eyes were capable of doing a good stroke of work when any sudden demand was made upon them; and it so chanced that, as the victoria in which she was seated turned briskly in at the gates of Broom Leas, she distinctly saw a manly form which was familiar to her standing at the entrance of the farm-yard in close proximity to a small and girlish one which she also recognized



without difficulty. She saw more than this, for she saw that she was seen; and she saw worse, for she saw Mr. Stanforth, in the most barefaced manner, walk away and conceal himself behind an adjacent rick. Nellie came forward, and met her visitor at the front door.

"How do you do?" says Mrs. Winnington, alighting slowly, and favoring Miss Brune with a full view of the lowered eyelids and faint smile which with her were the outward and visible signs of an inward and heartfelt superiority. "Is your father anywhere about?"

"Impudent old woman!" thought Nellie; "what does she mean by speaking to me as if she had come to buy butter and eggs?" She said aloud, "Won't you come in, Mrs. Winnington? I don't know where my father is; but he went out with his gun some time ago, and I hardly expect him back before dark. Do you want to see him about anything in particular?"

"Oh, no," answered Mrs. Winnington; "nothing very particular. If he had been in, I should have liked to ask him whether he had heard anything about the 'Octopus' being ordered to the west-African station. You know my son has just been appointed to her as first lieutenant, and I understood that one of your brothers had also joined her lately."

"The west-African station!" exclaimed Nellie in consternation; "oh, I do hope not! No, I am sure we had heard nothing of the kind. When Harry wrote, he said they were to join the Channel fleet."

"Perhaps it is not true," said Mrs. Winnington, who had in fact invented this pretext for her call upon the spur of the moment; "there are always so many absurd rumors going about. As you have heard nothing, it probably is not true. No, I won't go in, thank you; but, since I am here, I will just take a turn round the garden with you, my dear, if you can spare me a few minutes. I should be rather glad of the opportunity of saying something to you which — which, in fact, I think you ought to be told."

Nellie opened her eyes rather wide. Never before had she been called "my dear" by Mrs. Winnington, and her imagination failed to suggest to her any clue to the significance of this portent.

"How neat and tidy your lawn always is!" said Mrs. Winnington graciously. "That is the advantage of a small garden. Now at Longbourne we find that it is next to impossible to keep the grounds in

decent order at this time of year. The mere sweeping up of the leaves takes three men all their time from morning to night."

"They must be three very lazy men," remarked Nellie, who knew as well as anybody how much could be accomplished in a fair day's work. She could not refrain from adding, "There is very nearly as much turf here as at Longbourne."

"You don't say so! Well, I'm sure your gardener deserves every credit. And I notice that you always manage to have a few flowers, too, to make the place look bright. But perhaps Mr. Brune takes an interest in flowers. One so often sees the garden quite neglected in houses where there is no mistress; and that is such a pity."

"There is a mistress in this house," said Nellie shortly.

"To be sure there is, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Winnington, patting her on the shoulder quite affectionately; "but she is a very young mistress, and not a very experienced one. I ought not, perhaps, to have used the word mistress; I was thinking rather of houses where there is no mother."

"As far as gardening goes, I don't see why there being no mother should make any great difference," observed Nellie. ("What in the world is she driving at? I hope she'll come to the point before I lose my temper and say something rude.")

Mrs. Winnington had her point quite clearly before her eyes, and, having executed these cumbrous preliminary circlings in the air, was now ready to swoop down upon it.

"As far as gardening goes!" she said. "But, unfortunately, there are many other ways in which the loss of a mother is an irreparable one." Nellie thought that, in the case of some people whom she knew, there might be considerations which would go far towards mitigating the bereavement alluded to; but she had the self-restraint to abstain from saying this: and Mrs. Winnington proceeded.

"I am so averse to anything that might have the appearance of meddling that I generally prefer to remain silent, even when I feel that a word in season might be of real service; but the question is whether that motive for silence is not really a wrong and selfish one — whether one ought not to think only of doing one's duty to one's neighbors — to point out to people when they make themselves ridiculous."



"As you would they should do unto you," put in Nellie, whose patience was fast ebbing away. "If you don't mind my telling you in what way you seem to me ridiculous, Mrs. Winnington, I can't object to letting you do as much for me."

"My dear, you must remember the difference in our ages. It would be hardly becoming in you to call me ridiculous, even if I were so; and that is just one of those things which a mother would enable you to see."

"I suppose it would be no use to try and stop you, Mrs. Winnington, but I may as well tell you beforehand that, so long as my father does not consider me ridiculous, I shall not trouble myself in the least about what you, or anybody else, may happen to think of me."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Winnington, "that is just the spirit in which I expected to be met. That is exactly the sort of speech which a motherless girl would be sure to make. You do not understand now, though you will understand some day, that no one can afford to fly in the face of society. In the present instance your father would naturally be the last man in the world to hear what people are saying about you."

"And what are people saying about me?" asked Nellie, stopping short and facing Mrs. Winnington, who, however, continued her slow progress across the lawn.

"Well, I must say that I blame your father a little; it is partly his fault. When one has a daughter of your age, one cannot be too particular, and he has been, to say the least of it, thoughtless. I should be sorry to hurt your feelings; but it is best to tell the truth, and you know one cannot follow up a rich bachelor in that persistent way without setting people's tongues going. I would not for one moment insinuate that either you or your father knew what you were doing; and as for Mr. Stanniforth, I think I may confidently say on his behalf that he would be very much amused at the idea of his name being coupled with yours. Still the fact remains that he is staying at your house, instead of at Longbourne."

Nellie was too furious to do more than ejaculate "*Oh!*" under her breath.

"Of course," continued her companion benevolently, "it does not matter to *him*; but I know so well what is invariably said in these cases. It is the poor girl who is pitied and laughed at, and —"

"Thank you; that will do," interrupted

Nellie, who had now found her tongue. "My friends know perfectly well that I would die rather than marry any one of the name of Stanniforth; and as for other people, it makes no difference to me what they say. It might amuse Mr. Stanniforth to hear his name coupled with mine; but I assure you it would not amuse me at all. Impertinent and false things are said about everybody, I suppose: what I cannot understand is that any one should have the courage to repeat them to the person of whom they are said."

Nellie was quite aware that, having thus delivered herself, she would best consult her self-respect by saying no more; but feminine nature got the better of her, and, after a short and sharp struggle, she added: "You need not be at all alarmed, Mrs. Winnington. Rich as Mr. Stanniforth is, he does not exactly belong to the class into which our family has been accustomed to marry."

"Why, my good girl," cried Mrs. Winnington quite unaffectedly and coarsely, "your mother was only a banker's daughter!"

There was thus a momentary risk of this interview coming to an end in a deplorably vulgar manner; but happily both combatants saw the danger, and controlled themselves. Mrs. Winnington left rather hastily, but without further loss of dignity, and was upon the whole very well satisfied with the afternoon's work. Had this rather dull-witted woman been a female Machiavelli, she could hardly have played her cards more adroitly, or have taken more certain means of gaining her end, than she had done; but, as a matter of fact, no credit for successful diplomacy was due to her upon this occasion. It would never have occurred to her to rescue her intended prey by stirring up Miss Brune's pride, because it would never have occurred to her to suppose that that young lady could have any pride — a luxury in which, according to Mrs. Winnington's notions, only the noble and wealthy could afford to indulge. In speaking as she had done, she had been actuated simply and solely by an amiable wish to make the girl uncomfortable. She had herself been made somewhat uncomfortable by Stanniforth's walking behind that haystack under her very eyes and by Nellie's virtual participation in this affront; and her desire had been to retaliate without delay, and further to let the young woman understand that, whoever might win or lose the prize, it would assuredly not fall



to her share. She flattered herself that she had succeeded in both of these noble aims. As for Miss Brune's indignant repudiation of a possible alliance with any Stanniforth whatever, she took that for what she considered it to be worth. The impertinence of it had made her rather angry for the moment; but, as the thing could obviously have been only said with a view to impertinence, it was hardly worth remembering. The important point was that Mr. Stanniforth was not likely to be pressed to postpone his departure a second time, and that in a day or two he would be restored to his anxious friends at Longbourne. After that, Edith must be made to bestir herself more, and perhaps it might even be well that something in the nature of a conditional engagement should be entered upon before he left. It will be perceived that Mrs. Winnington herself was not overburdened by any foolish pride.

When she reached home she found the drawing-room and library untenanted, Margaret and Edith having, it was to be presumed, gone out for a walk. Now it was a habit of Mrs. Winnington's, whenever she found the house empty, to prowls all over it, peeping into blotting-books, opening drawers, occasionally going so far as to read letters that might be lying handy, and—as Mrs. Prosser, who hated her with a perfect hatred, would say—"poking and rummaging about as any under-housemaid that I caught at such tricks should be dismissed immediate, and no character given."

It is probable that Mrs. Winnington saw no harm at all in such pokings and rummagings. Her daughters, she would have said, had no secrets from her, or at all events ought not to have any. Nor had she any particular end to serve in entering other people's bedrooms. For some occult reason it gave her pleasure to do so, and the present occasion being favorable for the gratifying of her tastes, she proceeded to profit by it. First she made a thorough examination of all the reception rooms; then she went up-stairs, and spent some time in overhauling the contents of Margaret's wardrobe; and then she passed on to the room at that time occupied by Edith, which opened out of a long corridor where the family portraits had hung in the days when the owners of Longbourne had possessed a family to be thus commemorated. This corridor had a peculiarity. It terminated in a small gallery, resembling a theatre-

box, or one of those pews which are still to be met with in a few old-fashioned churches, whence you looked down upon a curious apse-like chamber, tacked on to the house by a seventeenth-century Brune for some purpose unknown. It may have been intended to serve as a theatre, or possibly as a private chapel: of late years it had fallen into disuse, being a gloomy and ill-lighted apartment, and was seldom entered by anybody, except by the housemaids who swept it out from time to time. Some one, however, was in it now. Mrs. Winnington, with her hand on the lock of her daughter's door, was startled by the sound of voices arising from that quarter, and it was a matter of course that she should at once make her way along the passage as stealthily as might be, and peer over the edge of the gallery to see what might be going on below.

She arrived in time to witness a scene so startling that she very nearly put a dramatic finish to it then and there by falling headlong over the balustrade, which was a low one. Upon an ottoman directly beneath her, her daughter Edith was sitting in a very pretty and graceful attitude, her elbow resting on her knee and her face hidden by her right hand, while her left was held by Walter Brune, who was kneeling at her feet. And this is what that audacious young reprobate was saying, in accents which rose towards the roof with perfect distinctness:—

"Now, my darling girl, you must not allow yourself to be so cowed by that awful old mother of yours. There! I beg your pardon: I didn't intend to speak disrespectfully of her, but it came out before I could stop myself. What I mean is, you mustn't let her bully you to that extent that you daren't call your soul your own. Stand up to her boldly, and depend upon it she'll knock under in the long run. When all's said and done, she can't eat you alive."

The feelings of the astounded listener overhead may be imagined.

"Ah, you don't understand," sighed Edith. "It is easy enough for a man to talk of standing up for himself; but you don't consider how different it is with us."

"But I do understand—I do consider," declared Walter, scrambling up to his feet. "I know it's awfully hard upon you, my dearest; but wouldn't it be harder still to marry some decrepid old lord to please your mother, and to be miserable and ashamed of yourself for the rest of your life?"



At this terrible picture Edith shuddered eloquently.

"So you see it's a choice of evils," continued the young man. "Some people, I know, would think it was a great misfortune for you that you should have come to care for a poor beggar like me; but I am not going to say that, because I don't believe it is a real misfortune at all. How can it be a misfortune to love the man who loves you better than any one else in the world can possibly do, and who will always love you just the same as long as he lives?" ("Upon my word!" ejaculated Mrs. Winnington inaudibly.)

"Of course," Walter went on, "we shall have troubles, and probably we shall have to wait a good many years; but we are young, and we can afford to wait, if we must. You won't mind waiting?"

"Oh, no; it is not the waiting that I shall mind," said Edith faintly.

"And we know that it won't be forever, and that nothing can make either of us change. When one thinks of that, all the rest seems almost plain sailing. The first explosion will be the worst part of the business. I shall tell my father to-night."

"Oh, must you? — so soon? What *will* he say?"

"He? Oh, he won't say much, dear old man. I dare say he won't exactly approve just at first; but when he sees that I am in earnest, he'll do what he can to help me. And then, you know, my dear, you'll have to tell your mother."

"Walter, I can't. I really *could not* do it. You have really no idea of what a coward I am. I always lie awake shivering all night before I go to the dentist's; and, indeed, I would rather have all my teeth pulled out, one by one, than tell mamma that I had engaged myself to you."

At this juncture it was only natural that the young lovers should embrace; and if Mrs. Winnington had not been literally stunned and paralyzed, she could hardly have maintained her silence any longer in the presence of such a demonstration. As it was, she neither moved nor uttered a word; and presently she heard Edith whisper pleadingly, —

"Walter — dear — don't you think we could — mightn't we — keep it secret just a little longer?"

The honest Walter rubbed his ear in perplexity. "Well, of course we *could*; but it would be only a putting off of the evil day, and I should like to feel that we

had been perfectly straight with the old — with your mother. Look here; how would it do if I were to break it to her?"

"Oh, that would be a great deal worse! If only there were some means of letting her find it out!"

Hardly had this aspiration been breathed when a hollow groan was heard, proceeding apparently from the upper air. Edith started violently, and clasped her hands.

"Oh!" she shrieked, "what was that? Did you hear it?"

"Yes," answered Walter, who had himself been somewhat startled; "it was nothing; it was only one of the cows outside. What a timid little goose you are!"

"Oh, it was not a cow! No cow ever made such a dreadful sound as that. I am sure this dismal room is haunted — I can't stay here any more." And Edith fled precipitately.

Walter lingered for a moment, looked all round him, looked up at the ceiling, looked everywhere, except at the gallery just over his head, and then hurried away after her.

The cause of all this disturbance was reclining in an armchair, fanning herself with her pocket-handkerchief, and feeling by no means sure that she was not about to have a fit.

It is perhaps hardly to be expected that any pity or sympathy should be felt for Mrs. Winnington, who, nevertheless, was a human creature very much like the rest of us — better, possibly, than some, and no worse than a good many others. In the course of the present narrative her failings have necessarily been brought much to the front; but she was not one of those depraved persons — if indeed there be any such — who deliberately say to evil, "Be thou my good." She was not a religious woman (though she had always paid due respect to the observances of the Church, as beseemed a bishop's wife); but neither was she a woman without clear, albeit perverted, notions of duty. That she was a miserable sinner, she was bound, in a general sort of way, to believe; but she certainly did not suppose that her sins were any blacker than those of her neighbors. According to her lights, she had done the best that she could for her daughters, whom she really loved after a certain fashion; and, according to her lights, she intended to continue doing the best she could for them. It is a fact that



she thought a great deal more about them than she did about herself. Thus it was that she was every whit as much astonished and pained by what she had witnessed as the most virtuous mother into whose hands this book may chance to fall would be, were she to discover her own immaculate daughter in the act of embracing — say the parish doctor or the poverty-stricken parish curate.

"I could not have believed it!" moaned poor Mrs. Winnington, as she sat humped up in her armchair, with all her majesty of deportment gone out of her. "I could not have believed it possible! Edith, of all people! If it had been Kate, or even Margaret, I could have understood it better — but Edith! Oh, I am crushed! — I shall never get over this."

She really looked and felt as if she might be going to have a serious attack of illness; but as there was nobody there to be alarmed, or to offer her assistance, she picked herself up after a time, and made her way down the corridor with a slow, dragging step. Being still in her walking dress, she thought she would go out and see what a breath of fresh air would do for her. She did not, however, get further than the front door; for, just as she was about to let herself out, who should run briskly up the steps but Mr. Brune!

"Is that Mrs. Winnington?" said he. "How do you do, Mrs. Winnington? Do you know whether my boy Walter is here? Somebody told me he had gone up to Longbourne, and I rather want to see him; so I thought I would just look — Why, what's the matter?" he broke off, for the first time noticing the lady's woebegone face; "has anything happened?"

"Your son is here," answered Mrs. Winnington, in a deep, tragic voice worthy of Mrs. Siddons. "Yes, Mr. Brune; something has indeed happened. No, not an accident; don't jump about, there's a good man; my nerves are completely unstrung. As we have met, I may as well tell you about it at once. If you are not in a hurry, perhaps you will give me a few minutes in private."

"By all means, Mrs. Winnington; but hadn't you better let me get you a glass of wine first? You look quite grey."

Mrs. Winnington shook her head; but Mr. Brune thought it best to take the law into his own hands, and rang the door-bell. After a glass of port wine Mrs. Winnington's complexion began slowly to regain its normal florid aspect, and she

was able to assume something of her customary stateliness of demeanor in motioning her companion to follow her into a small room on the ground floor which was sometimes used as a study by Philip, and where she could feel tolerably safe from intrusion.

"Now, Mr. Brune," she began, seating herself opposite to him, "I will say at once that I acquit you of all blame in this scandalous business. I feel sure that when you have heard what I have to tell you, you will be as much grieved and horrified as I have been."

"It shall be my endeavor not to disappoint you," answered he.

Mrs. Winnington paused. "I can assure you," she said at length, "that I feel the — the disgrace of all this very keenly. Really I hardly know how to begin."

"Suppose you take a little more wine," suggested Mr. Brune, who had been alarmed for a moment, but who now began to suspect that nothing very terrible was the matter after all.

"No, thank you. It is very disagreeable to have to tell it; but you will understand, of course, that I am speaking to you in the strictest confidence, and I count upon your honor to let what I say go no further."

And then Mrs. Winnington related what had taken place between Walter and Edith in her presence, suppressing nothing, except that interchange of kisses which respect for her daughter forbade her to mention.

"Ah," remarked Mr. Brune coolly, when she had concluded her recital, "I thought something of this kind would probably occur sooner or later."

"You did?" exclaimed Mrs. Winnington, now quite restored to her natural self. "Then I must say, Mr. Brune, that you have been rather — Well, I did *not* expect to hear this!"

"What would you have had me do?" asked her interlocutor, perhaps rather enjoying the discomfiture of this veteran match-maker. "Naturally I am sorry that Walter should have fixed his affections upon a penniless girl, for I cannot by any possibility find him a sufficient income to marry upon; but I never suspected anything until it was much too late for interference to do any good."

This was a view of the case which had not presented itself to Mrs. Winnington. She had expected that Mr. Brune, if he did not make an absolute apology, would at least be apologetic in his manner; and,



lo and behold! he was taking up a tone of complete equality. And the worst of it was that she could not very well see how he was to be put to silence; for it was certainly true that Edith was penniless.

"I need not point out to you," she said, smothering her indignation, "that a stop must be put to this immediately."

"I suppose so. I am sorry for the poor boy—and for the poor girl too, for that matter; but we can only hope that they will both get over it."

"Edith undoubtedly will. She is a mere child; she has been led into folly and deceit by one in whom I had unwisely placed implicit trust," cried Mrs. Winnington, who could not refuse herself the satisfaction of making this rather unjust accusation. "Of course," she added, "you will at once let your son understand that he is not to hold any sort of communication with her in future, beyond what is necessary in order to avoid exciting remark, and that, as far as possible, he must abstain from going anywhere where he is likely to meet her."

"I am not sure," answered Mr. Brune, "that I am prepared to take such authoritative measures as that. Neither you nor I, Mrs. Winnington, desire this match; but, you see, we don't happen to be the principal persons concerned; and if we can't be generous, we may at least be just. So far as one can see, there is no likelihood that these young people will ever be able to marry, and, if they ask me my advice, I should recommend them without hesitation to give each other up; but supposing, for the sake of argument, that they chose to exchange promises of fidelity, and to wait for better times, I don't think that I, for my part, should consider myself justified in forbidding an engagement. You, of course, can do what you think proper; I am only speaking of my own possible action. Walter has been a good son to me, and I shall not cross him in any way that I can help."

Mrs. Winnington started to her feet in a fury. "I declare, Mr. Brune," she exclaimed, "I don't know whether to call you weak or wicked!"

"Call me what you please, my dear lady," replied Mr. Brune, who had also risen; "or call me both, if you think it would relieve your feelings at all to do so. Vituperation, however, will scarcely help us to arrive at a clearer understanding; and indeed I believe we understand each other quite clearly as it is. So, un-

less you have anything more of a practical nature to suggest, I shall wish you good evening."

When he was gone, Mrs. Winnington sank back into her chair which she had just vacated, and raised her clasped hands to heaven.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "what a world we live in! Everybody is false, everybody is selfish; it makes one feel as if one would never be able to believe in any one but oneself again!"

The amusing part of it is that she was perfectly sincere.

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From The Queen.

#### AMERICAN PERFUMES.

THE manufacture of perfumes in the United States is an industry which counts itself but about twenty-five years old. Thirty years ago Parisian, London, and other foreign makers of agreeable perfumes supplied the entire American demand. To-day the American industry has reclaimed seven-eighths of the trade, and expects within ten years to supply nine-tenths of all the cologne water and other perfumes used in the country. New York city stands foremost as a manufacturer of these products. The census of 1880 records sixteen manufacturers in New York, employing three hundred and one hands, and producing 1,094,700 dollars worth of the scented goods per annum. Philadelphia and New York for a number of years monopolized the business in the United States, but of late Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and other cities have begun to compete. Investigation among the trade in New York elicited the fact that, while that city and Philadelphia produce the great bulk of all colognes, perfumes, and toilet waters made in the United States, Chicago ranks next, turning out each year about one-half the quantity manufactured in New York alone. A popular impression that many of the best handkerchief extracts bearing the names of flowers are based on skilfully simulated odors turns out to be totally untrue. Cologne water, however, as is generally known, was originally that bearing the Farina's mark, and imported from the city of Cologne itself. It is a refreshingly fragrant, alcoholic preparation, excellent for toilet purposes, the sick-room, and otherwise; but Farina's preparation is to-day simply one of



many excellent ones. It is of interest to know that good cologne water is prepared from odorless spirits, made from corn, and scented with lavender, rosemary, bergamot, lemon, orange, and in some instances essential oils of spices. Perhaps eighty-five per cent. of the mixture is alcohol. That prepared from corn is preferred because it can be obtained quite free from any odor, which is not the case with spirits made from potatoes or the grape. The processes by which the odors of flowers are obtained are, with an exception to be noted hereafter, confined to France, England, northern Italy, and a few to Turkey. The reason of this is that the flowers used in the manufacture of pomade extracts — in which form American manufacturers receive the basis for their first-grade perfumes — are those mostly indigenous to the soil of southern France and upper Italy. The climate there, from its evenness, seems specially fitted to produce highly scented flowers. In no other part of the globe do flowers grow which are, except in a few instances, possessed of the requisite density of perfume. The pomade extracts referred to are prepared by a curious and interesting process, technically termed *enfleurage*. A refined fat is spread upon a large sieve; upon this are laid the petals of the flowers from which the perfume is to be taken. Subsequently another layer of like character, and, on top, others also, constitute the arrangement. This is subjected to a moderately warm temperature for some hours, and afterwards to a higher heat, which causes the grease to melt and run into a vat. The leaves remain upon the sieve, devoid of odor. The same grease subjected to a repetition with the process gives the double extract, and, if repeated again, the triple extract. It is then put up in tin cans and sold to the manufacturer of perfumes at Paris and elsewhere in Europe, as well as in the United States. This pomade extract, as it is called, is, in the United States, for instance, subjected to treatment with the odorless corn spirits, and the perfume held by the grease, finding greater affinity for the alcohol, leaves the former for the latter. To rid the compound of the grease, the Wenck Perfume Manufacturing Company's process consists in "freezing." By lowering the temperature of the mixture very considerably the pomade is precipitated, and the true perfume extract of this, that, or the other flower is run off

and bottled for sale. The attars, or ottos, as we occasionally see it, are oils distilled from the barks, rinds, or leaves of aromatic plants, trees, or fruits. In this process the substance is distilled by steam, which carries off the essential oil and deposits it upon the surface of the water, from which it is readily drawn off. There are other and less frequent methods of obtaining the subtle fragrance, but that first given constitutes the most important. From the above it is shown that the raw material used by the manufacturers of the best perfumes has to be imported. Large quantities are used every year, and the business, as stated at the outset, is rapidly growing. Efforts, it may be added, have been made in Florida to use the process previously described by which to steal from American tropical flowers their perfumes. The attempt has not, it is stated, been abandoned, although a partial success only has been achieved, from causes heretofore pointed out. Experiments made in the same direction on Staten Island some time since resulted fruitlessly. The full meaning of the want of success of efforts at *enfleurage* in America is shown by the fact that, while in the south of France one hundred pounds of rose-leaves furnish one dessert spoonful of extract of rose, in America it is roughly estimated that a ton of rose-leaves would be necessary to produce the same quantity. American perfume manufacturers complain that they are unjustly taxed fifty per cent. *ad valorem* on the "raw material" they have to import, erroneously designated pomade. It is no way to be confounded with the article sold under that name for use on the hair, though resembling it in appearance; yet, imported as it is in large quantities, it has to come under the rule, which makes it cost one-half more than it can be obtained for in France. In addition to handkerchief extracts and cologne water, the remaining products of American perfume factories are known as toilet waters. These have been introduced of late years, and have found a wide sale. It is claimed for them that balsam and other ingredients of a tonic or an astringent nature are specially intended to invigorate the skin and regulate the perspiration. The American manufacturers of these subtle products are now looking forward to the time when their home standard perfumes will command a preference on the toilet tables of London and Paris.



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

I. LUCIUS CAREY, LORD FALKLAND,	. . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	. . . . .	579
II. THE LADIES LINDORES. Part XV.,	. . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	586
III. MISS EDGEWORTH. Part II.,	. . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	595
IV. THE CURE'S SISTER. Conclusion,	. . . . .	<i>Argosy,</i>	. . . . .	608
V. THE DECAY OF LITERATURE,	. . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	617
VI. BACK FROM THE ROAD,	. . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	625
VII. NO NEW THING. Part IX.,	. . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	628
VIII. THE LATEST WONDER OF ANTWERP,	. . . . .	<i>Argosy,</i>	. . . . .	634
IX. ST. BERNARDS,	. . . . .	<i>St. James's Gazette,</i>	. . . . .	639

## POETRY.

HIDDEN, NOT LOST,	. . . . .	578   PRIMROSES,	. . . . .	578
MISCELLANY,	. . . . .		. . . . .	640

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## HIDDEN, NOT LOST.

As in his sleep a baby lies  
 Buried, till waking bids him rise ;  
 As in the acorn trees are hid,  
 To show themselves when summers bid ;  
 As in the mind dear faces lurk  
 Unseen till memory's wand shall work :  
 So sleeps my love within her grave —  
 Not 'neath that sod,  
 But there with God !  
 Alone,  
 Till, dying, I shall death obey,  
 And follow her the selfsame way  
 She went ;  
 Then shall I see her face to face —  
 The old delight with double grace —  
 And each to each shall wake from sleep,  
 Love's endless fellowship to keep —  
 Not there,  
 Beneath that rounded sod,  
 But there,  
 In heaven, in life with God !  
 Sunday Magazine. MARY HARRISON.

## PRIMROSES.

LATEST, earliest of the year,  
 Primroses that still were here,  
 Snugly nestling round the boles  
 Of the cut-down chestnut poles,  
 When December's tottering tread  
 Rustled 'mong the deep leaves dead,  
 And with confident young faces  
 Peeped from out the sheltered places  
 When pale January lay  
 In its cradle day by day,  
 Dead or living, hard to say,  
 Now that mid-March blows and blusters,  
 Out you steal in tufts and clusters,  
 Making leafless lane and wood  
 Vernal with your hardihood.  
 Other lovely things are rare,  
 You are prodigal as fair.  
 First you come by ones and ones,  
 Lastly in battalions,  
 Skirmish along hedge and bank,  
 Turn old Winter's wavering flank,  
 Round his flying footsteps hover,  
 Seize on hollow, ridge, and cover,  
 Leave nor slope nor hill unharried,  
 Till his snowy trenches carried,  
 O'er his sepulchre you laugh,  
 Winter's joyous epitaph.

This, too, be your glory great,  
 Primroses, you do not wait,  
 As the other flowers do,  
 For the spring to smile on you,  
 But with coming are content,  
 Asking no encouragement.  
 Ere the hardy crocus cleaves  
 Sunny borders 'neath the eaves,  
 Ere the thrush his song rehearse  
 Sweeter than all poets' verse,

Ere the early bleating lambs  
 Cling like shadows to their dams,  
 Ere the blackthorn breaks to white,  
 Snowy-hooded anchorite ;  
 Out from every hedge you look,  
 You are bright by every brook,  
 Weaving for your sole defence  
 Fearlessness of innocence.  
 While the daffodils still waver,  
 Ere the jonquil gets its savor,  
 While the linnets yet but pair,  
 You are fledged, and everywhere.  
 Nought can daunt you, nought distress,  
 Neither cold nor sunlessness.  
 You, when Lent sleet flies apace,  
 Look the tempest in the face ;  
 As descend the flakes more slow,  
 From your eyelids shake the snow,  
 And when all the clouds have flown,  
 Meet the sun's smile with your own.  
 Nothing ever makes you less  
 Gracious to ungraciousness.  
 March may bluster up and down,  
 Pettish April sulk and frown ;  
 Closer to their skirts you cling,  
 Coaxing Winter to be Spring.

Then when your sweet task is done,  
 And the wild-flowers, one by one,  
 Here, there, everywhere do blow,  
 Primroses, you haste to go,  
 Satisfied with what you bring,  
 Waning morning-star of spring.  
 You have brightened doubtful days,  
 You have sweetened long delays,  
 Fooling our enchanted reason  
 To miscalculate the season.  
 But when doubt and fear are fled,  
 When the kine leave wintry shed,  
 And 'mong grasses green and tall  
 Find their fodder, make their stall ;  
 When the wintering swallow flies  
 Homeward back from southern skies,  
 To the dear old cottage thatch  
 Where it loves to build and hatch,  
 That its young may understand,  
 Nor forget, this English land ;  
 When the cuckoo, mocking rover,  
 Laughs that April loves are over ;  
 When the hawthorn, all ablow,  
 Mimics the defeated snow ;  
 Then you give one last look round,  
 Stir the sleepers underground,  
 Call the champion to awake,  
 Tell the speedwell courage take,  
 Bid the eyebright have no fear,  
 Whisper in the bluebell's ear  
 Time has come for it to flood  
 With its blue waves all the wood,  
 Mind the stitchwort of its pledge  
 To replace you in the hedge,  
 Bid the ladysmocks good-bye,  
 Close your bonnie lids and die ;  
 And, without one look of blame,  
 Go as gently as you came.

ALFRED AUSTIN.



From The Fortnightly Review.

LUCIUS CAREY, LORD FALKLAND.\*

THERE are some lives, not necessarily in the highest ranks of history, which are constantly rewritten and discussed, and such a one is the life of Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland. It is not because he occupies in every picture of the Civil War a space disproportionate to his short career, nor again that from the days of Clarendon down to our own generation there is a striking consent of the most eminent writers to give honor to the unsullied life of the Royalist statesman, but that in the circumstances of his time many reasonable analogies and resemblances may be traced to the condition of our England of the nineteenth century. The rule of the Plantagenets, the long struggle of Yorkists and Lancastrians, the government of the Tudors, though parts of a very continuous and consistent history, seem too far off from our time to belong to us; but the principles for which Charles I. and the Long Parliament contended, prerogative and freedom of debate, control of the military forces, right of taxation, the relations of the Church to and in the State, underlie at least the political controversies of our own age, whilst they are still burning questions in some of the great monarchies and civilized countries of Europe. The gulf of time which divides us from that famous Long Parliament with which Lord Falkland's name is forever associated is little more than two hundred years wide — an interval which, long in the life of individual men, is short in that of a nation; and of all Parliaments before, and perhaps after, the Long Parliament is the most memorable in English history. From it dates, in the words of one of our historians, the "corporate life" of the two great parties in the State, from it the modern relations of the crown

and the people, from it the stately and orderly structure of English Constitutional freedom. The abdication of James II., the Toleration Act, the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, the development of Parliamentary parties, and the balanced Constitution such as we have known it during the early and golden days of our Victorian age, have all flowed naturally and consistently out of the controversies and legislation of the Great Rebellion. The coming generation, bred up under different conditions of thought and education, may perhaps find it hard to sympathize to an equal degree with the feelings which animated the Royalist and Parliamentary parties of that time. Never probably has a change been so rapid in all that constitutes the real life of men as that which has occurred within the last half-century; and the new ideas and interests and learning of our day are creating for our children an absolutely new world. Thus the interval between their age and that of the Civil War will to them probably appear a much wider one than to us who have inherited in a more continuous descent the traditions of the seventeenth century; and the House of Commons of the year 1900, if it changes character in the same rate and proportion that it has changed during the last three years of evil augury, will not have one shred or vestige of common character with the great body which met to decide the fortunes of England in November, 1640.

Of all the scenes of that time, none is more vivid, none comes more closely home to us, than the picture of the Long Parliament. We know the form and shape of the long, low, and ill-lit room in which the Commons met; we have the speeches, closely reasoned, stern in import, steeped in religious thought and phraseology; we recognize the familiar names of the great county families who yet live in the land and who then and ever since have sent up members to Parliament — Trelawneys, Edgcumbes, Bullers from Cornwall and Devon, Herberts from Wales, a Knightley from Northampton, a Deering from Kent, a Howard from Oxfordshire, a Portman from Taunton, a Cecil from Hert-

\* On the 9th Sept., 1878, close by the town of Newbury, a granite memorial was unveiled in honor of Lord Falkland and the Royalist officers and men who fell fighting for King Charles I. on the 29th day of the same month, 1643, two hundred and thirty-five years before. It was my fortune on that and on a previous occasion to speak at some length on the character and career of Lord Falkland; and as I have been several times requested to republish those speeches, I have thought it well to take this opportunity of combining their chief features in a single article.



ford, a Percy from Northumberland — we know the very places in which they sat, and we can easily reproduce to ourselves the scenes of which that room was a witness. Such a one was that, when on a critical occasion the house, highly wrought by the anxieties of the time, sat for a while silent and full of thought, until the clerk at the table read out, as might be heard any day now, the details of some trifling and casual bill. Then the House, feeling the contrast of the bill with the grave surroundings of the hour, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Such again was the scene when Pym, then leader of the Opposition, brought into the House an anonymous letter which he had received threatening his life, and containing a rag supposed to be infected with the plague. The clerk read out the letter, but when he came to the description of the rag he dropped it on the floor and amid the cries of the members he spurned both rag and letter out of the House. Yet again another scene, when some laths in one of the galleries of the House gave a sudden crack and caused a panic, in which all the members "under the gallery in amaze leaped down, and some fell one upon another, and some ran away out of the House," and through Westminster Hall, till old Sir Robert Mansell drew his sword and made them stand like true Englishmen. "Mr. Thomas Earle broke his shin, and Sir Frederic Cornwallis had his hat dusted with lime from the broken laths, and Mr. John Hotham met some running away and asked the cause; but they not telling it and pursuing their flight, he came to the door to inquire, conceiving that there had been some division in the House concerning the deans and chapters."

These and such like are scenes which make the Long Parliament live again before us, and they are colored by little incidents which, in similar circumstances, would have been perfectly natural in the House of Commons with which our generation has been familiar. In the midst of them Lord Falkland is a central figure, and one with whom we have so much in common, that, were he now living, he might share our public anxieties, take

part in our controversies, and hold converse with us as friend and counsellor. His position was that which has been occupied by a few statesmen of our own day, who, whilst holding true to their own principles and opinions, have yet had the singular fortune to be trusted by both parties in the State, and even to find personal friends in the opposing ranks. Till the stern arbitration of the sword was actually invoked, he was in habits of more or less intimacy with many of the Parliamentary leaders; fragments of his conversation with Hampden and Cromwell remain; and such has been the influence of his character even beyond his own day that, whilst intellectually the inferior of the great writer whose pen has given him fame, he has perhaps, so far as action is concerned, stamped a deeper mark upon our public life than did Lord Clarendon. Both parties in the State have claimed, and may continue to claim, some share in his high character.

It is not, however, my purpose here to describe at any length Lord Falkland's career. His character has been portrayed by the greatest writer of his day, his own intimate friend, the English Thucydides of the seventeenth century; and modern eulogy cannot go beyond that graceful and touching description. The "prodigious parts of his learning and knowledge; his inimitable sweetness of, and delight in, conversation; his flowing and obliging humanity; his goodness to mankind and his primitive simplicity and integrity of life," delight us by the picture which they conjure up, no less than by the language in which that picture is painted for all time. The pencil of Vandyke has not done more for Charles I. and his Royalist followers than the noble periods of Clarendon have done for Lord Falkland. Whilst the commonwealth of letters stands, and polished converse casts its spell over the human mind, the recollection of Great Tew, with its varied society gathered from the University of Oxford, and the history of that free intercourse of mind and mind which preceded, as it was wholly different from, the later and somewhat ignoble patronage of literature, will have a never-dying charm. It is true



that there were some on the Parliamentary side who in a love of letters and in mental culture might challenge comparison with, and in some respects even assert a superiority to, Lord Falkland. There were gentlemen, scholars, poets amongst the opponents of the king; but none combined so many high qualities, and nowhere in the history of that stormy time does any individual character stand forth in such harmonious entirety, in such complete and blameless relief, as that of Lord Falkland. From the early opening of his life, when with characteristic unselfishness he offered to resign his whole property to a somewhat unreasonable father, down to the hour of his death, when, in the words of his friend and chronicler, "that incomparable young man fell in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the business of life that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence," he was unswervingly true to himself. Fuller, in his quaint phraseology, says that "cracks in a glass past mending are no great matter, but the least flaw in a diamond is considerable;" and with this feeling many have searched and scanned Lord Falkland's character for those little inequalities and defects which in ordinary men pass unnoticed. I do not indeed desire to represent him as a perfect character, for history knows none such. There are spots in every sun, and in Lord Falkland there were doubtless errors. He was a man of impulse, of ardent feeling, made up of conflicting sympathies, but for that reason all the more human and attractive to subsequent times. None can complain when so candid a writer as Mr. Gardiner weighs with judicial fairness the merits and shortcomings of Lord Falkland's career, even if his ultimate conclusion is less favorable than I am disposed to think it should be. But the few who with far less learning and impartiality have failed to recognize the beauty of his character, and in that carping temper, which the great German historian declares to be the basest spirit in which history can be written or studied, have only sought to discover the faults and ex-

aggerate the imperfections of Lord Falkland, are outweighed by the more generous accord of the greater masters of English literature. Parliament, a truer exponent of public feeling, has recognized the loftiness of purpose and the purity of life in the Royalist hero, when in that stately approach to its own council chambers, crowded with the statues of English statesmen and rich with historic associations, it placed the marble figure of Lord Falkland leaning on his sword in pensive mood.

It is the recognition of all this that has given Lord Falkland the place which he holds in English estimation, and through which he still has so great an attraction for us. In language worthy of his subject Mr. M. Arnold has summed up the causes of this "exalted esteem," and I cannot do better than repeat them. "He had everything," he says, "except personal beauty to qualify him for a hero to the imagination of mankind. He had rank, accomplishment, sweet temper, exquisite courtesy, liberality, magnanimity, superb courage, melancholy, misfortune, early death." A rare and touching, and yet as I believe a true picture of the man; and as we, living amid the rapid mutations of our time, dwell on such characters as his and retrace the lines of moral beauty in which they have come down to us, they sometimes seem to us truer and more enduring, because more worthy to live, than the undistinguished crowd that flits across our commonplace stage. We may say to ourselves as the old monk, who had sat for threescore years before Titian's famous picture of the "Last Supper" in the Escorial, said: "I have sat daily watching that picture till all my companions have dropped off, and yet there the figures in the picture remain. I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities and we but the shadows."

Anyhow, so long as human nature remains, the story of those who have lived and died nobly will never cease to influence the conduct of other men; nor are we so far removed from the age of Lord Falkland that we cannot draw some lessons from his short career. Of these



lessons there are at least four which seem worthy of note.

I. There was in him the high culture, the love of letters, the delight in the intercourse of the learned, the wise, the good—all in fact that gives social life its greatest charm. He was in this the ideal of a statesman and the very representative of an hereditary class, whose duty and defence it is by the diligent use of the greater leisure vouchsafed to them in a busy age to fit themselves for the varied duties of society and legislation. "I pardoned," says the eloquent American traveller, "high park fences when I saw that besides deer and pheasants these have preserved Arundel marbles, Townley galleries, Howard and Spencerian libraries, Warwick and Portland vases, Saxon MSS., monastic architectures. Such lords are the treasurers and librarians of mankind engaged by their pride and wealth to this position." Yet side by side with this love of all that appeals most highly to cultivated minds was the ready surrender of it by Lord Falkland at the summons of duty. Nor was it a slight or nominal sacrifice. In his house at Great Tew, that "college situated in a purer air," he had all that books and converse and accomplished society could give; Morley, Hammond, Chillingworth were his guests, Cowley and Waller in kindly verse paid tribute to the charm of his intellectual gifts, whilst the quiet happiness of home life left no room for the ambitions of the court or the distinctions of political office. For it is clear alike by dates and facts that he persisted in refusing office until he ran the risk of being thought to refuse it from the fear of responsibility; and then with the eager generosity of his nature he at once accepted its burdens and courted its perils. This was his sacrifice to the State; it was freely made; and in it he taught a practical and a not unnecessary lesson to other beside his own times, when we consider the growing irksomeness of political work in our day, and the tendency here as in America in the higher class of minds to withdraw from the turbid tide of public business into the still waters of private life. As in that day Izaak Walton betook himself to his fishing, Lord Arundel to his marbles, Evelyn to foreign travel, so there will always be men whose culture and refinement, whilst eminently fitting them for the service of the State, also turn them away from the coarse turmoil of politics.

II. Lord Falkland combined that which

in all ages has been found difficult of combination, and was especially hard in his time—an honest devotion to the crown with an equally true devotion to the State. He was worthy of his family motto, "In utroque fidelis;" he anticipated and accepted in singleness of heart the old saying that "a commonwealth and a king are no more contrary to each other than the trunk of a tree and the top bough thereof. There is a republic included in every monarchy." None within the record of our constitutional history, none even from the days of Pitt to Sir Robert Peel, has excelled, scarcely any that I can recall has equalled him, in this loyal devotion to the English Constitution. He was emphatically a statesman—a stern, ardent, almost intolerant denouncer of abuse, and yet a faithful servant of the crown; undazzled by ambition, unstained by the vices of the courtier or the so-called patriot, pursuing to the best of his lights the simple rule of duty, negligent even of consistency where consistency was wrong.

The great abuses which existed in Lord Falkland's day have long since passed away, and it is only a distorted imagination that can affect to believe that they now exist or are possible; but there will always be evils to remove and improvements to be effected in the body politic of a great nation; and the temper which moved Lord Falkland is as necessary in the days of Queen Victoria as in those of Charles I.

III. In a time of great party bitterness and unfairness we may pause to dwell upon the singular moderation and "charitableness," as Clarendon calls it, of Lord Falkland's character and conduct.

And yet it is for these very reasons that some modern writers, unable to forgive his final decision to die in the king's service, have gone so far as to deny him that quality of moderation which Hallam and Lord Macaulay have more generously accorded. Political moderation with them has assumed a new form, and is to be found rather with Cromwell and Pym than with Bedford and Hutchinson, Culpepper and Falkland. If so, we may well ask what is political moderation? It has many counterfeits and forgeries. There were Laodiceans in the apostolic age as there have been pretenders to the virtue in subsequent times. Political moderation is not uncertainty of vision, nor hesitancy of purpose, nor an oscillating between two extremes, nor even a philosophic desire to steer a middle course



between contending factions. It is rather the fair and even temper, the generous recognition of what is wise and right even in opponents, the abhorrence of injustice and abuse even in associates. It is the temper which leans to the cause beloved by Cato though unfavored by the gods. As was said at a later period of another eminent Englishman, it might, *mutatis mutandis*, be said of Lord Falkland that he was the foremost defender of liberty at the beginning of 1641, the foremost defender of order at the close of 1641; the champion of the ancient and legal Constitution of the realm against an encroaching government at one time and against a seditious Parliament and populace at another; and when at last speech gave place to action, and the paths of loyalty and disloyalty, of duty and rebellion, lay before him, he unhesitatingly made his choice. Of all men he was sensitively alive to the miseries of civil war, and the victory of neither side could have been to him an object of unqualified desire. Unlike Hampden, he is free from the slightest suspicion of having aggravated the quarrel; so long as he might he sought to reconcile the pretensions of king and Parliament; but when it was clear that the time had passed for the peaceable adjustment of the controversy, he boldly chose the least of two evils, though conscious that he was fighting under the shadow of inevitable doom. He became a partisan, but he was a partisan without forgetting that partisanship may be consistent with truth and honor. So rooted indeed was he in these principles, that when secretary of state he refused his consent to the employment of spies and the opening of letters — practices which had been invented by his predecessors as they have been accepted by his successors in office. Perhaps of all statesmen he would seem least of all to have sanctioned a distinction between public and private morality, most of all to have given form and reality to Lord Bacon's famous aphorism, "that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood, though it is like alloy in gold and silver which may make the metal work the better, yet embaseth it." Such morality may be thought to be too high for ordinary political practice; yet few will deny the beauty or the value of the example. In a period remarkable for political and statesmanlike capacity there is no character in which shine out so scrupulous a love of truth and so delicate a sense of

honor. Setting aside many names in the Royalist ranks as noble and pure as any that can be found in history, I prefer to compare him with such men as Bedford, Elliot, Hutchinson, Hampden, Milton, and I fail to see that they reach to his high level. It would of course be absurd to suggest a literary comparison of the accomplished friend of Chillingworth and Hales with the great master of English poetry, who, Puritan as he was, could sing so sweetly of storied windows and pealing organs and the entrancing magic of lofty ritual. But if in the domain of letters Lord Falkland was immeasurably inferior to one of the greatest of English poets, he was in worthiness and consistency of action as much his superior. When with unfeigned reluctance Lord Falkland left the shades of Great Tew to undertake the ungrateful duties of public life, Milton was also consenting "to lay aside his singing robes for a season and to leave a calm and pleasing solitariness to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes." But who can read his coarse and scurrilous and utterly unjust abuse of Charles I. and then turn to his almost equally vehement denunciation of the Long Parliament a few years later, and not contrast his violence and the gross inconsistencies into which that violence betrayed him, with the stately moderation of Lord Falkland, whose pen, during the literary war which ushered in the real conflict, was as blameless as his sword was afterwards?

IV. There is a time in human affairs when moderation must give place to action. It has been made an accusation against Lord Falkland that he abandoned the high ground of moderation to become a partisan; but it is rather to be counted amongst the merits of the man that he so appreciated the exigencies of the time that, regardless of consistency, regardless of the ties of personal friendship, regardless of the misfortune, failure, troubles, which he could not but foresee, he threw in his lot with the cause which he held to be right. It has been said that in his change of political attitude he made what would be called in modern phraseology a sharp curve; but the distempers and troubles of a revolutionary period necessitate sharp curves; and he who, when once convinced that government is passing out of control, and that the State is drifting away from its true moorings, hesitates to strengthen the cause of the Constitution, has neither the foresight of the statesman nor the heart of the patriot. It



is impossible, as it has been truly said, for a man to realize the fable of Mahomed's coffin and to remain forever balanced between even attractions. He may indeed oscillate like a pendulum between the two extremes, but in such a case he will "yield to both parties, be duped by both, and be despised by all." The real difficulty, however, in times like those of which I am writing is to decide where and when the turning-point presents itself. The change in Lord Falkland was undoubtedly rapid. On 11th March Lord Falkland was a consenting party to a bill directed against the judicial and legislative powers of the bishops; and it was in this debate that the famous difference of opinion between him and Mr. Hyde threatened for a moment to divide the friendship of years. On the 23rd October, six months later, when a similar bill was again brought forward, Lord Falkland was found with Mr. Hyde in strong opposition to the measure. This change of opinion has been often commented on, but the reasons are not far to seek. They were in part explained at the time. When Mr. Hampden remarked upon the change, it drew from Lord Falkland the severe retort, that "he had formerly been persuaded by that worthy gentleman to believe many things, which he had since found to be untrue, and therefore he had changed his opinion in many particulars as well as to things and persons."

But there was another and obvious reason in the course of public events. Much had happened since the 3rd November, 1640, when the Long Parliament had met; and again much between the 11th March and the 23rd October, 1641: the balance of constitutional power had shifted, the party of defence had become the party of attack, Parliamentary privilege had evidently gained the upper hand of royal prerogative; ship money had been pronounced illegal; the Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission had ceased to exist; and whilst the ancient institutions of the realm were trembling to their fall, Pym and the leaders of the Opposition were with an unscrupulous ability forcing on the great duel between king and Parliament. Lord Falkland, on the other hand, and those who agreed with him, in the words of a modern historian by no means favorable to the royal cause, "clung to the law, but the law had been vindicated; they bitterly resented the system of Strafford and of Laud, but the system was at an end; they believed that

English freedom hung on the assembling of Parliament, and on the loyal co-operation of the crown with the great council of the realm, but the assembling of Parliaments was now secured by the Triennial Bill, and the king professed himself ready to rule according to the counsels of Parliament."

Dr. Arnold himself admits that we must distinguish very widely between the "anti-popular" party in 1640, before the Long Parliament met, and the same party a few years or even months afterwards. The time had come, as sooner or later it comes in all revolutions, when the choice of parties, however painful, has to be made, when the greater peril absorbs all minor considerations, and the safety of fundamental institutions becomes the supreme object. Happy and worthy of all praise are they who, like Lord Falkland, have the clear vision and the strong judgment to cast in their lot with the cause of right and order, and not, like the frothy rhetoricians of the French Revolution, to be dragged on step by step to that fatal point where advance and retreat are alike hopeless.

It is impossible to take leave of Lord Falkland without considering how far he affected, how far he was affected by, the age in which he lived. In the seventeenth century moderation was not the virtue of statesmen any more than charity was that of theologians. In England men were very much in earnest, whilst abroad the earnestness often became savagery. There were gallant gentlemen who could say, like Sir Edmund Verney: "For my part I do not like the quarrel, and do heartily wish that the king would yield and consent to what they desire; so that my conscience is only concerned in honor and in gratitude to follow my master. I have eaten his bread, and served him near thirty years, and will not do so base a thing as to forsake him, and choose rather to lose my life (which I am sure I shall do) to preserve and defend those things which are against my conscience to preserve and defend." There were noble spirits who, when dying on the battle-field and asked to prefer some petition to the king, could reply, "I have no prayer now but to the King of kings."

These it is true were Royalists, and imbued with the best spirit of Royalist chivalry; but there were also on the other side men like Colonel Hutchinson, "who never disdained the meanest person nor flattered the greatest, and whose whole life was the rule of temperance in meat, drink,



apparel, pleasure, and all those things that may be lawfully enjoyed." There were courteous and high-minded gentlemen who could write as Waller wrote to his old friend and companion: "My affections to you are so unchangeable that hostility itself cannot violate my friendship to your person, but I must be true to the cause wherein I serve. The God of peace in his good time send us peace, and in the mean time fit us to receive it. We are both on the stage, and we must act the parts that are assigned us in this tragedy. Let us do it in a way of honor, and without personal animosities." But these were the few — the very few on the Parliamentary side; and the young soldier who died at Marston Moor with the one single regret on his lips that he had not lived longer to smite more of the Lord's enemies was a truer representation of the higher feeling in that party. It would therefore be too much to suppose that Lord Falkland impressed his own moderate temper on the civil war; but it may certainly be said that the spirit of that moderation which existed in him, and more or less in many other Englishmen, was reflected in the war. Neither then nor since, with perhaps the exception of the American War of Secession, can any civil strife be in this respect compared with the Great Rebellion. The Wars of the Roses in England, the Wars of the League in France, the religious war of the Palatinate, and a few years afterwards those massacres in the valleys of Piedmont which kindled the genius of Milton into verse of eternal indignation and pathos—none of these will bear comparison with our Great Rebellion. During the course of that struggle the old life of town and country in most places went on as before, old forms were adhered to, old traditions maintained, even the operations of trade by the agreement of both parties were allowed to go free; nor, if we except Ireland, where it was a war of races rather than of parties, can we readily call to mind on either side cases of very gross or detestable outrage. Even at the close of the war, during the Protectorate, though there was injustice and harshness and sequestration of property, the ancient landmarks of the Constitution stood out above the waters, and John Lilburne's trial in 1649 is an illustration how little the old forms of justice had changed. The Great Rebellion preceded the French Revolution, with which it has often been compared, by nearly a century and a half, but how different was

it in its objects, its aspects, its whole course! The French Revolution was, after the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly, a carnival of devils, in which the fear of God and the well-being of society was trampled under foot, till its loathsome existence was put an end to by the military power of the first Napoleon. The Great Rebellion was, on the contrary, a war of principles, in which both parties were under the influence of strong religious feelings, in which they both conscientiously believed that they had right on their side, and fought out their differences in a fair and manly spirit. English society was in truth so sound that not even the distractions of civil war disturbed its ancient tenor. The more that its history is studied the more will the judgment of Mr. Hallam be confirmed, that, setting aside the ruffians and fanatics on either side, the swash-bucklers and the hypocrites, the "roystering cavaliers" and the "preaching colonels," there were men not very widely separated in conscience and opinion who voted in the opposite Parliaments of Oxford and Westminster, and who fought in opposite ranks at Edgehill and Newbury. "We cannot believe that Falkland and Culpeper differed greatly in their constitutional principles from Whitelock and Pierpont, or that Hertford and Southampton were less friends to a limited monarchy than Essex and Northumberland;" and, "as I know," continues that just and candid historian, "how little there was on one side [the Parliamentary] of such liberty as a wise man would hold dear, so I am not yet convinced, that the great body of the Royalists, the peers and gentry of England, were combating for the sake of tyranny." From those men, of whom Lord Falkland was a representative and type, dates the commencement of England's modern history; from them the reforms which in substance if not in name we still enjoy; from their time come down the precedents that guide us, the principles that underlie our political controversies, and, broadening as it comes, the great volume of English constitutional freedom. Almost alone of the nations of Europe we retain some traces of that old society which, changed as it is, once covered the face of the Continent. We have removed from it all that was hard and unjust, we have insensibly moulded it to the altered requirements of our new world, but we retain its outline, and in that outline we can trace our lineal descent from the historic England of other days. In



our abundant prosperity, our equal laws, our friendly union of classes, our temperate monarchy we have, after making due allowance for the imperfections of all human institutions, a picture of which our ancestors never dreamed as possible even in the pages of their fondest Utopias. May it never be said of us as it was once written of a former generation: "They planted a fair garden and then invited a wild boar to refresh himself under the shade of the fruit-trees; and their guest, being something rude, hath disordered their paradise and made it to become a wilderness."

CARNARVON.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER XXV.

JOHN ERSKINE was on the steps leading to the great central entrance when the carriage from Lindores drove up at the door. It was not by chance that he found himself there, for he was aware of the intended visit; and with the sombre attraction which the sight of a rival and an adversary has for a man, felt himself drawn towards the scene in which an act of this drama in which his happiness was involved, was going on. He hurried down before the footman to get to the carriage-door, and hand the ladies out. He had seen them several times since that day when Lady Lindores, unused to deception, had allowed the secret to slip from her. And he had accustomed himself to the fact that Millefleurs, who was in person and aspect so little alarming, but in other ways the most irresistible of rivals, was in full possession of the field before him. But John, with quickened insight, had also perceived that no decisive step had as yet been taken, and with infinite relief was able to persuade himself that Edith as yet was no party to the plot, and was unaware what was coming. He saw in a moment now that some important change had come over the state of affairs. Lady Lindores avoided his eye, but Edith looked at him, he thought, with a sort of appeal in her face, — a question, — a wondering demand, full of mingled defiance and deprecation. So much in one look! — and yet there seemed to him even more than all this. What had happened? Millefleurs was conscious too. There was a self-satisfaction about him more evident, more marked than usual. He put out his chest a little more. He held his

head higher, though he refrained from any special demonstration in respect to Edith. There was an air about him as of a man who had taken some remarkable initiative. His very step touched the ground with more weight: his round eyes contemplated all things with a more bland and genial certainty of being able to solve every difficulty. And Rintoul had a watchful look as of a man on his guard — a keen spectator vigilantly attentive to everything; uncertain whether even yet he might not be called upon to interfere. All this John Erskine saw at one glance, — not clearly as it is set down here, but vaguely, with confused perceptions which he could not disentangle, which conveyed no distinct information to his mind, but only a warning, an intimation which set every vein of him tingling. Lady Lindores would not meet his eye; but Edith looked at him with that strange look of question — How much do you know? it seemed to say. What do you suspect? and with a flash of indignation — Do you suspect me? Do you doubt me? He thought there was all this, or something like it, in her eyes; and yet he could not tell what they meant, nor, so far as she was concerned, what length her knowledge went. He met her look with one in which another question bore the chief part. But it was much less clear to Edith what that question meant. They were all as conscious as it was possible for human creatures each shut up within the curious envelope of his own identity, imperfectly comprehending any other, to be. The air tingled with meaning round them. They were all aware, strangely, yet naturally, of standing on the edge of fate.

Lady Caroline and her husband received this party in the great drawing-room which was used on state occasions: everything had been thrown open professedly that Lord Millefleurs should see, but really that Lord Millefleurs should be dazzled by, the splendor which Torrance devoutly believed to be unrivalled. It was in order that he might see the effect of all the velvet and brocade, all the gilding and carving, upon the stranger, that he had waited to receive the party from Lindores with his wife, a thing quite unusual to him; and he was in high expectation and good-humor, fully expecting to be flattered and gratified. There was a short pause of mutual civilities to begin with, during which Torrance was somewhat chilled and affronted to see that the little marquis remained composed, and displayed no awe, though he looked



about him with his quick little round eyes.

"You will have heard, Lady Caroline, how I have lost any little scrap of reputation I ever had," Millefleurs said, clasping his plump hands. "I am no shot: it is true, though I ought to be ashamed to acknowledge it. And I don't care to follow flying things on foot. If there was a balloon indeed! I am an impostor at this season. I am occupying the place of some happy person who might make a large bag every day."

"But there is room for all those happy persons without disturbing you—who have other qualities," said Carry, with her soft pathetic smile. There was a little tremor about her, and catching of her breath, for she did not know at what moment might occur that name which always agitated her, however she might fortify herself against it.

"If not at Lindores, there's always plenty of room at Tinto," said Torrance, with ostentatious openness. "There's room for a regiment here. I have a few fellows coming for the partridges, but not half enough to fill the house. Whenever you like, you and your belongings, as many as you please, whether it's servants—or guardians," Torrance said, with his usual rude laugh.

Something like an electric shock ran round the company. Millefleurs was the only one who received it without the smallest evidence of understanding what it was. He looked up in Torrance's face with an unmoved aspect. "I don't travel with a suite," he said, "though I am much obliged to you all the same. It is my father who carries all sorts of people about with him. And I love my present quarters," said the little marquis, directing a look towards Lady Lindores of absolute devotion. "I will not go away unless I am sent away. A man who has knocked about the world knows when he is well off. I will go to Erskine, and be out of the way during the hours when I am *de trop*."

"Erskine is filling his house too, I suppose," Torrance said. And then having got all that was practicable in the shape of offence out of this subject, he proposed that they should make the tour of what had been always called the state apartments at Tinto. "There's a few things to show," he said, affecting humility; "not much to you who have been about the world as you say, but still a few things that we think something of in this out-of-the-way place." Then he added, "Lady

Car had better be the showman, for she knows more about them than I do—though I was born among them." This was the highest possible pleasure to Pat Torrance. To show off his possessions, to which he professed to be indifferent, with an intended superiority in his rude manliness to anything so finicking, by means of his wife—his proudest and finest possession of all—was delightful to him. He lounged after them, keeping close to the party, ready with all his being to enjoy Lady Car's description of the things that merited admiration. He was in high good-humor, elated with the sense of his position as her husband and the owner of all this grandeur. He felt that the little English lord would now see what a Scotch country gentleman could be, what a noble distinguished wife he could get for himself, and what a house he could bring her to. Unfortunately, Lord Millefleurs, whose delight was to talk about California miners and their habitudes, was familiar with greater houses than Tinto, and had been born in the purple, and slept on rose-leaves all his life. He admired politely what he was evidently expected to admire, but he gave vent to no enthusiasm. When they came to the great dining-room, with its huge vases and marble pillars, he looked round upon it with a countenance of complete seriousness, not lightened by any gratification. "Yes—I see: everything is admirably in keeping," he said; "an excellent example of the period. It is so seldom one sees this sort of thing nowadays. Everybody has begun to try to improve, don't you know; and the *mieux* is always the *ennemi du bien*. This is all of a piece, don't you know. It is quite perfect of its kind."

"What does the little beggar mean?" it was now Torrance's turn to say to himself. It sounded, no doubt, like praise, but his watchful suspicion and jealousy were roused. He tried his usual expedient of announcing how much it had cost; but Millefleurs—confound the little beggar!—received the intimation with perfect equanimity. He was not impressed. He made Torrance a little bow, and said with his lisp, "Yeth, very cothtly alwayth—the materials are all so expensive, don't you know." But he could not be brought to say anything more. Even Lady Caroline felt depressed by his gravity; for insensibly, though she ought to have known better, she had got to feel that all the wealth of Tinto—its marbles, its gilding, its masses of ornate plate, and heavy decorations—must merit consideration.



They had been reckoned among the things for which she had been sacrificed — they were part of her price, so to speak; and if they were not splendid and awe-inspiring, then her sacrifice had indeed been made in vain. Poor Lady Caroline was not in a condition to meet with any further discouragement; and to feel that her husband was beginning to lose his air of elated good-humor, gave an additional tremor to the nervousness which possessed her. She knew what he would say about “your fine friends,” and how he would swear that no such visitors should ever be asked to his house again. She went on mechanically saying her little lesson by heart, pointing out all the great pieces of modern Sèvres and Dresden. Her mind was full of miserable thoughts. She wanted to catch John Erskine’s eye, to put an imploring question to him with eyes or mouth. “Is he coming?” This was what she wanted to say. But she could not catch John Erskine’s eye, who was gloomily walking behind her by the side of Edith saying nothing. Lady Caroline could not help remarking that neither of these two said a word. Lady Lindores and Rintoul kept up a kind of skirmishing action around them, trying now to draw one, now the other, into conversation, and get them apart. But the two kept by each other like a pair in a procession — yet never spoke.

“The period, dear lady?” said Millefleurs, “I am not up to the last novelties of classification, nor scientific, don’t you know; but I should say Georgian, late Georgian, or verging upon the times of the Royal William” — he gave a slight shiver as he spoke, perhaps from cold, for the windows were all open, and there was a draught. “But perfect of its kind,” he added with a little bow, and a seriousness which was more disparaging than abuse. Even Lady Carry smiled constrainedly, and Torrance, with a start, awoke to his sense of wrong, and felt that he could bear no more.

“George or Jack,” he cried, “I don’t know anything about periods; this I do know, that it ran away with a great deal of money — money none of us would mind having in our pockets now.” He stared at Rintoul as he spoke, but even Rintoul looked as if he were indifferent, which galled the rich man more and more. “My Lady Countess and my Lord Marquis,” he said, with an elaborate mocking bow, “I’ll have to ask you to excuse me. I’ve got — something to do that I thought I could get off — but I can’t, don’t you

know;” and here he laughed again, imitating as well as he was able the seraphic appeal to the candor of his hearers, which Millefleurs was so fond of making. The tone, the words, the aspect of the man, taught Millefleurs sufficiently (who was the only stranger) that he had given offence; and the others drew closer, eager to make peace for Carry’s sake, who was smiling with the ordinary effort of an unhappy wife to make the best of it, and represent to the others that it was only her husband’s “way.”

But Torrance’s ill-humor was not as usual directed towards his wife. When he looked at her, his face, to her great astonishment, softened. It was a small matter that did it; the chief reason was that he saw a look of displeasure — of almost offence — upon his wife’s countenance too. She was annoyed with the contemptible little English lord as much as he was. This did not take away his rage, but it immediately gave him that sense that his wife was on his side, for which the rough fellow had always longed — and altered his aspect at once. As he stood looking at them, with his large, light eyes projecting from their sockets, a flush of offence on his cheeks, a forced laugh on his mouth, his face softened all in a moment. This time she was no longer the chief antagonist to be subdued, but his natural supporter and champion. He laid his heavy hand upon her shoulder, with a pride of proprietorship which for once she did not seem to contest. “Lady Car,” he said, “she’s my deputy; she’ll take care of you better than I.”

Lady Caroline, with an involuntary, almost affectionate response, put her hand on his arm. “Don’t go,” she said, lifting her face to him with an eloquence of suppressed and tremulous emotion all about her, which indeed had little reference to this ill-humor of his, but helped to dignify it, and take away the air of trivial rage and mortification which had been too evident at first. Lady Lindores, too, made a step forward with the same intention. He stood and looked at them with a curious medley of feeling, touched at once by the pleasure of a closer approach to his wife, and by a momentary tragic sense of being entirely outside of this group of people to whom he was so closely related. They were his nearest connections, and yet he did not belong to them, never could belong to them! They were of a different species — another world altogether. Lady Car could take care of them. She could understand them, and know their ways;



but not he. They were all too fine for him, out of his range, thinking different thoughts, pretending even (for it must surely have been mere pretence) to despise his house, which everybody knew was the great house of the district, infinitely grander than the castle or any other place in the county. He was deeply wounded by this unlooked-for cutting away of the ground from under his feet; but Lady Car was on his side. She could manage them though he could not. Not one of them was equal to her, and it was to him that she belonged. He laughed again, but the sound of his laugh was not harsh as it had been before. "No, no; Lady Car will take care of you," he said.

"I hope," said Millefleurs in his mellifluous tones, "that it is not this intrusion of ours that is sending Mr. Torrance away. I know what a nuisance people are coming to luncheon in the middle of an occupied day. Send us away, Lady Caroline, or rather send me away, who am the stranger. Erskine will take me with him to Dalrulzian, and another day I shall return and see the rest of your splendors."

"Mr. Torrance has really business," said Carry; "mamma will show you the other rooms, while I speak to my husband." She went swiftly, softly, after him, as his big figure disappeared in the long vista of the great dining-room. After a moment's pause of embarrassment, the rest went on. Carry hurried trembling after her tyrant. When they were out of hearing she called him anxiously. "Oh, don't go, Pat. How do you think I can entertain such a party when they know that you are offended, and will not stay?"

"You will get on better without me," he said. "I can't stand these fellows and their airs. It isn't any fault of yours, Lady Car. Come, I'm pleased with *you*. You've stood by your own this time, I will say that for you. But they're your kind, they're not mine. Dash the little beggar, what a cheek he has! I'm not used to hear the house run down. But never mind, I don't care a pin,—and it's not your fault this time, Car," he said, with a laugh, touching her cheek with his finger with a touch which was half a blow and half a caress. This was about as much tenderness as he was capable of showing. Carry followed him to the door, and saw him plunge down the great steps, and turn in the direction of the stables. Perhaps she was not sorry to avoid all further occasion of offence. She returned slowly through the long, vulgar, costly rooms—a sigh of relief came from

her overlaid heart; but relief in one point made her but more painfully conscious of another. In the distance Millefleurs was examining closely all the ormolu and finery. As she came in sight of the party, walking slowly like the worn creature she was, feeling as if all the chances of life were over for her, and she herself incomparably older, more weary and exhausted than any of them, and her existence a worn-out thing apart from the brighter current of every day, there remained in her but one flicker of personal anxiety, one terror which yet could make everything more bitter. The group was much the same as when she left them,—Lady Lindores with Millefleurs, Edith and John silent behind them, Rintoul in a sort of general spectatorship, keeping watch upon the party. Carry touched John Erskine's arm furtively and gave him an entreating look. He turned round to her alarmed.

"Lady Caroline! can I do anything? What is it?" he said.

She drew him back into a corner of the great room with its marble pillars. She was so breathless that she could hardly speak. "It is nothing—it is only—a question. Are you expecting—people—at Dalrulzian?"

Carry's soft eyes had expanded to twice their size, and looked at him out of two caves of anxiety and hollow paleness. She gave him her hand unawares, as if asking him by that touch more than words could say. John was moved to the heart.

"I think not—I hope not—I have no answer. No, no, there will be no one," he said.

She sank down into a chair, with a faint smile. "You will think me foolish—so very foolish—it is nothing to me. But—I am always so frightened," said poor Carry, with the first pretence that occurred to her, "when there is any dispeace."

"There will be no dispeace," said John, "in any case. But I am sure—I can be certain—there will be no one there."

She smiled upon him again, and waved her hand to him to leave her. "I will follow you directly," she said.

What emotions there were in this little group! Carry sat with her hand upon her heart, which fluttered still, getting back her breath. Every remission of active pain seems a positive good. She sat still, feeling the relief and ease flow over her like a stream of healing to her very feet. She would be saved the one encounter which she could not bear; and then for



the moment *he* was absent, and there would be no struggle to keep him in good-humor, or to conceal from others his readiness to offend and take offence. Was this all the semblance of happiness that remained for Carry? For the moment she was satisfied with it, and took breath, and recovered a little courage, and was thankful in that deprivation of all things—thankful that no positive pain was to be added to make everything worse; and that a brief breathing-time was hers for the moment, an hour of rest.

Edith looked at John as he came back. She had lingered, half waiting for him, just as if he had been her partner in a procession. In that moment of separation Rintoul allowed himself to go off guard. She looked at John, and almost for the first time spoke. "Carry has been talking to you," she said hastily, in an undertone.

"Yes,—about visitors—people who might be coming to stay with me."

"Is any one coming to stay with you?" she asked quickly.

"Nobody," John replied with fervor; "nor shall at any risk."

This all passed in a moment while Rintoul was off guard. She looked at him again, wistfully, gratefully, and he being excited by his own feelings, and by sympathy with all this excitement which breathed around him in so many currents, was carried beyond all prudence, beyond all intention. "I will do anything," he said, "to please you, and serve her, you know. It is nothing to offer. I am nobody in comparison with others; but what I have is all yours, and at your service,—the little that it is —"

"Oh," said Edith, in a mere breath of rapid, almost inaudible, response, "it is too much; it is too much." She did not know what she said.

"Nothing is too much. I am not asking any return. I am not presumptuous; but I am free to give. Nobody can stop me from doing that," said John, not much more clearly. It was all over in a moment. The people within a few yards of them scarcely knew they had exchanged a word; even Rintoul did not suspect any communication that was worth preventing. And next moment they separated. John, panting and breathless, as if he had been running a race, went up to where Millefleurs was discoursing upon some bit of upholstery, and stood by in the shelter of this discussion to let himself cool down. Edith kept behind in the shelter of her mother. And just then

Carry came softly out of the door of the great dining-room from behind the marble pillars, having recovered herself, and called back the smile to her face. In the midst of all these emotions, Millefleurs talked smoothly on.

"My people," he said, "have a place down in Flintshire that is a little like this, but not so perfect. My grandfather, or whoever it was, lost confidence before it was done, and mixed it up. But here, don't you know, the confidence has been sublime; no doubt has been allowed to intrude. They say that in Scotland you are so absolute—all or nothing, don't you know. Whether in furniture or anything else, how fine that is!" said the little marquis, turning up his palms. He looked quite absorbed in his subject, and as calm as a man in gingerbread. Nevertheless, he was the only person to notice that slight passage of conversation *sotto voce*, and the breathless condition in which John reached him. What had he been doing to put him out of breath?

When the house had been inspected, the party went to luncheon—a very sumptuous meal, which was prepared in the great dining-room, and was far too splendid for an ordinary family party such as this was. John, whose excitement had rather increased than diminished, and who felt that he had altogether committed himself, without chance or hope of any improved relations, was not able to subdue himself to the point of sitting down at table. He took his leave in spite of the protests of the party. His heart was beating loudly, his pulses all clanging in his ears like a steam-engine. He did not get the chance even of a glance from Edith, who said good-bye to him in a tremulous voice, and did not look up. He saw her placed by the side of Millefleurs at table, as he turned away. He had all the modesty of genuine feeling,—a modesty which is sometimes another name for despair. Why should she take any notice of him? He had no right to aspire so high. Nothing to give, as he said, except as a mere offering—a flower laid at her feet,—not a gift which was capable of a return. He said to himself that, so far as this went, there should be no deception in his mind. He would give his gift—it was his pleasure to give it—lavishly, with prodigal abundance; as a prince should give, expecting no return. In this he would have the better of all of them, he said to himself, as he went through the great house, where, except in the centre of present entertainment, all



was silent like a deserted place. He would give more liberally, more magnificently, than any duke or duke's son, for he would give all, and look for nothing in return. The feeling which accompanied this *élan* of entire self-devotion and abandonment of selfish hope gave him something of the same calm of exhaustion which was in Carry's soul. He seemed to have come to something final, something from which there was no recovery. He could not sit down at table with them; but he could not go away any more than he could stay. He went out through the vacant hall, where nobody took any notice of his going or coming, and emerged upon the wide opening of the plateau, sheltered by fir-trees, upon which the house stood dominating the landscape. His was the only shadow that crossed the sunshine in front of the huge mass of building which was so noiseless outside, so full of life and emotion within. He could not go away any more than he could stay. He wandered to the fringe of trees which clothed the edge of the steep cliff above the river, and sat there on the bank gazing down on the depths below, till the sound of voices warned him that the party was moving from the dining-room. Then he hastened away to avoid them, taking the less frequented road which led by the Scaur. He had passed that dangerous spot, but the way was still narrow between the bushes, when he heard the hoofs of Torrance's great black horse resounding upon the path. Pat was returning home after what had evidently been a wild gallop, for the powerful animal had his black coat flecked with foam, and was chewing the bit in his mouth. Torrance had almost passed without perceiving John, but catching a glimpse of him as he pushed along, suddenly drew up, making his horse rear and start. He had an air of heat and suppressed passion which corresponded with the foam and dishevelled looks of the horse. "Hollo!" he cried, "you, Erskine, have they broken up?" and sat swaying his great bulk with the impatient movements of the fagged yet fiery beast. John answered briefly, and was about to pass on, when Torrance gave him what was intended to be a playful poke with the end of his whip. "When's your visitor coming?" he said, with his harsh laugh.

"My visitor! I expect no visitor," said John, stepping back with anger which he could scarcely restrain. It was all he could do not to seize the whip, and snatch it out of the other's hand. But neither

the narrow path, nor the excited state in which both men were, was safe for any scuffle. John restrained himself with an effort.

"Oh yes, you are!" cried Torrance; "you let it out once, you know—you can't take in me. But I'm the last man in the world to find fault. Let him come! We'll have him up to Tinto, and make much of him. I told you so before."

"You seem to know my arrangements better than I know them myself," John said, white with suppressed fury. "I have no visitor coming. Permit me to know my own affairs."

"Ah! so you've forbidden him to come! Let me tell you, Mr. Erskine, that that's the greatest insult of all. Why shouldn't he come? he, or any fellow? Do you think I'm afraid of Lady Car?" and here his laugh rang into all the echoes. "Not a bit; I think more of her than that. You're putting a slight on her when you ask any man not to come. Do you hear?"

"I hear perfectly, and would hear if you spoke lower. There's enough of this, Torrance. I suppose it's your way, and you don't intend to be specially objectionable—but I am not going to be questioned so, nor will I take the lie from any man," cried John, with rising passion. There was scarcely room for him to stand in safety from the horse's hoofs, and he was compelled to draw back among the bushes as the great brute pranced and capered.

"What! will you fight?" cried Torrance, with another laugh; "that's all exploded nowadays—that's a business for *Punch*. Not that I mind: any way you please. Look here! here's a fist that would soon master you. But it's a joke, you know, nowadays; a joke for *Punch*."

"So much the worse," cried John hotly. "It was the only way of keeping in order a big bully like you."

"Oh, that's what you call me! If there was any one to see fair play—to you (for I'm twice your size) I'd let Blackie go, and give you your fill of that."

John grasped instinctively at the bridle of the big black horse, which seemed charging down upon him; and for a moment the two men gazed at each other, over the tossing, foam-flecked head, big eyeballs, and churning mouth. Then John let go the bridle at which he had caught, with an exclamation of scorn.

"Another time for that, if that is what you want," he said.

"No," cried the other, looking back, as the horse darted past,— "no, that's not



what I want; you're an honest fellow — you shall say what you please. We'll shake hands —” The horse carrying him off lost the rest of the words in the clang of jingling reins and half-maddened hoofs.

John went on very rapidly, excited beyond measure by the encounter. His face was flushed and hot; his hat, which had been knocked off his head, was stained with the damp red soil. He had torn his sleeve in the clutch he had made at the bridle. He dashed along the narrow road at a wild pace to calm himself down by rapid movement. A little way down he encountered a keeper crossing the road, who disappeared into the woods after a curious glance at his excited looks and torn coat. Further on, as he came out of the gate, he met, to his great astonishment, old Rolls, plodding along towards Tinto in company with another man, who met him at the gate. “Bless me, sir! what's the matter? Ye cannot walk the highroad like that!” was the first exclamation of old Rolls.

“Like what? Oh, my sleeve! I tore it just now on a — on a — catching a runaway horse. The brute was wild, I thought he would have had me down.” There was nothing in this that was absolutely untrue, at least nothing that it was not permissible to say in the circumstances, but the explanation was elaborate, as John felt. “And what are you doing here?” he said peremptorily. “What do you want at Tinto?” It seemed almost a personal offence to him to find Rolls there.

“I have something to say to Tinto, sir, with all respect. My father was a tenant of his father — a small tenant, not to call a farmer, something between that and a cottar — and I'm wanting to speak a good word for my brother-in-law, John Tamson, that you will maybe mind.”

Upon this the man by Rolls's side, who had been inspecting John curiously, at last persuaded himself to touch, not to take off, his hat, and to say: “Ay, sir, I'm John Tamson. I was the first to see ye the day ye cam' first to Dalrulzian. I hae my wife ower by, that's good at her needle. Maybe ye'll step in and she'll shue your coat-sleeve for you. You canna gang like that all the gate to Dalrulzian. There's no saying who ye may meet.”

John Erskine had not been awakened before to the strangeness of his appearance. He looked down upon his torn coat with a vague alarm. It was a start of the black horse while he held its bridle

which had torn the sleeve out of its socket. While he was looking at this, with a disturbed air, the lodge-gates were thrown open and the Lindores's carriage came through. Lady Lindores waved her hand to him, then bent forward to look at him with sudden surprise and alarm; but the horses were fresh, and swept along, carrying the party out of sight. Millefleurs was alone with the ladies in the carriage — that John noticed without knowing why.

A minute after, accepting John Tamson's offer of service, he went over with him to his cottage, where the wife immediately got her needle and thread, with much lamentation over the gentleman's “gude black coat.” “Bless me, sir! it must have been an ill-willy beast that made ye give your arm a skreed like that,” she said: and John felt that his hand was unsteady and his nerves quivering. After all, it was no such great matter. He could not understand how it was that he had been agitated to such an extent by an encounter so slight.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

OLD Rolls went up the road which led by the Scaur. It was shorter than the formal avenue, and less in the way of more important visitors. He was much distressed and “exercised in his mind” about the agitated appearance of his master — his torn sleeve, and clothes stained with the soil. He pondered much on the sight as he walked up the road. John was not a man given to quarrelling, but he would seem to have been engaged in some conflict or other. “A runaway horse! where would he get a runaway horse at Tinto?” Rolls said to himself; “and Tinto was a man very likely to provoke a quarrel.” He hurried on, feeling that he was sure to hear all about it, and much concerned at the thought that any one belonging to himself should bring discredit on the house in this way. But whether it was an excited fancy, or if there was some echo in the air of what had passed before, it seemed to Rolls that he heard, as he proceeded onwards, the sound of voices and conflict. “Will he have been but one among many?” he said within himself. “Will they be quarrelling on? — and me an unprotected man?” he added, with a prudent thought of his own welfare. Then Rolls heard a wonderful concussion in the air — he could not tell what, and then a solemn stillness. What was the meaning of this? It could have nothing to do with John.



He turned up the narrow road down which John Erskine had once driven his dog-cart, and which Torrance continually rode up and down. When he came to the opening of the Scaur, and saw the daylight breaking clear from the shadow of the over-reaching boughs, Rolls stood still for a moment with consternation. Broken branches, leaves strewn about, the print of the horse's hoofs all round the open space as if he had been rearing wildly, showed marks of a recent struggle, — he thought of his master, and his heart sank. But it was some time before his fears went any further. Where had the other party to the struggle gone? Just then he thought he heard a sound, something like a moan in the depths below. A terrible fear seized the old man. He rushed to the edge of the cliff, and gazed over with distracted looks. And then he gave utterance to a cry that rang through the woods: "Wha's that lying doun there?" he cried. Something lay in a mass at the bottom of the high bank, red and rough, which descended to the water's edge — something, he could scarcely tell what, all heaped together and motionless. Rolls had opened his mouth to shout for help with the natural impulse of his horror and alarm, but another thought struck him at the moment, and kept him silent. Was it his master's doing? With a gasp of misery, he felt that it must be so; and kneeling down distracted on the edge of the Scaur, catching at the roots of the trees to support himself, he craned over to see what it was, who it was, and whether he could do anything for the sufferer, short of calling all the world to witness this terrible sight. But the one exclamation Rolls gave seemed to thrill the woods. He felt a hand touch him as he bent over the edge, and nearly lost his precarious footing in his terror. "Is't you, sir, come to look at your handiwork?" he said, solemnly turning upon the person whom he supposed to be his master. But it was not his master. It was Lord Rintoul, as pale as death, and trembling. "What — what is it?" he asked, scarcely able to articulate, pointing vaguely below, but averting his eyes as from a sight he dared not look at. Divided between the desire of getting help and of sparing his master, Rolls drew back from the Scaur and returned to his habitual caution. "I canna tell you what it is, my lord," he said; "it's somebody that has fallen over the Scaur, for all that I can see. But how that came about is mair than I can tell. We maun rouse the

place," said the old man, "and get help — if help will do any good."

"Help will do no good now," cried Rintoul in his excitement. "Nobody could fall from that height and live. Does he move? — look — or the horse?" His tongue, too, was parched, and clung to the roof of his mouth.

"The horse! then your lordship kens wha it is? Lord in heaven preserve us! no' Tinto himsel'?"

Rintoul's dry lips formed words two or three times before they were audible. "No one — no one but he — ever rides here."

And then the two stood for a horrible moment and looked at each other. Rintoul was entirely unmanned. He seemed to quiver from head to foot; his hat was off, his countenance without a tinge of color. "I have never," he said, "seen — such an accident before —"

"Did ye see it?" Rolls cried anxiously; and then the young man faltered and hesitated.

"Heard it. I — meant to say — I heard the horse rearing — and then the fall —"

He looked intently at the old man with his haggard eyes as if to ask — what? Poor old Rolls was trembling too. He thought only of his young master — so kind, so blameless, — was his life to be thus associated with crime?

"We must go and get help, my lord," said Rolls, with a heavy sigh. "However it happened, that must be our duty. No doubt ye'll have to give a true account of all ye've seen and all ye've heard. But in the mean time we must cry for help, let them suffer that may."

While this scene was proceeding so near her, Carry, upon the other side of the great house, had retired to her room in the weariness that followed her effort to look cheerful and do the honors of her table. She had made that effort very bravely, and though it did not even conceal from Millefleurs the position of affairs, still less deceive her own family, yet at least it kept up the appearance of decorum necessary, and made it easier for the guests to go through their part. The meal, indeed, was cheerful enough; it was far too magnificent, Torrance having insisted, in spite of his wife's better taste, on heaping "all the luxuries of the season" upon the table at which a duke's son was to sit. The absence of the host was a relief to all parties; but still it required an effort on the side of Carry to overcome



the effect of the empty chair in front of her, which gave a sense of incongruity to all the grandeur. And this effort cost her a great deal. She had gone into her room to rest, and lay on a sofa very quiet in the stillness of exhaustion, not doing anything, not saying anything, looking wistfully at the blue sky that was visible through the window, with the soft foliage of some birch-trees waving lightly over it — and trying not to think. Indeed, she was so weary that it was scarcely necessary to try. And what was there to think about? Nothing could be done to deliver her — nothing that she was aware of even to mend her position. She was grateful to God that she was to be spared the still greater mystery of seeing Beaufort, but that was all. Even heaven itself seemed to have no help for Carry. If she could have been made by some force of unknown agency to love her husband, she would still have been an unhappy wife; but it is to be feared, poor soul, that things had come to this pass with her, that she did not even wish to love her husband, and felt it less degrading to live with him under compulsion, than to be brought down to the level of his coarser nature, and take pleasure in the chains she wore. Her heart revolted at him more and more. In such a terrible case, what help was there for her in earth or heaven? Even had he been reformed — had he been made a better man — Carry would not have loved him: she shrank from the very suggestion that she might some time do so. There was no help for her; her position could not be bettered anyhow. She knew this so well, that all struggle, except the involuntary struggle in her mind, which never could intermit, against many of the odious details of the life she had to lead, had died out of her. She had given in to the utter hopelessness of her situation. Despair is sometimes an opiate, as it is sometimes a frantic and maddening poison. There was nothing to be done for her, — no use in wearying Heaven with prayers, as some of us do. Nothing could make her better. She had given in utterly, body and soul, and this was all that was to be said. She lay there in this stillness of despair, feeling more crushed and helpless than usual after the emotions of the morning, but not otherwise disturbed, — lying like a man who has been shattered by an accident, but lulled by some anodyne draught — still and almost motionless, letting every sensation be hushed so long as nature would permit, her hands folded, her very soul

hushed and still. She took no note of time in the exhaustion of her being. She knew that when her husband returned she would be sent for, and would have to re-enter the other world of eternal strife and pain; but here she was retired, as in her chapel, in herself — the sole effectual refuge which she had left.

The house was very well organized, very silent and orderly in general, so that it surprised Lady Caroline a little, in the depth of her quiet, to hear a distant noise as of many voices, distinct, though not loud — a confusion and far-away Babel of outcries and exclamations. Nothing could be more unusual; but she felt no immediate alarm, thinking that the absence of her husband and her own withdrawal had probably permitted a little outbreak of gaiety or gossip down-stairs, with which she did not wish to interfere. She lay still accordingly, listening vaguely, without taking much interest in the matter. Certainly something out of the way must have happened. The sounds had sprung up all at once — a hum of many excited voices, with sharp cries as of dismay and wailing, breaking in. At last her attention was attracted. "There has been some accident," she said to herself, sitting upright upon her sofa. As she did this she heard steps approaching her door. They came with a rush, hurrying along, the feet of at least two women, with a heavier step behind them: then paused suddenly, and there ensued a whispering and consultation close to her door. Carry was a mother, and her first thought was of her children. "They are afraid to tell me," was the thought that passed through her mind. She rose and rushed to the door, throwing it open. "What is it? Something has happened," she said; "something you are afraid to tell me. Oh, speak, speak! — the children —"

"My leddy, it's none of the children. The children are as well as could be wished, poor dears," said her own maid, who had been suddenly revealed, standing very close to the door. The woman, her cheeks blazing with some sudden shock, eager to speak, yet terrified, stopped short there with a gasp. The housekeeper, who was behind her, pushed her a little forward, supporting her with a hand on her waist, whispering confused but audible exhortations. "Oh, take heart — oh, take heart. She must be told. The Lord will give you strength," this woman said. The butler stood solemnly behind, with a very anxious, serious countenance.



To Carry all this scene became confused by wild anxiety and terror. "What is it?" she said; "my mother? some one at home?" She stretched out her hands vaguely towards the messengers of evil, feeling like a victim at the block, upon whose neck the executioner's knife is about to fall.

"Oh, my leddy! far worse! far worse!" the woman cried.

Carry, in the dreadful whirl of her feelings, still paused bewildered, to ask herself what could be worse? And then there came upon her a moment of blindness, when she saw nothing, and the walls and the roof seemed to burst asunder, and whirl and whirl. She dropped upon her knees in this awful blank and blackness unawares, and then the haze dispelled, and she saw, coming out of the mist, a circle of horror-stricken, pale faces, forming a sort of ring round her. She could do nothing but gasp out her husband's name — "Mr. Torrance?" with quivering lips.

"Oh, my lady! my lady! To see her on her knees, and us bringin' her such awfu' news! But the Lord will comfort ye," cried the housekeeper, forgetting the veneration due to her mistress, and raising her in her arms. The two women supported her into her room, and she sat down again upon the sofa where she had been sitting — sitting, was it a year ago? — in the quiet, thinking that no change would ever come to her, — that nothing could alter her condition, that all was over and finished for her life.

And it is to be supposed that they told poor Carry exactly the truth. She never knew. When she begged them to leave her alone till her mother came, whom they had sent for, she had no distinct knowledge of how it was, or what had happened; but she knew *that* had happened. She fell upon her knees before her bed, and buried her head in her hands, shutting out the light. Then she seized hold of herself with both her hands to keep herself (as she felt) from floating away upon that flood of new life which came swelling up all in a moment, swelling into every vein — filling high the fountain of existence which had been so feeble and so low. Oh, shut out — shut out the light that nobody might see! close the doors and the shutters in the house of death, and every cranny, that no human eye might descry it! After a while she dropped lower, from the bed which supported her to the floor, prostrating herself with more than Oriental humbleness. Her

heart beat wildly, and in her brain there seemed to wake a hundred questions clanging like bells in her ears, filling the silence with sound. Her whole being, that had been crushed, sprang up like a flower from under a passing foot. Was it possible? — was it possible? She pulled herself down, tried by throwing herself upon her face on the carpet, prostrating herself, body and soul, to struggle against that secret, voiceless, mad exultation that came upon her against her will. Was he dead? — was he dead? struck down in the middle of his days, that man of iron? Oh, the pity of it! — oh, the horror of it! She tried to force herself to feel this — to keep down, down, that climbing joy in her. God in heaven, was it possible? she who thought nothing could happen to her more.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

LATER TIMES.

VIII.

"CALAIS after a rough passage; Brussels, flat country, tiled houses, trees and ditches, the window-shutters turned out to the street; fishwives' legs, Dunkirk, and the people looking like wooden toys set in motion; Bruges and its mingled spires, shipping, and windmills." These notes of travel read as if Miss Edgeworth had been writing down only yesterday a pleasant list of the things which are to be seen two hours off, to-day no less plainly than a century ago. She jots it all down from her corner in the post-chaise, where she is propped up with a father, brother, stepmother, and sister for travelling companions, and a new book to beguile the way. She is charmed with her new book. It is the story of "Mlle. de Clermont," by Madame de Genlis, which is just out. The Edgeworths (with many other English people) rejoiced in the long-looked-for millennium, which had been signed only the previous autumn, and they now came abroad to bask in the sunshine of the Continent, which had been so long denied to our mist-bound islanders. We hear of the enthusiastic and somewhat premature joy with which this peace was received by all ranks of people. Not only did the English rush over to France; foreigners crossed to England, and one of them, an old friend of Mr. Edgeworth's, reached



Edgeworthstown, and filled its enterprising master with a desire to see those places and things once more which he heard described. Mr. Edgeworth was anxious also to show his young wife the treasures in the Louvre, and to help her to develop her taste for art. He had had many troubles of late, lost friends and children by death and by marriage. One can imagine that the change must have been welcome to them all. Besides Maria and Lovell, his eldest son, he took with him a lovely young girl, Charlotte Edgeworth, a daughter of Elizabeth Sneyd. They travelled by Belgium, stopping on their way at Bruges, at Ghent, and visiting pictures and churches along the road, as travellers still like to do. Mrs. Edgeworth was, as we have said, the artistic member of the party. We do not know what modern rhapsodists would say to Miss Edgeworth's very subdued criticisms and descriptions of feeling on this occasion. "It is extremely agreeable to me," she writes, "to see paintings with those who have excellent taste and no affectation." And this remark might perhaps be thought even more to the point now than in the pre-æsthetic age in which it was innocently made. The travellers are finally landed in Paris in a magnificent hotel in a fine square, "formerly Place Louis-Quinze, afterwards Place de la Révolution, now Place de la Concorde." And Place de la Concorde it remains, wars and revolutions notwithstanding, whether lighted by the flames of the desperate Commune or by the peaceful sunsets which stream their evening glory across the blood-stained stones.

The Edgeworths did not come as strangers to Paris; they brought letters and introductions with them, and bygone associations and friendships which had only now to be resumed. The well-known Abbé Morellet, their old acquaintance, "answered for them," says Miss Edgeworth, and besides all this Mr. Edgeworth's name was well known in scientific circles. Bréguet, Montgolfier, and others all made him welcome. Lord Henry Petty, as Maria's friend Lord Lansdowne was then called, was in Paris, and Rogers the poet, and Kosciusko, cured of his wounds. For the first time they now made the acquaintance of M. Dumont, a lifelong friend and correspondent. There were many others — the Delesserts, of the French Protestant faction, Madame Suard, to whom the romantic Thomas Day had paid court some thirty

years before, and Madame Campan, and Madame Récamier, and Madame de Rémusat, and Madame de Houdetot, now seventy-two years of age, but Rousseau's Julie still, and Camille Jordan, and the Chevalier Edelcrantz, from the court of the king of Sweden.

The names alone of the Edgeworths' entertainers represent a delightful and interesting section of the history of the time. One can imagine that besides all these pleasant and talkative persons the Faubourg Saint-Germain itself threw open its great swinging doors to the relations of the Abbé Edgeworth who risked his life to stand by his master upon the scaffold and to speak those noble, warm-hearted words, the last that Louis ever heard. One can picture the family party as it must have appeared with its pleasant British looks — the agreeable, "ruddy-faced" father, the gentle Mrs. Edgeworth, who is somewhere described by her step-daughter as so orderly, so clean, so freshly dressed, and the child of fifteen, only too beautiful and delicately lovely, and last of all Maria herself, the nice, little, unassuming Jeannie-Deans-looking body Lord Byron described, small, homely, perhaps, but with her gift of French, of charming intercourse, her fresh laurels of authorship (for "Belinda" was lately published), her bright animation, her cultivated mind and power of interesting all those in her company, to say nothing of her own kindling interest in every one and everything round about her.

Her keen delights and vivid descriptions of all these new things, faces, voices, ideas, are all to be read in some long and most charming letters to Ireland, which also contain the account of a most eventful crisis which this Paris journey brought about. The letter is dated March, 1803, and it concludes as follows: —

Here, my dear aunt, I was interrupted in a manner that will surprise you as much as it surprised me — by the coming of M. Edelcrantz, a Swedish gentleman whom we have mentioned to you, of superior understanding and mild manners. He came to offer me his hand and heart! My heart, you may suppose, cannot return his attachment, for I have seen but very little of him, and have not had time to have formed any judgment except that I think nothing could tempt me to leave my own dear friends and my own country to live in Sweden.

Maria Edgeworth was now about thirty years of age, at a time of life when people are apt to realize perhaps almost more deeply than in early youth the influence



of feeling, its importance, and strange power over events. Hitherto there are no records in her memoirs of any sentimental episodes, but it does not follow that a young lady has not had her own phase of experience because she does not write it out at length to her various aunts and correspondents. Miss Edgeworth was not a sentimental person. She was warmly devoted to her own family, and she seems to have had a strong idea of her own want of beauty; perhaps her admiration for her lovely young sisters may have caused this feeling to be exaggerated by her. But no romantic, lovely heroine could have inspired a deeper or more touching admiration than this one which M. Edelcrantz felt for his English friend; the mild and superior Swede seems to have been thoroughly in earnest.

So indeed was Miss Edgeworth, but she was not carried away by the natural impulse of the moment. She realized the many difficulties and dangers of the unknown; she looked to the future; she turned to her own home, and with an affection all the more felt because of the trial to which it was now exposed. The many lessons of self-control and self-restraint which she had learnt returned with instinctive force. Sometimes it happens that people miss what is perhaps the best for the sake of the next best, and we see convenience and old habit and expediency, and a hundred small and insignificant circumstances, gathering like some avalanche to divide hearts that might give and receive very much from each. But sentiment is not the only thing in life. Other duties, ties, and realities there are; and it is difficult to judge for others in such matters. Sincerity of heart and truth to themselves are pretty sure in the end to lead people in the right direction for their own and for other people's happiness. Only, in the experience of many women there is the danger that fixed ideas, and other people's opinion, and the force of custom may limit lives which might have been complete in greater things, though perhaps less perfect in the lesser. People in the abstract are sincere enough in wishing fulness of experience and of happiness to those dearest and nearest to them; but we are only human beings, and when the time comes and the horrible necessity for parting approaches, our courage goes, our hearts fail, and we think we are preaching reason and good sense while it is only a most natural instinct which leads us to cling to that to which we are used and to those we love.

Mr. Edgeworth did not attempt to influence Maria. Mrs. Edgeworth evidently had some misgivings, and certainly much sympathy for the chevalier and for her friend and stepdaughter. She says:—

Maria was mistaken as to her own feelings. She refused M. Edelcrantz, but she felt much more for him than esteem and admiration; she was extremely in love with him. Mr. Edgeworth left her to decide for herself; but she saw too plainly what it would be to us to lose her and what she would feel at parting with us. She decided rightly for her own future happiness and for that of her family, but she suffered much at the time and long afterwards. While we were at Paris I remember that in a shop, where Charlotte and I were making purchases, Maria sat apart absorbed in thought, and so deep in reverie that when her father came in and stood opposite to her she did not see him till he spoke to her, when she started and burst into tears. . . . I do not think she repented of her refusal or regretted her decision. She was well aware that she could not have made M. Edelcrantz happy, that she would not have suited his position at the Court of Stockholm, and that her want of beauty might have diminished his attachment. It was perhaps better she should think so, for it calmed her mind; but from what I saw of M. Edelcrantz I think he was a man capable of really valuing her. I believe he was much attached to her, and deeply mortified at her refusal. He continued to reside in Sweden after the abdication of his master, and was always distinguished for his high character and great abilities. He never married. He was, except for his very fine eyes, remarkably plain.

So ends the romance of the romancer. There are, however, many happinesses in life, as there are many troubles.

Mrs. Edgeworth tells us that after her stepdaughter's return to Edgeworthtown she occupied herself with various literary works, correcting some of her former MSS. for the press, and writing "*Madame de Fleury*," "*Emilie de Coulanges*," and "*Leonora*." But the high-flown and romantic style did not suit her gift, and she wrote best when her genuine interest and unaffected glances shone with bright understanding sympathy upon her immediate surroundings. When we are told that "*Leonora*" was written in the style the Chevalier Edelcrantz preferred, and that the idea of what he would think of it was present to Maria in every page, we begin to realize that for us at all events it was a most fortunate thing that she decided as she did. It would have been a loss indeed to the world if this kindling and delightful spirit of hers had been choked by the polite thorns, fictions, and plati-



tudes of an artificial, courtly life and by the well-ordered narrowness of a limited standard. She never heard what the chevalier thought of the book; she never knew that he ever read it even. It is a satisfaction to hear that he married no one else, and while she sat writing and not forgetting in the pleasant library at home, one can imagine the romantic chevalier in his distant court faithful to the sudden and romantic devotion by which he is now remembered. Romantic and chivalrous friendship seems to belong to his country and to his countrymen.

## IX.

THERE are one or two other episodes less sentimental than this one recorded of this visit to Paris, not the least interesting of these being the account given of a call upon Madame de Genlis. The younger author from her own standpoint having resolutely turned away from the voice of the charmer for the sake of that which she is convinced to be duty and good sense, now somewhat sternly takes the measure of her elder sister, who has failed in the struggle, who is alone and friendless, and who has made her fate.

The story is too long to quote at full length. An isolated page without its setting loses very much; the previous description of the darkness and uncertainty through which Maria and her father go wandering, and asking their way in vain, adds immensely to the sense of the gloom and isolation which hides the close of a long and brilliant career. At last the travellers compel a reluctant porter to show them the staircase in the Arsenal, where Madame de Genlis is living, and to point out the door before he goes off with the light.

They wait in darkness for the door to be opened.

After ringing this bell we presently heard doors open and little footsteps approaching nigh. The door was opened by a girl of about Honora's size, holding an ill set-up, wavering candle in her hand, the light of which fell full upon her face and figure. Her face was remarkably intelligent—dark sparkling eyes, dark hair curled in the most fashionable long corkscrew ringlets over her eyes and cheeks. She parted the ringlets to take a full view of us. The dress of her figure by no means suited the head and elegance of her attitude. What her nether weeds might be we could not distinctly see, but they seemed a coarse short petticoat like what Molly Bristow's children would wear. After surveying us and hearing our name was Edgeworth she smiled graciously and bid us follow her, saying, "Maman est chez

elle." She led the way with the grace of a young lady who has been taught to dance across two ante-chambers, miserable-looking; but, miserable or not, no home in Paris can be without them. The girl, or young lady, for we were still in doubt which to think her, led into a small room in which the candles were so well screened by a green tin screen that we could scarcely distinguish the tall form of a lady in black who rose from her chair by the fireside; as the door opened a great puff of smoke came from the huge fireplace at the same moment. She came forward, and we made our way towards her as well as we could through a confusion of tables, chairs, and work-baskets, china, writing-desks and inkstands, and birdcages, and a harp. She did not speak, and as her back was now turned to both fire and candle I could not see her face or anything but the outline of her form and her attitude. Her form was the remains of a fine form, her attitude that of a woman used to a better drawing-room.

I being foremost, and she silent, was compelled to speak to the figure in darkness. "Madame de Genlis nous a fait l'honneur de nous mander qu'elle voulait bien nous permettre de lui rendre visite," said I, or words to that effect, to which she replied by taking my hand and saying something in which "charmée" was the most intelligible word. While she spoke she looked over my shoulder at my father, whose bow, I presume, told her he was a gentleman, for she spoke to him immediately as if she wished to please and seated us in *fauteuils* near the fire.

I then had a full view of her face—figure very thin and melancholy dark eyes, long sal-low cheeks, compressed thin lips, two or three black ringlets on a high forehead, a cap that Mrs. Grier might wear—altogether an appearance of fallen fortunes, worn-out health, and excessive but guarded irritability. To me there was nothing of that engaging, captivating manner which I had been taught to expect. She seemed to me to be alive only to literary quarrels and jealousies. The muscles of her face as she spoke, or as my father spoke to her, quickly and too easily expressed hatred and anger. . . . She is now, you know, *dévote acharnée*. . . . Madame de Genlis seems to have been so much used to being attacked that she has defence and apologies ready prepared. She spoke of Madame de Staël's "Delphine" with detestation. . . . Forgive me, my dear Aunt Mary; you begged me to see her with favorable eyes, and I went, after seeing her "*Rosière de Salency*," with the most favorable disposition, but I could not like her. . . . And from time to time I saw, or thought I saw, through the gloom of her countenance a gleam of coquetry. But my father judges of her much more favorably than I do. She evidently took pains to please him, and *he says he is sure she is a person over whose mind he could gain great ascendancy*.

The "young and gay philosopher" at



fifty is not unchanged since we knew him first. Maria adds a postscript:—

I had almost forgotten to tell you that the little girl who showed us in is a girl whom she is educating. "Elle m'appelle maman, mais elle n'est pas ma fille." The manner in which this little girl spoke to Madame de Genlis and looked at her appeared to me more in her favor than anything else. I went to look at what the child was writing; she was translating Darwin's "Zoonomia."

Every description one reads by Miss Edgeworth of actual things and people makes one wish that she had written more of them. This one is the more interesting from the contrast of the two women, both so remarkable and coming to so different a result in their experience of life.

This eventful visit to Paris is brought to an eventful termination by several gendarmes, who appear early one morning in Mr. Edgeworth's bedroom with orders that he is to get up and to leave Paris immediately. Mr. Edgeworth had been accused of being brother to the Abbé de Firmont. When the mitigated circumstance of his being only a first cousin was put forward by Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador, the Edgeworths received permission to return from the suburb to which they had retired; but private news hurried their departure, and they were only in time to escape the general blockade and detention of English prisoners. After little more than a year of peace, once more war was declared on May 20, 1803. Lovell, the eldest son, who was absent at the time and travelling from Switzerland, was not able to escape in time; nor for twelve years to come was the young man able to return to his own home and family.

#### X.

"BELINDA," "Castle Rackrent," the "Parents' Assistant," the "Essays on Practical Education," had all made their mark. The new series of popular tales was also welcomed. There were other books on the way: Miss Edgeworth had several MSS. in hand in various stages, stories to correct for the press. There was also a long novel, first begun by her father and taken up and carried on by her. The "Essays on Practical Education," which were first published in 1798, continued to be read. M. Pictet had translated the book into French the year before; a third edition was published some ten years later, in 1811, in the preface of which the authors say, "It is due to the

public to state that twelve years' additional experience in a numerous family, and careful attention to the results of other modes of education, have given the authors no reason to retract what they have advanced in these volumes."

In Mr. Edgeworth's memoirs, however, his daughter states that he modified his opinions in one or two particulars; allowing more and more liberty to the children, and at the same time conceding greater importance to the habit of early though mechanical efforts of memory. The essays seem in every way in advance of their time; many of the hints contained in them most certainly apply to the little children of to-day no less than to their small grandparents. A lady whose own name is high in the annals of education was telling me that she had been greatly struck by the resemblance between the Edgeworth system and that of Froebel's Kindergarten method, which is now gaining more and more ground in people's estimation, the object of both being not so much to cram instruction into early youth as to draw out each child's powers of observation and attention.

The first series of tales of fashionable life came out in 1809, and contained among other stories "Ennui," one of the most remarkable of Miss Edgeworth's works. The second series included "The Absentee," that delightful story of which the lesson should be impressed upon us even more than in the year 1812. "The Absentee" was at first only an episode in the longer novel of "Patronage;" but the public was impatient, so were the publishers, and fortunately for every one "The Absentee" was printed as a separate tale.

"Patronage" had been begun by Mr. Edgeworth to amuse his wife, who was recovering from illness; it was originally called the "Fortunes of the Freeman Family," and it is a history with a moral. Morals were more in fashion then than they are now, but this one is obvious without any commentary upon it. It is tolerably certain that clever, industrious, well-conducted people will succeed where idle, scheming, and untrustworthy persons will eventually fail to get on even with powerful friends to back them. But the novel has yet to be written that will prove that, where merits are more equal, a little patronage is not of a great deal of use, or that people's positions in life are exactly proportioned to their merit. Mrs. Barbauld's pretty essay on the inconsistency of human expectations contains the best possible answer to the problem of what



people's deserts should be. Let us hope that personal advancement is only one of the many things people try for in life, and that there are other prizes as well worth having. Miss Edgeworth herself somewhere speaks with warm admiration of this very essay. Of the novel itself she says (writing to Mrs. Barbauld), "It is so vast a subject that it flounders about in my hands and quite overpowers me."

It is in this same letter that Miss Edgeworth mentions another circumstance which interested her at this time, and which was one of those events occurring now and again to do equal credit to all concerned.

I have written a preface and notes [she says] — for I too would be an editor — for a little book which a very worthy countrywoman of mine is going to publish: Mrs. Leadbeater, granddaughter to Burke's first preceptor. She is poor. She has behaved most handsomely about some letters of Burke's to her grandfather and herself. It would have been advantageous to her to publish them; but as Mrs. Burke\* — Heaven knows why — objected she desisted.

Mrs. Leadbeater was an Irish Quaker lady whose simple and spirited annals of Ballitore delighted Carlyle in his later days, and whose "Cottage Dialogues" greatly struck Mr. Edgeworth at the time. She had written them to assist her family, and the kind Edgeworths, finding her quite unused to publishing transactions, exerted themselves in every way to help her. Mr. Edgeworth took the MSS. out of the hands of an Irish publisher, and, says Maria, "our excellent friend's worthy successor in St. Paul's Churchyard has, on our recommendation, agreed to publish it for her." Mr. Edgeworth's own letter to Mrs. Leadbeater gives the history of his good-natured offices and their satisfactory results.

From R. L. Edgeworth, July 5, 1810.

Miss Edgeworth desires me as a man of business to write to Mrs. Leadbeater relative to the publication of "Cottage Dialogues." Miss Edgeworth has written an advertisement, and will, with Mrs. Leadbeater's permission, write notes for an English edition. The scheme which I propose is of two parts — to sell the English copyright to the house of Johnson in London, where we dispose of our own works, and to publish a very large and cheap edition for Ireland for schools. . . . I can probably introduce the book into many places. Our family takes 300 copies, Lady

Longford 50, Dr. Beaufort 20, etc. . . . I think Johnson and Co. will give 50*l.* for the English copyright.

After the transaction Mr. Edgeworth wrote to the publishers as follows:—

May 31, 1811: Edgeworthstown.  
My sixty-eighth birthday.

My dear Gentlemen,—I have just heard your letter to Mrs. Leadbeater read by one who dropped tears of pleasure from a sense of your generous and handsome conduct. I take great pleasure in speaking of you to the rest of the world as you deserve, and I cannot refrain from expressing to yourselves the genuine esteem that I feel for you. I know that this direct praise is scarcely allowable, but my advanced age and my close connexion with you must be my excuse. — Yours sincerely,

R. L. E.

Tears seem equivalent to something more than the estimated value of Mrs. Leadbeater's labors. Let us hope, that the kind publishers may have behaved even more handsomely than Mr. Edgeworth expected. Miss Edgeworth's notes must also be taken into account. The charming and well-known Mrs. Trench, who was also Mary Leadbeater's friend, writes to her praising them warmly. "Miss Edgeworth's notes on your Dialogues have as much spirit and originality as if she had never before explored the mine which many thought she had exhausted."

All these are pleasant specimens of the Edgeworth correspondence, which, however (following the course of most correspondence), does not seem to have been always equally agreeable. There are some letters (among others which I have been allowed to see) written by her about the time to an unfortunate young man who seems to have annoyed her greatly by his excited importunities.

I thank you [she says] for your friendly zeal in defence of my powers of pathos and sublimity; but I think it carries you much too far when it leads you to imagine that I refrain from principle or virtue from displaying powers that I really do not possess. I assure you that I am not in the least capable of writing a dithyrambic ode, or any other kind of ode.

One is reminded by this suggestion of poor Jane Austen also having to decline to write "an historical novel illustrative of the august house of Coburg." The young man himself seems to have had some wild aspirations after authorship, but to have feared criticism.

The advantage of the art of printing [says his friendly Minerva] is that the mistakes of individuals in reasoning and writing will be corrected in time by the public, so that the

\* Mrs. Burke, hearing more of the circumstances, afterwards sent permission, but Mrs. Leadbeater being a Quakeress, and having once *promised* not to publish, could not take it upon herself to break her covenant.



cause of truth cannot suffer; and I presume you are too much of a philosopher to mind the trifling mortification that the detection of a mistake might occasion. You know that some sensible person has observed that acknowledging a mistake is saying only in other words that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday.

He seems at last to have passed the bounds of reasonable correspondence, and she writes as follows:—

Your last letter, dated in June, was many months before it reached me. In answer to all your reproaches at my silence I can only assure you that it was not caused by any change in my opinions or good wishes; but I do not carry on what is called a regular correspondence with anybody except with one or two of my very nearest relations; and it is best to tell the plain truth that my father particularly dislikes my writing letters, so I write as few as I possibly can.

#### XI.

WHILE Maria Edgeworth was at work in her Irish home, successfully producing her admirable delineations, another woman, born some eight years later, and living in the quiet Hampshire village where the elm-trees spread so greenly, was also at work, also writing books that were destined to influence many a generation, but which were meanwhile waiting unknown, unnoticed. Do we not all know the story of the brown paper parcel lying unopened for years on the publisher's shelf and containing Henry Tilney and all his capes, Catherine Morland and all her romance, and the great John Thorpe himself, uttering those valuable literary criticisms which Lord Macaulay, writing to his little sisters at home, used to quote? "Oh, Lord!" says John Thorpe, "I never read novels; I have other things to do." A friend reminds us of Miss Austen's own indignant outburst. "Only a novel! only 'Cecilia,' or 'Camilla,' or 'Belinda;' or, in short, only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humor, are conveyed to the world in the best-chosen language." If the great historian, who loved novels himself, had not assured us that we owe Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth to the early influence of the author of "Evelina," one might grudge "Belinda" to such company.

"Pride and Prejudice" and "Northanger Abbey" were published about the

same time as "Patronage" and "Tales of Fashionable Life." Their two authors illustrate, curiously enough, the difference between the national characteristics of English and Irish—the breadth, the versatility, the innate wit and gaiety of an Irish mind; the comparative narrowness of range of an English nature; where, however, we may get humor and its never-failing charm. Long afterwards Jane Austen sent one of her novels to Miss Edgeworth, who appreciated it indeed, as such a mind as hers could not fail to do, but it was with no such enthusiasm as that which she felt for other more ambitious works, with more of incident, power, knowledge of the world, in the place of that one subtle quality of humor which for some persons outweighs almost every other. Something, some indefinite sentiment, tells people where they amalgamate and with whom they are intellectually akin; and by some such process of criticism the writer feels that in this little memoir of Miss Edgeworth she has but sketched the outer likeness of this remarkable woman's life and genius; and that she has scarcely done justice to very much in Miss Edgeworth, which so many of the foremost men of her day could appreciate, a power, a versatility, an interest in subjects for their own sakes, not for the sakes of those who are interested in them, which was essentially hers.

It is always interesting to watch a writer's progress in the estimation of critics and reviewers. In 1809 Miss Edgeworth is moderately and respectfully noticed. "As a writer of novels and tales she has a marked peculiarity, that of venturing to dispense common sense to her readers and to bring them within the precincts of real life. Without excluding love from her pages she knows how to assign to it its true limits." In 1812 the reviewer, more used to hear the author's praises on all sides, now starts from a higher key, and, as far as truth to nature and delineation of character are concerned, does not allow a rival except "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas." The following criticism is just and more to the point:—

To this power of masterly and minute delineation of character Miss Edgeworth adds another which has rarely been combined with the former, that of interweaving the peculiarities of her persons with the conduct of her piece, and making them, without forgetting for a moment their personal consistency, conduce to the general lesson. . . . Her virtue and vice, though copied exactly from nature, lead with perfect ease to a moral conclusion, and



are finally punished or rewarded by means which (rare as retribution in this world is) appear for the most part neither inconsistent nor unnatural.

Then follows a review of "Vivian" and of "The Absentee," which is perhaps the most admirable of her works. We may all remember how Macaulay once pronounced that the scene in "The Absentee" where Lord Colambre discovers himself to his tenantry was the best thing of the sort since the opening of the twenty-second book of the Odyssey.

An article by Lord Dudley, which is still to be quoted, appeared in the *Quarterly Review* in 1814. What he says of her works applies no less to Miss Edgeworth's own life than to the principles which she inculcates.

The old rule was for heroes and heroines to fall suddenly and irretrievably in love. If they fell in love with the right person so much the better; if not, it could not be helped, and the novel ended unhappily. And, above all, it was held quite irregular for the most reasonable people to make any use whatever of their reason on the most important occasion of their lives. Miss Edgeworth has presumed to treat this mighty power with far less reverence. She has analysed it and found it does not consist of one simple element, but that several common ingredients enter into its composition—habit, esteem, a belief of some corresponding sentiment and of suitableness in the character and circumstances of the party. She has pronounced that reason, timely and vigorously applied, is almost a specific, and, following up this bold empirical line of practice, she has actually produced cases of the entire cure of persons who had labored under its operation. Her favorite qualities are prudence, firmness, temper, and that active, vigilant good sense which, without checking the course of our kind affections, exercises its influence at every moment and surveys deliberately the motives and consequences of every action. Utility is her object, reason and experience her means.

## XII.

THIS review of Lord Dudley's must have come out after a visit from the Edgeworth family to London in 1813, which seems to have been a most brilliant and amusing campaign. "I know the homage that was paid you," wrote Mrs. Barbauld, speaking of the event, "and I exulted in it for your sake and for my sex's sake." Miss Edgeworth was at the height of her popularity, in good spirits and good health. Mr. Edgeworth was seventy, but he looked years younger, and was still in undiminished health and vigor. The party was welcomed, fêted, sought after everywhere. Except that

they miss seeing Madame d'Arblay and leave London before the arrival of Madame de Staël, they seem to have come in for everything that was brilliant, fashionable, and entertaining. They breakfast with poets, they sup with marquises, they call upon duchesses and scientific men. Maria's old friend the Duchess of Wellington is not less her friend than she was in County Longford. Every one likes them and comes knocking at their lodging-house door while Maria up-stairs is writing a letter, standing at a chest of drawers. "Miss Edgeworth is delightful," says Tom Moore, "not from display, but from repose and unaffectedness, the least pretending person." Even Lord Byron writes warmly of the authoress whose company is so grateful, and who goes her simple, pleasant way cheerful and bringing kind cheer, and making friends with the children as well as with the elders. Many of these children in their lives fully justified her interest, children whom we in turn have known and looked up to as distinguished grey-headed men.

Some one once asked Miss Edgeworth how she came to understand children as she did, what charm she used to win them. "I don't know," she said kindly; "I lie down and let them crawl over me." She was greatly pleased on one occasion when at a crowded party a little girl suddenly started forth, looked at her hard, and said, "I like simple Susan best," and rushed away overwhelmed at her own audacity. The same lady who was present on this occasion asked her a question which we must all be grateful to have solved for us—how it happened that the respective places of Laura and Rosamond came to be transposed in "Patronage," Laura having been the wiser elder sister in "The Purple Jar," and appearing suddenly as the younger in the novel. Miss Edgeworth laughed and said that Laura had been so preternaturally wise and thoughtful as a child, she could never have kept her up to the mark, and so she thought it best to change the character altogether.

During one of her visits to London Miss Edgeworth went to dine at the house of Mr. Marshall; and his daughter, Lady Monteaule, tells a little story which gives an impression, and a kind one, of the celebrated guest. Everything had been prepared in her honor, the lights lighted, the viands were cooked. Dinner was announced, and some important person was brought forward to hand Miss Edgeworth down, when it was discovered



that she had vanished. For a moment the company and the dinner were all at a standstill. She was a small person, but diligent search was made. Miss Edgeworth had last been seen with the children of the house, and she was eventually found in the back kitchen, escorted by the said children, who, having confided their private affairs to her sympathetic ear, had finally invited her to come with them and see some rabbits which they were rearing down below. A lady who used to live at Clifton as a little girl, and to be sometimes prescribed for by Dr. King, was once brought up to Miss Edgeworth, and she told me how very much puzzled she felt when the bright old lady, taking her by the hand, said, "Well, my dear, how do you do, and how is my excellent brother-in-law?" One can imagine what a vague sort of being an "excellent brother-in-law" would seem to a very young child.

We read in Miss Edgeworth's memoir of her father that Mr. Edgeworth recovered from his serious illness in 1814 to enjoy a few more years of life among his friends, his children, and his experiments. His good humor and good spirits were undiminished, and he used to quote an old friend's praise of "the privileges and convenience of old age." He was seventy, but he seems to have continued his own education to the end of life. "Without affecting to be young, he exerted himself to prevent any of his faculties from sinking into the indolent state which portends their decay," and his daughter says that he went on learning to the last, correcting his faults and practising his memory by various devices, so that it even improved with age.

In one of his last letters to Mrs. Beaufort, his wife's mother, he speaks with no little paternal pleasure of his home and his children: "Such excellent principles, such just views of human life and manners, such cultivated understandings, such charming tempers make a little Paradise about me;" while with regard to his daughter's works he adds concerning the book which was about to appear, "If Maria's tales fail with the public, you will hear of my hanging myself."

Mr. Edgeworth died in the summer of 1817, at home, surrounded by his family, grateful, as he says, to Providence for allowing his body to perish before his mind.

During the melancholy months which succeeded her father's death Maria hardly wrote any letters; her sight was in a most alarming

state. The tears, she said, felt in her eyes like the cutting of a knife. She had overworked them all the previous winter, sitting up at night and struggling with her grief as she wrote "Ormond." She was now unable to use them without pain. . . . Edgeworthstown now belonged to Lovell, the eldest surviving brother, but he wished it to continue the home of the family. Maria set to work to complete her father's memoirs and to fulfil his last wish.

It was not without great hesitation and anxiety that she set to work to complete her father's "Life." There is a touching sentence in a letter to her aunt Ruxton. "I felt the happiness of my life was at stake. Even if all the rest of the world had praised it and you had been dissatisfied, how miserable should I have been!" And there is another sentence written at Bowood, very sad and full of remembrance. "I feel as if I had lived a hundred years and was left alive after everybody else." The book came out, and many things were said about it, not all praise. The *Quarterly* was so spiteful and intolerant that it seemed almost personal in its violence. It certainly would have been a great loss to the world had this curious and interesting memoir never been published, but at the time the absence of certain phrases and expressions of opinions which Mr. Edgeworth had never specially professed seemed greatly to offend the reviewers.

The worst of these attacks Miss Edgeworth never read, and the task finished, the sad months over, the poor eyes recovered, she crossed to England.

### XIII.

ONE is glad to hear of her away and at Bowood in good company, in all senses of the word. Her old friend Lord Henry Petty, now Lord Lansdowne, was still her friend and full of kindness. Outside the house spread a green deer-park to rest her tired eyes, within were pleasant and delightful companions to cheer her soul. Sir Samuel Romilly was there, of whom she speaks with affectionate admiration, as she does of her kind host and hostess. "I much enjoy the sight of Lady Lansdowne's happiness with her husband and her children. Beauty, fortune, cultivated society all united—in short, everything that the most reasonable or unreasonable could wish. She is so amiable and desirous to make others happy."

Miss Edgeworth's power of making other people see with her eyes is very remarkable in all these letters; with a little imagination one could almost feel as



if one might be able to travel back into the pleasant society in which she lived. When she goes abroad soon after with her two younger sisters (Fanny, the baby whose head so nearly came off in her arms, and Harriet, who have both grown up by this time to be pretty and elegant young ladies), the sisters are made welcome everywhere. In Paris, as in London, troops of acquaintance came forward to receive "Madame Maria et mesdemoiselles ses sœurs," as they used to be announced. Most of their old friends were there still; only the children had grown up and were now new friends to be greeted. It is a confusion of names in visionary succession, comprising English people no less than French. Miss Edgeworth notes it all with a sure hand and true pen; it is as one of the sketch-books of a great painter, where whole pictures are indicated in a few just lines. Here is a peep at the Abbaye aux Bois in 1820:—

We went to Madame Récamier in her convent, l'Abbaye aux Bois, up seventy-eight steps. All came in with asthma. Elegant room; she as elegant as ever. Matthieu de Montmorenci, the ex-Queen of Sweden, Madame de Boigne, a charming woman, and Madame la Maréchale de —, a battered beauty, smelling of garlic and screeching in vain to pass as a wit. . . . Madame Récamier has no more taken the veil than I have, and is as little likely to do it. She is quite beautiful; she dresses herself and her little room with elegant simplicity, and lives in a convent only because it is cheap and respectable.

One sees it all, the convent, the company, the last refrain of former triumphs, the faithful romantic Matthieu de Montmorenci, and above all the poor Maréchale, who will screech forever in her garlic. Let us turn the page, we find another picture from these not long past days:—

Breakfast at Camille Jordan's; it was half past twelve before the company assembled, and we had an hour's delightful conversation with Camille Jordan and his wife in her spotless white muslin and little cap, sitting at her husband's feet as he lay on the sofa; as clean, as nice, as fresh, as thoughtless of herself as my mother. At this breakfast we saw three of the most distinguished of that party who call themselves "les Doctrinaires" and say they are more attached to measures than to men.

Here is another portrait of a portrait and its painter:—

Princess Potemkin is a Russian, but she has all the grace, softness, winning manner of the Polish ladies. Oval face, pale, with the finest, softest, most expressive chestnut dark eyes.

She has a sort of politeness which pleases peculiarly, a mixture of the ease of high rank and early habit with something that is sentimental without affectation. Madame le Brun is painting her picture. Madame le Brun is sixty-six, with great vivacity as well as genius, and better worth seeing than her pictures, for though they are speaking she speaks.

Another visit the sisters paid, which will interest the readers of Madame de la Rochejaquelin's memoirs of the war in the Vendée:—

In a small bedroom, well furnished, with a fire just lighted, we found Madame de la Rochejaquelin on the sofa; her two daughters at work, one spinning with a distaff, the other embroidering muslin. Madame is a fat woman with a broad, round, fair face and a most benevolent expression, her hair cut short and perfectly grey as seen under her cap; the rest of the face much too young for such grey locks; and though her face and bundled form all squashed on to a sofa did not at first promise much of gentility, you could not hear her speak or hear her for three minutes without perceiving that she was well-born and well-bred.

Madame de la Rochejaquelin seems to have confided in Miss Edgeworth.

"I am always sorry when any stranger sees me, *parce que je sais que je détruis toute illusion. Je sais que je devrais avoir l'air d'une héroïne.*" She is much better than a heroine; she is benevolence and truth itself.

We must not forget the scientific world where Madame Maria was no less at home than in fashionable literary cliques. The sisters saw something of Cuvier at Paris; in Switzerland they travelled with the Aragos. They were on their way to the Marcets at Geneva when they stopped at Coppet, where Miss Edgeworth was always specially happy in the society of Madame Auguste de Staël and Madame de Broglie. But Switzerland is not one of the places where only human beings are in the ascendant; other influences there are almost stronger than human ones. "I did not conceive it possible that I should feel so much pleasure from the beauties of nature as I have done since I came to this country. The first moment when I saw Mont Blanc will remain an era in my life—a new idea, a new feeling standing alone in the mind." Miss Edgeworth presently comes down from her mountain heights and, full of interest, throws herself into the talk of her friends at Coppet and Geneva, from which she quotes as it occurs to her. Here is Rocca's indignant speech to Lord Byron, who was abusing the stupidity of



the Genevese. "Eh! milord, pourquoi venir vous fourrer parmi ces honnêtes gens?" There is Arago's curious anecdote of Napoleon, who sent for him after the battle of Waterloo, offering him a large sum of money to accompany him to America. The emperor had formed a project for founding a scientific colony in the New World. Arago was so indignant with him for abandoning his troops that he would have nothing to say to the plan. A far more touching story is Dr. Marcet's account of Josephine. "Poor Josephine! Do you remember Dr. Marcet's telling us that when he breakfasted with her she said, pointing to her flowers, 'These are my subjects. I try to make them happy'?"

Among other expeditions they made a pilgrimage to the home of the author of a work for which Miss Edgeworth seems to have entertained a mysterious enthusiasm. The novel was called "*Caroline de Lichfield*," and was so much admired at the time that Miss Seward mentions a gentleman who wrote from abroad to propose for the hand of the authoress, and who, more fortunate than the poor Chevalier Edelcrantz, was not refused by the lady. Perhaps some similarity of experience may have led Maria Edgeworth to wish for the lady's acquaintance. Happily time was past for Miss Edgeworth to look back; her life was now shaped and moulded in its own groove; the consideration, the variety, the difficulties of unmarried life were hers, its agreeable change, its monotony of feeling and of unselfish happiness, compared with the necessary regularity, the more personal felicity, the less liberal interests of the married. Her life seems to have been full to overflowing of practical occupation and consideration for others. What changing scenes and colors, what a number of voices, what a crowd of outstretched hands, what interesting processions of people pass across her path! There is something of her father's optimism and simplicity of nature in her unceasing brightness and activity, in her resolutions to improve as time goes on. Her young brothers and sisters grow to be men and women; with her sisters' marriages new interests touch her warm heart. Between her and the brothers of the younger generation who did not turn to her as a sort of mother there may have been too great a difference of age for that companionship to continue which often exists between a child and a grown-up person. So at least one is led to believe was the case as re-

gards one of them, mentioned in a memoir which has recently appeared. But to her sisters she could be friend, protector, chaperone, sympathizing companion, and elder sister to the end of her days. We hear of them all at Bowood again on their way back to Ireland, and then we find them all at home settling down to the old life, Maria reading Sévigné of whom she never tires.

## XIV.

ONE of the prettiest and most sympathetic incidents in Maria Edgeworth's life was a subsequent expedition to Abbotsford and the pleasure she gave to its master. They first met in Edinburgh, and her short account conjures up the whole scene before us:—

Ten o'clock struck as I read his note. We were tired, we were not fit to be seen, but I thought it right to accept Walter Scott's cordial invitation, sent for a hackney coach, and just as we were, without dressing, we went. As the coach stopped we saw the hall lighted, and the moment the door opened heard the joyous sounds of loud singing. Three servants' "*The Miss Edgeworths!*" sounded from hall to landing-place, and as I paused for a moment in the anteroom I heard the first sound of Walter Scott's voice—"The Miss Edgeworths *come!*" The room was lighted by only one globe lamp; a circle were singing loud and beating time: all stopped in an instant.

Is not this picture complete? Scott himself she describes as "full of genius without the slightest effort at expression, delightfully natural, more lame but not so unwieldy as she expected." Lady Scott she goes on to sketch in some half-dozen words, "French, large dark eyes, civil and good-natured."

When we wakened the next morning the whole scene of the preceding night seemed like a dream [she continues]; however at twelve came the real Lady Scott, and we called for Scott at the Parliament House, who came out of the Courts with joyous face, as if he had nothing on earth to do or to think of but to show us Edinburgh.

In her quick, discriminating way she looks round and notes them all one by one.

Mr. Lockhart is reserved and silent, but he appears to have much sensibility under this reserve. Mrs. Lockhart is very pleasing—a slight, elegant figure and graceful simplicity of manner, perfectly natural. There is something most winning in her affectionate manner to her father. He dotes upon her.

A serious illness intervened for poor Maria before she and her devoted young nurses could reach Abbotsford itself.



There she began to recover, and Lady Scott watched over her and prescribed for her with the most tender care and kindness. "Lady Scott felt the attention and respect Maria showed to her, perceiving that she valued her and treated her as a friend," says Mrs. Edgeworth; "not, as too many of Sir Walter's guests did, with neglect." This is Miss Edgeworth's description of the Abbotsford family life:

It is quite delightful to see Scott and his family in the country; breakfast, dinner, supper, the same flow of kindness, fondness, and genius, far, far surpassing his works, his letters, and all my hopes and imagination. His Castle of Abbotsford is magnificent, but I forget it in thinking of him.

The return visit, when Scotland visited Ireland, was no less successful.

Maria and my daughter Harriet accompanied Sir Walter and Miss Scott, Mr. Lockhart, and Captain and Mrs. Scott to Killarney. They travelled in an open calèche of Sir Walter's....

Sir Walter was, like Maria, never put out by discomforts on a journey, but always ready to make the best of everything and to find amusement in every incident. He was delighted with Maria's eagerness for everybody's comfort, and diverted himself with her admiration of a green baize-covered door at the inn at Killarney. "Miss Edgeworth, you are so mightily pleased with that door, I think you will carry it away with you to Edgeworth-town."

Miss Edgeworth's friendships were certainly very remarkable, and comprise almost all the interesting people of her day in France as well as in England. She was liked, trusted, surrounded, and she appears to have had the art of winning to her all the great men. We know the Duke of Wellington addressed verses to her; there are pleasant intimations of her acquaintance with Sir James Mackintosh, Romilly, Moore, and Rogers, and that most delightful of human beings Sydney Smith, whom she thoroughly appreciated and admired. Describing her brother Frank, she says, somewhere, "I am much inclined to think that he has a natural genius for happiness; in other words, as Sydney Smith would say, *great hereditary constitutional joy*." "To attempt to Boswell Sydney Smith's conversation would be to outboswell Boswell," she writes in another letter home; but in Lady Holland's memoir of her father there is a pleasant little account of Miss Edgeworth herself, "delightful, clever, and sensible," listening to Sydney Smith. She seems to have gone the round of his parish with him while he scolded, doc-

tored, joked his poor people according to their needs.

"During her visit she saw much of my father," says Lady Holland; "and her talents as well as her thorough knowledge and love of Ireland made her conversation peculiarly agreeable to him." On her side Maria writes warmly desiring that some Irish bishopric might be forced upon Sydney Smith, which "his own sense of natural charity and humanity would forbid him refuse. . . . In the twinkling of an eye — such an eye as his — he would see all our manifold grievances up and down the country. One word, one *bon mot* of his, would do more for us, I guess, than —'s four hundred pages and all the like with which we have been bored."

The two knew how to make good company for one another; the quiet Jeanie Deans body could listen as well as give out. We are told that it was not so much that she said brilliant things, but that a general perfume of wit ran through her conversation, and she most certainly had the gift of appreciating the good things of others. Whether in that "scene of simplicity, truth, and nature" a London rout, or in some quiet Hampstead parlor talking to an old friend, or in her own home among books and relations and interests of every sort, Miss Edgeworth seems to have been constantly the same, with presence of mind and presence of heart too, ready to respond to everything. I think her warmth of heart shines even brighter than her wit at times. "I could not bear the idea that you suspected me of being so weak, so vain, so senseless," she once wrote to Mrs. Barbauld, "as to have my head turned by a little fashionable flattery." If her head was not turned it must have been because her spirit was stout enough to withstand the world's almost irresistible influence.

Not only the great men but the women too are among her friends. She writes prettily of Mrs. Somerville, with her smiling eyes and pink color, her soft voice, strong, well-bred Scotch accent, timid, not disqualifying timid, but naturally modest. "While her head is among the stars her feet are firm upon the earth." She is "delighted" with a criticism of Madame de Staël's, in a letter to M. Dumont. "Vraiment elle était digne de l'enthousiasme, mais elle se perd dans votre triste utilité." It is difficult to understand why this should have given Miss Edgeworth so much pleasure; and here finally is a little vision conjured up for us of her



meeting with Mrs. Fry among her prisoners.

Little doors, and thick doors, and doors of all sorts were unbolted and unlocked, and on we went through dreary but clean passages till we came to a room where rows of empty benches fronted us, a table on which lay a large Bible. Several ladies and gentlemen entered, took their seats on benches at either side of the table in silence. Enter Mrs. Fry in a drab-colored silk cloak and a plain, borderless Quaker cap, a most benevolent countenance, calm, benign. "I must make an enquiry. Is Maria Edgeworth here?" And when I went forward she bade me come and sit beside her. Her first smile as she looked upon me I can never forget. The prisoners came in in an orderly manner and ranged themselves upon the benches.

XV.

"IN this my sixtieth year, to commence in a few days," says Miss Edgeworth, writing to her cousin Margaret Ruxton, "I am resolved to make great progress." "Rosamond at sixty," says Miss Ruxton, touched and amused. Her resolutions were not idle.

"The universal difficulties of the money market in the year 1826 were felt by us," says Mrs. Edgeworth in her memoir, "and Maria, who since her father's death had given up rent-receiving, now resumed it; undertook the management of her brother Lovell's affairs, which she conducted with consummate skill and perseverance, and weathered the storm that swamped so many in this financial crisis." We also hear of an opportune windfall in the shape of some valuable diamonds, which an old lady, a distant relation, left in her will to Miss Edgeworth, who sold them and built a market-house for Edgeworthtown with the proceeds.

*April 8, 1827.* — I am quite well, and in high good humor and good spirits, in consequence of having received the whole of Lovell's half-year's rents in full, with pleasure to the tenants and without the least fatigue or anxiety to myself.

It was about this time her novel of "Helen" was written, the last of her books, the only one that her father had not revised. There is a vivid account given by one of her brothers of the family assembled in the library to hear the manuscript read out, of their anxiety and their pleasure as they realized how good it was, how spirited, how well equal to her standard. Ticknor, in his account of Miss Edgeworth, says that the talk of Lady Davenant in "Helen" is very like Miss Edgeworth's own manner. His

visit to Edgeworthtown was not long after the publication of the book. His description, if only for her mention of her father, is worth quoting: —

As we drove to the door Miss Edgeworth came out to meet us, a small, short, spare body of about sixty-seven, with extremely frank and kind manners, but who always looks straight into your face with a pair of mild deep grey eyes whenever she speaks to you. With characteristic directness she did not take us into the library until she had told us that we should find there Mrs. Alison, of Edinburgh, and her aunt, Miss Sneyd, a person very old and infirm, and that the only other persons constituting the family were Mrs. Edgeworth, Miss Honora Edgeworth, and Dr. Alison, a physician. . . . Miss Edgeworth's conversation was always ready, as full of vivacity and variety as I can imagine. . . . She was disposed to defend everybody, even Lady Morgan, as far as she could. And in her intercourse with her family she was quite delightful, referring constantly to Mrs. Edgeworth, who seems to be the authority in all matters of fact, and most kindly repeating jokes to her infirm aunt, Miss Sneyd, who cannot hear them, and who seems to have for her the most unbounded affection and admiration. . . . About herself as an author she seems to have no reserve or secrets. She spoke with great kindness and pleasure of a letter I brought to her from Mr. Peabody, explaining some passage in his review of "Helen" which had troubled her from its allusion to her father. "But," she added, "no one can know what I owe to my father. He advised and directed me in everything. I never could have done anything without him. There are things I cannot be mistaken about, though other people can. I know them." As she said this the tears stood in her eyes, and her whole person was moved. . . . It was, therefore, something of a trial to talk so brilliantly and variously as she did from nine in the morning to past eleven at night.

She was unfeignedly glad to see good company. Here is her account of another visitor: —

*Sept. 26.* — The day before yesterday we were amusing ourselves by telling who among literary and scientific people we should wish to come here next. Francis said Coleridge; I said Herschell. Yesterday morning, as I was returning from my morning walk at half past eight, I saw a bonnetless maid in the walk, with a letter in her hand, in search of me. When I opened the letter I found it was from Mr. Herschell, and that he was waiting for an answer at Mr. Briggs's inn. I have seldom been so agreeably surprised, and now that he is gone and that he has spent twenty-four hours here, if the fairy were to ask me the question again I should still more eagerly say, "Mr. Herschall, ma'am, if you please."

She still came over to England from



time to time, visiting at her sisters' houses. Honora was now Lady Beaufort; another sister, Fanny, the object of her closest and most tender affection, was Mrs. Lestock Wilson. Age brought no change in her mode of life. Time passes with tranquil steps, for her not hasting unduly. "I am perfect," she writes at the age of seventy-three to her stepmother of seventy-two, "so no more about it, and thank you from my heart and every component part of my precious self for all the care, and successful care, you have taken of me, your old petted nursing."

Alas! it is sad to realize that quite late in life fresh sorrows fell upon this warm-hearted woman. Troubles gather; young sisters fade away in their beauty and happiness. But in sad times and good times the old home is still unchanged, and remains for those that are left to turn to for shelter, for help and consolation. To the very last Miss Edgeworth kept up her reading, her correspondence, her energy. All along we have heard of her active habits — out in the early morning in her garden, coming in to the nine o'clock breakfast with her hands full of roses, sitting by and talking and reading her letters while the others ate. Her last letter to her old friend Sir Henry Holland was after reading the first volume of Lord Macaulay's history. Sir Henry took the letter to Lord Macaulay, who was so much struck by its discrimination that he asked leave to keep it.

She was now eighty-two years of age, and we find her laughing kindly at the anxiety of her sister and brother-in-law, who had heard of her climbing a ladder to wind up an old clock at Edgeworthstown. "I am heartily obliged and delighted by your being such a goose and Richard such a gander," she says, "as to be frightened out of your wits by my climbing a ladder to take off the top of the clock." She had not felt that there was anything to fear, as once again she set the time that was so nearly at an end for her. Her share of life's hours had been well spent and well enjoyed; with a peaceful and steady hand and tranquil heart she might mark the dial for others whose hours were still to come.

Mrs. Edgeworth's own words tell all that remains to be told.

It was on the morning of May 22, 1849, that she was taken suddenly ill with pain in the region of the heart, and after a few hours breathed her last in my arms. She had always wished to die quickly, at home, and that I

should be with her. All her wishes were fulfilled. She was gone, and nothing like her again can we see in this world.

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From The Argosy.

#### THE CURE'S SISTER.

BY F. E. M. NOTLEY, AUTHOR OF  
"OLIVE VARCOE."

#### VI.

THE story Monsieur de St. Erme told me was one of youth, of passion, of sorrow. It was one of those love-affairs, which never could happen in England, and which it is just to say rarely occur among our Continental neighbors. The families of De la Roche and St. Erme, being within three leagues of each other, and having therefore an hereditary feud and jealousy to keep up, suddenly agreed to sink these agreeable feelings in an alliance between the son and daughter of their respective houses. The young people were *fiancés*, and the old folks being very hot in their new friendship, allowed them to be more together than is usually permitted by French and Belgian etiquette. All was going on as smoothly as haymaking on a sunny day, when the family feud burst forth again with a violence unknown since the Middle Ages, and the intended marriage was instantly broken off, with sarcasm and bitterness on both sides. But, unfortunately, Léon de St. Erme and Clarice de la Roche loved each other. They met secretly, and after much suffering, much debate, and many vain prayers to obdurate parents, the lovers agreed to elope. Now a French elopement in nothing resembles an English one; because it cannot end in marriage without the consent of parents. It is, therefore, undertaken in a species of despair, in order, by the ruin of the girl's reputation, to wring from the irritated relatives their consent to an immediate union. The French marriage law precludes all possibility of marriage without the consent of parents or guardians.

But in this unhappy elopement things did not settle themselves as Lionel de St. Erme had dared to hope. His father and the father of Clarice met, and words became so high and bitter between them, that a duel followed. They crossed the frontier into France and here Monsieur de la Roche, maddened by the misery of his daughter, shot his antagonist dead. Then hurrying on to Paris, to the address the wretched Clarice had given him, he



tore his girl from her lover, and returned home a broken-hearted man.

Léon de St. Erme, in the midst of his anguish, did his best to save Clarice's name, and, strange to say, his family seconded him; and though these efforts were not very successful, yet the secrecy and silence of the elopement were never so completely broken through, as to enable the Belgian Mrs. Grundy to say positively that it had taken place.

The St. Erme family did not prosecute Monsieur de la Roche for the duel; they felt, perhaps, that things were tolerably balanced between them, and the dishonor beneath which he was sinking, counterpoised the bereavement from which they suffered. Still Madame de St. Erme would not permit the name of De la Roche to be mentioned in her hearing; and Lionel felt that while his mother lived, and while the memory of this duel lived, a marriage between him and Clarice would be impossible. With great difficulty he conveyed to her a heart-breaking letter of farewell, and then, with his widowed mother, he departed for the south of France, where her family resided. All who know the deference and affection given by men of French race to their mothers, will understand the feelings and conduct of Lionel. He could fulfil his duty towards her, while he could do nothing for Clarice save bewail her. It was more than a year before he returned for a short visit to the Château of St. Erme; then his cautious inquiries only elicited the fact that she lived in strict seclusion, as Monsieur and Madame de la Roche had ceased to see any company whatever. But Clarice heard that he was at St. Erme, and one day the curé, a man already stepping into the vale of years, accosted him, and drew from his pocket a letter.

"I look upon it as my duty to give you this," said the curé. "I am the confessor of this unhappy young lady, and I make myself the bearer of this, to satisfy her conscience and my own. At some future day you may wish to acknowledge or adopt your child, so you shall not, for her sake, be kept ignorant of its birth."

Overwhelmed with a mingled feeling of pain, joy, and grief, Lionel de St. Erme tore open the letter. It was worded stiffly, for the cure would not be the bearer of warmer words; nevertheless the deep suffering of the writer broke through the thin disguise, and tears fell on the paper, as the young man read that he had a daughter, of whom the unhappy mother

could tell him nothing, except that the infant had been conveyed away in great secrecy, and the sole concession her parents had made to her prayer, was to promise that it should be named Léonie.

On receiving this intelligence, Lionel de St. Erme came to the firm resolve that he would one day give his *wife* — as he now termed Clarice in his heart — a legal right to that name, and then he would find his child and acknowledge her.

Anxious as he was to do his duty by his child, his fears, and his love for Clarice, kept him silent and inert. His duty to his mother also interfered. Could he seek an interview with the slayer of his father, or ask his pity or grasp his hand? The idea was too frightful; he felt that his indignation and despair would burst all bonds, and he should break his mother's heart, without hope of altering Clarice's position towards himself. Hence, after vainly striving to convey to her an assurance of his affection, he once more quitted the Ardennes. And perhaps this time as he departed, his bitterest thought was that his child was in the hands of his enemies. Yet, gloomy and reckless as he was, life had not for him the dreary, maddening monotony that it had for Clarice de la Roche. Shut up in an old château, debarred from all companionship, with a mother perishing with ennui, and a father whose soured and broken spirit was a constant reproach to her heart, she longed only to die. But after two years of this life, an escape was offered to her. An old companion-in-arms — a man who had gone through the Russian campaign and the "Hundred Days" by the side of Monsieur de la Roche, paid him a sudden visit. He was sixty years of age, and a widower, with daughters long since married, and a young son born to him late, whose birth had cost his mother's life. To this man, who had been his friend so many years, Monsieur de la Roche confided his grief, and the Comte de Villet pitied him, but pitied Clarice more.

"You speak of putting her in a convent," he said, "give her to me instead, and I will both love her and respect her."

On this proposition being made to Clarice, she declared her willingness to accept it, if she might have her daughter.

"Your child is dead," said her father. He left her without deigning any explanation, and finally it was her mother's tears that prevailed on her to accept the Count de Villet. Madame de la Roche could return to the world with a daughter, who was the Countess de Villet, but never



with an unmarried daughter over whose name there was a shadow.

The marriage took place, and not until he was her husband did Clarice understand the chivalry, the delicacy, and tenderness of the man who had given her the shield of his name. "My dear child," he said, "you are twenty, I am sixty. You have gained a father, I a daughter whom the world will call madame, and respect. In return, I only ask that you will so honor the name I have given you, that during my life you enter into no communication with Monsieur de St. Erme."

Clarice, with tears, promised obedience to this wish. But on hearing of her marriage Léon went to Africa, and for five years those two were as dead to each other; at the end of that period Monsieur de la Roche died; and then he addressed a letter to her privately, asking after the welfare of his child. She put the letter in her husband's hands, and he replied to Léon shortly but courteously, that the infant was dead. Thus affairs stood for nine years longer, then, on her deathbed, Madame de la Roche confessed to her daughter that the young Léonie lived. She had been placed at a well-known foundling hospital in the Ardennes, and the dying woman drew from beneath her pillow a small locket portfolio, from which she took the ticket which gave the child's number.

"I pinned her name, 'Léonie,' on her bosom," said the countess; "and a short time since I knew she was living under the care of Farmer Valmine's widow. The curé of St. Erme can tell you more. I have released him from the seal of confession, and implored him to state to you all he has heard from me of Léonie. Forgive me, Clarice. Now I am going to die I cannot carry out your father's cruel decree, that the existence of this child of the hateful St. Erme's should never be made known to its mother."

Clarice heard this confession with a mingled frenzy of joy, pain, and forgiveness; and, after the countess's death, she hastened to put herself in communication with the curé of St. Erme; and through him a letter — giving no names — was placed in Léonie's hands from her unknown mother.

The girl received it coldly. She loved Madame Valmine, she said. She loved her own home, and had no wish to leave it. She had been brought up to work, and did not know how to be a lady.

This answer threw her wretched mother into despair; and she had no one to ad-

vised with, for Monsieur de Villet, now very old, was paralyzed, and his mind was gone. For a year he lingered thus, then died, and Clarice de Roche in her distress now felt herself free to appeal to her former lover for help and counsel.

All the obstinate hearts, the proud faces that had stood against their union, were dust now; but their young hopes, their young passionate love, was dead also, and there stood between them a gap of eighteen dreary years, which no future time could ever fill up. These years which, if spent together, would have knit their hearts as one — each day, like a link, binding them in mutual memories of joys and sorrows — made now a sorrowful barrier, over which they looked in each others changed faces, and *philosophized!*

Still, Léon was touched when he found how true to him his old love had been, and the thought of his daughter filled his heart with strange yearnings. He and Clarice married, and this marriage transformed Léonie the foundling into Mademoiselle de St. Erme, the heiress of that house, and of the still more ancient house of De la Roche.

But during her year of widowhood, as during the year of the Comte de Villet's sickness, Clarice had beaten against Léonie's heart in vain. There was no entrance there for her. The girl obstinately refused to be acknowledged; refused to quit her foster-family, or to accept any relations but them. That great fear in the French mind — the fear of scandal — had made Madame de St. Erme utter her pleadings secretly, through the curé of St. Erme, or through letters placed in the shell of the old fountain; but now that she was married, she and her husband were feverishly anxious to claim their daughter.

But to do this by force of law and not of nature, was an idea most painful to the unhappy mother. An appeal to law would rip up all the sorrowful story of her youth, and the decree that gave her her daughter could not give also her daughter's heart. So she came to St. Erme, and in many an interview strove to shake Léonie's resolution, and win her love.

Alas! she beat against a rock.

"I do not care for the luxuries you offer me," said the girl. "To gain them I have to forsake those who have loved me ever since I was born. It is with them I have had a home, with them I have found a mother and a brother. I will not desert them to be rich and a lady; and as for love, *new* love wearies me, it falls upon



my heart as an unknown tongue does upon my ear — there is no answer to it in my soul."

"Thus," said the count to me, "did this strange girl reply to our pleadings; and still unwilling to force her to come to our roof by a legal process, I thought of trying how the offer of a rich alliance would affect her. I spoke to her of the young Comte de Villet, who had seen and admired her. She listened to me at first in passionate contempt — a contempt which has changed lately to a fixed eagerness."

"And will she marry him?" I cried.

"I think so," returned the count. "Her mother, who is much attached to young De Villet, is most anxious for this alliance. And though I will not hurt her maternal love by saying so, I believe it is Léonie's attachment to him which has at last brought her to our arms."

I mused a moment in silence, not daring to utter what I thought; then I asked if the Comte de Villet loved Léonie.

Monsieur de St. Erme sighed deeply.

"I scarcely know," he said. "Remember the difference between Léonie's rearing and his; how can he have any sympathy with one brought up without any of the refinements of birth, education, and wealth?"

"But Léonie has genius," I answered; "and genius is above the accidents of birth and fortune."

"Yes," sighed the count; "it may be so; nevertheless, it takes a great soul to recognize genius, and I fear my son-in-law elect sees only that Léonie is the heiress to the lands of St. Erme and De la Roche."

I went home musingly, stricken with sad forebodings.

## VII.

"I THOUGHT she would have told us herself," said the curé. "I would never have believed that Léonie would have left it to another to tell us such a tale as this."

"And how could she go without a leave-taking?" cried Madame Valmine, weeping. "Gabriel and I have always loved her so dearly! Surely it is bitter to part without a word. The mother who was ashamed of her, the noble friends who forsook her, will never love her as we do."

I had my own thoughts, but I buried them in pitiful silence, and a thousand pleadings should not have torn them from my soul. So I let them blame Léonie, and I did *not* say: "The girl has done

this for your sake, and her heart is breaking."

The curé was very pale, and his eyes, as he looked at me, were full of keen reproach.

"Is this Léonie's own doing?" he asked. "I fancied her heart was generous and noble. I did not think that hers was a spirit to be blinded by sudden wealth. Alas! for the deceitfulness of riches!"

He turned away his head to hide from me his emotion, but I saw the quiver of his lip, and the shadow of pain on his brow.

"Can the love of so many years be forgotten in a day?" cried Madame Valmine, wringing her hands passionately. "Can a child be so ungrateful? Oh, Léonie! Léonie!"

I was roused now into taking her part.

"Why do you *both* mistake her?" I said angrily. "She loves you — she is dying of grief — she leaves you only for the sake of a holy duty. Do you know that her mother — her *own* mother, has knocked in vain at the door of her heart, these two years past? And she has borne her anguish in bitter silence, never grieving you by a word. Which would she have chosen if she could? — this poor cottage, or yon stately château? Remember that for two years, of her own free choice, she has stayed beneath this lowly roof, brightening it with her presence, when she should have gladdened her mother's home. Whose tears has she wiped away? — yours or hers? For whom has she spun and toiled? For whom has she sung and smiled? Was it not for you, and not for that sorrowful, lonely lady yonder, who would have given all her wealth for one of her child's smiles and kisses — lavished daily upon you?"

"True, true," said the curé. "Mother, we are wrong; we are unreasonable. Léonie does but her duty in obeying her parents."

"But without a farewell," sobbed Madame Valmine. "Why leave me without a farewell? I could bear the parting, if she had fallen on my neck and kissed me before she went."

"And had she not a reason?" I cried warmly. "Can you not believe, that she who has been generous all her life long is most generous now, when she leaves you abruptly without a word or a kiss? I tell you she is in the straight and thorny path; and may God comfort her in it! May some angel take her by the hand, and lead her away from her own despair."



I erred in saying so much, and I repented as I saw the surprise on Madame Valmine's honest face, and the startled look in the good curé's eyes.

"Not despair!" he said gently. "They will let her see us often; we shall not be parted."

How could I tell him that Léonie meant never to see his face again? I was silent.

"No," he continued, "the parting is but nominal: we shall meet so often. And when Léonie gets used to her new position she will be happy. You too, mother, will be proud to see her a great lady; you will be pleased when this little child of your adoption comes to you in jewels and silks, and calls you mother. For she will do this always. Ah! I feel Léonie is unchanged in heart."

I believe he said this partly to soothe his mother, and partly to cheat himself with a fair dream, which he knew could never come to pass.

The foundling Léonie was their own—their very own—but Mademoiselle de St. Erme could never belong to them again. Nevertheless, I would not utter even a sigh to check their visions; and as they grew in brightness, Madame Valmine's sorrow diminished, till at last she broke into smiles and joyful anticipations for the future.

When I left them, late in the evening, they were still full of wonder, and I had not said a word about the coming marriage!

"I cannot do it," I said to myself, as I walked homewards. "Let him hear it from other lips. I, who have seen Léonie's anguish, dread now the sight of a tortured heart."

When the day came for my dinner at the château, I confess I rode thither with feelings of intense curiosity, being most anxious to see how Léonie bore this great change in her position, and the terrible parting that had so shaken her soul.

She was sitting alone when I entered the drawing-room, and I was startled to see the girl's face. It was white as snow, save for the dark veins round the eyes, which showed she had wept much. She was robed in white, her black hair being beautifully wreathed with pearls, but these and the whiteness of her dress, did but increase her paleness. Moreover, unlike a heroine of romance, Léonie looked ill at ease in her rich toilette; and graceful as was her shape naturally, the unaccustomed apparel took from it her native charm, without giving her the acquired elegance of fashion.

She held her hand towards me, with a wistful smile.

"Say nothing to me of *them*," she murmured, "or my courage will fail."

I obeyed her, and throughout that stately dinner no one would have guessed from Léonie's manner that her heart was a very volcano, in which lay a fire terrible and withering in its strength.

At the dessert, Monsieur de St. Erme, in a few graceful words, alluded to the approaching marriage between the young count and his daughter, and he then invited all the guests to a ball to be given that day fortnight, when the marriage contract would be signed. The fashion was then just beginning to hold the ball on this occasion, rather than on the wedding-day, which had ever been the custom till lately. The marriage, the count told us, would take place on the morning after the ball, and many of the guests would therefore remain that night at the château. I was among those to whom this hospitality was offered.

Léonie never blushed or faltered as her marriage was spoken of; and though on her pale cheeks there now glowed a spot of burning red, it was more like the hectic of pain than the flush of joy. I watched the young count, and saw that, if once indifferent to his bride, he was no longer so now. Evidently during the week he had spent in Léonie's society, she had roused his interest and curiosity, and planted in his heart the germ of a true affection. The subtle power of her genius and her passion had awoken the fire of his own soul, and he was ready to become her slave if she would. She did not see it, she did not know it. Simple, and unconscious, she ever seemed unaware of the might of that attraction which, like a charmed circle, drew towards her all those who came within the magnetism of her presence.

Late in the evening, Madame de St. Erme found an opportunity to speak to me unheard by the crowd. Unlike a great lady, ordinarily, she was nervous and excited.

"Léonie is new to all this," she said; "how do you think she bears it?"

"Quietly," I answered.

"Ah, yes, too quietly! She is always as you see her now, a statue of stone. There is something unnatural in this extreme calm in a young girl."

And are you too deceived, I thought, by this peace of the earthquake and the hurricane? How strange that this girl, who makes every one *feel* her passion and



her strength, can yet force them to deny it, and believe her calm!

"I doubt if Léonie is not greatly troubled in spirit," I said. "Her calm is only outward."

"I think not," replied Madame de St. Erme. "You know with what reluctance she came to me, with what seeming grief she quitted her foster-family. Well — will you believe it? — she has not asked for them since, and although I have been to see them so often, she has each time refused to accompany me. Can she be coldhearted?"

I could have smiled at the question, but I was too sorrowful. I felt like one who walks amid a smouldering fire, which may burst forth and overwhelm him.

"Do not think her cold," I said earnestly, "lest you fall into some error which may grieve you."

"Alas! she is cold to me! I shall never win her love," said madame.

"Have patience," I answered. "Can she root up old affections in a week?"

"You ever strive to comfort me," returned the lady gratefully. "But you see, I am losing my jealousy of her foster-mother, and I am even disappointed that she has grown indifferent so soon. I dread to see her new wealth develop hardness or ingratitude in her character."

"Does Madame Valmine think her ungrateful?" I asked.

"I fear so. And although I have sent her flowers and fruit every day in Léonie's name, and although I have made for her every possible excuse, I can see both she and the curé are deeply hurt at her persistent absence. The poor woman wept yesterday, and flung the gift I brought her to the ground. 'I want none of your gifts,' she said, 'I want a sight of Léonie's face, a loving word from her lips — it is for this I pine. We are very sad here, madame — my son and I; you have taken from us the light of our home. Léonie was my daughter and Gabriel's sister for twenty years.'

"Her words smote me to the heart," continued Madame de St. Erme; "and I promised Léonie should come to see her to-day; but I promised vainly. 'I cannot go,' she said to me in her quiet way. 'I can never see their faces again.'"

"They know of the coming marriage?" said I anxiously.

"Yes," she answered; "I told them of it yesterday."

"And what did they say?" I cried.

"Madame Valmine sent Léonie her blessing, but her son said nothing. He

seems a reserved and silent man, that young curé," observed madame.

I held my peace, half in sorrow, half in fear. And soon after this I took my leave, uttering no word to Léonie that could disturb the coldness of her aspect.

## VIII.

ALL the village talk was of the grand wedding at the château. "Think of our little Léonie being Madame la Comtesse," said the peasants. "It's like a fairy tale. How happy she will be! And he is handsome as the day, that young count. The wedding will be the grandest fête ever seen!" Thus the spectators talked, while the actors in the drama hid their aching hearts beneath their tinsel of rank and wealth.

I was at the curé's house on the night before the great day. Madame Valmine was tearful and excited, the curé calm and quiet.

"I am to go to the château to-morrow," said Madame Valmine. "The countess sends a carriage for me. Ah! she is goodness itself. I cannot believe it is her fault that Léonie is so cruel."

"Mademoiselle de St. Erme is right in not returning to this house," observed the curé. "She understands her position too well; she perceives the truth, that we are parted forever. It will but grieve her to see you to-morrow, mother."

"How can you talk thus of your sister?" exclaimed Madame Valmine.

A slight flush rose to the curé's brow. "I cannot call myself the brother of Mademoiselle de St. Erme," he said. "Léonie the foundling, might be my sister, but not the Countess de Villet."

As I listened to him I wondered; and yet I ought not to have marvelled at the sorrowful peace about the man; for he had that in his face, which showed he had wrestled in prayer and fasting, and the drop of gall that had rankled in his heart was wrung out.

"Do you go with your mother to-morrow?" I asked him, laying my hand upon his shoulder.

"Do you not know," he answered, "that a priest is never invited to a wedding?"

There was something in his mournful voice that rang through my very soul. I had forgotten that I was speaking to a priest — a man cut off from fellowship with human ties — and I felt angry with myself for my blunder.

"Ah! forgive me," I said, seizing his hand. "How I wish you were a Protes-



tant!" As I spoke, a whole romance flitted before me, and I beheld happiness where now I saw despair.

But the curé flushed angrily. "Of what are you talking?" he said hastily. "Heresy has no charm for me."

Ashamed of my second blunder, I faltered forth some excuse, and then turned to listen to Madame Valmine's long description of Léonie's trousseau.

Going homewards that night, as the clock chimed eleven, there passed me, in the darkness, like the face of a troubled spirit, the white face of Léonie de St. Erme. Her eyes wildly distended, were fixed with such haggard woe on the light in the window of her cottage home, that she neither heard nor saw my quiet figure. So I turned silently and watched her. With head bent forward, in eager longing, she walked on hurriedly, till she reached the shadow of a high wall, just opposite the cottage. Here she rested, and with her eyes fixed upon her home, she stood like a statue, till the light in the little window died out. Only once she moved, shrinking against the wall, and hiding her face in her dark mantle; this was when Gabriel Valmine stood for a moment at his window, looking upwards, like a man who prays. When all was silent, and the house quite dark, Léonie crept forward, and, kneeling down, she pressed her lips on the threshold of the door. From my ambush where I stood, I heard her stifled sobs, and, had I been a woman, I would have wept also.

It was nearly midnight when the girl arose, and stole away like a shadow.

I looked after her wistfully, but I would not follow her, or offer her my protection.

"She came hither safely," I said; "she will return safely. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Poor Léonie! she came through night and darkness to pray for them, and to kiss the threshold of their door, and her foster-mother thought her cruel!

The marriage contract, which gave the young pair a noble dowry, lay on the table in the great hall. The Comte de Villet, with a flush of youthful joy on his cheek, signed first, then the Count de St. Erme led his daughter to the table, and her bridegroom, with an eager look in his eyes, handed her the pen. It was at this instant I scanned Léonie, with an anxious glance, and felt reassured. I had never seen her more calm, or more beautiful. Her bridal attire of pure white, her wreath of orange flowers and wild white rose, her

long veil of snowy lace, suited her strange style of beauty, and I thought for a moment I saw before me a sibyl, a vestal, or a priestess of some wild, dead faith.

She took the pen with an unfaltering hand, and, raising her large dark eyes to her father's face, she smiled. Oh, how I blessed her for that smile, which lifted from my heart a cloud of fear and sorrow!

Another instant, and her firm signature was affixed to the document, which pledged her to be the young count's wife. As her fingers dropped the pen, I saw a quivering paleness gather about her lips, and I felt in my own heart the shadow of the pang in hers. But she conquered, and turned her face, with that same smile on it, towards her father, and received his kiss. Then her mother's lips touched hers, and Madame de St. Erme, with a look of ineffable joy, lifted her tearful eyes to heaven as if in praise. Next came the bridegroom, and as he stooped and saluted his bride on either cheek, that paleness about her lips grew ashy white, and, as her eyes drooped, I saw tears gather on the lashes. A crowd came round her now, and hid her from my sight, and just at this instant, Madame de St. Erme's trembling hand touched my arm.

"I have prepared a happy surprise for Léonie, to-day," she whispered to me. "I have reason to think that she refused to see Madame Valmine for fear of wounding me, so I have sent for her foster-mother, and I mean to give her at table the place of honor, next the bride."

I had no time to say that I thought this would be a dangerous trial for Léonie, for the company, sweeping on towards the doorway, separated me from the countess. The throng pressed on to the grand saloon, where a sort of daïs was erected, on which stood two fauteuils, for the bride and bridegroom. Here they were to sit to receive the congratulations of the guests, and Léonie, still calm and stately, took her seat, so unmoved, that I could scarcely believe that this was the same girl, whose wild, white face had passed me in the night, like a vision.

But now the crowd moved suddenly to right and left, and I saw Madame Valmine leaning on the arm of Madame de St. Erme, and I heard the latter's voice, saying softly, —

"Léonie, *both* your mothers are here to-day to give you their blessing."

What passed next was like a dream, a flash of some strange vision instantly



withdrawn: for I saw Léonie dash down the steps of the daïs, and with a loud cry fall at Madame Valmine's feet.

"Take me home!" she shrieked wildly, "I cannot bear this gilded misery. Mother! mother! I feel I am going mad!"

The scene of confusion that ensued was indescribable. Madame de St. Erme fainted, and was carried out, with a look on her dead white face that haunted me for years.

But oh, the wild, wild woe in Léonie's eyes, as, dragging her foster-mother with her up the daïs, her face rose before me like the face of despair I had seen flitting by in the starlight, when it stooped to kiss the threshold of Gabriel Valmine's door.

"Why have you come hither, mother?" she cried, with her arms on high. "I was doing my duty, I was acting my part bravely; now you have smitten me again to the dust." Then giving way to the passionate impulses of her nature, she flung herself on her knees, and with her bridal veil trailing on the ground, and her cheeks tear-stained, she stretched out her arms towards her father and her pale bridegroom. "Forgive me," she said, "I am but a poor peasant-girl; you may call me countess, and deck me in satin and pearls, but I tell you"—and her voice rose, and she laid her hand upon her heart—"the peasant-girl is *here*, and here too is her love, her love for those—O God, forgive me! what am I saying? Pardon me, father, I will do all you wish. Take her away; take his mother out of my sight, lest I die of grief. Monsieur de Villet, if you will have a sorrowful woman for your wife—a poor, unlettered girl, who will always be a peasant at heart, and whose very soul is on fire beneath the scorching of a great sin, then I am yours, and I will try to make you a good wife. And may the saints and the Holy Virgin help me!" Poor Léonie! poor untaught, foolish Léonie! she spoke from her heart, and she thought to touch theirs, being ignorant that fashion shapes her votaries into fishes, all dumb, all of one shape and pattern, and any cry coming from the soul is hated, and branded as a scene.

Ashamed and angry, the young count turned away his crimsoned face from the prayerful eyes of Léonie, and stooping, he whispered to Monsieur de St. Erme, "Get that ridiculous peasant-woman out of the way! It is she who has done this."

But Léonie's father answered him with only a troubled look, and descending among the crowd himself, the bridegroom

seized the weeping Madame Valmine roughly by the arm, and led her to the door, uttering in her ear rapid words of scorn and anger. With straining eyes Léonie watched this scene, her senses seemingly bewildered by a strange horror, but as her frightened foster-mother, at the doorway, looked back upon her reproachfully, she dashed forward, parting the crowd on either side by her vehemence, and reaching her, she clasped her in her arms and kissed her.

"You see," she said bitterly, "you have no part in me now; we are separated forever. But kiss me, and bless me, before you go, mother."

But Madame Valmine was crazed with vexation, shame, and disappointment, so she answered angrily,—

"You want no blessing of mine, made-moiselle. I wish you joy of your fine jewels and clothes, and your fine husband the count."

"See this woman off the premises!" cried the exasperated bridegroom to his servants. "This insolence is past bearing."

Two men laid their hands on Madame Valmine, and pushed her through the great doors of the hall. It was an act done in anger—done in a moment, but it broke Léonie's heart, and its consequence went on into eternity.

Hard as turning of Madame Valmine from the door might be, it yet seemed a measure of necessity, and all breathed more freely when she was gone. All but Léonie, and she stood like a statue of stone, with eyes dilated and hands clasped upon her brow. Then, as the Count de Villet turned with profuse apologies to his guests, I drew near to her and touched her on the arm. "Léonie," I whispered, "remember your promise to me at the fountain. A worse sorrow than this might fall on your foster-mother through you. For her sake you must bear this."

Such a look as Medea had when she slew her children, Léonie turned on me, and my blood coursed to my heart like a river, as I bent to hear her words.

"I take heaven and you to witness," said Léonie, "that when they thrust my mother forth, I would have gone with her hand-in-hand, and I would have sprinkled the dust from my feet as I left this place; but I know there is a curse upon me, and I dare not bring its blight upon her and hers. No, I could not follow her to-day—their home can never be my home again; but you, who know the truth, will say for me, that for their sakes I forsake



them. Oh, I have courage to save her and him—believe me. You shall see I have!”

Her face shone as she spoke, like the face of one of those women of old, who have died from some noble mistake of duty; and walking rapidly through the parting crowd, she mounted the dais where her father still stood, and taking his hand she kissed it. “Father,” she said wistfully, “do not grieve for my roughness and my faults; you shall see the noble blood is in me, hidden though it be by my peasant culture.”

In all his life, I doubt if the count had ever sorrowed for the passion and the disobedience of his youth as he did now. But his tongue faltered, and he could not speak, as he held his child tightly by her small hand, and gazed into her face.

“Friends,” said Léonie, in that wonderfully clear voice of hers, “you know my history, and knowing it you will pardon me, that unlike a lady—for I am not taught like you—I gave way to my own feelings to-day instead of considering yours. Forgive me! I know so little. My world has been so small, that until lately my heart has held all my universe.”

She curtsied low, and clung to her father with both hands, overcome with a sudden timidity, being startled, as it were, by her own courage in speaking. Her apology was so humble, her manner and appearance so graceful, yet so unlike the conventional pattern to which the world is used, that all were charmed by the very singularity of her wild outburst and gentle defence; and, had fashion allowed it, all hands would have clapped her, as her clear accents ceased. The young count's wounded vanity was smoothed again, and he cried out cheerfully,—

“Let us begin the ball! I will go and fetch my mother.”

When Madame de St. Erme reappeared, her eyes were swelled and reddened; but seeing her daughter so calm again, she rallied, and the ball passed off with fitting spirit.

Never was Léonie so attentive to her mother as on this night; but I observed that when the dance with the bridegroom, which etiquette required, was over, she avoided him, and her face paled even at the sound of his voice.

Balls are early in the Ardennes, and it was not much past midnight when the carriages drove away, leaving in the château myself and a few other guests, who were to be present next morning at the marriage ceremony.

Léonie went to rest early. Her mother's arm was round her, and they both smiled.

“Good-night,” said madame.

“Farewell!” said Léonie, and putting out her hand, she touched mine, and I found a note in my palm. Looking at it, when alone in my room, I read on the envelope, “Do not open this until to-morrow, when I am gone.”

“It is some message for *them*, to be given when she has departed with her husband,” I said to myself; and, respecting her wish, I placed the letter in my pocket-book.

#### IX.

WHAT was it awoke me in the morning? It was a sense of suffocation—a great horror—a feeling like the touch of a dead hand upon my face—and, starting up, I trembled, asking myself what had happened. But beyond the distant sound of servants busy with their work, all in the château was still; so, flinging off the chill that lay upon me, I dressed, and sauntered into the garden. I went down to the fountain, and thought how strangely fitting an emblem it was of Léonie's withered life, and Madame de St. Erme's barren and wasted youth. But as I mused, a piercing shriek rose up to the morning sky, and filled with terror at the sound, I rushed back to the house.

I met haggard faces and cries of woe on every side.

“She is dead! She is dead!” they whispered to each other.

Scarcely knowing what I did, I followed the throng, and found myself at the threshold of Léonie's chamber. The door had been burst open, and the fumes of charcoal filled the air.

Léonie lay on her bed, dressed as I had seen her the night before, but she was dead, and the white veil and wreath above her pale face, looked a ghastly mockery.

Madame de St. Erme knelt by the bedside, convulsed with grief, the count and her stepson leaning over her. The bridegroom's face was white as his dead bride's, but he uttered no word either of sorrow or of comfort; so not a sound broke the stillness of death in that chamber, save the low sobs of women.

A pan of charcoal, still glowing with white heat, stood on the closed stove. There was no need to ask questions; this told me all. And, sick at heart, I went back to my room and read Léonie's letter.

“DEAR FRIEND,—You have known



me three years, and you, and you only, have guessed my secret. You are a Protestant. To you it will not seem so terrible, so wicked, that I, who know all his goodness, should love him. In your eyes my sin is not sacrilege, not past repentance, as it would seem to *him* and to his mother; therefore it is, that I do not shrink from letting you see this blot in my soul. But spare me in their memory; do not let them pluck me out of their hearts, as one who lived among them as a leper, hiding her leprosy. Through what anguish and bitterness I have hidden my wicked love from their sight, my own soul alone can say. But I was very content, very happy as his sister; no thought that I loved him better than a sister startled me, till my real mother told me of my birth. Then I felt more clearly that I was not his sister, and foreseeing that we should be separated by a thousand barriers that rank and wealth make, I endured such torture that my heart awoke to the truth. To be parted forever; to see his face no more; to be neither sister nor friend to him, but a stranger; this is what the future offered me, and I rebelled against it. I clung to my cottage home, as we cling to life. But all things were a torture to me now. Oh, if my mother had left me in blindness, I should have lived on peacefully as his sister to the end; but now that I *knew* the terrible secret of my own heart, I was ever at war with myself. At last I felt that I ought to spare them the sorrow of my presence, and about this time my father offered me a noble husband—a man whom once my wildest dreams would not have fixed on, and in this I thought I saw a means offered me by heaven to save them from my grief. You strengthened me in this thought, and I thank you for it.

"I believed I could marry the count, and live for him and my parents; but I cannot—I cannot. My whole soul rises against him in terror and loathing, when I tell myself I am his wife. Yet, until to-day, my courage never failed me; but to-day I saw him strike my mother—Gabriel's mother—and I feel I would choose strangling rather than clasp his hand. A good man I might have learned to love, but a mean and cruel heart I despise. So I choose death, because there is no other way now to escape. With the sound of the music in my ears, I have thought and thought, till my brain seemed on fire, and I saw no way of flight but this—no refuge but the grave.

"Ask them to forgive me—my father

and mother, I mean. I would have lived for them if I could; but it is better to die than to sin; it is better to die than to live in despair and hatred.

"Let the true secret of my sorrow die with me, so there may be no shame—no pain in the tears which my foster mother and brother will shed upon the grave of Léonie. Yet tell him to pray for me—to pray for me always while he lives.

"I have written a line of farewell to my mother and father, so no necessity will be laid on you to speak of this letter to them. Oh, have pity on me, and do not betray to their contempt and loathing the tortured heart of

"LEONIE DE ST. ERME."

It was too late to be angry with the careless security, which had made me leave this letter unopened, but it was not too late to respect the wishes of a broken heart.

I kept her secret.

Poor Léonie! I had not, as she imagined, guessed it, till the meaning of her own incoherent words at the fountain came to my mind, after I had left her at the château.

Gabriel Valmine was present at her funeral, and I know it was his hand which sowed for many years on her grave, in the little blue flowers she loved, her name—Léonie.

I gave him her message.

"I should have prayed for her without it," he answered softly. And I know he fulfilled his word, for a year afterwards I saw written on many pages of his mass-book and his psalter the words "Pray for Léonie!"

In the cemetery of that little village in the Ardennes, where Gabriel Valmine was curé, the pious priest now lies at rest, and on his tombstone there is carved neither his name, his age, nor his virtues, but those same simple words,—

"Pray for Léonie!"

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### THE DECAY OF LITERATURE.

A DISTINGUISHED French writer not long ago uttered a lamentation over the decline of criticism. The complaint was supported by specific allegations as to the state of French literature, upon which it might be presumptuous to express a decided opinion. Yet such phenomena do not concern one country alone. Changes in the world of thought are propagated



rapidly beyond the centre of origin. The alleged causes of decay are certainly operative in England as well as in France; and if it be true that the French are producing no worthy successors to the critics of the past generation, it is time for us to ask whether we can see reason for more cheerful anticipations in England. The complaint, indeed, sounds at first sight ill-directed. We are often told that this is pre-eminently the age of criticism. It is common to allege a proclivity to criticism as some explanation of other deficiencies. In a critical age the artist is made oversensitive and forced into morbid self-consciousness by the conditions of the time. When he throws his work into a world peopled by Saturday Reviewers and swarming with contributors to periodicals eager for some new victim, he feels like the prisoner in the September massacres, who gathered strength from despair, shut his eyes, and precipitated himself into the armed sea of murderers in the street. The author may be badly off, but the critics themselves must surely be having a fine time of it. If sport with moderns should ever be slack, they can make studies of the past. They can show at once their penetration and their generous enthusiasm by exalting some genius whom his innocent contemporaries had always taken to be a fool. And then criticism has arrayed itself in some of the dignity of a science. It can discourse of phases of development, of the social organism, of differentiation and evolution, and the spirit of the age as learnedly as "sociology" itself. It ridicules the old-fashioned critic of the Rymer and John Dennis period, who was content to point out that Shakespeare often neglected the unities; and smiles at the judicious Addison, who tested "Paradise Lost" by the canons of Aristotle and the ingenious M. Bossu. Modern criticism began by an attack upon the rule of Pope, that wicked and narrow-minded person who wished that all the trees of the forest should be clipped and trimmed to suit the neat little Twickenham garden. But this was in early days, when Coleridge and Wordsworth and Lamb were assailing one tyranny only with the aim of restoring the preceding dynasty. We have now reached a wider and more cosmopolitan point of view. We can be just to Pope as well as to the Elizabethans. We are neither classicists nor romanticists, but magnificent eclectics, who assign to every man his proper place, and pronounce every literary species to be good in its kind. We survey with sci-

entific impartiality the whole field of human achievement; we ticket our specimens as belonging to the ages of iron or the mediæval period, the Renaissance, the *Aufklärung*, the Revolution, and so forth; and fill our museums with the spoils of all ages. And then, guided by the great comparative method, which has worked such wonders, we see how each development was the natural product of the race in its given environment, exalt ourselves above the petty prejudices of any particular place or time, and, ceasing to condemn or absolve in obedience to the temporary dogmatism of passing prejudices, we simply explain. Each great writer takes his proper place as one special avatar of the world-spirit; and we lay down theories firm and irrevocable as those of the physical sciences, and yet leaving full play for intelligent enthusiasm.

Indeed, in all seriousness, we may admit that criticism has of late raised its aims and improved its methods. We cannot read any modern criticism without perceiving that it rests upon investigation incomparably more minute and careful than formerly was thought necessary. If no modern writer can surpass Johnson's vigorous common sense, there is certainly no modern writer with any regard for his reputation who would dare to publish the hasty opinions and slovenly statements of fact which disfigure the "Lives of the Poets." Nor would any modern so implicitly adopt the canons of any one school and condemn every other form of art so unhesitatingly, as though indifference to its conventions was necessarily an offence against the eternal and infallible code. Our judgments are more catholic — more scientific, if you please — and rest upon a much wider induction and more minute examination of the facts. And yet do we not miss something? If we are less narrow in our principles, are we not blunter in our perceptions? Have we not lost something of the fineness of tact which belonged to men trained in a fixed tradition?

Criticism has become more scientific, but less delicate and less really sympathetic. Read, for example, M. Taine's brilliant account of English literature. It is forcible and comprehensive. It lays down broad and sound principles, and shows us the special case in its larger relations. But when we come to details we are often edified. His criticism of every particular Englishman is but a repetition of the general rule that every Englishman



is a broad, beef-eating, coarse, vigorous John Bull, who lives in a fog, and cuts his throat when he has the spleen. We see the type, but not the individual. Charles Lamb can tell us nothing about the organism and the environment, or the influence of climate upon national character. But when he speaks within his own sphere he speaks as an expert, because he speaks as a lover. He is blind, it may be, to all kinds of excellence but one. Yet, when dealing with the objects of his real sympathy, he can in a few words give us more of the true secret than is contained in volumes of ponderous German philosophy or brilliant French science. His mind is so imbued and penetrated with a certain tradition that he can interpret every inflection of the voice, catch the half-revealed touches of indirect allusion, relish the most delicate and evanescent flavor, humorous or sentimental, and, in short, respond to his author like a highly-strung instrument. The difference is as the difference between a foreigner who comes to a country village and describes the squire or parson as types of the aristocratic and ecclesiastical developments, and the native who, having never been beyond his horizon, cannot even conceive of a society without a squire and parson, but has yet penetrated the very essence of their character, and can make a shrewd guess at the text of the parson's sermon from the way in which he has tied his bands. The decay of criticism of which our French contemporary complains is due in part to this change. We have become so philosophical and so fond of wide generalizations that we have partly lost our instinct and are incapable of perceiving the individual. The criticism to which he looks back was the criticism of men who did not bother themselves about science, and did not aim at being cosmopolitan, but who, having been brought up in certain traditions—traditions which on the whole, too, represented a vast amount of clear good sense—had still spontaneous instinct enough to judge dogmatically, quickly, and with real perception of the qualities concerned.

This, I say, may be a part of the explanation, and it may go further than appears at first sight. For to say that this is the age of criticism means that it is the age of science. And it would be easy enough to take up an old text and show in how many respects the scientific is opposed to the literary impulse; how caution and circumspection take the place of unhesitating conviction; how science fos-

ters a provisional scepticism, an examination of all supposed first principles, which is fatal to the vivid utterance of any conviction; how it applies a chilling "if" to all the imagery in which some conditional belief is necessary even for the artist who takes it to symbolize his creations; how a period in which we are prying into the roots of all traditional creeds is not a period in which they will bear the blossom of poetical embodiment. Yet all this is a generality rather too wide for our purpose, and like other generalities requiring much qualification. Science has flourished alongside of art in the great periods, and to say that the two cannot flourish together is to show a want of faith in the essential unity of all intellectual development. The phenomenon which we are considering requires some more specific explanation. We may doubt, in fact, if we look a little further, that other causes would have to be assigned.

How does the change in criticism manifest itself in other departments of literature? Can we speak of a decay of criticism without reflecting that there is a much wider decay—a decay of literature itself? It is a delicate matter to handle; for we would not shock living sensibilities by quoting them as examples of obvious degeneracy. There is no want of men of talent, though there may be a dearth of genius, and it would be ungrateful to reproach a genuine poet because he is not one of the great lights of all time. Half the argument must therefore be left to be filled up by readers. Yet it would be affectation to doubt of certain general results. Would any one maintain, for example, that we are in a great poetical epoch—an epoch such as that of the early years of this or the seventeenth or perhaps even the eighteenth century; that any one will care a century hence to study our poets, as we study Shakespeare, and Spenser, and Milton, and Byron, and Shelley, and Wordsworth, and Keats, and Scott? We have, of course, two great poets still amongst us, and still writing; but, alas! we cannot mention the names of Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning without remembering that they belong more to the outgoing than to the existing generation. There are certainly two or three other younger poets whose genius is equally beyond dispute to men of taste; yet it is some time since even the youngest revealed his powers to the world; and he would be a bold man who would say that he could see elsewhere indications of a ripening intellectual harvest likely to be



as rich as the old. Again, let those of us who are old enough go back some thirty years in imagination and compare the prophets of that day with the prophets of this. Let them try to make all possible allowance for the natural illusion which casts a halo round the teachers of our youth. Can they, after making the comparison, say fairly that we could match man for man? In the first period most young men of any intellectual activity followed one of these remarkable teachers. Cardinal Newman is still with us, but has already become classical. Is there any modern theologian who, regarded merely from the literary point of view, is master of so admirable a style, who can display such admirable dialectical skill, such subtlety of thought, such delicacy of sentiment, such a blending of strength with grace, as used to charm the enthusiasts of the movement in which he was the chief leader? Another set of zealots followed the teaching of Carlyle. Carlyle's style will, of course, be condemned by literary purists; and those who object to a free use of the grotesque or the overstrained may show abundant reasons for not accepting him as a model. But it is not from that point of view that he can be adequately judged. And one may safely say that there is no living writer whose influence over congenial minds is comparable to Carlyle's as an intellectual stimulus. You might return from the strange glooms and splendors of the "French Revolution" or "Sartor Resartus" revolted or fascinated; but to read them with appreciation was to go through an intellectual crisis, and to enter into their spirit was to experience something like a religious conversion. You were not the same man afterwards. No one ever exercised a more potent sway over the inmost being of his disciple. The many whose temperament put them outside the charmed circles of Newman and Carlyle found a more temperate and prosaic leader in J. S. Mill. Even the disciples of Mill's school have shown a tendency of late to modify, if not radically to alter, the old tradition. Yet no one has arisen amongst them who can be compared in a literary sense with Mill. There may be more accurate, minute, and comprehensive thinkers of his school. They have produced no books at all comparable in point of style, or as models of literary composition, with those in which Mill showed his masculine vigor as a thinker, his extraordinary fulness of mind, and his fascinating power of importing at least appar-

ent lucidity into the darkest and most perplexed subjects. That thought has advanced in all the directions indicated by these names may be fully admitted; we can in a sense judge them from a superior standpoint and mark their limitations. But have we — the products of the later generation — produced any leaders so capable of erecting permanent literary landmarks?

Make a sharp transition. In those days, about thirty years ago, there were novelists of the first rank; writers such that the announcement of a new publication by them sent a thrill through every corner not inaccessible to circulating libraries. In the period from twenty to forty years removed from us, we had been startled by the new power revealed, though not for the first time, in "Vanity Fair;" and had eagerly accepted "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" and "Esmond." A foolish controversy, still sometimes continued, was raging as to the rival merits of their author and the contemporary author of "Pickwick" and "David Copperfield." Wiser persons enjoyed both, and there were few months in which one did not greet with delight the appearance of a number of one serial in the familiar yellow, and another in the equally familiar green. Then the whole literary world had just been thrown into an excitement, never since paralleled, by the sudden apparition of "Jane Eyre." A greater writer was making a more gradual approach to fame by the publication of the "Scenes of Clerical Life." And besides Thackeray, Dickens, Miss Brontë, and George Eliot, a number of writers, some happily still living, provided agreeable entertainment in the intervals, and might be regarded as at least worthy subordinates. Lord Lytton — to mention only the dead — was publishing "My Novel" and "The Caxtons," which are at least excellent specimens of good literary craftsmanship; Mrs. Gaskell produced "Ruth" and "Mary Barton;" and Kingsley wrote "Alton Locke" and "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho!" books which, if they will not bear the closest inspection in all respects, show at least a vigor and originality for which it would be hard to produce a later parallel. It is rather dangerous, perhaps, to ask whether we have such novelists now. But, allowing every reader to select his favorite or pair of favorites to be worthy champions of the moderns, he will find it hard to fill up a list capable of doing battle against their predecessors. Have



we any counterbalancing considerations to suggest? Is there any department of literature in which we can claim a preponderance as distinct as our predecessors in this direction? In poetry, philosophy, fiction, we seem to have the worst of it. There is yet one direction in which we might make a stand. History should be a strong point, for in history we are approaching the scientific field; and in history nobody can doubt that we have made in some respects enormous advances. The Anglo-Saxon and Charlemagne have been nearly abolished; and that is understood to mean that we have made a great advance in accuracy of research. But, from the literary point of view, it may be doubted whether we could meet without misgiving such a champion as Macaulay. The difference is significant. It is easy to point out Macaulay's glaring defects; the limitation of his political views; the offensive glitter of his style; and, in that respect, at least one living historian seems to be justly his superior. Yet when we read the "Essays" and the first part of the "History" we are less confident. The extraordinary fulness of knowledge, the command of materials, the power of grouping events and forming them into a clear and flowing narrative, are so undeniable that we are inclined to admit, in spite of all his faults, that he is unapproached by his successors in the power which goes to a monumental work. Modern writers seem to be sometimes the victims of an indigestion caught at the State Paper Office; sometimes they are tempted to tack together a series of brilliant pamphlets, and trust to fortune to make it a history. At present they seem scarcely capable of turning out work so massive, so finely executed, and marked by such unity of design as their forefathers. And yet we may admit that, in history at least, we have the advantage of a serious and energetic body of students really achieving good work, and at least accumulating the materials of literary triumphs. Casting a rapid glance over these facts, the conclusion seems to be inevitable. The literary, like the natural, harvest has been of late blighted and scanty. We have passed from a land flowing with milk and honey into a comparative desert. As Johnson said when he went from England to Scotland, we see the flower dying away to the stalk. In a utilitarian and scientific sense we may be making progress; in the regions of imagination and artistic achievement — so far at least as literature is concerned — we have been progressing

backwards. Great names are scarce; there is hardly a leader left who can stir the enthusiasm of the young and make us feel that the torch of intellectual light is being delivered into worthy hands. If we would not flatter the time, must we not confess that we are at least crossing a barren zone; and at present without any distinct glimpse of a fertile region beyond?

Admitting the fact, we can of course be in no want of explanations. Any popular preacher — in or out of the pulpit — will supply us with as many as we please. It is all the fault of democracy, says one self-appointed prophet. How should culture, refinement, polish, be appreciated in art when they fail to govern society? They are the fruits of a settled order, of a select circle trained in accepted traditions of refinement, able to perceive and appreciate delicate shades of manner and meaning, and revolted instinctively by the coarse and glaring. How can such plants thrive in the social hubbub and anarchy of to-day? As well expect the candidate in a popular constituency to attract voters by the graces of a courtier under the old *régime* as expect a modern writer to emulate the polish of his forefathers. The loud-voiced, noisy spouter, the man who does not stick at trifles or bother himself about logical consistency, who can give his hearers good potent stimulants instead of delicate flavors, is the man for a mob; and he will hustle the more thin-skinned orator, with his fine perceptions and wire-drawn scruples, out of the arena. What encouragement is there for doing delicate work when you work for the million who prefer noise to harmony, and cannot be bothered to draw distinctions between a Tennyson and a Tupper? Why put the labor of years on producing that exquisite polish which makes all the difference between the finest and the coarsest work, but which is utterly overlooked by the vulgar? The finest work, like the coarsest, will at best gain five minutes' attention between the leading article and the sensation novel. What chance that it will be appreciated? You have to learn before all things the art of advertising; for you are one of a mob of writers all struggling for attention, and to advertise is essentially to attract buyers of your goods by inducements independent of their intrinsic merits. And if your aspirations are of the highest, how are you to maintain the necessary quietness of soul in the bustle and confusion of modern life? Make the least error, and the whole band of admirers and puffers and genial critics makes a dead set at



you, crying out "More of that!" and inciting you to be faithless to yourself, and stimulate your little vein of spontaneous originality into feverish and morbid activity.

Such declamation may be continued indefinitely. When we ask calmly what it means, we may see reasons for doubt. Let us "clear our minds of cant," and above all of the cant of the pessimists. Is it not the plain truth that every social order has its characteristic dangers? The danger in ages of calm and refinement is the danger of sterility. The artist becomes finicking and over-critical. He is such a delicate plant that he ceases to bear fruit. He becomes, like Gray, so sensitive that it takes him two years to write a score of delicate stanzas. For the true critic we have the exquisite connoisseur, who cannot bear the crumpled rose-leaf, and values mere technical quality at the expense of power and abundance. If we are in a period when the opposite faults are more common, we must not overlook our advantages. The greatest writers, said Scott somewhere — and he had no doubt personal reasons for the remark — have been the most voluminous. They have, in other words, been men so full of superabundant energy that they dashed out their work at white heat, now making a blunder and now achieving a masterpiece. Not only Scott himself, but Shakespeare, may be quoted in illustration. Such men and many others wrote impetuously, and the best of them wrote at periods when the world was throbbing with passionate excitement, and the old school of refined critics was for the time being thrust to the wall. Revolutions in the world of thought, as in the political world, bring great men to the front by sheer force of contagious enthusiasm. Now is it true that we may regret the lines which Shakespeare neglected to blot, and the slovenly style of too many of Scott's productions? Perhaps, if you are a delicate connoisseur, you would rather be a Landor than a Scott, and dine with a select party a century after you are dead instead of feasting in a crowded hall of the living. We need not dispute the point; though probably the ultimate judgment of the world will be that the men who thrilled and moved their contemporaries should really have the preference to the manufacturers of exquisite jewellery for the select few. But, in any case, the difficulty for our present purpose remains. We are as wanting in Scotts and Byrons at least as much as in Lan-

dors or Keatses. Indeed, it might be plausibly maintained that we are more wanting. Mr. Tennyson, whatever else he may be, is amongst the most exquisite artists who ever wrote in English; and it would be easy to quote other instances. Indeed, the prevailing fault of our most popular school at the moment is the tendency to an excessive appreciation of the more delicate and effeminate forms of art. Why have we not a Scott pouring forth three Waverley novels in a year, or a Byron writing "Giaours" and "Childe Harolds" and "Don Juans" at the full speed of his pen? The adulation which surrounds a popular author to-day is scarcely more exciting or unsettling than that which led Scott and Byron to overhasty production. If the excitements of the present time, the vast changes of thought and society, which in the dawn of the revolutionary movement brought out such a host of vigorous writers, do not produce the same effect, it is certainly not because the questions at issue are less momentous, or men less profoundly interested. Nor, again, can it be that the intellect of to-day has become frivolous and superficial. Whatever our dearth of great names, there was never a time in which more severe and strenuous intellectual labor was bestowed upon extending and modifying our thoughts upon all topics in which thought can be exercised. Never were there more competent and thoroughgoing students of philosophy and history and science. Where there was one serious laborer in any such field half a century ago, there are now twenty. Many of them at least have withstood the temptation to be superficial and merely popular. Why do they produce no such leaders as of old?

An answer is often given by saying that the social is but the counterpart of a spiritual class; that men's minds are unsettled upon all topics; that every opinion is disputed and discussed; and that even men of settled convictions are chilled and paralyzed by the absence of general sympathy. The text upon which Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin have preached so eloquently and forcibly might of course be expanded indefinitely. We might add in particular that it is as applicable to artistic as to philosophical movements. The queer phenomenon called æstheticism is an indication of its importance. Your true æsthetic is a cultivated person who has reached a kind of artistic indifferentism. He has learnt to sympathize with so many forms of art that he really sympathizes



with none. As knowledge has extended, we have become familiar with all forms of the beautiful; we have played like children with "revivals" of all kinds; we have been by turns classical and romantic; we have aped the mediæval and the Renaissance, and even the "Queen Anne" period, with earnestness enough for masqueraders; and the æsthete, bewildered and jaded, has come to the conclusion that, on the whole, there is no principle at all; that every artistic creed has pleased in its turn; that none can be said to be right or wrong; that whatever pleases is therefore right; and consequently that the only principle is to have as many and as keen tastes as possible. The misfortune is that in this hopeless chaos of tastes and fashions we lose sight of the one important thing, ourselves; that all our tastes have become affectations, and that we have lost precisely that spontaneity which is the universal condition of excellence in any form of art whatever. We change restlessly and hopelessly; we have a taste for everything and a genuine enthusiasm for nothing; all our work is more or less of a sham; and our poets, who can turn out a very pretty ballad or mediæval romance, or Elizabethan drama or classical idyl, somehow find one thing impossible — namely, to give full utterance to the hopes and fears and aspirations of living men.

Granting all that may be said upon this score, there yet remains a difficulty. Why should this be so? Why, if the old ideals have become hollow and we have not framed ideals of our own, should we not take refuge in a downright realism? Life, surely, is as interesting as ever; the impulses which move men's hearts and convulse the whole social order manifest themselves at least as clearly to every reflective mind. If we cannot take much interest in classical mythology, and the old gods and goddesses appear to us as bloodless phantoms, surely a downright portraiture of the men and women of to-day, of the joys and sorrows felt by the millions of our struggling cities, should excite more interest than ever in the thoughtful, who are daily forced to consider the practical problems involved. If we are tired of knights in buff jerkins, we have by no means heard the last of "Alton Locke," and the yeast of which Kingsley spoke is working and fermenting with unprecedented vehemence. Some writers seem to accept this principle; though unluckily, in certain of its manifestations, realism and naturalism seem

to mean a steady contemplation of the nasty. But in England at least realism does not appear to thrive. If poetry shrinks from such work, it should surely be suitable to novelists. Thackeray painted the upper classes of his day, and Dickens caricatured their inferiors, and each, after his kind, showed astonishing penetration. But they seem to have left no successors. We have some most graceful and delicate portrait-painters, and many who can give us pleasant domestic interiors, and others who can interest grown-up children with extravagant "sensation" stories. What we do not see is the power possessed, for example, by Fielding in an eminent degree, of laying bare the real working forces of society, and making us know better the actual men and women of our own day. We do not want tracts or blue-books in the shape of fiction; but we do want to get a downright masculine insight into living realities, and it can hardly be said that we are often so lucky as to get it. Carlyle accused Scott of writing merely for the purpose of "harmlessly amusing indolent, languid men." It was the kind of judgment which your true Puritan forms upon all forms of story-telling; and it is far from being just to Scott's noblest work. But in our own day it would seem that not only is any high aim become inconceivable, but that there is an express aversion to anything which implies thought in the writer and requires it from the reader. Novelists who make any demands upon our attention must generally be content to go unread.

If, then, we might argue from the absence of great names, of reputations due to lofty purpose and strenuous endeavor, we might come to the conclusion that frivolity and littleness is the mark of our time. Some people accept that conclusion, as, indeed, there never was an age which was not pronounced by contemporary moralists to be unprecedentedly deficient in virtue and high purpose. To ask whether such a melancholy conclusion would be justifiable just now upon other grounds would be to affect an impossible omniscience. To draw such an inference, however, from the grounds here considered would be rash, or rather plainly erroneous. It is so far from being true that the absence of great elevations implies a decline of the general standard that the reverse is in many cases demonstrable. If we have not great teachers, it is not because inquiry is less eagerly pushed, whatever else may be the cause.



It is just the coincidence between the marked increase of intellectual activity and appreciation of beauty in some directions, and the absence of great artists and great leaders of thought, which makes the problem really curious and interesting. But if it be asked, what then is the explanation? there are only two answers to be suggested — namely, that we do not know, and that it does not greatly matter. We do not know, probably we shall never know, what are the causes and the indications of the great intellectual harvests. Who can tell why at one moment there arises a group of eminent men, producing masterpieces for all future time, and why the group dies out and leaves no successors? Who can say why Shakespeare flourished in one generation, and no Englishmen have ever since been able to write more than second-rate dramas? Why the last half of the eighteenth century was barren even in the kind of poetry in which its early years were so prolific? Why, again, the group of great writers in the first years of this century have left so few worthy successors? After the event we can of course suggest some kind of explanation, especially that kind of explanation which consists in stating the facts over again in different language. We can point to some crisis in thought or in social development which must have stimulated men's minds to unusual activity, inasmuch as we know that, as a matter of fact, it did so. But those who have read philosophical speculations upon such topics most attentively will be the first to admit how unsatisfactory and superficial are the explanations which they offer. We can only say in the vaguest way that in the mental as in the physical world there are periods of sudden blossoming, when the vital forces of nature are manifested in the production of exquisite flowers, and after which it again passes into a latent stage. But so long as there is no reason to assume any diminution of vitality, there is no reason for inferring that a temporary obscurity will not be followed by new flashes of light. Perhaps the Shakespeare of the twentieth century is already learning the rudiments of infantile speech, and some of us may live to greet his appearance, and probably — for we shall then be twenty years older — to lament the inferiority of the generation which accepts him. Who, again, can tell? And what, let us add, does it matter? Can we not rub along pretty well without contemporaries of the highest excellence?

Thought is moving somehow, and mankind is trying to assimilate the new ideas which have been slowly drilled into its thick heads. And what is the real value to mankind of even the highest literary excellence? Is it not after all a luxury — an amusement — a feather in the cap of a nation, but something which has but a very small relation to its true interests? How far does its influence penetrate below that cultivated stratum which naturally takes itself to be the one stratum worth considering, but is, in reality, no such matter? How many people were there even during the period of the greatest men who really studied or in the least degree understood their works, or even knew of their existence? When we say that a great man influences thought, is it not much nearer the truth to say that he expresses rather more exquisitely conclusions which would have been rendered in a more clumsy fashion without him? Is he not rather an effect than a cause, and an effect of no very great importance to the bulk of mankind? Walk through the streets of London for a day and ask how many men you meet who have really the slightest appreciation of, say, Mr. Darwin, or anything more than a vague impression that he somehow considered men to be a kind of monkey? And, whatever the importance of his theories, is it not notorious, and, indeed, the very secret of their importance, that he was but just ahead of numerous competitors aiming at the same goal? What can be said of mere literary reputations: of your Shakespeares and Dantes and Homers? Putting aside the great mass to whom they are mere names, or at the most represent a kind of superstitious tradition, what are they even to the few who study them? Analyze the life of your æsthetic critic who lavishes his adulation upon their shrines, and find out, if you can, how much of his real life, of the interests which occupy his mind and determine his conduct, are really due to the poems which he professes to idolize. Have their writings been polestars, or mere playthings to amuse leisure hours in the interval of more serious interests? We can do very well, for a time, without new stars of the first magnitude, and content ourselves with those of past ages, believing contentedly, if we please, that so long as the energy of the race continues unabated, it will from time to time, though at what time we cannot say, throw out again, as of old, a group of dazzling luminaries.



From The Cornhill Magazine.

## BACK FROM THE ROAD.

IT is only just back from the road, that, ankle-deep in mud in winter and in dust in summer, creeps down a hill away to a little town, crowned by an old, old church, and washed by the broad blue sea. But it might be miles from anywhere, so dense is the gloom, so great is the quiet that surrounds the place, and appears like an intangible wall keeping off evil intruders. Another wall exists, crowned in summer by many-colored snapdragons, that grow all along the top, and with every niche full of moss, and here and there a hart's-tongue fern or the tiny spleenwort, and when we push open the faded green door, and come out into the square before the house, we are insensibly reminded of sixty years ago, and tread softly lest we should arouse sleepers, and awake them rudely to the fact that time has gone on, although they have remained stationary. The place is beautifully kept: there is not a weed on the gravel-path or in the flower-beds, quaintly bordered as they are by a notched bone edging, made from the bones of cows' ankle-joints in a way that is never seen now, and where columbines and Canterbury bells are nodding to each other in the soft wind; while beyond the deep green lawn a tiny fountain rises and falls monotonously and musically under the shadow of a dark, broad-branched cypress, that is as the very embodiment of resignation and prayer, and seems the guardian spirit of the place. The lawn slopes quite down to the river, that appears to run slower here, before dashing over the weir away out to the sea, beyond the sand-banks that glitter and gleam like silver in the bright sunshine; and on one side of the lawn is a paddock separated from the garden by a wire-fence, on which an old pony rests his head and watches us, sure that we shall remember him and rub his ears in the way he particularly affects, and that reminds him of early days and the dear young master he loved; but he too has learned to wait, and only turns his eyes as we walk up and down, and evinces no impatience, sure that what to-day lacks will be supplied by to-morrow, and if not then, at latest the day after. Indeed, the whole place suggests waiting, as if life existent here, in bee, or bird, or flower, paused for a while, expectant that, some day or other, ripple of laughter or chime of voices would ring out, and fill the silence with human life again. There is no hint or touch of death: even in au-

turn, when the road outside is strewn with dead leaves and twigs and beech-mast, inside the wall are no signs of coming winter, for the shrubs are evergreen, and the cypress and ilexes change their raiment unnoticed, save by the gardener, who might be a brownie, so unperceived is he, and so fond of working at early dawn, when the windows of the house have their blinds drawn, and no one can look at him as he sweeps, and weeds, and brushes. The house itself is square and commonplace, with thin, white pillars supporting a somewhat crooked porch, at which you, perchance, might even smile; but to us, who know all the secrets, it represents the united efforts of the young pair who designed it, and saw it carried out proudly beneath their own eyes, as a shelter below which they could sit hand in hand, and watch the baby-boy play and laugh on the lawn, underneath their seat, secure that in so watching him he would not stray down to the river, or wander away to stroke his pony in the paddock: outside the porch is a silent, wide, dark hall, cool in summer, by reason of its marble pavement and shaded, open windows, and hung on each side with soft-toned copies of well-known Italian pictures, done years ago by the bride and bridegroom on their lengthened honeymoon, and brought home with infinite peril — so she says, smiling, even now — across land and sea, to deck their home, now building for them in this quiet, beautiful corner of England. It is curious to note how insensibly, but surely, houses become exactly like their owners: naturally the mere furnishing of them gives them a stamp of individuality, but time does more than this; for as months and years go by, the walls seem to inhale some of the vitality of their inhabitants, and become warmed and almost living as the same people year after year pass their days and nights between them. Or else, how account for the blank, expressionless look of an ordinary hotel, passed through by different folks, not dwelt in, or cared for, but simply used as a shelter? or for the warm, crowsy, genial face of another one, lived in by generations of the same family, and each corner of which has its own story and its own associations? or yet, again, for the aspect of this same house, should it change hands — ay, even keeping the same furniture? for then does it not seem cold and resentful, as it puts on a very different aspect to greet those to whom 'tis only a house, and not, as it was erstwhile, a storeplace of memories, nay,



even a temple sacred to the holiest of holies — a happy, honored home? Dreaming here on the threshold of the one place we would bring before you, there is no limit to this fancy; for the house, built as it was in love and smiles, and consecrated by loss and sorrow in the lapse of years, bears out entirely our theory: not even the veriest iconoclast of these days of ours could help realizing it; and pausing, bare-headed, on the doorstep, ere rushing in to see if he could secure something high-art or Queen Anne with which to mock at — though he knows it not — his own well-loved shams and Tottenham Court imitations, that yet lead his soul from entire revelment in crude blues and reds, to better, because quieter things. For not even he could help feeling the repose and resignation that could ever be found here, and although he may turn away disgusted when he sees the faded, gaudy Brussels carpets of sixty years ago, and feel conscious that there is nothing here that will harmonize with his surroundings, he will allow there is something felt, but not expressible, that causes him not to sneer at the poor, ugly, old things, and that somewhat curiously makes him think of his mother, and the days when money did not represent the be-all and end-all of life, and when hurry, that kill-joy of the present, was not for him, and he had leisure to enjoy the sense of life, and the thousand sounds and scents that make up one's very early recollections. But although we may enter the house, and reverently commune with the past among its shadows, he cannot come in yet, for only yesterday did the mistress leave her quiet, well-loved home for a quieter and better-affectioned one in the beautiful little churchyard, where the snowdrops grow wild all spring, and make it look as if angels' wings enfolded it, and so her presence still seems to linger here; yet when to-morrow comes all the world will rush, nor realize that the auctioneer's Lot I. and Lot II., that means to them but a sordid bargain, represent the different notes in her song of life, as surely as the dots and lines of a sheet of music paper can mean an epithalamium, or a funeral march, or even a march to victory. For she was fifteen years old when the battle of Waterloo was fought, and remembered hearing the news the very day she began a wondrous work of art, that is now framed and hanging over the bookshelves in the drawing-room, as an evidence of what she did before she took to painting in the delicate, subdued

style that characterized her later days. It is indeed a curious device, and on a black cloth ground represents a cornucopia full of flowers manufactured from small atoms and in successive layers or petals of cloth — in some cases true to nature, while in others truth is sacrificed to sentiment, for a blue passion-flower is made from tiny morsels of a fine, pale material of which the gown was composed which she wore the first time she met her future husband, and the white silk honeysuckle, perfect in form if not in hue, is made from the soft shawl that enfolded her one baby the day he opened his eyes on this calm corner of a noisy world. It took her years to complete, for many events passed by, and she forgot from time to time her handiwork; but as life gradually schooled the somewhat impulsive maiden, forming her into the calm matron, well balanced in mind and manner, she deemed it wrong to have aught incomplete that she had once commenced, and so finished it, and hung it up above the bookcase, proud, though she confessed it not, that she, who was thought unfeminine, because she could do most things best, as companion to the man she loved, had thus vindicated her character, and had given proof that she could do frivolous and womanly sewing should it be necessary for her so to do, as well as, if not better than, the most blushing, retiring wife or maiden in her neighborhood.

The screen in front of the just extinguished fire has no such happy memories as these, for it was begun and ended in feverish anxiety to find, in constant employment that had no dual associations about it, some other object for contemplation than the dead faces of the husband and child, who perished together in the river below the garden, and who were brought home and laid in the chamber above this one just five-and-fifty long, weary years ago; for how could she paint, when beside her easel stood his; or ride, when his horse was neighing impatiently for him in the stable; or think of reading the book when his paper-knife was still where he had put it, and from whence it was never removed for many years, and then only by accident, of which she seemed to take no notice, though we who loved her, knew well what the heedless action of a young child had done? Nay, rather, she seemed to take to the child; and after time went by, and she had been thirty years a widow, he used to be here always as a grown man of five-and-thirty, and his boy rode the old pony who to-morrow will



be shot kindly, for there is none to love or tend him, now his friends are dead. But the screen represented to her a passage from passionate despair to calm hope and prayerful waiting, and to her every stitch represented its own place in the progress — here false stitches displayed backsliding, and there a well-formed, fully-shaded rosebud spoke hopefully of religion conquering natural agony, and hope shining where human eyes saw nothing save blackness and despair. To-morrow the screen will doubtless be sold as rubbish, and may be bought for the glass and frame, and hold some crewel-work of to-day, wrought by machinery, or in hurried single-stitch, without scarce a thought to last a little time; and the work she did may be burned as useless, and we wonder if, when we despise old handiworks and do away with them, we unwittingly pain some tender shade, who may yet linger a while or at times amongst us, and almost believe that we do, so tender do we feel towards all the things she made. We feel a pang while we gaze around us, and know that soon all will be dismantled and despised; for none is old enough to be in the fashion, while all is too old to be so useful that it must be kept. In the folds of the long chintz curtains in the drawing-room her child may have played hide-and-seek; his little face, that, painted by Leslie, hangs over his mother's chair, and that can never cease to be the face of a child, may have peeped out roguishly from the faded lilies of the valley among their pale green leaves, and smiled to him even while she chid him laughing; for she must have cared for them, for she always placed the folds herself and saw that they were carefully sent to be "calendered" every successive spring. The lilies are repeated on the carpet, with the addition of scarlet and blue and yellow roses; but all their hues are toned with time, and the sixty years have done nought to it save what is kindly, and, while unmarrying the texture, have only softened down its asperities in a way that time alone has, and that he often employs beneficially to us, too impatient, too irritable mortals. The furniture is solid and heavy, from the great sideboard with the cellaret beneath — so like a tomb that we distinctly remember feeling ourselves impelled irresistibly to bury our dolls therein — to the great four-post mahogany bedstead in which she slept night after night, all her long, quiet lifetime; and we cannot bear to think of the lodging-house parlors and chambers in which it must end its days.

But although we cannot save it all, some one, we know, will buy the contents of that little inner room, that seems the heart of the house, broken, maybe, but still beating where she always said her many prayers, and where her son slept and played those five short years of his life. Here is his rosewood crib, with fluted pillars, loose in places, and easily turned in their sockets, that speak of his restless little fingers, with one side that lets down with a sound that had its own meaning to her ears, and that, caused once by a new housemaid, who knew no traditions, brought to her eyes torrents of tears, though forty years had gone by since the child died; and here, in a shelf over the fireplace, is a row of small, worn books that, bought for him, have been read by all the child-visitors she so dearly loved, and that represented to her her own boy. Any child now happy in the thousand and one lovely and artistic picture-books that crowd our nurseries, would disdainfully turn away from these poor, faded little volumes: their "Beauty and the Beast" has pages a foot wide, and designs that we long to see reproduced in our dress and houses, while this one has thin, brown paper, and rough woodcuts representing Beauty in the dress of the Empire, with a long scarf round her shoulders, and gloves ample in length for a modern beauty's requirements; while the Beast is like nothing so much as a great Newfoundland dog. This stands by the little collection of anecdotes of Miss Lydia Lively, which is published in 1802 by Darton, Harvey, and Darton, and bears on its pages evidences of profound study, inasmuch as little pencil x's show exactly how much of these anecdotal pages constituted a lesson; and bleared round patches on the thin paper disclose further that the readings were not always without tears; while rhymes for the nursery, an epitome of Scripture history, the "Stranger's Offering," and the "Parents and Teachers' Catechism," of dates ranging from 1802 to about 1810, tell that they belonged to her own childhood; and so keep distinct memories from the universal Primer, and original poems, the date of which is 1826. Another little book, bound in rough red binding, with a wavy line across it, has lost its title-page, but is inscribed in her tremulous, fine Italian hand, "The Child's Book," and contains poems and pictures of the simplest and crudest, if the most moral designs. We may save the contents of this little room from the auctioneer's hammer possibly,



but as we look round we wonder if, when we are gone too, and our belongings in their turn are scattered, there will be any of the aroma of the past left among them. This whole place appears to us full of the most delicate fragrance, full of hope or love, or pain or fear; and is like some rare perfume enclosed safely in a crystal flask, that must be shattered to-morrow when the world comes in to buy and sell. We may catch a few drops as the bottle breaks, but it cannot last; once it is dispelled, all must vanish like a dream, or like the life that was lived in all its various phases within these walls. And so from this we come to wonder why we should ever be vexed, or worn, or suffer, when 'tis all for such a little space; and when life has to be let to run its course, however much we try to stem the stream, and call out against the inevitable. The river runs, and best are those who go on their way with it quietly — not rushing, neither expecting too much, and rather resting, as a caged bird does, once the first vain struggles are over, quiet, yet watchful for escape, which oft comes not until death opens our prison door. Thinking like this, we cannot envy the dwellers in great cities, who may not stay a while without seeming to throw out of gear all that complex machinery they call society; even while we regret more sadly than ever all we shall lose when we can no longer find a resting-place, back from the road.

J. E. PANTON.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
NO NEW THING.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

#### MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

WHEN Mr. Brune escaped from the presence of the justly incensed Mrs. Winington, he shaped his course for home without further delay. Under the circumstances, he no longer cared to search the house for his son, being in some fear of drifting into an embarrassing situation, and thinking, too, that it would be best to let the young fellow choose his own time for making any revelations that might have to be made.

He had not, however, proceeded very far on his way through the gathering gloom when he was arrested by a shrill whistle; immediately after which some one crossed the adjacent meadow at a slinging trot, and, taking the hedgerow

in his stride, landed neatly in the muddy lane.

"Oh, there you are!" said Mr. Brune. "They told me you were up at the house, but I couldn't find you anywhere about."

"I saw you starting; so I thought I might as well catch you up," answered Walter, passing his arm through his father's; and so they walked on for a couple of hundred yards or so in silence.

"I say" — began Walter at length.

"Well; what do you say?"

Facility of expression had never been among Walter's gifts. He thought for a little longer, and then made a fresh start with, —

"I — er — I've got a sort of a secret to tell you."

"Ah!" remarked Mr. Brune, "you may well say a sort of a secret. A secret, I take it, is a matter known, at the most, to two persons; when a third is let in it becomes, as you say, a sort of a secret; but when an interested party happens to have overheard the whole business from beginning to end, it is no longer any sort of a secret at all."

"Eh?"

"You need not give yourself the agony of searching for appropriate words in which to tell your tale. I have heard it already — and several details which I fancy you would not have thought it necessary to communicate to me into the bargain. What possessed you to choose that room of all others in the house to make a declaration in? I remember that, when I was a boy, I used often to creep to the end of the corridor in hopes of seeing some exciting episode take place beneath me; but nothing ever came of it. Mrs. Winington has had better luck."

"Mrs. Winington? Good Lord! She wasn't there when — when —"

"She was, though — didn't miss a word of it. And now that I begin to realize what the scene must have been, I can't help wishing that I too could have been concealed somewhere and watched her face," said Mr. Brune, bursting into a hearty laugh.

"Oh, it's all very well to laugh," remonstrated Walter; "but this is serious."

"The whole thing is undoubtedly serious," answered Mr. Brune, recovering his gravity. "At the same time, I don't know that the way in which Mrs. Winington and I have come to a knowledge of it is not as good a one as another. It has saved a world of gradual explanations."

"Is she awfully angry?"



"Well, yes; she is rather angry, I believe; but that should hardly surprise you."

"Poor Edith!" muttered Walter; "how she will catch it! I have a sort of feeling that I ought to go back to the house at once."

"I have a sort of feeling that you will do no such thing, so long as I can hold you," returned Mr. Brune, keeping a firm grip of his son's arm. "My dear boy, you must allow parents and children to settle their differences between themselves. And, talking of that, doesn't it strike you that I may have a word or two to say to your marriage — or rather engagement?"

"Oh, of course. In fact, I was just going to tell you all about it. I know," continued Walter penitently, "that I have no business to think about marrying at all; but — but, in short, I couldn't help it."

"You have done what can't be helped now, at all events," observed Mr. Brune. "I don't blame you," he resumed, after a pause. "A son who has never troubled his father in any worse way than by falling in love with a girl who hasn't a sixpence, and who has an outrageous old mother, must be allowed to be a success, as sons go, and can fairly claim some indulgence. But, setting that consideration aside, it is a very open question whether I have any right at all to interfere with your plans, except as a friendly adviser. When you were a boy, you know, I used to make you obey me, and never allowed you to ask questions or begin your sentences with a but."

Walter nodded. "It's the only way," he said.

"It is gratifying to me to have your approval," said Mr. Brune gravely. "Well, so long as it was necessary that I should be master, I believe I was a tolerably strict one; but a time always arrives when the old bird's functions come to an end, and the young ones must fly for themselves and shift for themselves. There isn't room for you in the old nest, and you must feather a new one as best you can. Or again, if you prefer a nest without feathers, what can I say? I can give you the benefit of my experience as to the comfort of nests of that description; but it isn't much use for me to scold."

"Bless you! you couldn't scold if you were to try for a twelvemonth," said Walter, giving his father's arm a squeeze; "you don't know the way."

"Anyhow, I am not going to scold.

Nor am I going to remonstrate. Indeed, if there came to be a question of remonstrances between us, I am half afraid that it would be for me to receive, not to utter, them. I have not done my duty by you, Walter; though I believe I may say that I have intended to do it — if that is any excuse."

"My dear old man, what are you talking about? You have been the kindest father and the best friend any fellow could wish for," cried Walter warmly.

"Ah, well! You have a case against me, all the same. Things have not fallen out quite as they seemed likely to do when your mother and I agreed that you were to succeed me at the farm, instead of entering a profession like your brothers. To a certain extent I have been unfortunate; that is to say that I have neither made nor inherited what I expected to do; but, on the other hand, I have muddled away a lot of money. The upshot of it all is that, instead of being very comfortably off, I am a poor man and shall never be anything else. I hear people talk of making farming pay; but I can't say I have ever yet met a man who has accomplished the feat."

"I defy any man to make farming pay in these days," said Walter confidently.

"Well; but don't you see what this brings us to? The only thing that could enable you to support a wife and family would be my death; and goodness only knows how long I may not live. I am as strong as a horse and barely past the half-century."

"I only wish you may live another fifty years."

"Thank you very much; but fifty years is rather a long period to propose to a young lady for an engagement. How are you going to get out of that difficulty?"

Walter scratched his head, and answered with much candor that he was hanged if he knew.

Then Mr. Brune pulled a letter out of his pocket. "The afternoon post brought me this," he said, "and I was going to show it to you before I heard anything about your love affairs. It is from William Boulger — your uncle William, whom you have heard of, but never seen, and who is now senior partner in the firm of Boulger & Co. — and he writes to offer an opening in the bank to one of my sons. He means one of the younger ones, no doubt, and I suppose the fact of the matter is that he has been quarrelling with his own people. A few years ago I should have said 'No, thank you;' but now



things look so bad that I thought I ought at least to let you hear of the proposal before declining it. As far as I understand him, it is only a clerkship that he offers; but he alludes to 'probable advancement in life,' which, I conclude, means eventual partnership. Now William Boulger is, or used to be, an infernally disagreeable fellow; but he is a man of business and a man of his word, and the chances are that, if anything, he means more than he says, rather than less. I think the matter might be worth your considering."

"My dear father," exclaimed Walter, "it is the very thing. What a stroke of luck! Write off to the old boy, and tell him I'm his man. I don't mind confessing to you now that I *was* a little bit down about my prospects; but this will put everything right, depend upon it."

Even in that uncertain light Walter could see that his father was looking at him in an odd, wistful way.

"What is it?" he asked. "You think I shan't like the sort of work, eh?"

"My poor fellow, I don't think about it; I know you will utterly hate and abhor it. You, who love the open air and the smell of the fields almost as much as I do, and outdoor sports a great deal more than I ever did — you to sit upon a high stool in the city, totting up figures from morning to night! Even the prospect of your dying a rich man could never reconcile me to such a notion."

"I should be doing it with an object," said Walter quickly.

"Well, yes; there's that. And you can always throw it up, and return to your crust of bread and liberty. I want you to promise me, my boy, that you will do that, if you find the life intolerable. But I think, upon the whole, you would do wisely to accept the offer. You would be none the worse off for having given the thing a trial, and living in London will give you an insight into the ways of the world which you could never have acquired if you had vegetated down at Broom Leas all the days of your life. Only pray bear in mind that you will always have it in your power to escape."

"And Edith?" said Walter, smiling.

"Ah — that indeed!"

Mr. Brune did not choose to tell his son how very little belief he had in the successful termination of that affair; still less was he disposed to try to convince the young fellow that this world only exists by virtue of continual change, that when the course of true love does not run smooth, it very commonly ceases to run

at all, and that nobody is much the worse after a year or two. There are things that one does not say to women and children; and there are also things — this, at least, was Mr. Brune's view — that ought not to be said to young men. Innocence is sacred; and should not the illusions and enthusiasms of youth be sacred too?

Quand j'ai connu la vérité,  
J'ai cru c'était une amie;  
Quand je l'ai comprise et sentie,  
J'en étais déjà dégoûté.

Et pourtant elle est éternelle,  
Et ceux qui se sont passés d'elle  
Ici-bas ont tout ignoré.

As a man grows older he inevitably learns much respecting his own nature and that of his fellow-mortals which can hardly heighten his respect for the race; and probably few would care to surrender that sad knowledge; but who, on looking back, would wish that he had known at the age of twenty-three all that he knows now?

Mr. Brune, then, held his peace; and as for Walter, he spent the remainder of the evening in golden dreams, towards the realization of which the obnoxious high stool was to act as a stepping-stone. The evening — if he had been in a frame of mind to pay attention to trifles — was not being passed in a very cheerful manner by the trio who sat round the fire near him; for Mr. Brune was silent and thoughtful, and Nellie, for some unexplained reason, thought fit to demean herself towards Mr. Stanniforth in such an exceedingly cold and haughty fashion that she succeeded at length in driving that good-natured and mystified gentleman clean out of the room to seek solace in tobacco. Walter may be pardoned for having failed to notice this by-play. He went up to bed in an exuberantly hopeful mood, and dreamt that he was senior partner in Boulger's bank, that he had just purchased back the estate of his forefathers, and that he was consulting Edith as to whether, when he got his peerage, he should call himself Lord Brune or Lord Longbourne.

The next morning, while he was smoking his pipe in the stable-yard after breakfast, a groom from Longbourne rode up, and delivered to him a note addressed in feminine handwriting, which brought his foolish heart up into his mouth.

"I was to wait for an answer, if you please, sir," said the man.

Walter moved away a few paces and tore open his letter, which did not prove to be from Edith, as he had half hoped



that it might be; nor were its contents of a nature to raise an anxious lover's spirits. "Mrs. Winnington presents her compliments to Mr. Walter Brune, and would be glad to see him for a few minutes, if he will be so good as to call upon her between eleven and twelve o'clock this morning."

Walter faced about, and walked back to the groom. "Say, Mr. Walter Brune's compliments, and he'll turn up all right."

And shortly after having despatched this informal reply, our young friend set out in obedience to Mrs. Winnington's summons. He was not much alarmed, but rather amused, at the absurdity of her writing to him in the third person. It seemed to him that she could not have felt her position to be an impregnable one when she threw up that flimsy species of earthwork. The fact was that he had been so accustomed to hearing Mrs. Winnington laughed at and made a fool of by Marescalchi that he hardly did justice to the good lady's inexorable will and strength of purpose, and had got a sadly mistaken notion into his head that, if he were only firm with her, she would falter and give way.

Yet, for all his stout-heartedness, he felt his hands growing cold and a sinking sensation about the region of the waistcoat as he drew nearer to the house. He had an uncomfortable suspicion that the butler, who admitted him, knew all; and when he was ushered into the same small room in which his father had been engaged with the enemy on the previous evening, he knew that he was looking defiant, and by no means wore that aspect of calm and courteous determination which he would fain have assumed.

Mrs. Winnington was sitting by the fire, reading the *Times*, and at a short distance off, Edith, with her back turned, was gazing intently out of the window at a large spruce-fir, the lower branches of which darkened the room. Walter had a moment of hesitation, not having been prepared to meet Edith, and being in some uncertainty as to the manner in which he ought to greet her. He got out of the difficulty by not greeting her at all — a course which she made the easier for him by never turning her head nor manifesting the slightest consciousness of his presence.

Mrs. Winnington rose with much majesty to her full height, and Walter, to show that he was not frightened, held out his hand, saying cheerfully, "Good morning."

But both the lady's hands were engaged in holding her newspaper, over which she bowed in a stately fashion, without speaking. Walter remained standing before her, thinking that he would allow her to fire the first shot; but as she chose to maintain a frigid silence, he presently took upon himself to open the proceedings by plunging *in medias res* with, —

"I'm afraid you're not best pleased with me, Mrs. Winnington."

"Will you sit down?" she said, not deigning to notice his observation; and the young man took the chair pointed out to him, and sat with his elbows on his knees, twirling his hat, and wishing, perhaps, that the next quarter of an hour were well over.

"I need scarcely tell you," began Mrs. Winnington, "that it is not very pleasant to me to receive you, after what has occurred; but I have sent for you because it seemed to me desirable that our respective positions should be — er —"

"That we should know where we are, in short," suggested Walter, by way of helping her out in a friendly spirit.

Mrs. Winnington gave him one glance of mingled disgust and disdain, but did not refuse to accept the interpolation. "You will probably agree with me," she went on, "that what has to be said had better be said in the fewest possible words. I shall purposely abstain from any comment upon your behavior —"

"I should like you just to admit, though, that I have done the straight thing as far as you are concerned," interrupted Walter. "You are displeased and disappointed, and I'm sure I don't wonder at it; but when you speak of my behavior, I think you ought to allow that I have not been guilty of any deception."

"Not guilty of any deception!" cried Mrs. Winnington, reddening. "Well, I can only say that I think you have behaved as deceitfully and dishonorably as —" Here, however, she came to a full stop. She was aware that she could not lose her temper without at the same time losing something of her dignity, and the occasion was one upon which dignity must be allowed to have the pre-eminence. "But that is not the question," she said, waving the subject away with a lofty sweep of the *Times*.

"Pardon me, but to my mind it is very much the question."

"Not the question," repeated Mrs. Winnington with increased emphasis. "It was not to put you upon your defence, or to listen to it, that I requested you to



call here this morning. I am willing to take the most charitable view of the case, and to assume that you have, or think you have, a real attachment for my daughter." Mrs. Winnington brought out these last words with rather a wry face; but she had considered beforehand what she should say, and was resolute not to swerve from her line of attack. "And if that be so," she continued, "you will certainly not wish to cause her any needless pain or distress. It surely cannot be necessary that I should even mention such a thing as the possibility of your becoming engaged to her; your common sense will tell you that no father or mother could sanction an engagement where there were neither means nor prospect of any on one side or the other. The whole thing is a foolish boy-and-girl scrape which I am sure we should all be glad to forget. Edith has expressed to me her sincere regret and penitence" (here Walter started, and glanced at the figure by the window, which, he fancied, shivered ever so slightly), "and — in fact it is a case of least said soonest mended. Fortunately very few people know of the affair. Your father has been told of it, and for several reasons I thought it best also to tell my daughter Margaret, who is very anxious that there should be no breach between us and your father's family in consequence; but it need never, I should hope, go further. I cannot truly say that we shall be glad to see you often after this, and probably your own good feeling will prompt you to keep out of the way; but occasional chance meetings between you and Edith can hardly be prevented, and I wish you to give me your honor in her presence that you will never, by word or look, recur to — to what is past."

Walter was a good deal disconcerted. For anger and abuse he had been prepared, but not for the tone of studious moderation which Mrs. Winnington had seen fit to adopt, and remembering that, not so many hours before, he had called her an awful old woman in her hearing, and had kissed her daughter under her very nose, he could not but feel that her self-restraint placed him at a considerable disadvantage. He was conscious, too, that, according to all received ideas, her case was a strong one, and his own a deplorably weak one.

"I'm not much of a hand at argument," he confessed at length, "and I can't put things as forcibly as you do, Mrs. Winnington. All the same I have something to say for myself, and I dare say I shall

manage to get it said, if you'll give me time. As to my having no money, I'm afraid that's undeniable; and yesterday I couldn't have pretended that I had anything in the way of prospects to look forward to either; but, oddly enough, there has been a little change since then. My uncle — old Boulger, you know — has offered me a clerkship in his bank, and I've made up my mind to take it. I admit that that doesn't mean much pay for some years; but I believe he means to push me on, if I'm good, and I think I may fairly say that I have a chance of being comfortably off some day. I suppose I shall go up to London almost immediately, and never get away except on bank holidays, so there won't be much risk of those chance meetings that you mentioned."

Mrs. Winnington could not repress a faint murmur of satisfaction.

"All this is awfully vague, I know," Walter continued, "and perhaps I ought not to expect you to sanction a regular engagement, but —" Here a short laugh from Mrs. Winnington arrested him, and he looked up inquiringly.

"Oh, go on, pray go on," said she; "it is quite diverting to listen to you. You would prefer an irregular engagement, I suppose."

"What I was going to say was this: I must acknowledge that, under the circumstances, you have every right to send me about my business, but, for all that, I can't give Edith up at your bidding."

"Really," said Mrs. Winnington, "I do not understand you."

"Well, then, I must try to speak more plainly. I love Edith, and I know that she loves me; and, so long as that is so, I shall consider that we are bound to one another, though we may not be formally engaged. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Winnington, I have my doubts about her ever having expressed repentance to you in the way that you say she did. She may have told you that she was sorry for having vexed you, or that you should have overheard something of what passed between us yesterday; but that she ever said more than that is what I cannot believe."

"You are very insolent," returned Mrs. Winnington coldly; "but I suppose I must bear with you up to the end. Edith, my love, I wish I could avoid paining you; but I am afraid you will have to tell this — very extraordinary young gentleman that you wish to recall any foolish promise that he may have extorted from you."



Upon this Edith at last turned round, and Walter eagerly scanned her features. She was very pale; but she had not been crying, as her lover half hoped, half feared that she might have been, and when she spoke, it was in a steady, monotonous voice. She did not, however, once raise her eyes from the carpet.

"We must part, Walter," she said: "we have made a mistake. You know," she added presently, "I always told you that it was impossible — that it could not be."

"It can be, and it will be," cried Walter, who had now also turned rather white, "if we only have the pluck to be true to ourselves and to one another. It is not of your own free will that you are turning me off like this. Edith, look at me! — listen! I don't ask you to bind yourself formally; I don't even ask to see you, or to be allowed to write to you. I only entreat you to have patience and to wait. That sounds like asking a great deal; but if you really love me it is asking nothing. I won't give up hope until I hear from your own lips that you don't care enough for me to bear a time of uncertainty and waiting."

"Edith!" said Mrs. Winnington solemnly.

The girl looked up, cast an imploring glance first at her mother and then at Walter, and dropped her eyes again, but said never a word.

"Edith!" repeated the instrument of destiny by the fireplace, in somewhat sterner accents.

This time the victim responded to the call. "It is quite true," she said slowly, "I don't care enough —" Her voice died away. Then, all of a sudden, she exclaimed passionately, "Oh, why can't you believe what I say? Why don't you go away? You ought not to persecute me so!"

"I hope," said Mrs. Winnington quietly, "that you are now satisfied."

Poor Walter was not in a state to make any reply. The floor seemed to be rising and falling before him; the walls were spinning round; he had to clutch at the mantelpiece for support. There was a long minute of profound silence, after which he heard Mrs. Winnington's voice, as from the far distance, saying, "Don't you think you had better leave us now?"

He made a strong effort to recover his self-command. "Certainly," he answered. "I have nothing more to do here. It — it's a pity this wasn't said a little sooner. I had no intention of — persecuting any-

body. Good-bye, Mrs. Winnington. Good-bye, Edith, and God bless you always!"

And so, somehow or other, he found himself out in the hall, and was aware that the butler was surveying him with an air of grave surprise.

"Good-bye, Wilson," he said; "you won't see me down here again for many a long day, I expect. I'm going up to London to make my fortune, Wilson."

"Indeed, sir? I am sorry to hear it, sir," answered the man.

"What, sorry to hear that I am going to make my fortune? You must know precious little of the world then, Wilson. Why, bless your soul, money is the only thing worth living for. There's nothing that money can't buy — houses, and lands, and friends, and wives, too, if you want them. Between you and me, Wilson, this world's going to the devil pretty quickly."

Probably Wilson knew perfectly well what was the matter; otherwise he might have been inclined to suspect that young Mr. Brune had been drinking a little more than was good for him. And indeed Walter's gait, as he hastened across the lawn, was scarcely that of a sober man.

Before he had reached the boundary of the garden some one appeared suddenly from a by-path, and caught him by both hands.

"Oh, Walter!" exclaimed Margaret, with the tears in her eyes, "I am so very, very sorry."

Possibly there may have been something like tears in the young fellow's eyes, too; for he winked violently, and cleared his voice several times, without being able to make any articulate reply.

"I know that I have been a great deal to blame for this," Margaret went on penitently. "I ought to have foreseen what was likely to happen; but somehow I never thought of it until — until a short time ago."

Walter now managed to say that he had nothing to complain of, and blamed nobody. He had made a great mistake, and there was no more to be said.

Certainly there was not much to be said in the way of consolation. Had Walter declared himself determined to hope on against hope, Mrs. Stanniforth would have been ready to point out to him how wrong this was, and might even have been persuaded in the long run to write to him, every now and then, and let him have news of the beloved one's state of health — a point upon which he might reasonably be supposed to feel some anx-



iety; but as he chose to give up the game, it was not for her to quarrel with his submissiveness, and no doubt, matters being as they were, it was a good thing that he was about to vanish altogether from the scene. Margaret may have been inwardly a trifled disappointed; but she did not allow the existence of any such feeling to be inferred from her manner, and Walter gave her no time to add much more, one way or the other. He made her a somewhat incoherent speech, thanking her for all her kindness to him in past years, and hoping that she would not forget him, and so departed.

Margaret watched him out of sight, and then returned to the house, where her mother met her with —

"All's well that ends well. But, Margaret dear, I can't help saying that I hope this will be a warning to you to be just a little more careful about making all sorts of people welcome to the house. If anything of this kind were to occur again, I am afraid it would be my duty to think seriously of settling down with dear Edith in a home of our own."

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From *The Argosy*.

#### THE LATEST WONDER OF ANTWERP.

A PRINTING and publishing establishment of old Flemish construction, some three hundred years ago, and which for one reason and another had been shut up and forgotten, has lately been opened to the public; revealing to the curious in matters of history, all the luxury, the taste, the mode of living, the pursuits and domestic habits of the Flemish so long back as Philip II., husband of our first Mary, of Catholic memory.

This revelation has occurred in Antwerp, that quaint city of ancient Flemish build, where following the rows of houses which line the tortuous streets, you may catch a glimpse of gable ends ornamented with antique devices; niches of saints and other objects of Catholic worship; a city where mayhap a façade of no account gives entrance to a palatial suit of rooms, with corridors leading away into far distance and communicating with cabinets, alcoves, crypts, surprises, descents, ascents, hidden doors, sliding panels, movable tapestry, to testify to the stormy times in which they were constructed, and in which the simple visitor of modern date may easily lose himself. And up through many a dingy street, we shall

find treasures of forgotten history; such as in the muddy Rue des Brasseurs, where the Guild still meet in a room hoary with crumbling antiquity; such as in one by-court where the way is spanned by a veritable "Bridge of Sighs," showing where the victims were covertly led from the Holy Tribunal on one side, to the underground dungeons on the other; and in the dark recesses of which last, the visitor shudders to mark appliances still remaining which testify to the horrors there perpetrated.

Ay! every stone in those dismal prisons cries to heaven of the tortures and histories of poor humanity.

And it is precisely of this ancient city, so rich in vestiges of the past, that I would now testify, concerning a relic unique of its kind, and wonderful for the sincerity and interest of its records.

A printing and publishing establishment founded in the year 1556 by one Plantin, a Frenchman, learned as author of many works, and who at a time when printing was honored as an art, noble above all other arts, fixed his princely headquarters in Antwerp; at the same time that he founded a branch establishment in Leyden and another in Paris.

His heart was in printing; and after many struggles and strivings he gathered up money enough to make a beginning at the above establishment, and was fairly prospering when the Inquisition instituted a suit against him for publishing heretical works. This occurred in 1562. He fled to France, where he remained until the matter had blown over. Then he returned to Antwerp, and re-opened his establishment under happier auspices, and in strict conformity with the rules and regulations of austere orthodoxy.

In 1567 we find Plantin patronized by Philip II., who gave him an order for that wonderful Polyglot Bible, of which I propose hereafter to speak. Besides this, he printed the first missal issued after the authorized version of the Council of Trent; and from that time we find missals, breviaries, psalters, offices of the Virgin, were issuing by thousands from the establishment, until it became famous throughout all Europe. Many potentates in France, in Italy, and elsewhere, made overtures to him with brilliant offers, if he would leave Belgium and settle in their domains; but he preferred remaining where he began; and he prospered.

But his prosperity, so hardly acquired, and earned through so many and difficult struggles, had scarcely begun to yield him



the enjoyment he deserved, when it was cut short by the revolution which burst forth throughout all his Catholic Majesty's dominions in the north. It was the same revolution which Motley narrates so well, in his "Dutch Republic."

Antwerp was sacked in 1576, and for three days given up to the infuriated license of the Spanish soldiery. The prostration which followed was only too indicative of the general ruin of the inhabitants. Plantin was obliged to close his printing establishment once more; and went to Leyden until that town also was sacked by the Duke of Parma; upon which he returned to Antwerp to struggle on as best he might till his death, which took place in 1589.

It is marvellous how this establishment escaped destruction, while palaces all round were burned to the ground, while churches were desecrated, houses and lines of houses, nay, whole quarters of the town, gutted, dismantled, and given up to ruin. Many circumstances combined to protect it.

The founder had no sons to perpetuate his name and work; but his two daughters having taken unto themselves husbands whom he approved and liked, he constituted them his heirs. With that fondness so natural to men of genius who have worked their way up to eminence through worlds of struggle and striving, he bequeathed his whole establishment, with everything pertaining, to such of his descendants as might be capable and willing to carry on the works; and they would preserve the collections he had made, even where improvements and additions were considered necessary.

In accordance with these provisions, the sons-in-law carried on the business; but political troubles had not ended. They broke out anew with redoubled fury so as completely to paralyze the industry of the nation; and of course to ruin its prosperity. From this outbreak, with but rare intervals of peace, Flanders was given up to wars and rumors of war perpetually; and when, during such intervals of quiet as occasionally occurred, the country sought to resume its original activity, there was neither capital to support, nor encouragement from the great to give life to any industrial enterprise.

Plantin's printing establishment was not quite dead, however; it still breathed, even though the pulse was very low; and in 1629 under the peaceful sovereignty of the Infanta Isabel, governess of the Low Countries, it came to the possession of

one of the founder's descendants: Balthazar Moretus Plantin—the most illustrious of the family, and perhaps the only one who deserves notice.

This man, although paralyzed on one side, yet with a clear brain and untiring activity, gave life and movement once more to the business, and it flourished.

He added all the improvements in printing he could lay hold of; and by the help of the greatest painters and sculptors of his time, all of whom he patronized largely and generously, he collected quite a museum of works of art and literature. It is to him that is due all that rare acquisition of manuscripts, paintings, etchings, engravings, and other such treasures, which have given to those old rooms so inestimable a value.

After the death of Balthazar the establishment began to decline.

It does not appear as if the family cared much to associate themselves with its working. Balthazar's son, in honor of his father, was given titles of nobility by the king of Spain, with permission to continue the work of printing under his name.

But it is probable the title swamped the work, for it continued to go down year after year, until another revolution broke out, and somewhere about the year 1746, it was finally closed. After this the establishment may be said to have existed only in name.

Belgium was no longer a country where the arts might flourish. The allies made of it a general battle-field, where they marched and countermarched, and slaughtered one another, continually. Marlborough on one side, and the generals of Louis XIV. on the other, swept the plains before them, and marked their course by devastation, fire, and ruin.

We cannot wonder therefore if the descendants of Plantin sought to improve their fortunes in other ways than the dead industry of printing and publishing.

After a while the buildings which had once entertained princes and nobles, and whose halls and corridors had resounded to the clatter of work and the manufacture of civilization, these so honored buildings were degraded and turned into stables, to be hired out to the keepers of horses. The mangers were constructed of the precious old woodwork which had formed the doors. The beautiful carvings which had adorned the staircases and entrances, were torn away from their holdings, and thrown into the garret out of sight; while books, Bibles, pictures, manuscripts, all of priceless value, were



tumbled into the loft, and there left to moulder under the accumulating layer of dust and damp; like bones in a forgotten grave.

Somewhere about the beginning of this century the stables and coach-houses came by inheritance to a bachelor, the last male descendant of the Plantins; when one day quite by accident, an antiquary strolled in while the master was out, and took to sauntering about the premises; perhaps struck by the antiquated look of the building. During his peregrinations he spied out a piece of sculptured wood which formed part of a shelf in one of the outbuildings; or, as some say, it was the handle of an old tub which first attracted his attention. However this may be, his curiosity was aroused. By-and-by a conversation with the master resulted in a voyage of discovery through the deserted passages of the building, and to the piled-up lumber-rooms in the garret, where they came upon a heap of heterogeneous materials, repulsively dirty. It is said the dust flew into their faces as they entered, and nearly choked them.

Other visitors followed, and little by little the owner was awakened to the knowledge that his lofts and lumber-rooms held curiosities of no small interest to the learned. He also found to his cost, that visitors valued them, and coveted them. Leaves were torn out of his illuminated Bibles and manuscripts, chips and pieces broken off from his wood-carvings; and although he made his own two nieces accompany the visitors, and although these, one on each side, watched and closely guarded the treasures on view, nevertheless the pilfering went on just as usual. At last, thoroughly disgusted with the meanness and dishonesty of lovers of art, he shut up his treasures and the rooms which held them; and from that time obstinately refused to open them even to give the place an airing.

Years passed, and still the rooms were closed. But the strangeness of the matter got wind, and coming to the ears of the municipality they deputed some gentlemen to negotiate the purchase, which was finally effected in 1877. The buildings with all their treasures then passed entirely into the hands of the town.

It was not opened immediately to the public, for the work of restoration took a long time. They had to rescue, to dig out and replace the fragments of art which were heaped in ignominious forgetfulness in by-places, or scattered about in corners like castaway rubbish. And it

was not till 1880 that they were able to throw open to the public a museum unrivalled in the world for its rarity and historical interest.

But although the rooms are now open to the public the collection is by no means completed yet. The work of restoration still goes on even at this day. I have it from members of the family still living that there are piles and piles of volumes in the garrets not yet examined, not yet lifted from their cover of dust; fragments of priceless wood-carving not yet restored to the place from which they were wrenched; pillars, pilasters, and balustrades lying unpaired and unused about the floor, waiting for the good time to come when they may be suffered to assert their dignity, and hold their own. It may be some time yet before this desired end may come, for the Belgians are a deliberate people, and not at all disposed to spoil their work by too much hurry. The front of the house as it now stands is of modern date, quite plain, and with nothing to indicate the rare treasures it contains. But the corridor once passed, and entrance gained to the hall on the right, the visitor becomes sensible of another air and moral atmosphere. Everything assumes a strange form and style; the hearth alone excites wonder by the strangeness and oddity of its appearance. It has porcelain bricks at the back and sides, and primitively shaped dogs to hold the large logs of wood which should warm the room; while, placed to defend the wall behind, are metal plates representing raised figures, the unmistakable culprits of Eden in the act of banqueting on forbidden apples, and for their sins left there to fry in effigy.

We passed into the office where the workmen had their names registered, and were paid their wages. The balance is still there, where the money was weighed previous to its payment. The book lay open, where their claims were jotted down, and the rude ink-bottle where the pen was dipped; but the pen itself was gone, which one would like to have seen. Little pigeon-holes, hung up against the wall, next attracted my attention as belonging to the past, for they are no longer seen or used in any office that I know of.

From thence into the long printing-room, where indeed the wonders begin. The printing-presses are ranged in two rows down the sides, leaving a wide space in the middle for free passage to the workmen and superintendents: each printing-press, commencing from the lower



end, being an improvement on the last. Here we see portions of books begun, but never finished, side by side with the manuscripts from which the printing was being copied. As we were led from one room to another, our astonishment rose in proportion to the luxury of art more and more displayed on every side, in the storied pictures, cabinets, carvings in ivory, wood-sculptures too, and other treasures lavished on an establishment where work was constantly carried on. And this in a measure and with a taste of which we of a later date, and in more civilized times, can have but little idea.

Thence we were ushered into the room where proof sheets were corrected, some of them lying there unfinished; as if the corrector, interrupted in his task by some public disorder, had gone out to see, and never returned.

In an adjoining room the proof sheets were ready to be pressed into their vellum covers to form books. Here also is the foundry where types were cast, the rude furnaces and simple appliances bearing testimony to their age; the moulds, the vessels for holding the molten liquid, the quaint queer bellows, the files, the crucibles, and a quantity of other instruments lying about exactly in the place where they seem to have been suddenly abandoned by the workmen a hundred and fifty years ago. The lamps too, of the rudest contrivance, were still older, and must have existed, one would think, from the days of Plantin himself, all standing out on a zigzag hold from the wall asking to be filled. The tables, stools, too, all just as they were left.

There are libraries lined with books in old vellum covers suggestive of untold lore and legends of times we wot not of. Apartments occupied by the family, for it appears Plantin lived in his establishment. And here we could in a measure follow the habits and customs of his day — not expending their measure of luxury in details anywhere — not in nicknacks or little conveniences such as we, of modern days, have come to consider as necessities of life; but largely and grandly in that gorgeous style which marked the old Flemish taste of the period, and which befitted a place visited by royalty and frequented by all the princes and nobles of the day. Rich carvings on every door and lintel with a finish which no modern art can surpass and scarcely rival. Every balustrade, every corner, panel, and window, even the dado round the room, is

carved and sculptured. The rafters which, after the fashion of the day, were left bare to view, are laid in rows as regular as the rungs of a ladder, all finely cut and rendered smooth, with here and there a graceful acanthus leaf to vary the monotony of form, bending in soft outlines over the woodwork it seems to grasp, as if meant to perpetuate that exuberance of fancy which sought to beautify whatever the hand may touch. From this we learn of what mettle the workmen were made in those days; how cathedrals were built and pulpits carved; and how honored the men who were called in to give importance and beauty to places of public resort; men of mind, who stamped on every inch of their work their own mark of thought and genius, and sent messages to posterity to say how they too had faculties, and had used them. Oak must have been plentiful in those days. We find it used for the commonest purposes, and in every nook and corner standing out, black as ink, testifying to the age of the wood and the age of the work upon it.

There are rooms hung with veritable Gobelin, one of them imitating so closely the leaves of the horse-chestnut and thistle, that I could almost have grasped it with my hand. The colors too are surprisingly vivid considering their age. However, the flesh tints of the figures have faded, thereby proving the fugitive nature of Gobelin's crimson.

In other rooms again, stamped Cordova leather hangs along the sides with quaint, large, showy patterns.

Elsewhere I marked the walls lined with silk, mounted on wooden frames, such as were in use a hundred and fifty years ago.

There is a room for meeting, I suppose, of ministers and authorities who may have come here to examine the publications, whether to censure or approve.

There is one room which goes by the name of Juste Lipse, the celebrated Dutch philosopher and intimate friend of Plantin, to whose grandson he was tutor. This great man's works were printed and published here.

There is the dining-room, where the family dined and princes banqueted. Also Madame Plantin's private apartment with a four-post bedstead elaborately carved, and its curtains of antique stuff looped up in deliciously prim festoons to the tester; the quilt also, which, as folks say, was worked by that illustrious lady herself some three hundred years ago.



Here also is the sculptured prie-dieu on which she daily knelt before a large-sized engraving of the Crucifixion, very valuable it is said; a sculptured press where the lady stored her neatly folded linen, and other things of similar interest and value.

Near this, again, we are introduced to the children's room, with a curtained alcove, where the two little girls were wont to nestle at night after they had said their prayers at the mother's knee, and received her evening blessing. This curtained alcove interested me, for I have noticed the same contrivance in remote corners of Flanders and in forgotten nooks in Wales.

Adjoining here again is a room devoted to the spinet, such a one as would rejoice the heart of lovers of antique instruments. The notes are of ivory and number but one octave only, while the strings stretch out ad infinitum and in the wildest system of spinet manufacture. I did not stay to ascertain the age of the spinet. But it could not have belonged to Madame Plantin, as in her time spinets had not been invented. Virginals, I believe, were then in use. It must have been made at a later date, a hundred and fifty years ago, when last the place was inhabited by the possessing family.

But the greatest wonder to me was the room where the Bibles and illuminated missals are kept, under long glass cases.

There are illuminated Bibles written by the hand long before Archbishop Ussher divided the Sacred Writ into chapter and verse; and, indeed, long before printing was invented. One of them bore the date 900.

Here also the great, grand Polyglot Bible ordered by Philip II., to obtain which the directors of our own British Museum have vainly offered large sums. The illuminations of this and the other Bibles are exquisitely beautiful, in design, color, execution, and finish. And long and eagerly did I linger here to take in what of it I could, but our party were waiting and I was hurried on to other parts. The walls of this long room were covered with works of art — Rubens, Vandyke, Jordaens, Boschaert, Vandenbrack and others, figuring in brilliant and precious form so as to complete a most valuable picture-gallery. These were collected by that Balthazar Plantin in 1629

who revived the establishment by his activity and sumptuous taste for art.

There are two cabinets here of elegant and elaborate workmanship, the designs much too wonderful to escape my memory, even among so many objects of overwhelming interest, and a clock of the same style and make, given to the family by a member of the house of Austria. I never saw a more exquisite scroll design.

There is a room filled with woodcuts, all kept under glass — letters large and small intended for ushering in an especial chapter; heraldic devices, armorial bearings, patterns, scrolls, frontispieces of most graceful design; all cut in the blackest oak and all drawn and designed by the greatest artists of the day.

The etching room is no less wonderful and interesting. Both copper and proof, side by side, ranged in the same fashion and equally guarded under glass.

Then the engraving room — a museum of treasures in itself, such as no sum of money could purchase. The only engraving Rubens ever executed is seen in this collection.

Also a room dedicated to the diplomas given to the founder, where among the rest are letters from Philip II. and the Duke of Alva. And here, hung up against the wall, is another precious document, containing the written regulations for workmen and the tariff of their wages.

Neither must I forget the shop where books were sold over the counter; not open to the street like vulgar boutiques; but gained by a handsome street door and up stone steps flanked with balustrades in keeping with the rest.

Even the paved courtyard possesses an interest and charm of its own, and delivers its individual message from the day when it was planted, they say, by Plantin's own hand. An ancient vine, black as ink, and, although three hundred years of age, still gives out vigorously rich leaves and tendrils in the spring, and a wealth of grapes in autumn.

This is, after all, but an incomplete sketch of a museum unique of its kind, and so rich in interest that perhaps no attempt at description could do it justice.

A catalogue has been printed and is sold on the premises; and to its pages I must refer such visitors as may be induced through the perusal of these lines to visit the latest and greatest wonder of Antwerp.

MARCELLA F. WILKINS.



From St. James's Gazette.

## ST. BERNARDS.

THE first thing which must have struck anybody, at the great show of St. Bernard dogs lately held under the auspices of the St. Bernard Club, is that the type of the dog called of St. Bernard is still under process of development. We shall probably get to him by-and-by; but we have hardly arrived at him yet. Among the two hundred and fifty noble beasts exhibited, some of which were set down at a price exceeding that of a large borough to a candidate for Parliament, there was much variety of form and of character. Many of them might have passed in the catalogue as only big mastiffs; while the parents of others must certainly have been on visiting terms with a family of colleys. We need not enter into the difference as to texture of coat, for it is as yet a moot point whether the true St. Bernard—granting that there ever was such a breed—was rough or smooth. There is as much to be said on one side of the controversy as on the other. Probably the monks of the hospice, when they had a traveller to fetch out of the snow, did not lay any great stress on the length of hair of the dog despatched on that errand. But admitting that there may be true St. Bernards of any kind of coat or of any color, there still remain some points to be settled on which the judges appear to be by no means unanimous. Any one who took the trouble to compare the prize-winners at Knightsbridge must have been puzzled to discover what, beyond size and weight, constitutes a true St. Bernard. If "Champion Barry," the winner of one hundred and fifty-seven cups and prizes, is a typical St. Bernard, then the award of a first prize to "Beauchief" must be regarded as a capricious judgment, for certainly no two large dogs could be more unlike than Barry and Beauchief. To add to the confusion there were two dogs under the "Foreign Class" hailing directly from Switzerland, which were unlike any of the prize-winners and very much smaller. And the climax of our perplexity is reached when we find the Reverend Mr. Macdona giving the first prize in the class for "champion rough-coated dogs" to "Save," who is deficient in double dew-claws. Now, if there is any judge of St. Bernards who is supposed to know the breed, it is Mr. Macdona; and if there is any point on which Mr. Macdona has hitherto been firm, it is

the double dew-claws. What is the precise value of the double dew-claw? Nobody has yet been able to discover; but if there is one thing more than another that goes to make the perfect St. Bernard, it is this abnormal superfluity of claw. Present the dew-claw, the dog is a true St. Bernard; absent the dew-claw, and he is a mongrel. Such is the faith under which we have been reared by the Reverend Mr. Macdona himself. The Père Metroz, monk of the hospice, has made solemn affirmation that to the true race of the St. Bernards, bred for a thousand years, it is essential to have double dew-claws. Yet here is an animal allowed to win the chief prize at the show who is wanting in this patent of purity.

The conclusion is irresistible that we have no certain marks by which to know a true St. Bernard. The dog is a very noble dog, of sublime appearance and most gentlemanly manners; but the sooner we drop the hospice legend the better. The dogs which were shown last week at Knightsbridge never could have been reared among mountain snows, nor are they adapted to a monastic life. To all intents and purposes the animal which the St. Bernard Club has taken under its special charge is an English dog, who is no more from St. Bernard than the spaniel is from Spain and the spotted dog from Dalmatia. He is the product of artificial selection and unlimited good feeding; one result of which is to have made him at least one-half as big again as the native dog of the Alps. We cannot look upon such a dog as "Save" without being impelled to say, with Henry V., "Those limbs were made in England." Nor is it possible to avoid the conviction that the St. Bernard of the shows is but a larger kind of mastiff, whose physical enlargement has been obtained at the sacrifice of some of those moral qualities which distinguish the old-fashioned English dog. It is true that connoisseurs speak of "a typical head" in connection with their favorite dogs, and there is doubtless a character of head belonging to the St. Bernard which is to be seen in no other dog. But there is not much in a head after all, and the rest is but bigness. Magnificent as he is in form and bulk, we fear it must be said that the St. Bernard is one of the most useless of the dog kind. His intelligence is but of a very ordinary sort. His courage must be taken very much upon trust, and is probably inferior to that of dogs of lesser



stature. In native sagacity he is certainly deficient. As a watch-dog he cannot compare with the mastiff. He is too big for the house and too grand for the kennel. As a companion, his bulk is objectionable: one might as well be familiar with a jackass or romp with a brown bear. He is supposed to be useful as a "protector," but it is a protection which savors very much of proprietorship. To take him out for a walk is to reduce yourself to be led by your dog, instead of your leading him. To correct him is a delicate operation, which may lead to unpleasant results. There is nothing a St. Bernard can do to justify his existence; and the digging of belated wayfarers out of the snow affords but a narrow opening for a dog in this country. The probabilities are that a modern St. Bernard would not know what to do with a man whom he discovered in a mountain pass, except to

eat him. For all that, the St. Bernard has many friends; and the fact that there is a club established for his special cultivation is a proof of the extent to which the taste for this particular kind of dog has spread. His grandeur of aspect and his general amiability entitle him to our respect; his very helplessness is a claim upon our sympathy. There is something melancholy in a dog of a hundred and forty pounds' weight having no motive whatever in life, and going about, with all his tremendous potentiality of bite, unable to do anything to repay the love and meat which have been expended on his education. Yet, as a result of what may be done in the cultivation of the dog, the St. Bernard is stupendous. He will continue to have his admirers, and probably to grow bigger and bigger as the years advance, a magnificent testimony of British skill in the art of breeding.

A SLIDING MOUNTAIN IN OREGON.—The government engineers engaged upon the ship canal around the rapids where the Columbia River cuts through the Cascade Mountains, and the engineers of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, whose railroad runs beside the government canal, have discovered that a point of the mountains, of tremendous height and three miles in extent, is moving down an incline into the river. The fact of a moving mountain is strange, but not incomprehensible. It seems, says an intelligent correspondent of the *New York Times*, that the great river and the ravines that point to it have cut their way down through a superincumbent mass of basalt into a substratum of sandstone. This sandstone, we will suppose, presents a smooth surface, with an incline toward the river; the river cuts under the basalt into the sandstone, and the natural effect is for the superincumbent basalt, acting like a similar formation of ice in a glacier, to slide down hill. The same gentleman says, on the authority of Mr. Thielson, engineer in chief of the Western Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad, that when an examination was made a year ago of a disused portage tramway past that point, the track was found to be twisted as much as seven or eight feet out of the true line in some places, caused beyond doubt by a movement of the mountain. It seemed certain to Mr. Thielson that there was a movement of a tremendous mountain spur opposite this piece of road. The correspondent goes on to say: "It is a fact well known to all river men that above the

Cascades, where the river is tranquil, the waters cover a submerged forest, whose trunks still stand with their projecting limbs to attest some wonderful phenomenon. It has been a query in the minds of all as to what convulsion of nature or process of time caused this overflow of waters. Over thirty years ago I saw the dead trunks standing beneath the waves, and the interest in this connection was increased by learning from the Indians that among their traditions was one that ages since the mountains rose precipitously at the river's side, and a great arch of stone spanned the river from shore to shore, and that their canoes passed under it. Tradition further says that in course of time a great earthquake threw down the arch and blocked the river, causing the cascades as we see them now. It is not often that Indian tradition is so specific in detail. As the records of the aborigines of this region are very transient, it is possible that this story rests on some fact of natural history of not very remote occurrence. Joining tradition and speculation with the discoveries and deductions of science, we must conclude that some convulsion of nature has thrown great masses of rock into the stream sufficient to deaden its flow for eight miles above and to submerge the forests just above the rapids. Mr. Brazee, who has been engineer of the navigation company that owned the portage road around the falls, informs me that he has watched the movements of the mountain for twenty years, and that it is no myth."

Scientific American.



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

I. TEN YEARS OF ITALIAN PROGRESS, . . . .	<i>Quarterly Review,</i> . . . .	643
II. NO NEW THING. Part X., . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . .	654
III. EGYPTIAN DERVISHES, . . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i> . . . .	661
IV. SKETCHES FROM THE DUTCH SEASIDE, . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . .	672
V. A GOSSIP ON ROMANCE, . . . .	<i>Longman's Magazine,</i> . . . .	682
VI. THE STORY OF JAMES BARKER. A Tale of the Congo Coast. Conclusion, . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . .	687
VII. BAGHDAD ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . .	697
VIII. GEORGE HERBERT'S CHURCH, . . . .	<i>St. James's Gazette,</i> . . . .	704

## POETRY.

MENELAUS, . . . . .	642	ON THE OCTOBER SNOWSTORM OF 1880, . . . .	642
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## MENELAUS.

Was it a dream from out the ivory gate,  
The same sad dream that ever, night and day,  
Mocks me with fond delusion, and hot shame  
Mantles upon my forehead, that the man  
That is in me in battle, should give place  
To thoughts of her,—I have not named her  
name

Through all these weary years,—it was no  
dream!

She stood on yonder turret, veiled in white;  
The elders round, and Priam's aged self,  
Greeted her steps with no unloving looks.  
Yet, sure, a reverend wisdom such as his,  
Gazing upon the ruin of his land,  
Should shrink with loathing,—can it be, that  
force,

Brute force of brigands, that day — Let me  
think!

Think, what else is it that I do but think —  
Think, think, till thought devours me,—let it  
be!

And yet, methought, some look of wistfulness,  
Some far-off dream of sadness in her eyes,  
That seemed, if I had beckoned — Now,  
may earth

Yawn wide for me, and Zeus's thunderbolt  
Hurl me to utter Hades, ere such deed  
Shame me before the princes! Oh, I know —  
How can I fail to know—their thoughts of  
scorn,

Old Nestor, with his tales of bygone wars,  
And wisdom earned by thrice the age of men;  
Wolf Ajax, harder than his bull's-hide shield,  
Eager to lap his daily-dole of blood;  
Achilles, ever brooding o'er his doom;  
Yea, he, their noblest, he who pledged this  
host

To me and to my quarrel, king of men,  
My own true brother, mingles with his love  
Some look of pity, some sad thought of those  
Whose bones lie hidden in this dust of Troy.  
And well it were that I were laid with them,  
Or in some midway depth, with sand and slime  
O'erheaped, that none might know my grave,  
and say,

"This mound is his, who wrought great woe  
to Greece,"

And curse the day my mother bare a son.  
Yet have I never sought my private wealth,  
Ransom of men, and arms, and captive maids,  
Nor in the princes' council claimed my place,  
To order the array, or fence the ships,  
Chide or encourage; but have ate my heart  
In silence, caring for one only thing,  
If Zeus, who guards the homes and hearths of  
men,

May give me in the field to front my foe  
Who did the wrong, that men of after-time  
May fear the like. But never, face to face,  
In equal hazard of the spear and sword,  
Has caitiff Alexander dared to meet  
The man he wronged so foully. Yea, this  
morn,

I saw him in the vaward of their lines,  
Flaunting the godlike beauty of his limbs,  
And all the passion leapt in me that leaps

Within the lion's heart, what time he sees  
The slayer of his mate, and recks not darts,  
Nor circling bay of hounds, nor flaming brands,  
So he may reach and rend; so sprang I forth.  
And he,—he ran! Can she have sunk so low,  
To love a coward? Could I think her will  
Was privy to the deed — But no! some  
charm

Of Aphrodite, bane of gods and men,  
Some cursed philtre poisoned all her blood,  
And stained the whiteness of her soul, till faith  
Was fouled to faithlessness! O me! the  
shame,

The misery, when the gods make sport with  
men,  
Working their wanton pleasure!

Stay, I hear

An unfamiliar voice, that sounds my name:  
"Paris, this day, for Helen and her wealth,  
Will fight in single battle to the death  
With Menelaus, that the war may cease,  
And Greek and Trojan be at one again."  
O Zeus! it may be,—must be! Yes,—that  
look!

She saw his shame this morning,—hers the  
thought,—

She gives him to my sword! Now, all the  
gods

Be thanked, and thou, most great, most glori-  
ous,

Strengthen this arm to strike one downright  
blow,

And free her from the spell! Armor, my  
men,—

Give me my armor,—bid my brother come,—  
Prepare the victim,—haste Talthybius here,—  
I will have Priam's oath,—no false boy's  
word,—

Will she be there to see? O heart within,  
Burst not with beating, till this day be done,  
And Greece shall smile forgiveness of the past,  
And she—that look!—she shall be mine  
again!

Spectator.

O. OGLE.

## ON THE OCTOBER SNOWSTORM OF 1830.

THE leaves have not yet gone; then why do  
ye come,

O white flakes falling from a dusky cloud?  
But yesterday my garden-plot was proud  
With uncut sheaves of ripe chrysanthemum.  
Some trees the winds have stripped; but look  
on some,

'Neath double load of snow and foliage bowed,  
Unnatural Winter fashioning a shroud  
For Autumn's burial ere its pulse be numb.  
Yet Nature plays not an inhuman part:  
In her, our own vicissitudes we trace.

Do we not cling to our accustomed place,  
Though journeying Death have beckoned us  
to start?

And faded smiles oft linger in the face,  
While grief's first flakes fall silent on the  
heart!



From THE Quarterly Review.

## TEN YEARS OF ITALIAN PROGRESS.\*

LITTLE more than ten years have elapsed since the edifice of Italian unity, at once a piecemeal and a rapid performance, was crowned by the meeting of the Italian Parliament in its present domicile on Monte Citorio. Even while yet lingering at Turin, the representatives of those provinces of the peninsula that recognized the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel had by a unanimous vote styled themselves the Parliament of Italy; but the title scarcely corresponded with the fact while Venetia still cowered under the Hapsburg eagle, and pontifical territory still intervened between Tuscany on the one side and the two Sicilies on the other. The sharp sword of Sadowa remedied the blundering stroke of Custozza; and the autumn of 1866 saw the Italian legislature enlarged in numbers and improved in authority by deputies from Venetia. Its transfer from Turin to Florence, however, scarcely added to its lustre; for in spite of the vast sums lavished upon the fair city on the Arno in the hope of rendering it in fact as well as in name the capital of Italy, the Italians themselves persisted in regarding it as merely an *étape* or halting-place, from which, in the ripeness of time, the last stage of Italian unity was to start, finishing its journey at Rome.

There never was such another run of luck in the history of the world, as attended the aspirations of the Italian people from the spring of 1859 to the autumn of 1871. Let due allowance be made for Italian patriotism, Italian tact, and Italian courage; for the statesmanship of Cavour, for the conspiring intellect of Mazzini, the untiring tentatives of Garibaldi, and the loyal steadfastness of Victor Emmanuel. Still, their combined efforts to liberate Italy from Bardonecchia to Manfredonia would have been vain, had not the stars in their courses, and European potentates

in their rivalries, fought for the idea dimly divined by Dante, suffered for by Ugo Foscolo, and almost despaired of by Manzoni and Massimo d'Azeglio. No doubt it was an Italian hand that flung the nefarious bombs which reminded Napoleon III. of his youthful pledges to the Carbonari. But the personal fears of the French emperor would not have sufficed to make him salute Baron Hübner on New Year's Day, 1859, with such unfestive brusqueness, had there not been felt in the imperial councils a necessity for demonstrating afresh that the ruler of France was the nephew of his uncle. Without the blood shed at Solferino and Magenta, Italy might still have been a bundle of heterogeneous and antagonistic duchies. The preliminaries of Villafranca, and the chilling pause that followed their ratification at Zurich, seemed a poor and inadequate result for so much slaughter, and singularly out of proportion with the high-sounding, if ambiguous manifesto, announcing that Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic. Then it was that whatever the Italians have done for themselves, they did, and did with consummate dexterity. By a series of rapid and imposing plébiscites, they tore the treaty of Zurich to tatters; and Tuscany, Emilia, and the Marches, following the fortunes of Lombardy, clustered round the cross of Savoy. The audacity of Garibaldi and the ineptitude of the Neapolitan Bourbons rendered the emancipation of the two Sicilies a facile if in some respects a brilliant exploit; and when Cavour closed his eyes in death, only Venetia and a remnant of the temporal dominion of the Papacy remained to be admitted to the Italian family.

Perhaps it was the very precipitation with which the patriotic idea of the Italians was put into execution, that caused its fulfilment to be attended with military disasters, not to say with military disgrace. It is an Italian\* who confesses that, since the battle of Legnano in the twelfth century, whenever the Italians have fought single-handed, and in the

\* 1. *Annuario Statistico Italiano*. Anno 1881. Roma. (Issued by the Ministry of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce.)

2. *Reports from Her Majesty's Consuls*. Presented to both Houses of Parliament.

3. *La Voce d'un Contadino*. Verona.

4. *Atti della Giunta per la Inchiesta Agraria sulle condizioni della classe agricola*. Roma.

\* Mr. Gallenga, in his work, called "Italy Revisited," published in 1875.



guise of a nation, from Cortenova to Custozza, their military annals register nothing but defeats. When fighting on land against the Turks, Venice employed Slavonians, and, Florence entrusted her military fortunes to foreign mercenaries. The Piedmontese army, as every one who fought side by side with it in the Crimea has testified, was as valorous as it was efficient; and the battle of Tchernaiia, or, as the Italians write it, *Cernaia*, gives the name to one of the new Roman streets that debouch on the Baths of Diocletian. But the organizing element in the gallant little army of Piedmont was Savoyard; and its character was diluted and lost when it became necessary to have an Italian army as well as an Italian parliament and an Italian code. The spirit of the people in 1866, when the *Rè Galantuomo* led his imposing forces to join issue with the Austrian on the field contested by his father seventeen years previously, was all that could be desired. But the second Custozza was as disastrous at the first, and, in a military sense, far more discreditable; and the chagrin with which the news of the defeat of the Italian army by a force numerically inferior was received throughout Italy, was in a few days more than doubled by the tidings of the naval catastrophe of Lissa.

Yet the result of this mismanagement in the field and on the sea was the liberation of Venetia; and now the pope alone maintained his ground against the advancing tide of the "Piedmontese." Garibaldi made a memorable but futile effort at Mentana to dethrone the pope-king; and the watchword "Rome or death!" was silenced for the moment by the "miraculous chassepots" of De Failly. But once again fortune conspired to do for the Italians what their restless intrepidity had failed to accomplish. Another nationality had come into existence, and was craving for the fruition of its dreams. French vanity finding itself "asphyxiated" by the aggrandizement of Prussia and the vicinity of the North German Confederation, flung down the challenge that was answered at Sedan. The necessity of defending Paris caused the French garrison in the Papal States to be hurriedly

summoned home; and, almost without a blow, the cross of Savoy and the Italian tricolor were planted upon the Capitol. "Ci siamo, e ci resteremo," "Here we are, and here we shall remain," said Victor Emmanuel in his laconic fashion; and his words have proved no idle boast. "Roma capitale" was for years chalked up on every wall and hoarding in the peninsula; and, in spite of the serious material inconveniences Rome presents in the character of a metropolis, not a voice has since been lifted among patriotic Italians to contest its claims or to suggest that the capital should be transferred elsewhere.

This rapid survey of the events of what may be called the first decade of new Italy brings us to the commencement of the second decade, or the period between the close of 1871 and the present time, whose main features and general progress we now propose to examine. The Italians have for ten years enjoyed complete territorial and legislative unity. What have they done with it? Have they turned it to good or to bad account? Has Italy been a useful or a mischievous element in European politics? Is the domestic record of Italy a happy and an honorable one? Is the country increasing in wealth and material prosperity? Do its people exhibit signs of steady, safe, and satisfactory progress, in education, literature, the fine arts, manners, and morals? These are interesting questions; and we will endeavor to give them a dispassionate answer.

It would seem to be part of the dispensation under which we live, that, even to the attainment of the most meritorious and salutary ends, means of questionable character, and methods of doubtful integrity, should almost invariably contribute. There are perhaps no episodes in history more thoroughly satisfactory in their results to those whom they still continue to affect, than the English Reformation, the French Revolution, and the unification of Italy. Yet the impartial annalist can scarcely record the details of those momentous occurrences, without having frequently to acknowledge the ambiguous nature of the machinery, and the unscrupulous



pulous character of the men, whereby they were promoted. In estimating the agencies by which Italy was delivered from alien rulers and domestic oppressors, we must perforce allow that both the men and the methods were revolutionary. Cavour laughed at truth, and Garibaldi mocked at law. Duplicity and buccaneering were the two main instruments by which the Italians attained their honest and legitimate ends. Cynics, and perhaps politicians, will console themselves with the dictum, "Qui veut la fin, veut les moyens;" and the moralist who elects to preach a homily on the diplomatic double-dealing and the daring disregard of public law, by which Pius IX. was reduced to "a palace and a garden," and Francis II. was sent to swell the ranks of "les rois en exil," has unquestionably an admirable theme, but will probably secure only a limited audience. Revolutions are not made with rose-water; and if the aphorism that the end justifies the means be exclusively the tenet of the followers of Loyola, the world at large, the English nation not excluded, is more of a Jesuit than has been generally supposed. But it wraps its theories in more skilful phraseology than the Spanish casuists; and, borrowing the legal intellect for an accomplice, it shrugs its shoulders, and observes with perfect self-satisfaction, "Fieri non debuit; factum valet."

It is easier, however, as Goethe has observed, to raise the devil than to lay him; and the revolutionary agencies, with which Cavour and his successors did not disdain to co-operate for the achievement of their purpose, have not been willing to retire into private life at the bidding of those to whom they had become an inconvenience and an embarrassment. Ten years of complicity on the part of the executive with those restless and irregular members of society who concealed their ulterior designs by calling themselves Garibaldians, have compelled the government to deal tenderly with men who, in ordinary times and under ordinary circumstances, would have been committed to a fortress or sent to the galleys; and the acceptance by the late king

of Italy of a third of his kingdom from the hands of a Condottiere has hitherto rendered it impossible for his son to deal with insubordinate or conspiring Red-shirts according to the laws of the realm. There can be no doubt that, though Signor Depretis, Signor Cairoli, and their colleagues may inwardly have sympathized with the aspirations of the conspirators whose motto is "Italia Irredenta," they at the same time deplored the movement, seeing that it is calculated to embarrass them abroad, and to weaken them at home. Yet no explicit and unambiguous condemnation of the Italia Irredenta party has ever proceeded from a responsible Italian statesman. He dreads to injure himself by doing so; nor can he afford to seem to denounce a party in the State, to whose untiring enterprises in the past Italy as she is undoubtedly owes so much. Like Faust, Italy has regained her youth, but she must keep her bargain with the revolutionary demon to whom she owes her rejuvenescence.

The death of Garibaldi has in some degree liberated the Italian government from the fetters it had forged for itself in profiting by his adventurous spirit. His sons are naturally attempting to inherit his mantle; but it is scarcely to be supposed that, in a democratic society, the most arbitrary of all forms of bequest will be recognized. Fortunately, there is nothing in these young men to make them formidable. Their abilities are not striking, and their character is discredited. It was to pay their debts that Garibaldi at length reluctantly accepted a pension from the nation. The personal disinterestedness of Garibaldi has not been bequeathed to his children, and it was the popularity with which his disinterestedness invested him that made him a standing menace alike to the internal tranquillity of Italy, and to the stability of her foreign relations. Now and again, no doubt, the revolutionary temper still insists on manifesting itself in a flagrant manner, as on the occasion of the transfer of the remains of Pius IX. from St. Peter's to "San Lorenzo fuori le mura," and in the Orsini bombs intended to salute the visit of the emperor of Austria-Hungary to



Trieste. But there is a perceptible subsidence of the temper of political insubordination, and perhaps the very indulgence the government displays to political offences is a proof of its consciousness that it has no longer to deal with a serious adversary. A little while ago, Signor Alberto Mario, the editor and proprietor of *La Lega*, was condemned to a term of imprisonment for insulting the king and the pope. He is still at large, and editing his violent republican paper. Not unnaturally wishing to make arrangements for an editorial substitute during his incarceration, he paid a visit to the questor, and asked when his term of imprisonment would commence. He could obtain no satisfactory reply. Still receiving no intimation upon the subject, and perhaps beginning to be anxious for the honors of cheap martyrdom, Signor Mario repeated his visit and his question. "*Abbia pazienza*," said the questor; "do be patient. We will send for you when we want you."

It would be well if these irregularities in the domestic policy of Italy had not occasionally exhibited themselves in the direction of her foreign policy; for they have exposed the crown to a series of rebuffs from foreign courts, hardly distinguishable from positive slights. If there has been anything steadfast in Italian diplomacy during the last ten years, it has been the zealous attempt made to obtain for Italy admission to the good graces of Germany and Austria. Yet though the king of Italy has paid a ceremonial visit alike to Berlin and to Vienna, neither the emperor of Germany nor Francis Joseph II. has found his way to Rome. It will, perhaps, be said, that consideration for the susceptibilities of the Papacy has prevented the performance of this obvious obligation of courtesy on the part of the emperor of Austria. But no such excuse can be pleaded in the case of the powerful monarch who is still at spiritual war with the Vatican; and it is quite certain that both of these monarchs would give little heed to the feelings of Leo XIII. if they were really anxious to convince Italy of their friendship, and to demonstrate the value they set upon hers. But the truth is, Italy is not trusted. Her foreign policy has been so nakedly and clumsily self-seeking, has been so completely a *pourboire* policy, that foreign Cabinets not unnaturally feel Italy can be bought over to their side at the last moment, if only the bribe offered be substantial enough. Moreover, the toleration which the Italian government has

extended to the featherheaded agitators who claim Trieste as well as the Trentino, has necessarily caused the power that has not the smallest intention to surrender either, to be upon its guard against its covetous neighbor. On the occasion of his recent visit to Trieste, the emperor of Austria declared in the most significant manner, that the great Adriatic port would never be separated from the crown of the Hapsburgs. The intimation was in reality addressed to the government and people of Italy.

Thus neither special wisdom nor marked success can be attributed to Italian diplomacy during the last few years. No doubt something of the failure, and something of the folly it has exhibited, must be ascribed to the fact, that it pleases Italy to pose as a great power, without carrying guns of a calibre commensurate with such a pretension. The fable of the frog and the bull, or that of the brass and the earthenware pot that went to the well together, would be emblematic of the position of Italy in the European concert. At the Congress of Berlin, Italy was a fifth wheel to the coach; if indeed we should not rather say that she was the fly on the wheel. Her representative at the Congress, Count Corti, strongly advised his superiors at home to be both modest and moderate, as befitted the attitude of a State having to deal ostensibly on equal terms with powers to which she is in reality unequal. But the acquisition of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria, of Cyprus by England, and of the implied right to establish a protectorate in Tunis by France, were followed by an explosion of wrath and disappointment of public opinion in Italy, and by a fidgetiness in her Foreign Office singularly at variance with the traditions of diplomacy. Was Italy alone to have nothing? It certainly was irritating to the Italians to feel that their policy had been, as we have said, essentially and before all things, a *pourboire* policy, and that they were to be the only members of the party left thirsting. Nor did this rude disappointment serve to make them wiser and more cautious. When France at length proceeded to exercise the powers indirectly conferred upon it at Berlin of reducing the bey of Tunis to a condition of dependency, the Italians were simple enough, because Mr. Gladstone and Earl Granville indulged in some fine moral sentiments, to imagine that England would second Italy in protesting against, and even in preventing, the bombardment



of Sfax and the occupation of Tunis. Any one who conferred with Italian statesmen at that period must have come to the conclusion that the love entertained by Italy for England was boundless, and her confidence in our policy implicit and unreserved. It has since been our misfortune to have forfeited this profound affection. Not only did the fine sentiments of our prime minister concerning the wickedness of invading Tunis halt at the strictly academical stage, but England, under his direction, has invaded Egypt, and has shown itself as little careful of Italian susceptibilities on the Nile as France had been of Italian susceptibilities on the African seaboard. Accordingly, the vials of Italian wrath were diverted from France to ourselves; and until Sir Garnet Wolseley by the victory of Tel-el-Kebir rendered persistence in such a course injudicious as well as ridiculous, England was covered with abuse and assailed with detraction from one end of the Italian peninsula to the other. Selfishness is doubtless the highest law of nations; but it should be an enlightened selfishness. Self-interest should be pursued with dignity, and maintained with decency. The foreign policy of Italy has been at one and the same time cynical and naïf; unblushingly selfish, and unprecedentedly stupid. We confess we gave the Italians credit for better taste and better judgment.

Upon one point the Italian people deserve all the eulogies that could be passed upon them. We have said it is their ambition that Italy should rank among the six great European powers; and however much Italy may in substance fall below her nominal political status, it cannot be denied that material sacrifices of an unparalleled kind have been made by her citizens, and are still being made by them, in order that their aspiration may be attained. There has been a reduction in the expenditure of the ministries of war and marine; but, in so far as the reduction has been real, it does not represent any diminution of the fighting capacity of Italy, or any flagging in the popular wish that the Italian army and the Italian navy should be strong and efficient. A chronic struggle is carried on between the minister of finance and the minister of war, and has led to more than one resignation. Since 1879, the military and naval expenditure has been more or less stationary; and for that year, the last for which figures have as yet been definitely ascertained, it amounted to 9,262,000*l.*, out

of a total State expenditure of 52,159,000*l.* It has been as high as 11,000,000*l.*, even when the revenue was considerably smaller than it is now. The reduction has been obtained by keeping fewer men with the colors. At present these number only about 170,000; but 977,629 men have been passed through the ranks, and to these have to be added, in case of need, 564,300 of the territorial militia; making a grand total of 1,544,665 men available as food for powder. Any one who has seen the king of Italy ride up the Via Nazionale on his birthday, surrounded by a splendid staff, and followed by some fifteen thousand troops of all branches of the service, or has been present at one of the reviews held periodically in the meadows that lie between the Tiber and Monte Mario, can hardly fail to have been struck with the excellent physique and the soldierly bearing of the rank and file. But these constitute the garrison of Rome, and are not a fair sample of the Italian army, any more than the garrison of Paris in the days of the Second Empire accurately exemplified the forces with which Napoleon III. rushed to his destruction at Sedan. Though the minimum standard for recruits is only five feet one inch, the average height of the Italian army is five feet five inches. But while native thews are not wanting, the necessity of economizing in every branch of the service causes parsimony in the feeding of Italy's fighting stuff to be exercised in a manner that has not escaped challenge. Many of the soldiers have a rickety and half-starved appearance; and persons who ought to know assure us that, though drill is twice as severe as it used to be, diet is precisely what it was before so much harder work was imposed on the raw recruit. The Italian soldier has allotted to him only half as much meat as is served out to the English soldier, and his rations are smaller even than those allowed in the French army. He has to find his own wine; and there is reason to believe that his bread is soaked oftener in hot water than in broth, polenta, or cooked vegetables. At the manœuvres held at Perugia in the course of this autumn, it was observed that numbers of the soldiers fell out of the ranks from the effects of sunstroke, though the summer in Italy during the present year has been one of unusual mildness.

Whilst the new Italian kingdom thus indulges in "bloated armaments" on land, which it is impossible should be made thoroughly efficient for the amount that



is expended on them, the mania *far figura*, as the Italians say, a passion for cutting a handsome figure in this world, leads them to be equally extravagant, in proportion to their means, in the construction of their navy. The famous ironclad, the "Duilio," cost 720,480*l.*, independently of her armament; and she is only one of three floating sea-monsters, which carry guns twenty-five per cent. heavier than any even this country can boast. Then there are a host of smaller, but still costly vessels, like the "Principe Amedeo," the "Roma" and the "Venezia." Apparently, the Italians aspire to transform two of their loveliest spots, Castellamare and Spezia, into naval arsenals; whilst at Genoa ship-building for commercial purposes is at a standstill, and at Venice it has practically died out. At the same time the minister of war has long been asking for 20,000,000*l.* to expend on land fortifications, without which it is declared that Turin and Rome are alike open to the invader. No doubt the Italian frontier is an unsatisfactory one. The southern slopes of the Alps in the Ticino and the Grison district, down to the Lakes Maggiore and Lugano, form a part of the Swiss confederation; and Austria thrusts her territory of South Tyrol like a wedge between Lombardy and Venetia, right away to the north of the Lago di Garda, and to the opening of the valley of the Adige. Any one who has studied this question attentively, is aware that the direction of the forts, which were once the defences of Austria against Italy, would have to be altered, and in a great measure reversed, before they could be used against an invading enemy from the north. This is equally true of the famous Quadrilateral, more especially of the fortresses of Peschiera and Verona. With Switzerland and Austria, however, Italy may hope to remain at peace; at least, if she were to quarrel with them, it would be through her own fault. But if there be a war that would be popular in France, it would be a war against Italy, which has committed the unpardonable offence, in the eyes of Frenchmen, of forgetting gratitude to her elder brother to the extent of claiming to be his equal; and Italy could be invaded by the French through several passes of the Maritime, Cottian, Graian, and Pennine Alps. The loss of Savoy and Nice has opened Piedmont to the French invader. It would be hardly possible to stop him in the mountains; and if central and southern Italy was to be saved, it

could be only by stout defence and hard fighting on the Sesia, the Ticino, the Adda, the Mincio, and the Po.

Under such circumstances, it would seem to be the part of discretion for Italy to study to remain on excellent terms with one and all of her neighbors, and certainly never to provoke or irritate them; and in the speech addressed by the Italian prime minister on the 8th of this month to his constituents at Stradella, which carries all the more weight for being delivered on the eve of a general election, perhaps the most prominent features were protests on behalf of peace, and promises of military economy. Single-handed, Italy would still be no match on land for either Austria or France; and she possesses a most inconveniently large extent of seaboard, that only makes her more vulnerable to an enterprising enemy. Englishmen have lost nothing of their sympathy with Italy, despite the recent hostility displayed by the Italians towards this country. They wish for it a distinguished and prosperous future; but it is precisely because such is their feeling, that they see with regret the Italians wasting their resources in vainly striving to be as powerful as Germany on land, and as commanding as England on sea. Most of all, they lament the spiteful and petulant spirit the Italians have recently exhibited against powers with whom they feel unable to compete. The Italians would do well to remember the advice of a woman of the world to some young fellows who were starting in life with abundance of capacity and fire, but with some want of consideration for others, "*Soyez aimables.*" The Italians would do well to show a little more amiability, if only for the sake of getting it returned. They may yet need it.

The astonishment with which we must needs contemplate the levity Italian statesmen display in imposing such a heavy and gratuitous load upon their countrymen, and the admiration it is impossible not to feel for the patience with which this burden is borne, are greatly increased when we consider the limited national wealth that has to contribute the national budget. Nor can any due estimate be made of the sacrifices demanded from the Italians as the price of their national unity and national greatness, unless account be taken likewise of their communal burdens. These in Italy are enormous. In the year 1879, the local taxes of England amounted to 29,000,000*l.* In Italy they approximated to the same



figure. If we assume the imperial and the municipal taxation of Italy in that year to have amounted together to 73,000,000*l.*, which it unquestionably did, the Italian people are taxed at the rate of 2*l.* 11*s.* per head. In this country taxation per head is at the rate of 2*l.* 18*s.* But then we have to take into account the different dimensions of the national incomes from which the two sums respectively are obtained. Professor Leone Levi puts the annual income of the United Kingdom at a thousand millions; and computing imperial and local taxation in round numbers at 100,000,000*l.*, which is pretty near the mark, the State and the local authorities between them get on an average ten per cent. of our whole incomes. Any one can judge for himself if taxation is anything like as heavy as that in this country; and we entertain no doubt that Professor Leone Levi, painstaking and able as he is, has considerably under-estimated the total income of these realms. But we suspect he is not far wrong in saying that the income of the Italian people cannot exceed, even if it reaches, 200,000,000*l.*; and in that case their taxation is a certain thirty-five per cent. against our doubtful ten per cent. Should it appear incredible that a community should be paying thirty-five per cent. in taxation, we can only say that Italian landowners themselves have memorialized the government in the following words:—

The average taxation on land throughout Italy amounts to 30 per cent. on the returns actually got from the property. In some provinces, in Lombardy for instance, it rises to 40 or even 45 per cent., and in parts of Cremona to as much as 60 per cent., without counting mortgages or costs of registration, which have to be paid when the property changes hands.

These figures are quoted by Mr. Beaucherc, in one of his admirable reports to the Foreign Office on the condition of Italy; and though he adds in a note that this high scale of taxation is based upon a very old valuation of land, and that the price of land has increased considerably in many places, yet even if we were to suppose it has increased in value by one-fourth, which would be an exaggerated estimate, it would still leave a state of fiscal oppression unparalleled in any civilized community. Another way of testing the accuracy of the computation, that the people pay thirty-five per cent. of their income to the State or the communes, is to remember that in Italy the income-tax alone is between thirteen and fourteen

per cent. Moreover, it touches the smallest incomes. Let us suppose an Italian is entitled to 100*l.*, and only 100*l.* per annum, from the public funds; 13*l.* 4*s.* is deducted for income-tax. If his 100*l.* proceeds from the profits of trade, he has to pay 9*l.* 15*s.* If it comes in the form of salary, he is mulcted of 8*l.* 5*s.* A professional man in London making 300*l.* a year, had, till Mr. Gladstone clapped on three-pence more to pay for his Egyptian war, to pay only 1*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* A professional man in Rome earning the same income, has to hand over 24*l.* 15*s.*

We are therefore fully prepared to believe, both on the faith of trustworthy statistics and from experience of our own upon the spot, that the taxes of Italy amount to thirty-five per cent. of its income. The teachings of political economy would be worthless, and the laws of human nature have no fixity, if fiscal burdens of so heavy an incidence did not discourage alike the rapid accumulation and the vigorous employment of capital. In this country, as in France, the wealth of the community is being hourly added to by extensive and prosperous manufactures; and there are so many fixed incomes and so many well-to-do people to tax, that the hand of the chancellor of the exchequer is but little felt by individuals in the community. But in Italy the main wealth of the country is agricultural; and man has never succeeded in devising, and probably never will devise, a method of extracting from nature more than a modest and steady competency for his capital and his enterprise. Agricultural wealth never proceeds by "leaps and bounds;" and in Italy agriculture is the milch cow, alike for the community and the taxpayer. In Italy, which has now a population of twenty-eight million souls, only three hundred and eighty-two thousand persons are employed in the greater industries, and of these not a third are male adults. Moreover, many of these industries are carried on in a small and therefore a costly manner, with insufficient capital, insufficient machinery, and insufficient knowledge. Yet progress has been made, as the returns of the export and import trade of the new kingdom show. In 1862 the total imports and exports were, in round numbers, 62,000,000*l.* They have now risen to over 100,000,000*l.* It must, however, be borne in mind that, in the interval, Venetia and the Papal States have been added to the account; and 1862 represents, moreover, a period when industry was naturally slack by rea-



son of the prevailing political excitement. Our own trade with Italy gives anything but a satisfactory record. It was rather less in 1880 than it was in 1870. In the former year, it was represented by 10,137,000*l.* In the latter it had sunk to 9,718,000*l.*, though about halfway through the decade, or in 1875, it had reached 12,803,000*l.*, the highest figure yet attained. Perhaps the most satisfactory feature that can be quoted of Italian progress is the great increase of the sums deposited in savings banks. They now reach 34,000,000*l.*, a considerable advance during the period we are considering. Of the equilibrium at last attained between expenditure and revenue, of the approaching abolition of the paper currency, and of the steady and remarkable rise in the public funds, despite the heavy taxation to which, as we have said, they are exposed, the Italians have much reason to be proud. In 1872, the highest point these reached was 69½. During the present year they have touched 90. No more conclusive proof could be adduced that, though the increase of wealth in Italy may not be so great as its best friends would desire to see, *ep pur si muove*, and the world entertains sufficient confidence in the resolve of the Italian people, no matter what their poverty or what their imposts, to meet their obligations and maintain a reputation for financial integrity. It is, moreover, an encouraging symptom, that the export of coal and cotton yarn and twist from this country to Italy is steadily on the increase; a fact incompatible with either retrogression or stagnation in Italian manufacturing industry. Railways are being steadily made, and Italy now possesses between five and six thousand miles of what the Italians call iron roads. But no one can travel in Italy without observing that many of the railways are badly constructed and imperfectly kept in repair. Cavour was in a hurry to "make Italy;" so he asked no questions about money when a plébiscite was to be held or a province to be annexed. In the same way, Italy was in a hurry to have railroads; and provided she got them, she troubled herself little about engineers' estimates and contractors' work. She is now paying the penalty of her patriotic precipitation. There are some splendid stations in Italy, as at Turin and Milan. But most of the intermediate halting-places show, in their buildings, a lamentable want even of paint and whitewash, and give the notion that the company — in many instances the

State — to which they belong is sadly out at elbows.

Still, with all the drawbacks that necessarily attend a community oppressed with taxation, and in too great a hurry to occupy a position for which its natural resources scarcely adapt it, all that is wanted to enable Italy to secure for herself that material progress without which, in these days, no State can be lastingly strong and exercise continuous authority, is a combination of energy and enterprise. As Lord Beaconsfield said in the House of Lords, when speaking of a strategic frontier for Turkey against Russia on the Balkans, that the only sure defence of nations is "the vital spirit of man," so the vital spirit of man is the only resource by the help of which Italy can overcome her commercial sluggishness. If the example of Turin were followed by the whole country, the question would soon be solved. In 1865, when Turin was deprived of its dignity and position as the capital city, great depression fell upon the brave sub-Alpine race, and its population sank from two hundred and twenty to two hundred thousand. Its population in 1880 had risen to 236,658 souls, and, as Mr. Colnaghi tells us in his excellent consular report for that year, the old headquarters of the court, the government, and the army, by all of which it has been abandoned, has since been converted into a flourishing industrial centre. During the last ten years nearly fifteen hundred new houses have been built in Turin; half a million of money having been spent in building in the two years 1877 and 1878 alone. "The streets," says Mr. Colnaghi, "are furrowed with lines of steam and horse tramways, which meet in the centre of the city, and which are spreading their connecting links to the neighboring towns and villages. Their employment is also extending to the country districts of Piedmont." No fewer than thirteen tramway lines have been constructed for the service of Turin and the environs; and the average number of passengers carried per annum is six millions. The rolling stock originally came from Belgium, but new cars are built by Messrs. Locati, in their works at Turin. The engines, however, came from Cassel; and, as we learn elsewhere, Germany continues to supply Italy with rails, telegraph wire, and machinery. Milan competes with Turin in extending its population, its borders, and its industry. During the last decade its population has increased by forty thou-



sand, and it now contains three hundred thousand souls. Milan is the headquarters of the Alta Italia Railway, and the piercing of the St. Gothard Tunnel cannot fail to add considerably to the importance and opulence of the old Lombard capital. But, as we move farther south, the record grows less pleasing. Florence has not yet recovered from the transfer of the capital to Rome; and Rome has not profited in a material sense by the transfer as much as might have been expected. The Florentines incurred enormous debts when the honor, of which they were by no means solicitous, devolved upon them. They improved the occasion still further to embellish their beautiful city, and the State has since had to recoup them a portion of this expenditure. The Tuscans are an easy-going rather than an ambitious people; and many of them regret the light taxation and cheap living of the good old days of Leopold, when everybody could lead a pleasant life if only he left politics and theology alone. In Rome the bulk of the population appear to live pretty much as they did ten or even twenty years ago. Their houses remain the same in their spacious squalor; their food and drink are the same, for if wages are higher so are victuals and wine; and they are, without exception, the worst-dressed people of any capital city in the world. Away from the main thoroughfares one feels it hard to believe oneself in a capital city. Nevertheless, during the ten years that Rome has housed the sovereign, the Parliament, and the great departments of State, much has been done to accommodate it to its new dignity, without depriving it of the more permanently interesting features that have made it alike for the student, for the artist, for the man of letters, and even for people of pleasure, the most delightful and attractive of all cities. We may lament, with Mr. Hare, the excessive passion for neatness which, stripping from the Coliseum all the garb of natural beauty with which the merciful centuries had draped it, has made it for the present look rather like a new building not quite finished than an ancient building in decay; and we may be angry with the tidy Goths who have transformed the Baths of Caracalla, where Shelley wrote his "Prometheus," into a sort of open-air museum, ticketed, labelled, and partitioned. But if we consider dispassionately all the Italians have done to preserve ancient and embellish modern Rome, we shall be obliged to confess that no little discrimination has been exhibited

in the execution of a difficult task. The Via Nazionale, now the finest street in Rome, which runs from the Baths of Diocletian to the Corso, has been interrupted in one place in order to preserve a portion of the Servian Wall, which is embedded in shrubs and flowers, and has been diverted in another in order that it might skirt the piazza that contains the Column of Trajan. The excavations in the Forum are being prosecuted with steadfastness and learning, without injuring, indeed to the benefit of, the traffic that passes along the Sacred Way. On the Janiculum, a drive, lined with parterres and shrubberies, through which wind grassy paths, has been constructed, from which a view of Rome, the Campagna, the Alban and Sabine Hills, is to be had, that is matchless for natural beauty and classical associations. In Rome, at least, the motto of the Italians seems to have been, "*Chi va piano va sano.*" Between Santa Maria Maggiore and the gate of San Lorenzo, a new quarter has sprung up, whose streets bear the name of the most illustrious contributors to Italian unity, whether with the pen or with the sword. If only Naples could boast a more satisfactory progress, and Venice could be roused from a sluggishness that seems borrowed of its waters, the story of the principal Italian cities during the last ten years would be a cheerful one. But the two Sicilies, which together contribute a third of the population of Italy, lag behind the other provinces in almost every particular. It was hardly to be expected that their evil traditions of sloth, apathy, and superstition, would be got rid of in twenty years. Yet even here something has been done during the last decade. But the motto of Italian statesmen, more particularly as regards the southern portion of the kingdom, should ever be, —

*Nil actum credens dum quid superesset agendum.*

The principal problem, however, weighing upon the minds of thoughtful and patriotic Italians, is the condition of agriculture, which, as we have said, is the chief staple of Italian industry; and with the condition of agriculture is necessarily associated the condition of the agricultural laborer. We have spoken of the heavy weight of taxation that prevails in Italy, and unquestionably the burden is imposed with most relentlessness on the land. Here is what Mr. Beauclerc, in one of his reports, says of Lombardy, notoriously one of the richest portions of the penin-



sula, and of Virgil's still "miserae Cremonae:"—

The fertility and prosperity of this fine region is counteracted, however, by the monstrous taxes imposed upon it. Reference has been made to this subject in my previous report, and I recur to it only to give further proofs of the enormity of the taxation by means of one or two cases in point. In some provinces of Lombardy, under old valuations, the taxes amount to 40 or 45 per cent., not of the valuation merely, but of the net returns. This is especially the case in the lower plains. In Cremona the taxes are more out of all proportion to the returns than in any district in Europe; and they rise to 60 per cent. on the net returns, not of the variable production of the year, which may be very large or very small, but on the fixed basis of the nine or twelve years' lease valuations as obtained by public auction. For instance, the Great Milanese Hospital, which is the largest landholder in the basin of the Po, is taxed to the extent of 35·1·2 per cent., exclusive of the expenses of administration.

The average amount of land-tax paid by every Italian is 9 fr. 15 c., by every Lombard 12 fr. 13 c., and each inhabitant of the province of Cremona has the unjustifiable privilege of paying 18 fr. 55 c., though many territories are richer than his!

The principal beneficent institutions of Cremona holding land are taxed nearly 41 per cent., exclusive of administration charges, whilst some have to pay 45, 48, 59, and even 65 per cent. on the rent valuations.

When expenses of annual repairs, maintenance, and administration, are added to this abnormal weight of taxation, the net returns sink to zero. Again, the taxpayer receives the visits of the collectors regularly every two months, and the payments for maintenance and repairs cannot be postponed, whilst it is the rent return which is invariably delayed in a case of a bad year or what not. Hence, a small owner is often poorer and less safe than a ploughman and his family on a good estate.

The flagrant injustice of such taxation as this is known and recognized by all. Cremona seems predestined to spoliation ever since Octavius confiscated the province for his veterans. Not until real reparation is given for the hardships complained of will the people be able to say, with more truth than Virgil did, *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit*.

A commission has been appointed by the legislature to collect data for a project of law for the readjustment of the land-tax, and originally it was intended that the work should be done in ten years. But, from a despatch by Sir Augustus Paget to Earl Granville of the 2nd of July of this year, it appears that the period has been extended to twenty years, during which time, it is computed, the labor of three hundred civil engineers

will be required. Surely this is a case in which there will be danger of the steed starving while the grass is growing. Is it wonderful if, laboring under the burden of such imposts, the landowners of Italy can do little or nothing for the improvement of their estates, and if the smaller proprietors, and those holding under the *mezzadria* or *métayage* system, are in still worse case? In some of the most fertile districts of Italy, wages are miserably small, food is pitifully poor, and the general condition of the laborer deplorable. In the province of Mantua huts are to be met with, built of mud and thatched with canes, after the manner of the dwellings of Australasian aborigines. Heavy mortgages, family settlements, and the cost of registration fees on each transfer or lease, conspire to render it impossible for a landowner to do anything towards the improvement of these wretched tenements. Nor must it be supposed that these evils spring in any degree from the accumulation of land in few hands. On the contrary, the compulsory division of property among all the children of the possessor prevails in Italy as in France; and there is no mischief more frequently referred to by those who have reported on the subject than this division and subdivision of land, with the consequent diminution of capital for its cultivation.

The materials from which to draw whilst descanting on this theme are perplexing in their quantity; and a long article might be written on the condition of the agricultural laborer alone. "La Voce d' un Contadino," which is named at the beginning of this paper, is apparently what it professes to be; and it gives an unvarnished and heartrending account of the food, dwelling, clothing, and general status of the agricultural laborer in the north of Italy, where his condition is certainly not at the worst. But the most complete storehouse of information upon the subject is the "Atti della Giunta per la Inchiesta Agraria," published by the Italian Senate, and of which twenty-five bulky volumes have been already issued. We will confine ourselves to Volume V., which we have selected at random, and will quote only from one of its reports, merely adding that all the reports practically tell the same tale. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that they seem to form one long indictment against the revolution by which the unity of Italy has been attained. The condition of the agricultural laborer has sensibly changed for the worse. He has to work much



harder, and he feeds no better than of old, if indeed he does not feed worse. Here are some statements of pregnant brevity, in a report by Cavaliere Carraro on the district in the province of Vicenza, confided to his analysis:—

Wine, for the poorest class, is entirely unknown; the thinnest sort being drunk only by those more able-bodied fellows who work by the day on heavy jobs in summer time. Higher up, in the hills, wine is never attainable.

Wheaten or barley flour the lower sort of *contadini* never taste, except during harvest time, which comes from what the women and children are able to glean.

What they do eat is *gran turco*, or Indian corn; and of the evil effects of this we will speak directly. In a population of 97,724 persons, Signor Carraro gives statistics to prove that 74,198 never touch flesh-meat, and 36,434 never drink wine. The houses of the rural population are described as *ben tristi*, or, as we should say, miserable in the extreme. They let in wind and weather; they are too small for the families they contain; and some of the members of the household sleep in the outhouses and in the cattle-sheds, where, moreover, the women often congregate during the day in winter-time for warmth's sake. Water alone is plentiful and good. The description of a peasant's interior in this report is too long to quote, and would be almost too revolting, even if we had space for it.

Is it wonderful if, under these circumstances, disease should take hold of the Italian peasant? The life we have briefly described, of hard work, insufficient wages, bad and inadequate food, has produced in the north of Italy a new disease, known as *pellagra*, and which has been accurately designated as "*la malattia propria della più squallida miseria*"—in plain words, the specific disease of poverty and wretchedness. In the district confided to the examination of Signor Carraro, the number of persons attacked was doubled in one year. In the district of Lodi there are 4,030 cases of *pellagra* among 173,000 inhabitants; in the Cremona, 4,190, among 175,000; and in Verulanuova, 3,400 among 57,000, or six per cent. For some time, a hot dispute arose as to what it was that caused this painful cutaneous affection; some attributing it to the rice-fields, some to excessive moisture, some to one cause, some to another. But it is now generally agreed that it springs mainly from those who are attacked with it living upon Indian corn, and an inferior quality of Indian corn, and

in all cases from insufficient sustenance. "The *contadino*," says Signor Carraro, "is, without possibility of contradiction, worse off than he was." This leads, as might be expected, to an increase of crime, particularly of petty thefts. Sometimes the entire produce of a field or vineyard is stolen, and the duties of the rural police are greatly increased in consequence. The peasant author of the little pamphlet we have already spoken of confesses that his class are thieves; but he defends their theft on the ground of absolute necessity. They rob and pilfer, he says, in order to keep themselves, their wives, and their children, alive. Lawlessness is terribly on the increase, and the violence of the unruly is abetted by the compassionate indulgence of society and the sentimentality or timidity of juries, so that one might exclaim, in the words of Dante, —

Le leggi son, ma chi pon mano ad esse?

Laws there are, but they are falling into discredit. Necessity knows no law; and poverty is the direst necessity of all.

Meanwhile, by a new electoral Reform Bill, which confers a vote upon every male who has attained the age of twenty-one, can read and write, and pays direct taxes of not less than nineteen lire eighty centesimi, supplementing these general conditions by certain "fancy franchises," the franchise has become considerably extended, and we should be glad to think that the new electors will use their privilege, so as to make their grievances felt. So far the apathy of the electoral body has been astounding; not one-half of them giving themselves the trouble to go to the poll. Of course the edict of the Vatican, not yet recalled, "*Nè eletti, nè elettori*," debars many from giving their vote. The first election under the new act is to be held at the end of this month, and we shall then see whether more vitality has been infused into the electoral body. But what is wanted in Italy, is not an increased interest in what are called politics proper, but in social, economic, and educational questions. The statistics of the progress of education, if looked at by themselves, would seem to testify to a striking advance; but it may be doubted if they represent with any fidelity the true state of the case. The government and the communes are obliged to apply the law of compulsory education with great forbearance, for they lack the funds to bestow what they ordain. Moreover, a child may be withdrawn from school at



nine years of age. Newspapers abound, and are much read in the cities, where men spend their evenings in the streets and in the cafés. But they are sources of excitement or pastime rather than of instruction. The Italian press, like the Italian Parliament, occupies itself overmuch with party questions and *la haute politique*, to the neglect of less exciting but infinitely more important matters.

No advance has been made during the last ten years in the longed-for reconciliation of Italy with the Papacy, in spite of the death of Pius IX., who had committed himself too deeply to resistance to listen to the whispers of compromise, or of the accession of a pontiff credibly reported to be of a conciliatory temperament. The maintenance of the breach between the Quirinal and the Vatican is greatly to be regretted, for the orthodoxy of King Humbert and the piety of Queen Margaret are beyond question, and the bulk of the Italian people would hail with joy the termination of a scandalous and profitless quarrel. Nor do we doubt that the Papacy will end, as it has always ended, in recognizing a *fait accompli*, despite the ingenious boast of its adherents that, like the true mother in the judgment of Solomon, it refuses to have its child cut in two, one part, the temporal, being given to the king of Italy, the other half, the spiritual, reserved for itself. It is for the Italians to destroy the reactionary hopes of the Vatican by showing that the unity of Italy is destined to endure.

There is no reason, to sum up, to despair of the future of Italy. We have not shrunk from pointing out some of the dangers that beset its progress; but the advance that has been made under conditions of exceeding difficulty, is the best guarantee that the genius and patience of the Italian people will triumph over further obstacles. The Italians possess in an eminent degree political good sense and the commercial instinct. Equipped with these they ought to be able to face the conditions of modern life with good heart and every promise of success. If they will only carefully eschew war, and anything that might lead to war, they will end by overcoming all their internal financial difficulties. They suffer, like France, from having no territorial aristocracy, and therefore no natural leaders; but, though quietly democratic in their traditions and their habits, they are the least restless and least revolutionary people in the world. Republicanism in Italy may be

noisy, as it is everywhere, but it makes little or no progress, and, as we have said, the disappearance of Garibaldi from the political scene has dealt it a heavy blow. The king is a pattern of what a constitutional monarch should be; having all the public virtues, and none of the private vices, of his predecessor. Like Leopold of Belgium, he makes no secret of his readiness to lay down the sceptre the moment his people are tired of him. In consequence they fear to lose him. The house of Savoy is the cement of Italy. Were it to disappear, then indeed would come disintegration with a vengeance, and the second state of Italy would be worse than the first. Happily no such catastrophe is at present threatened. May it be long averted!

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NO NEW THING.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### NELLIE SPENDS AN EXCITING DAY.

It is so common a failing, even among the wisest of mankind, to estimate what is probable by the measure of what is desirable, that Mrs. Winnington may be excused for having cherished a fond belief that all cognizance of the episode treated of in the last chapter might be confined to the five persons whom she knew to be already acquainted with it. No one, however, who has lived much in the country will suppose for one moment that a popular and widely-known young fellow like Walter Brune could leave the neighborhood abruptly in order to seek employment in London, for which, both by tastes and training, he was notoriously unfitted — no one, I say, will believe that such a step as this could be taken without reasons, true and false, being speedily forthcoming to account for it. In this instance, the truth, or something not very unlike the truth, was known to the whole county in about a week; in a space of time, that is to say, which would include one Sunday, one market-day, and at least one dinner-party, or other social gathering. Mr. Wilson, it may be assumed, would give his version of the affair to one set of persons, Mrs. Winnington's maid would communicate hers to another, while the groom who had ridden over to Broom Leas with the note for Walter would command the attention of a third. Starting from these humble sources, the news



would infiltrate by the usual processes into a higher layer of society, and propagating itself by the mere fact of its existence, as the germs of certain diseases are said to do, would ere long penetrate into the most remote and least inquisitive quarters.

Thus it was that, within the brief period above indicated, a very general impression got abroad to the effect that poor young Brune had been abominably treated. His father, it was alleged, had turned him out of doors; Mrs. Stanniforth had forbidden him ever to show his face at Longbourne again; Mrs. Winnington had assailed him with a torrent of the coarsest abuse; and all this because, forsooth, he had ventured to raise his eyes to a girl who, after all, was in no way his superior, and who surely might have been contented with throwing him over when he had served her purpose of acting as a decoy-duck for more wary and wealthier suitors. It was unanimously concluded that the affair was discreditable to all concerned in it; and, as this is always a comfortable conclusion to arrive at, Walter's wrongs were discussed for a longer time and with greater relish than anybody's good fortune would have been.

It was well for Mrs. Winnington that she was both disliked and feared in the county, and that she had no friend within twenty miles sufficiently intimate to undertake the delightful task of letting her know what pleasant things were being said about her. She was perfectly at ease in her mind, feeling assured that those in whom she had confided would best consult their own interest by keeping silence; and what better security for discretion could she have than that? Mr. Brune, if she had known it, had taken upon himself to let a sixth-person into the secret; but that person was a safe one, and moreover could hardly have been kept long in ignorance of what had taken place.

Nellie showed no surprise when her father related the circumstances to her, but expressed herself upon the subject with a bitterness which rather astonished him, declaring that Walter was well out of it, and passing a sweeping condemnation upon the entire Longbourne set, Stanniforths and Winningtons alike.

"How horrid they all are!" she exclaimed; "Edith is not a bit better than the rest of them. Even Mrs. Stanniforth, good and kind as she is, is completely under the thumb of that detestable woman, and did not dare to say a word for poor Walter, whom they have driven into

a choky London den, where he will pine, like a lark in a cage."

"Walter had made his choice on that score before he knew that he was to be rejected," observed Mr. Brune; "and you must learn to moderate your language, Nell, or people will set you down as a little termagant. I give you over Mrs. Winnington; but you needn't curse the whole tribe of Stanniforths. There's Tom, for instance; I call Tom a capital fellow."

"Do you?"

"Yes; don't you? I thought you and he had struck up a firm alliance when he was here."

"Oh!" said Nellie, "I liked him well enough in a sort of way; but I have no doubt that, below the surface, he is just like the others. And then he is such a bore with his philanthropic schemes."

"H'm! I may be very wrong; but I was under the impression that it was you who persuaded me, against my better judgment, to sign a petition for the total abolition of vivisection."

"Well, I know I did. When people have hobbies, the only way to save oneself from being tormented is to give in to them; and I told you at the time that it didn't the least signify, because nobody would think of looking at all those signatures."

"Yes, I remember that you made use of that remarkable argument. Poor Stanniforth! he won't worry you with any more hobbies; for I don't suppose we are likely to come across him again, unless, indeed, he pays them another visit at Longbourne. Do you know, I have sometimes thought that our worthy friend Mrs. Winnington would not be altogether displeased if he were to take a fancy to Edith."

Nellie burst out laughing with much apparent heartiness. "You dear, simple old father! Do you mean to say that you have only just found that out? Didn't you guess why Mrs. Winnington was so desperately anxious to keep things quiet that she didn't even forbid Walter the house, and has had us twice asked to dinner since Mr. Stanniforth has been there? I was so glad that we could not go! I don't think I could have borne to walk in the old wretch's triumphal procession, like the captives of the Roman generals. Why, Edith is either engaged to Mr. Stanniforth now, or will be in a few days."

This conversation took place towards the end of September, at which time Mr.



Stanniforth certainly had not compromised his future in the manner imputed to him. He had spent a week at Longbourne, and had then left with a precipitancy which did not lack significance. But of Mr. Stanniforth and his deeds and fortunes, Nellie had neither seen nor heard anything from the day on which he had quitted Broom Leas. During the last few days of his stay she had been pleased, as we have seen, to treat him with a haughtiness, not to say incivility, for which her conscience now began to call her to account. Looking back upon this dispassionately, it did seem somewhat unjust, and perhaps even unworthy, to have vented her temper upon the poor man because Mrs. Winnington had suggested impertinent possibilities with reference to him; but Miss Brune was not more prone than are the majority of her age and sex to look at things dispassionately, nor had she anticipated that her guest would take this snubbing in the manner that he had done. If it had been in her power to look down into the depths of her heart, she would have made a discovery which would have surprised her; for she would have found out that what she wanted was that Mr. Stanniforth should inquire into the cause of her changed demeanor, and, without receiving any answer—for of course he could not receive any—should by some means or other have arrived at a comprehension of it. But he had done nothing of that kind. He had asked no questions, nor had he once taken the trouble to call at Broom Leas after his change of quarters. He had simply (so it seemed to Nellie) shrugged his shoulders, and walked off, as a sensible man might be expected to do when out of patience with the caprices of a silly schoolgirl. Now it was by no means in this latter light that Miss Brune desired to be regarded by Mr. Stanniforth or anybody else: hence, possibly, the acrimony with which she had spoken of him behind his back.

During the succeeding six weeks Nellie had leisure enough and to spare for the duty of self-examination; but as this method of passing time is seldom satisfactory to young and healthy minds, she soon discarded it, and began to cast about her for occupation or amusement in one form or another. Of these two good things there was now, as it happened, an unwonted dearth in her small world. Out of all her tribe of brothers not one was at this time beneath the paternal roof, some being at school, some at sea; even Walter

was away in London, where Philip also was hard at work, studying law after the fashion known to the reader. Mrs. Winnington, in search of second and third strings to her bow, had carried off Edith into the west of England. The neighborhood, too, which at the best of times was not a remarkably lively one, had entered upon the annual period of torpor which separated the last of the garden parties from the first of the winter dances.

All this tended to produce a feeling of melancholy which the season of the year was well calculated to deepen. The leaden skies, the bare, brown fields, the yellow leaves that fluttered down in showers with every gust of wind, the chrysanthemums and dahlias all dragged and forlorn—these were dismal objects to contemplate when one had little else to do, the livelong day, but to contemplate them. Every morning the low mists hung over the Cray valley, and every afternoon they crept slowly up to the higher ground, wrapping men and things in a moist and chilly embrace. Mr. Brune caught a bad cold in his head, and became a trifle querulous under the influence of it, declaring that this being out in all weathers would be the death of him, and that he missed Walter more every day.

"I shouldn't catch colds in my head if I were not in such confoundedly low spirits," he asserted; "and I shouldn't be in low spirits if I had somebody to talk to."

Upon this Nellie eagerly suggested that she should accompany her father on his daily rounds; but he negatived the proposition despondently.

"You can't walk," he said, "and there's nothing for you to ride."

"There's Wasp," said she.

Now Wasp was a powerful young horse which Walter had bought, some months before, with the intention of hunting him during the ensuing season. Nellie had been once upon his back; but he had given her so much trouble on that occasion that she had been forbidden to repeat the experiment.

"I won't have you riding Wasp," said Mr. Brune; "he is too much for you."

"I should like to see the horse that was too much for me!" cried Miss Brune; and in truth she had a light hand and a firm seat, and had often been complimented upon her possession of these gifts.

"Very well, my dear, then you can look at Wasp as often as you please. I can't afford to have my children breaking their arms and legs in these hard times."



Nellie said no more; for she understood how to manage her father. And the remainder of this chapter will be devoted, amongst other things, to showing how wrong it is of children to manage their parents, and how foolish of parents to let themselves be managed by their children.

On the following morning the wilful young woman whose discomfiture will presently be related, privately ordered a side-saddle to be put upon Wasp; and when Mr. Brune went into the stable-yard after breakfast to mount his own steady cob, lo and behold! there was a diminutive person in a riding-habit, perched upon a sidling grey quadruped of gigantic size, waiting for him; and he was immediately greeted with a triumphant

"There now! didn't I tell you so? You see he's as quiet as a lamb."

Mr. Brune remarked that he was evidently getting into his dotage, and that the sooner he was dead and buried out of sight the better, since nobody any longer dreamt of paying attention to his express orders. He then sarcastically inquired whether a leading-rein had been provided for him; whereat the stable-helper, who was a young man of no manners or refinement, burst into a prodigious haw-haw, and had to be sternly rebuked by the coachman. Mr. Brune, meanwhile, had climbed a little stiffly into his saddle, and, after a few preliminary plunges on the part of Nellie's gallant grey, the pair rode off side by side, the old coachman hobbling out to watch them with a countenance expressive of admiration not unmingled with anxiety.

"Hope they won't meet any o' them blamed traction-engines," he muttered. "That there Wops he ain't the oss for a nervous rider, let alone a young lady."

Wasp was certainly not a pleasant animal to ride. His notion of getting over the ground was a series of senseless and objectless shies; and his notion of shying was a tremendous spring from one side of the road to the other, followed by sundry snorts and capers, which seemed intended to signify to his rider that nothing except a strong sense of duty restrained him from making a bolt for it. Nellie, however, rather enjoyed, or said that she enjoyed, these light-hearted performances, and would not hear of going back and having the saddles changed, as her father humbly requested her to do. So they potted about from field to field the whole morning, and had a gallop over a corner of the downs; after which the exuberance

of Wasp's spirits subsided a little; inso-much that Mr. Brune was brought to confess that there didn't appear to be much harm in the brute after all. His confidence was at length so fully restored that, when they reached the bailiff's cottage, he was persuaded to dismount and look over some accounts which had been prepared for his perusal, leaving his daughter to wait outside.

Now waiting was what neither Nellie nor Wasp liked; and at the end of ten minutes one of them reached the limits of her stock of patience. She tapped on the window with her whip, and asked whether she might ride just a little way on the downs to keep herself warm, and come back again. Mr. Brune called out hastily, "No, no; stay where you are. I'll be with you directly." But perhaps his daughter did not hear him; for she quietly turned her horse's head away, and was soon cantering up the grassy slopes of a hill famed in those parts as offering a point of view whence the usual incredible number of counties can be distinguished on a clear day. She reined up her horse when she reached the crest, from which only one county, and not very much of that, was then visible; but if there was little in the way of scenery to attract the notice of the solitary horsewoman, she was rewarded, before many minutes were past, by the sight of something that caused her to jump and cry "Oh!" in accents of suppressed excitement which no landscape, however extensive, would have drawn from her.

Far away, beyond the misty valley at her feet, a small reddish-brown object suddenly flitted across the opposite hill-side, and was gone; and almost before the above ejaculation was uttered, there were the hounds, streaming after the fox, and presently a few red coats appeared in the wake of the hounds.

"Oh," exclaimed Nellie, "*how* I should like to be with them!"

An instant later she would gladly have recalled a wish which had been only too fully shared by another spectator of the scene. Wasp, whose cocked ears and trembling limbs had escaped the attention of his heedless rider, not only wished, but meant to be with them, and, in order to give the promptest effect to his intentions, he was tearing down the slope at a speed which showed little consideration for his own safety or that of his mistress. Nellie did not like it at all. She might as well have tried to stop an avalanche as to pull up a runaway horse in such a place as



that; but she tugged as hard as she could, just by way of letting him know that she was there, and, finding that her efforts produced no effect whatever, made the best of what could not be helped, sat well back, and wished for the end. Even in that moment of dire distress, she found a grain of comfort in the reflection that she was in no danger of heading the fox. Thundering down a declivity almost as steep as the proverbial side of a house, with the ground flying from under her like running water, an aspiration flashed across her mind, akin to that in which the unfortunate bricklayer is said to have found time to indulge between the top of a Parisian scaffolding and the pavement of the street below, "*Oh, mon Dieu! pourvu que ça dure!*" "If nothing happens between this and that!" she thought. By "that" she meant the slope on the further side of the valley, where, supposing that she ever got there, she felt tolerably sure of being able to check her headlong career.

But, alas! Wasp had thought of that too; or, if he had not thought of it, instinct told him to head down the valley, and to round the base of the hill behind which the red coats had vanished. Somehow or other, he and his helpless load reached level ground; somehow or other — Nellie never knew how — they traversed a road, a ditch, and a small brook; and now they were racing across a stretch of open country, and were gaining upon the last of the horsemen. But owing to some inequalities in the ground, only the heads and shoulders of these were visible, and in a minute or two the tops of their hats had disappeared. It was then that Nellie became aware of a new peril, and a more formidable one than any of those from which she had escaped. Directly before her was a ragged black hedgerow which looked both high and thick; and since nothing but a glimmer of grey sky could be discerned through it, it seemed evident that there must be a drop of unknown depth on the other side. Nellie took this in at a glance, and at the same moment a sickening suspicion of wire crossed her mind. Although this was her first experience of following the hounds (for Mr. Brune had old-fashioned prejudices with reference to the appearance of ladies in the hunting-field) she had often ridden across country with her brothers, and was not afraid of any obstacle of moderate size; but she knew that she had never been over such a big thing as this in her life; and, what was worse, she very

much doubted whether Wasp ever had either. The brute was rushing blindly ahead; she made a despairing and fruitless attempt to steady him; then she shut her eyes. Immediately came a crash; a sensation as if the whole world was breaking up into fragments, a brilliant display of fireworks — and the next thing of which Miss Brune was fully conscious was that she was sitting in a ploughed field, with her hair hanging over her face, and the hills and sky revolving in a most extraordinary manner round her.

After wondering for a moment whether she was dead or alive, and satisfying herself that her head was still upon her shoulders, she raised herself on to her knees; and perhaps some people would have profited by that position to return thanks for deliverance from sudden death. Nellie, however, must have inherited the instincts of a sportswoman; for the first thing that suggested itself to her mind was not this obvious duty, but the expediency of catching her horse, whom she saw at the other end of the field, trotting round with his head in the air, and in a state of bewilderment evidently quite equal to her own. Some people, again, would have been very willing to let that headstrong beast go his own way, and would not have cared to give him a second chance of breaking a Christian neck; but this was by no means Nellie's view of the case. She knew that Wasp would have had quite enough of running away for one day, and that, if by any means she could contrive to hoist herself upon his back, he would let himself be ridden home as submissively as could be wished.

To catch a loose horse is, however, one of those things which are more easily determined upon than carried into execution, and the difficulty is not lessened when the pursuer happens to be in a somewhat unsteady condition as to head and legs, and to be further encumbered with a torn riding-habit. Nellie plunged across the furrows as best she could, and when she got near her horse, called him by name; whereupon he cocked his ears, neighed, and waited for her to approach. He then flung up his head, and went off at a gallop. Nellie now proceeded to stalk him patiently and warily into a corner, he lending himself to the design and watching her movements with much apparent interest. When she was within a few yards of him, up went his head again, and away he cantered into another corner, whither she laboriously followed him. This manœuvre was repeated for the



space of half an hour; at the end of which time Miss Brune's patience and strength alike gave way, and she felt very much disposed to sit down in the dirt and cry. Wasp, too, had seemingly become tired of the game. There was a gap in the hedge at the further end of the field which a less stupid animal would have taken advantage of long before. He now scrambled through it, and was promptly lost to sight. The thunder of his retreating hoofs was heard for a few minutes; and then there was complete silence and solitude.

"What *am* I to do!" exclaimed Nellie, half laughing, half crying. Her hat was a shapeless ruin, her habit was in rags, her face was bleeding from the scratches of the briery hedge, she was covered with mud from head to foot, and she was a good five miles from home. As to what she was to do, that was a question which demanded no long consideration, there being only one thing to be done: she must make her way home on foot. But, although Miss Brune soon realized this necessity, she was not at all so sure that her strength was equal to the task that lay before her. She began to feel the effects of her fall in aching limbs and a swimming head, and the exercise which she had taken in the last half-hour had reduced her to something very like complete exhaustion. However, she stumbled out of the ploughed field, crossed a pasture, and ere long struck a faintly-marked track which she knew would lead her across the downs to Broom Leas.

The experienced novel-reader will perceive that the moment has now arrived for the introduction upon the scene of the *deus ex machinâ*; and sure enough before Nellie had plodded a quarter of a mile between the cart-ruts that marked her path, he duly made his appearance in the form of one whom she had supposed to be many miles away at that time. In her sorry plight, dignity and conventionality were burdens too petty to be remembered: accordingly, when the equestrian who was approaching her at a foot's pace pulled up, and exclaimed, in accents of stupefaction, "God bless my soul! is that Miss Brune?" she replied with unaffected warmth, —

"Oh, Mr. Stanniforth, I am so delighted to see you! I began to think I should have to lie down and die in a ditch."

Mr. Stanniforth had at once dismounted, and was too busy inquiring into the nature of the accident that had befallen Miss Brune to give any explanation of

his own presence. It was not until she had assured him at least a dozen times that she had received no hurt beyond a few scratches, and that all she at present desired was to find some means of reaching home before the spectacle of the riderless grey should have frightened her father out of his senses, that he consented to give an account of himself. He was staying at Longbourne, he said. He had come down quite suddenly, finding that he had a few days at his disposal; he had ridden out after luncheon, in hopes that he might fall in with the hounds, but had failed to do so, and was now very glad indeed that he had failed.

"I suppose Mrs. Winnington and Edith have come back," observed Nellie, who had now had time to bethink herself of many things which the first sight of a friendly face had driven out of her remembrance, and whose manner had consequently become much more formal.

"No, they haven't," answered Tom, glancing at her quickly; "they are — somewhere or other. Margaret told me where it was, but I'm sure I forget. Why should you suppose they had returned?"

"Oh, I don't know; I thought perhaps they might," answered Miss Brune with ostentatious carelessness. "I wish I could get home somehow; my father will certainly think I am killed. Can't you suggest something?"

"Well — unless you were to ride my horse. But you could hardly do that."

"No, hardly. There is a farmhouse about a mile further on which I could easily find my way to; and if they only knew at home that I was there, they could send for me. Couldn't you ride on and tell them?"

"Yes, I could do that, of course," answered Mr. Stanniforth slowly, and with evident reluctance. "But I don't think you ought to be left alone here."

"Why not?" inquired Nellie, turning an astonished pair of eyes upon him. "What harm could possibly happen to me? I should be so very much obliged if you would go on as quickly as you can; it would be so much the best way."

"If you tell me to go I must go; but I feel sure that your father would much prefer my seeing you into a place of safety. You really are not fit to walk without help, and if you will allow me to give you my arm —"

Nellie said she was perfectly well able to walk by herself, and required both her hands to hold up her habit.

"And besides," continued Tom, "my



getting to Broom Leas a quarter of an hour sooner or later can make very little difference. Either your horse has gone straight back to his stables, in which case he is there by this time, or he has gone off in the other direction — which from your account seems more likely — and will probably be heard of next in Crayminster. Do let me take you as far as that farm, and I promise you that the moment I have handed you over to the farmer's wife, I will be off to Broom Leas like the wind."

Nellie did not give her consent to this arrangement; but, as she did not withhold it either, Mr. Stanniforth let well alone, and said no more. They walked on, side by side, in silence for some little time, and then he took up the conversation at the point where it had been broken off.

"Did you mean to say just now," he asked abruptly, "that it must have been in order to see the Winningtons that I had come here?"

"Really, I had not thought much about the matter. It wouldn't be very extraordinary if you had come here in order to see them, would it? I thought you liked them so much."

"So I do," he answered resolutely; "I think they are very nice people — especially Miss Winnington. But it wasn't to see them that I came here, all the same."

"Oh!"

"If you care to know why it was that I came —"

"Thanks; I don't care to know at all," interrupted Nellie hastily; for in an instant she had guessed what was coming, and she was determined to stop it, if she could. "Where have you been since you left these parts?"

Had she known Mr. Stanniforth as well as some of his colleagues in the House of Commons knew him, she would have been aware that to stop that excellent man when once he had made up his mind to deliver himself of a statement was to the full as hopeless a task as to pull up Wasp in mid-career.

"All right," he answered cheerfully; "then I'll tell you, though you don't care to hear. I should have to tell you sooner or later, and why not now as well as at any other time? I came here because I hoped to see you."

It was then that the impossibility of assuming a cold and majestic mien with a broken hat cocked rakishly over one eye, and a countenance disfigured by many scratches, made itself painfully manifest to Miss Brune.

"Well," she said, laughing nervously, "you have seen me now, and it is to be hoped that you are satisfied. I sincerely trust that no other stranger will see me for at least a week."

"But you don't call me a stranger, do you?" asked Tom reproachfully. And, getting no answer to this query, he continued, in a low and slightly hoarse voice, "Miss Brune, I am generally considered to be a tolerably ready speaker; but there are some things that a man feels too strongly about to be able to express in the best words; and I don't know how to say what I am going to say to you, though heaven knows I have thought about it often enough." He paused for a moment. "There is a great deal that might be said about difference of age and — other things," he resumed, "but perhaps you will understand, without my mentioning it, that I fully feel the force of all that, and that I am not making use of any conventional form of words when I say that I know myself to be not nearly good enough for you. Only this I can say for myself, that I never loved any woman but you in my life, and never shall. It is rather odd for a man of my age to be able to make such an assertion; but I don't know, after all, why it should help me much. It all comes to much the same thing in the end. It's just a case of yes or no."

Having put the case in this very explicit manner, Mr. Stanniforth stood still, and paused for a reply.

Now to be driven into a corner is what no woman likes; and Nellie considered that she had especial reason for resenting such treatment.

"If I had supposed for one moment that you were going to speak in this way," she said tremulously, "I should not have allowed you to walk with me. I don't think you ought to — to have taken advantage of —"

"But is it to be yes or no?" persisted this somewhat peremptory wooer, too eager for his answer to notice the appeal made to his generosity. "Only tell me that, and I won't say another word."

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Nellie, bursting into a rather hysterical laugh, "how ridiculous this is! I wonder whether anybody in the world but you would ever have dreamt of choosing such a time as this to — to mention such a subject. I can't think of anything at all, except of how dreadfully tired I am. Is that the farm over there? Oh, I *hope* it is."



"But, Miss Brune — Nellie — won't you just tell me whether it is to be no?"

"Very well, then," cried Nellie, stamping her foot in exasperation, "it is no — of course it is no! I didn't want to be disagreeable, but you will have it. It is no; I can't say anything more."

It was true enough that she could not say anything more. The agitations of the day had completely broken down her self-control at last, and, despite all her efforts, the tears had forced their way into her eyes. It was all that she could do to avoid disgracing herself by bursting into audible weeping.

But Tom Stanniforth, who was looking straight before him, did not see these signs of distress. Not another word did he speak until they had reached the farmhouse and he had delivered his charge into the hands of the farmer's wife. But just before he mounted his horse he held out his hand to Nellie, and said, —

"Good-bye, Miss Brune. I shan't bother you by letting you see me again till you have forgotten all this. I am sorry if I caused you any annoyance just now; and I know you are kind-hearted enough to be a little sorry for me too. It was quite true, what I told you about my never caring for anybody else. I hope you'll believe that, and that you'll forgive me if I have seemed a little presumptuous. I had to say it, you know."

Nellie nodded, being unable to find her voice; and so he rode off, and was soon out of sight.

Late that evening Mr. Brune, who had scoured the country far and wide in search of his daughter, and had thus been spared the shock of encountering Wasp, who had trotted quietly back to the stables, remarked that Tom Stanniforth really seemed to have behaved with great sense and consideration.

"I shall always like Tom," he said; "a true gentleman in every way, whatever you may say about his pedigree. I can't understand what you find to dislike in him."

"I don't dislike him," answered Nellie humbly; "I think he is very kind."

"But you look down upon him, Lord knows why! One gets odd ideas into one's head; I suppose it's a sign of old age creeping on," continued Mr. Brune musingly; "but I couldn't help thinking to-day what a capital thing it would have been if you and he had taken to each other, and if he had married you instead of Edith. Don't make faces, my dear, I am only indulging in speculations; and,

dear me! what a speculation that would have been, when you come to think of it! I suppose Tom Stanniforth will be one of the richest men in England; and, upon my word, I believe he will be one of the best husbands too. I don't grudge Mrs. Winnington her luck; but it must be confessed that she does have luck."

Nellie made no answer, except to point out that it was long past bed-time.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.

#### EGYPTIAN DERVISHES.

"... What if to **THEE**, in **THINE** Infinity,  
These multiform and many-colored creeds  
Seem but the robe man wraps as masquer's weeds  
Round the one living truth **THOU** givest him — **THEE**?  
What if these varied forms that worship prove  
(Being heart-worship) reach **THY** perfect ear  
But as a monotone, complete and clear,  
Of which the music is-(through **Christ's Name**) **Love**?  
Forever rising in sublime increase  
To — '**Glory in the Highest — on earth peace.**'"

**NOTHING** can be more strangely diverse than the impression produced on the mind by the motley faiths of Africa, to one coming direct from the comparative uniformity of worship in Europe, or to one returning from India — a land which (in addition to harboring all these) claims thirty-three million deities of its own. To the former, the medley of Mahomedans and Jews, Copts, Armenians, Greeks, and all other Christian varieties, seems so strangely incongruous — while to the latter, the absence of idolatry, and the knowledge that all these nations are worshippers of one God, seems to raise them to one broad level; and though, practically, we know too well how they hate one another, and wrestle, and jostle, and fight for the corpse of truth, still, we remember that one golden thread does run through all their creeds; and though the land is divided in its observance of holy days — Friday, Saturday, or (in a minimum degree) Sunday, the mere fact of obedience to the same commandment seems something of a bond, which, theoretically, should link them all together.

As a mere question of scenic effect, it must be confessed that these more solemn forms of worship, and the abhorrence of all manner of graven images, do disappoint the eye which has become accustomed to grotesque and curious forms, masses of rich carving, and gaudy processions; and has forgotten its first feeling of disgust and horror at the puerile absurdities of a gross idolatry.

As you wander about in Cairo every



new turn brings you to the door of one of the four hundred mosques, which seem to take up a vast proportion of every street; their domes and minarets are all more or less diverse in form and decoration; most of the minarets are octagonal; having many galleries, and richly moulded balustrades. Often the walls bear inscriptions from the Khoran, and very intricate arabesques. Still, on the whole, there is a great sameness in them, and the eye wearies of the perpetual lines of red and white paint. The interiors are, also, much alike, simple, solemn, silent, and for the most part carpeted, instead of the polished marble of the Indian mosques. On one side, a deep recess, called the *kiblah*, marks the direction of Mecca, and shows the devout Mahommedan where to turn his face. There is also a *mimbar*, or pulpit, where lies a copy of the Khoran, whence the imam expounds to the faithful.

All the "show" mosques, which are frequented by European visitors, keep a supply of woollen overshoes ready, to slip over their dusty boots, which is considered equivalent to removing them, and more convenient; not a *very* "outré" mark of respect to Eastern customs; nevertheless, one which, with the rude British habit of despising everything foreign, occasionally gives half-fledged lads an excuse for "chaffing" quiet, dignified greybeards to an extent very annoying to witness. It is never pleasant to see your countrymen assuming an utterly false position, and certainly no more perfect type of dignity and impudence could well be found, than occasionally shocks both eye and ear, when a wretched little Briton (too often possessed of snub features, and clad in ill-cut broadcloth) presumes to give himself consequential airs with these stately Orientals, who invariably treat him with the courtesy of conscious superiority. But if this sort of thing is disgusting on ordinary occasions, it is tenfold worse when you come across it in one of these grand, solemn mosques, for it really seems as if travelling Britons could not recognize "holy ground" anywhere, save in their own chapels.

Of course, the turbaned men invariably expect a tip; but for that matter, what would the verger of a cathedral think if you failed to produce this customary tribute? After all, the petition for "back-sheesh" is only equivalent to the old English cry of "largesse;" and though that word may now be obsolete, the custom still prevails, and the hand goes to the

pocket just as often in the West as in the East, and for much larger coins — the only difference lies in not being asked.

One of the mosques to which unbelievers are not admitted, is the Mosque of Flowers, where a carpet of superb embroidery of gold and silks is annually worked with infinite reverence, and is sent to Mecca as a covering for the tomb of the Prophet. Though commonly called "the holy carpet," this *Kiswet e' Nebbee* is really a curtain. It is a hanging of rich silk, on which sacred sentences in Arabic are embroidered in gold, and it is designed as a lining for the *Káaba*, which is the temple of Mecca, the holy of holies of the Mahommedan world. I believe that Roberts (who, when painting in the East, adopted Eastern raiment) was one of the few foreigners who have ever found his way into this most holy workroom; but his presence being detected, he was compelled to fly for his life, and was considered fortunate, indeed, to have escaped paying the penalty of his rash curiosity. When the sacred carpet is to be despatched, about forty thousand pilgrims accompany the offering, which is borne by a sacred camel, led by a very holy dervish, "the great Hadji."

This vast concourse of people encamp on the plain, beside the Mosque of Hassan; then passing through *Bab e Nusr* (the Gate of Victory), the pilgrimage of the Haag starts on its long, toilsome journey.

Halting first at *Birket el Haag*, the lake of the pilgrims, they make their way by slow marches till they reach the peninsula of Mount Sinai, and thence travel through Arabia till they reach the holy city of Mecca, where it is theoretically supposed that seventy thousand pilgrims, representing all the Mahommedan nations, ought to assemble to witness the ceremonies of this great festival. It is said that, should the faithful fail to muster the requisite number of worshippers, the angels assemble to make up the missing number.

The pilgrims march in procession seven times round the *Káaba*, and kiss the most holy black stone, which was held sacred by the Arabs long before the days of Mahomet, who deemed it prudent to adopt it, and to cause it to be built into the corner of this most sacred shrine.

One curious ceremony is practised the day before the pilgrims reach Mecca. They ascend the sacred Mount Arafat, where they offer sacrifice, to commemorate the sacrifice by Abraham of the ram in lieu of his son Ishmael (not Isaac).



Then coming down from the mountain they proceed with their eyes closed, or blindfold, to pick up seven times seven small stones, which at nightfall they cast upon "the tomb of the devil."

Next day they proceed to Mecca, where they halt for a fortnight; then they start on their return journey to Cairo, where they ought to arrive on the sixty-seventh day from the date of their departure, namely, on the birthday of the Prophet, when the whole city holds festival, and seems as if it were the scene of a great fair. This is the only occasion on which all Egyptian women, however high their station, are suffered to appear in public, a permission of which a vast number take advantage, and come out in their festival robes and yashmaks, all of white.

The returning pilgrims bring back to Cairo the doubly sacred hangings which have adorned the Káaba for the last year, and which are eventually cut up into shreds for distribution among the faithful.

The great dervish who leads the procession is held to be a person of such wondrous sanctity, that even a blow from his horse's hoof is an honor worthy to be desired; and when a vast crowd have assembled to witness the ceremony of the *doseh*, or trampling, a passage about six feet wide is cleared, down which comes a rushing torrent of young dervishes, swaying from side to side, drunk with fanaticism, and gasping "Allah, Allah!"

Suddenly they all stop and throw themselves flat on their faces; a living pavement, which, however, twitches convulsively while the miserable enthusiasts go on violently rubbing their noses in the dust, as their heads jerk from side to side, while they continue to reiterate the name of God. Meanwhile the fanatical infection spreads, and many of the bystanders fall prone on the ground with the rest of the grovelling herd. Then, amid dead silence, the great dervish, riding a powerful horse, surrounded by about a dozen followers, passes over the prostrate bodies, and as the pain of that heavy tread is added to the previous excitement, some writhe in agony, some swoon, some are in fits, while still with foaming lips they strive to murmur the praise of Allah.

This year a totally new feature was added to the first scene in this strange ceremony, namely, the marked honor paid to the holy carpet by the British authorities at Cairo—marks of official respect by the followers of the Cross, to one of the most strangely superstitious observ-

ances of the followers of the Crescent, which might well call forth wondering comments from all present, and from all who subsequently heard thereof, though, from a political point of view, well calculated to assuage the religious rancor of the Mahommedan population, and to prove to them how it is that so vast a number of their co-religionists are content to live peaceably under the British flag, and to serve a Christian sovereign in time of war.

Never within the memory of living Egyptians has the ceremony (which commemorates the tragic pilgrimage of Zobeida) been celebrated with such splendor as this year, when "the infidel dogs" rule supreme in Cairo. On the morning of October 5, the holy carpet was carried with all possible honor to the great mosque, where the accustomed religious service was performed. It was then placed on a gorgeously caparisoned camel, beneath a velvet canopy called a *mahmel*, heavily embroidered with gold.

Behind it followed twelve other camels, on one of which rode the great dervish, in charge of the precious treasure, a wild-looking being, with long, unkempt locks streaming on his bare shoulders. He was naked from the waist upwards, and seemed to have been selected for his magnificent figure. His head was in ceaseless motion, constantly tossing from side to side.

On the other camels were mounted musicians and singers, who indulged in most unmelodious discords.

The caravan made its way to the Mahmoudieh Square, where a large force of British troops were drawn up. Seven times it made the circuit of the square, doubtless to symbolize the seven mystic sunwise turns to be performed by the faithful around the Káaba at Mecca. From the great citadel overlooking the scene a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, while the procession advanced to the spot where the khedive and the sheik-ul-Islam stood, waiting to kiss the tassel of the holy carpet, and present their offerings in money.

On the right hand of the khedive stood the Duke of Connaught, on the left Sir E. Malet and Sir Garnet Wolseley.

The British infantry, and all the Mahommedans in the Indian native infantry, and native cavalry, then formed in long files, and started as the vanguard of the procession, which slowly wound its way through the narrow, crowded streets of the native city, the Indian regiments who



guarded the sacred offering during its two hours of struggling along narrow thoroughfares, receiving their full share of admiration from the Mahommedan population; their proud, soldierly bearing contrasting strangely with that of the average Egyptians who composed the greater part of the multitude.

Leaving the narrow streets, the procession emerged into the more open ground of the Esbekieh, and so made its way to the railway station. For another novel feature of the great ceremonial of 1882 was, that instead of proceeding to the holy city by the usual pilgrim route, a special train was appointed to convey the carpet, the dervishes, and the camels to Suez, whence a special steamer was to convey them to Jeddah. This unusual course is said to be a precautionary measure, as it was feared that the hordes of wild Bedouins, well armed with Remington rifles, might forget their duty to the Prophet, in the temptation of looting his carpet.

So a gaily decorated truck was prepared to convey the gifts of the khedive to the holy shrine.

In approaching Cairo, the prominent object which attracts our notice is Mohammed Ali's beautiful white mosque, which is built within the citadel, above whose mighty ramparts tower the great dome and tall minarets. This noble mass of masonry stands on a detached rock, two hundred feet above the level of the Nile—a spur of the Mokattam range, which stretches away in the background.

As these craggy and sandy hills completely overlook the citadel, I at once decided on making my way thither, as being unmistakably the finest sketching-ground; so, ignoring all the remonstrances of my dragoman, who suggested all manner of official opposition, I ventured to lead the way to the summit of the crags, whence we obtained so magnificent a view of the city and of the great desert outstretched beyond, traversed by the silvery Nile, with its ribbon-like edging of vivid fertile green, as amply repaid us for the exertion.

Right before us rose the mighty citadel, which is said to have been restored by the great Saladin about the year 1176. All around it lies the city, with its forest of mosques and tall minarets.

The city is enclosed by battlemented walls, outside of which lie great tracts of desolate suburbs—vast mounds of city refuse, and countless ruined tombs and

minarets standing in the desert; the mosques having in many cases disappeared, as if destroyed by violence, while these more fragile minarets remain. Even those that remain are allowed to crumble away piecemeal, no modern Egyptians caring to prop up their fine old ancestral temples, or finding in them any interest either as works of art or matters of history; the name of the greatest caliph or of the meanest slave being alike forgotten. Too often the precious ruins are merely treated as quarries, for there are Goths in all lands.

Among the most striking of these ruins are the long line of arches of a great aqueduct; and winding beneath these we noted other lines of small, moving creatures, which proved to be long strings of camels, their diminutive size affording a good scale by which to estimate the great buildings among which they moved.

This citadel was in 1811 the scene of the massacre of the last of the Mamelukes by Mahomed Ali, a deed of base treachery, but of consummate and successful policy; a *coup d'état*, in fact. You remember how the Mamelukes had risen from the position of slaves to that of sultans. This Circassian dynasty produced a race of military princes, who waged war with the Ottoman sultans. The last but one, Sultan Ghoree, was slain in battle in Syria, and his successor, Toman Bey, was routed on the plain between Cairo and Heliopolis. He was taken captive and hanged, and his head stuck on the malefactors' gateway, Bab Zooayleh. Though the supreme power had thus passed away from them, the Mameluke aristocracy still maintained their ancient valor, till their brilliant cavalry was routed by Napoleon at the Battle of the Pyramids, and but a small remnant left.

These Mameluke nobles had helped Mahomed Ali to the pashalik; but it is supposed that they had changed their minds, and were plotting to destroy him. At all events, having used them as the ladder of his ambition, he found it expedient to get rid of them. He therefore invited them all to be present within the citadel, when a pasha was to be invested with some military command. Four hundred and seventy of these magnificent beings accordingly rode up in great state, but when they turned to depart they found the gates closed, and from every corner a murderous fire of musketry rained upon them.

From this horrible carnage one alone



escaped, namely, Aryn Bey, who forced his horse to leap the rampart, a fall of forty feet. Happily he lighted on a heap of rubbish, and though the horse was killed the man escaped, and, giving himself into the care of the Arabs, found protection during the ensuing days, when the houses of the Mamelukes were plundered, and all their relations, numbering about one thousand, were murdered, and the gate of Bab Zooayleh literally covered with those ghastly trophies, the heads of the slain.

It is said that from this final massacre one other man escaped, Suleiman Aga by name, who disguised himself in the long blue robe of an Arab woman, and, thus veiled, escaped his foes. This man had been the pasha's prime favorite, and the story goes that, without showing any special disgust at his friend's treachery, he returned to his post of favorite, and even repeated the little joke of dressing up as an Arab damsel, who, appearing before his Highness as a suppliant, pleaded her own cause with volubility, and carried her case, whereupon, removing her veil, she displayed the features of Suleiman, who is affirmed by English eye-witnesses to have continued for many years the cordial friend of the pasha and other great folks in Cairo.

It is said to have been either as a thank-offering for this brilliant affair, or as an atonement for possible evil in it, that Mahomed Ali built his beautiful mosque within the citadel. As we looked upon it, we could not but remember the divine prohibition, which forbade King David to build a temple to the Most High, because he had shed blood abundantly \* upon the earth. In this instance, even the building of the great mosque was a work of oppression and wrong. Among the hundreds of hard-worked and unpaid fellahs, there were bands of young girls of from nine to thirteen years of age, divided into companies of about thirty, each marshalled by a brutal fellow carrying a heavy koorbash with which he dealt cruel blows right and left, whenever the weary, jaded creatures paused for a moment. And all the time they were compelled to sing in chorus — a ceaseless, joyless song, sung by unwilling lips and sad, hopeless hearts.

With the exception of the domes, the mosque is built entirely of white stone, and the interior of Egyptian alabaster — slabs of motley yellowish white — which were brought from a quarry near Beni-

soueff on the east bank of the Nile, two days' journey in the desert. The arcades, the richly ornamental pillars, the beautiful fountain in the outer court, for ceremonial ablutions, are all of the same material. The interior is very fine; something like St. Paul's with four small domes clustered round the great central one. Very large, very solemn, very silent; the foot moving noiselessly over rich Turkish carpets, while here and there some venerable patriarch kneels in prayer, seeming wholly abstracted from the visible world. It is a temple that you feel to be meet for its object. But if you come back in the evening, to see the dervishes go through their curious functions, you may be somewhat *désillusionné*, as we were.

Meanwhile, we went on to look at Joseph's Well — not the Joseph of Scripture, but the sultan, Yussuf Ben Sala Eddin, whom we commonly call Saladin. He bored this well through nearly three hundred feet of solid rock, so as to supply the citadel with water, should the supply from the Nile aqueduct be cut off. Wind-ing round and round the shaft is a spiral gallery where mules and bullocks ascend and descend to the water-level. Its incline is so gradual that, if you wish it, you may ride down on a donkey. The width is about six feet by seven, cut in the solid rock like a huge corkscrew. It is lighted by openings into the great shaft.

The method of working this great well is unique. As it would be impossible to raise the water to so great a height by one lift, the shaft is made in two divisions, the lower one being a little to one side. Thus two sets of oxen are continually working; one set at the surface of the ground, the others one hundred and sixty-five feet lower; while the water lies one hundred and thirty-two feet lower still. It is raised by means of an endless double rope carrying innumerable earthen jars, passing over two wheels, at the top and bottom. This is set in motion by the oxen walking round and round, and as fast as the water is lifted, it pours itself into a great reservoir at the bottom of the upper shaft, whence it is raised to the surface by another endless chain of pots, worked by the upper detachment of oxen. The shaft tapers from twenty-four feet by eighteen at the top, to fifteen feet by nine at the bottom. Altogether it is a very wonderful piece of boring.

Leaving this high ground, we drove off in search of the tombs of the Mameluke sultans — beautiful mouldering ruins, some of them being of white alabaster,

\* 1 Chron. xxii. 8.



carved with endless variety of devices and arabesque tracery, lying under the blue heaven.

Afterwards we saw the tombs of the pashas and their wives, all in one great building. Each has a gorgeous tomb painted in vivid colors, covered by one great slab, from the head of which rise long round stones, like the stalks of mushrooms, and of divers lengths, to indicate the number and age of the children, each bearing an inscription. That erected to the head of the house is marked by a carved turban or fez surmounting the stone. This family grouping may be observed on most of the Mahomedan tombs in Cairo.

Speaking of pashas, do you know that the curious dignity of owning one, two, or three tails is not a mere fiction, but a real fact? In any procession, involving flags and such like, the tails are duly present! — horsehair tails, suspended from a gilt ball on a long pole. The origin of this was, that when the Turks were in danger of defeat and had lost their flag, a bashaw cut off his horse's long and much-prized tail, and, fixing it on his spear, rallied his troops and gained the day; since which time it has been adopted as the highest honorary distinction.

Wishing to have a nearer inspection of the ruined mosques, I walked back with the old dragoman. The ruins seemed literally without number, all bearing a certain family likeness to one another — square buildings with slender windows, and domes of varied form covered with arabesque tracery. They have no kindly moss or lichen, no veiling green of creepers or of grass; but they rise from the arid sand or rock, sharp and clean-chiselled, as if they belonged to the world of yesterday.

The old city is now "a couching-place for camels." They approach in line, following their self-elected leader, and are very particular in preserving their own order of precedence; their action always looks shaky and disjointed, from the habit of moving the two "off" legs and then the two "near" legs simultaneously. Here they rest beside their Arab masters, whose long camel-hair robes, falling in large folds of heavy drapery, are always so attractive to the artistic eye. These are real Bedouins — men whose glory it is to have no certain dwelling-place — to whom a halt thus near a city savors of danger, so that they long to be up and away, back in their own free desert, where the black tents lie and the homely home-

welcome awaits them; where at daybreak they hear their sheik call the solemn hour of prayer, and every man kneels at the door of his tent, with his face towards Mecca; back to the old patriarchal life that has changed so little, while the wave of change and progress has swept over all other lands.

There is still the old Bedouin honor in observing the wild rule of the desert. Should a wayfarer's camel sink and die beneath its burden, the owner need only draw a circle round the dead beast and go on his way, secure of finding his goods untouched when able to return and remove them. And not only is the inviolable reverence for the hospitality of the tent, when once granted, fully maintained, but we are even told by travellers that they have occasionally left a tent in the desert for upwards of a twelvemonth, and returned to find that not one cord or one peg had been touched.

There have even been cases in which travellers, who, according to the rules of the desert, had been quite legitimately robbed, have, by a sudden appeal to the honor of their captors, obtained not only their freedom, but a restitution of their stolen property. Such was the experience of Sonnini, a scientific French traveller, who, when crossing the desert near the Natron lakes, was surprised by a troop of about a hundred well-mounted Bedouins. In presence of such a force, his own small party of six, two of whom were Egyptians, were altogether helpless. They were at once disarmed and stripped of their money, arms, provisions, and most of their clothes. The robbers then spread out their booty on the sand and proceeded to divide it among themselves.

Meanwhile their Arab guide, Hussein, himself a Bedouin, though of another tribe, addressed a pathetic appeal to the robber chief. "Arabs," said he, "you have stripped a man entrusted to my protection, and for whose safety I will stake my life; a man with whom I have eaten, who has slept in my tent, and has become my brother! Never again can I enter that tent; never again dare I return to my camp; never more look upon the face of my wife or my children. Arabs! take my life, or restore to my brother every article of his property." As he spoke, he snatched back his gun from the Arab who had first seized it, and levelled it at the chief, determined to shoot him in case of refusal, though well aware that his own life would instantly be forfeit.

His brave bearing, combined with the



pathos of his words, touched these sons of the desert. The sheik consented that everything should be restored, and though some of his followers sorely grudged giving up their spoils, every article was delivered up, with the exception of a considerable sum of money, which had been abstracted from M. Sonnini's purse, and divided by the Arabs among themselves. The sheik was very particular in enquiring whether the full sum had been restored, but the traveller deeming himself fortunate to have got off so well, assured him that he had received everything right.

Not content with this act of restitution, the Arabs now became exceedingly cordial. The sheik insisted that M. Sonnini should ride his (the sheik's) horse while he walked beside him. The same compliment was paid by other Arabs to his companions, all of whom thanked Heaven that no blood had been shed, at the same time blaming the foreigners for their temerity in exploring the desert, and thus, as it were, offering themselves as fair objects for pillage.

As the sun set, the whole troop of Arabs knelt in devout worship in that bleak desert, having previously rubbed their arms and legs with its dry sand—a substitute for ceremonial ablutions, specially prescribed by Mahomet, who (himself an Arab) foresaw how often his followers would find themselves in the parched desert, and be unable to procure water for the washing which must invariably precede prayer.

The amazing power of endurance of these Bedouins would astonish even a Highlander, more especially their almost incredible keenness of sight. Those who possess camels are wealthy enough, as these supply them with all things needful—milk, cheese, fuel, raiment, tents; even meat when they can afford to slaughter one of the herd. But many of the tribe are often miserably poor, and find enough to test their faith in the struggle for daily bread—a faith, however, which rarely seems to fail. . . . One of them was asked how he managed to live, whereupon he displayed his strong white teeth, saying, "He who created this mill can easily supply it with material to grind."

At the time of my visit to Cairo, these men, like all their neighbors, were rigidly observing the long forty days of Ramadhan—a fast so real that, from sunrise to sunset, not one crumb of bread, one drop of water, one whiff of soothing smoke, may pass their lips. Hard as this

is at any time, conceive what it must be when working in the burning sun; for this holy season is an exceedingly movable fast, and sometimes occurs late in the spring. Still, the self-indulgent mortal who would infringe the law would be held in sore contempt by men whose minds so thoroughly rule the poor body, and with such tyrannous empire. Imagine how they must despise our easy-going, comfort-loving lives. Imagine, too, how sore it must be for Mahommedan servants, under a burning Indian sun, to minister to our luxuries, while they themselves are keeping such a fast as this. The only exception to their law is in favor of travellers and young children, the latter being allowed to eat fruit, such as dates, or sugarcane.

Of course, these poor hungry creatures become highly irascible, and the peace of the domestic hearth is liable to be endangered. It is said that more divorces for incompatibility of temper occur during the Ramadhan than in all the rest of the year. It seems that in Egypt divorces are allowed on the most trivial pretexts. A wife may be returned to her father without any reason whatever being assigned, and her husband need only allow her maintenance for three months, at the end of which she is free to marry again. Should he, in the mean time, wish her to return, she must do so, and this little matrimonial difference may be repeated a second time. But if a third disagreement arise, the wife may not return till she has actually married another husband, after which she may, if she chooses, leave him and return to number one! Of course, this easy state of law leads to very rapid varieties in domestic establishments, more especially as four wives at a time are the prescribed allowance. It is considered advantageous to marry girls very young, as, after the age of fourteen, the father would receive a smaller dower, and this again would be very considerably diminished on her second marriage. Moreover, a girl's value depends much on her fat, the lean kine being in small estimation.

While good old Mahommed Sheik (my dragoman) solaced his hunger by a little gossip with the Bedouins, I wandered on over those mountains of broken crockery and rubbish of every species, which have been accumulating for centuries till they form a natural feature in the landscape. Here, too (where all things worn and worthless find their last haven), among broken crockery and cast-away raiment, are laid the poor, worn-out human ma-



chines that have finished their hard life-work. Thousands of humblest tombs lie here, half hidden by the shifting sand, and countless thousands of those too poor to raise the simplest monument have here buried their dead in the shallow sand—out of their sight indeed, but by no means beyond reach of the prowling pariahs, always on the scent for hid treasure, seeking what they may devour. It is a waste, howling, boundless wilderness, with nothing to suggest the calm peace of God's-acre. Strange it seems to stand here alone in the uncared-for desert, where on every side "the dead of three thousand years" (perhaps of far more) sleep so silently beneath that blue heaven. . . . You think, and dream, and wonder—

O! I do ponder with most strange delight  
On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night.  
Would that the silent earth  
Of what it holds could speak, and every grave  
Be as a volume—shut, yet capable  
Of yielding its contents to ear and eye!

I lingered among the tombs till towards sunset, when the carriage was to have met me at a given point. Our coachman for the day was a huge, ill-favored monster, whom we had dubbed "the Egyptian demon," by reason of the brutal manner in which he flogged his horses. On the present occasion neither carriage nor demon were forthcoming.

Poor old Sheik was faint with hunger, and had not even a light for the pipe which he held, ready to commence the moment the sun sank below the horizon. We dared not leave our trysting-place till after gunfire, as, till then, the carriage might come *via* the citadel and just miss us. That moment past, we started to walk towards the city; the ploughing through deep sand was very tiring, but on and on we went among the ruins, half dreading the ghostly touch of some shadowy spirit that might leave us bereft of reason, according to the Arab tradition.

At last my companion peeped into one of the dark buildings, then joyously bade me halt, for he had found a little group of friends squatting round a fire; they offered him coffee and gave him a light, and in a few minutes he was ready to start again. By the time we reached the city it was quite dark. The streets were hushed and silent—and, as we dived down all manner of short cuts, there seemed no end to the intricate, countless windings of those narrow, overhanging streets; often pitch dark from end to end—perhaps one man carrying a hand-lan-

tern, affording the only glimmer of light—along dead walls of dark mosques and dark gateways. They were just such places as might have dark tales to tell of intrigue and revenge.

We scarcely met any one, even the donkey-boys had all vanished from these deserted regions. At last, when I could hardly crawl farther, we hailed with delight the trot of little feet and captured one solitary donkey—a prize indeed. But, alas! its saddle was an Eastern saddle masculine, and how to stick sideways thereon was quite a problem. For a short distance the good old sheik supported me most affectionately, but I think he was decidedly relieved when I found there was no alternative but to ride *à califourchon*, which he vowed was the orthodox attitude of Greek, Italian, and Turkish women—besides, as he justly remarked, "if we *did* meet acquaintances, they would not know us in the dark."

So on we went, through all manner of out-of-the-way places, and saw the evening life of Cairo, which consisted in universal coffee-drinking and smoking, to take off the first edge of hunger, after the long fasting day. Very picturesque were those well-lighted groups, as seen from the dark streets—the turbaned figures, the long pipes, the very coffee-pots, each with a grace of its own. Then we passed through the flaring bazaars, and saw them, too, under new aspects; and at last, dismissing the small Arab and his donkey, rejoined somewhat anxious friends; and so ended a memorable night-ride through the ruins and byways of Cairo.

An hour later we returned to the citadel to witness the dervish festival in the great solemn mosque; and truly, of all the strange varieties of religious observance which it has been my fortune to witness in many lands, I know none which has left so bewildering an impression on my mind as this.

The building was lighted by a multitude of very Oriental hanging lamps. A great concourse of people moved silently over the soft, rich carpets. They were not worshippers, but had assembled as spectators (partly awed, partly amused) of the strange ceremonial of a great company of dervishes of diverse orders, whose worship was about to commence.

The first set were twirlers. They wear a tall, conical hat of drab-colored felt, a loose upper jacket, and a dress of white cotton, fitting to the figure, and hanging straight down to the ground, like a nightgown, gored, and weighted at the



bottom with bits of lead. Their faces looked sickly and unnatural, as if they were hysterical — and no wonder! First a dervish lays down a sheepskin on a praying carpet. This is emblematic of the founder of the order, and is revered accordingly, so each in turn bows to the carpet. Then enters the sheik — a sort of lord abbot, dressed in black and green — and kneels on the carpet, whilst his followers also kneel in silent prayer. A plaintive chaunt is now raised, after which a villanous brass instrument commences to play, whereupon the sheik rises, and heading the procession, each in turn again bows to the carpet — to the man in front of him — to the man behind him. Then, throwing off their upper jacket, they appear in the long white dress, cross their hands on the breast, and with humble reverence kiss the hand of the sheik. Then slowly extending the arms, with the palm of the right hand turned up, and that of the left turned down, they commence twirling after the manner of children making “cheeses.” The skirt, held out by bits of lead, flies round in a circle. The head droops on one shoulder, the eyes are half closed, as though in some strange trance.

Thus they continue to spin like teetotums, revolving on their own axis, and, by some instinct, seem never to touch one another. As the music quickens, so does the rate of rotation, but apparently without any consciousness on the part of the silent twirlers, whose pale, solemn faces wear a strange supernatural look of ecstasy. At the end of thirty minutes, at a given signal, the majority suddenly halt; only two or three, extra devout, continue their strange, giddy turning, like silent white moths, all the time that the howling dervishes are going through their performances.

These are dressed like ordinary Turks, with large turbans, which, in their excitement, they throw off, and the long hair which marks their saintly character falls below their waist. Like the Nazarites of old, they have vowed that no razor shall touch their head. Now the brazen instrument redoubles its hideous noise. The dervishes rapidly sway from side to side, rolling themselves and their unlucky heads in wondrous style; every feature writhes, the eyes roll wildly, while with deep sepulchral groan they grunt out *Al-lāh! Al-lāh!* Then with violent spasmodic jerks, dashing themselves backwards and forwards, they touch the ground with their hands, and their wildly dishev-

elled hair tosses back right into our faces, when we shrink back in some alarm, and all the time the shout of *Allāh-el-Al-lāh!* followed by a deep groan, goes on unceasingly in measured chorus.

The exhaustion is terrific — every muscle strained, the eyes bloodshot, the mouth foaming, the whole frame quivering with frightful excitement.

Suddenly, at the bidding of the priest, they halt, still swaying like drunken men. Rapidly they bend the knee a thousand times, still shouting the holy name; then resume the grunting; and still the white twirlers go on calmly rotating like some sleepy humming-top in a fairy dream. After an hour of this wild work the howlers have wrought themselves into a state of frenzied insanity, amounting to positive madness, and as they are by this time quite irresponsible, and the smallest excuse might rouse their fanatical rage, it was judged unsafe for us infidels to remain longer in the mosque. The evening's excitement sometimes ends by producing cataleptic fits.

Amongst the strange beings was one who was unmistakably a gentleman; he wore his ordinary dress and red fez. It was strange to see an educated man seeking favor of God by this frenzied “bodily exercise.” Favor of men is abundantly gained, as the reputed sanctity of the dervish secures him admission wherever he may please to enter. Of course many of them are truly religious men, others mere impostors who gain their living by writing charms and amulets, by divination, healing the sick by means of incantations, and so on. Many are simply idiots, who for that very reason receive the sort of reverence accorded to such as are believed to be especially cared for by God, inasmuch as he has deprived them of responsibility.

We quitted the hot, glaring mosque, that in the morning had seemed so solemn and temple-like, and Mahommed Sheik was well pleased to see us safe outside of it, though his responsibility had been shared by an Egyptian officer, to whom Sheik whispered we should give a back-sheesh. The English officer who produced the tip blushed as he offered it, but it was accepted with perfect composure.

And now we were once more beneath the quiet stars, and could breathe more freely in presence of the solemn night; but we felt hushed and bewildered by the scene we had witnessed; and the turning, twisting, twirling beings with the pale dreamy faces still seemed to be moving



before us. I almost felt as if I should have brain fever, and be haunted by these creatures in perpetual motion, just as I always think a delirious chorister must inevitably be haunted by a pointed edition of the Psalms, with **Big Words**, and **Middle-sized Words**, and **Small Words**, and **Little Tiny Words**, and *italics* all jumbled together, and dancing up and down in a mazy whirl.

We had all gone "to see the dervishes," rather inclined to laugh; only expecting to see some men "valseing heavenlily," as a damsel told me her favorite partner did; but there was an intense earnestness in the whole scene that quelled all sense of the ludicrous, and sent us away subdued and sad, only filling us with deepest pity for the strange beings of whose unsatisfying and unprofitable daily worship we had had this glimpse. Still more were we filled with wonder how so preposterous a ceremonial could be an offshoot of grave, stately Mahommedanism; by it acknowledged and cherished—the same solemn Mahommedanism that we had seen in India sneering so contemptuously at the vagaries of Hindoo faith.

Then we bethought us of still stranger excrescences of a purer faith—of Christian sects who pervert Scriptural injunctions to new meanings—of so-called "Jumpers," who testify the gladness of the Christian life by jumping, because they say that of old "men leaped for joy;" while others twirl like the dervishes, because Ezekiel said, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?"

How many thousands quote St. Paul in support of their eccentric doctrines of every description, including spiritual wifedom; and how many more deem it necessary still to dance and sing after the example of David or Miriam, in token of spiritual joy!

Witness such scenes as those enacted in Banffshire at the revival meetings, as described by the local papers: \* scenes of intense so-called religious excitement; when the whole multitude assembled from the neighboring fishing villages poured along the streets of Buckie, singing and dancing, waving their caps, Bibles, and hymn-books, and shouting hallelujah! Great, strong fishermen singing and shouting "till they were quite hot;" women with their infants in their arms, and streaming hair, dancing and singing; lassies with their clothes tucked up as if

they had just left their work joining hands and shouting; boys and girls and little children all joining in the chorus. A new feature in the movement was the introduction of what is called the gospel dance. At first there was merely a keeping time to the hymn music, while the people sat, but soon they all joined in, and the whole crowd kept up a sort of interminable jig that was suggestive rather of an Irish fair than of a religious meeting in grave Scotland. Next followed the "holy kiss," as it is called; a devotional exercise which, in spite of all Scriptural authority, our cold Western churches have in general seen fit to omit; though our Roman sister, with her usual wisdom, has substituted the kissing of certain holy toes; a privilege which, as has been very justly observed, is not likely to foster excess. The whole description might be that of the religious dance of the Himalayan hill tribes round the ark of their god.

Look too at the "Shakers" in America. Some recent spectators of their worship describe how men and women form in lines facing each other down the chapel, all dressed in a sort of conventual uniform. All join in most fervent hymns, and take it by turns to exhort one another. Then commences the mystic dance. All hold out their hands with the palms upturned as if waiting to catch a blessing. The women kiss each other, and dance and sing. After a while three brethren and three sisters stand in the middle, and the rest form a procession, two and two, holding their hands out open as before; men and women in different lines, each headed by an elder. With the utmost gravity and solemnity these now commence a curious hopping dance, which gradually quickens till it becomes a sort of reel, while those stationed in the centre sing hymns.

The Shakers are said to acquire the same sort of inane expression and pale complexion as the dervishes. Frances Anne Kemble has given us a description of an American Shaker village, inhabited by seven hundred men and women, whose profession of religion has for one of its principal objects the extinguishing of the human race by devoting themselves, and persuading others, to celibacy and the strictest chastity. She says they are perfectly moral and exemplary in their lives and conduct, miraculously clean and neat, and incredibly shrewd, thrifty, and money-making. Their dress is hideous, and their worship, to which they admit spectators, consists of a fearful species of danc-

\* Feb. 1871.



ing, in which the whole of them engage, going round and round their vast hall or temple of prayer, shaking their hands like the paws of a dog sitting up to beg, and singing a deplorable psalm tune in brisk jig time: the men without their coats, in their shirt-sleeves, with their lank hair hanging on their shoulders; the women without a single hair escaping from beneath their hideous caps; mounted upon very high-heeled shoes, and every one of them with a white handkerchief folded napkin-fashion, and hanging over her arm. In summer they all dress in white, and what with their pale, immovable countenances, their ghost-like figures, and ghastly mad spiritual dance, they looked like the nuns in "Robert the Devil," condemned to dance with ill-taught bears.\*

Still pondering on these things, I fell into a troubled sleep, perplexed with visions of human spinning-wheels and humming-tops spinning and humming forever and ever, to the hideous music of those brazen instruments; and just when in my dream Dante was beginning a new canto thereupon, for his *Inferno*, I awoke to the consciousness that the sun was already above the horizon, and that we had no time to lose in starting on our further journey — by no romantic caravan of slow-stepping camels, but the swift train of English-built carriages, and the snorting iron horse.

An hour later we were looking back regretfully, to catch one last glimpse of the beautiful mosque — whose white dome and minarets gleamed in the morning light — in truth, a stately temple. Much we marvelled to think that so fair an object should have been bequeathed to Cairo by so cruel a despot as Mahomet Ali — whose treacherous massacre of the Mamelukes, on the very spot where he subsequently reared the mosque, was but one of his many deeds of blood. It is said that no fewer than twenty-three thousand of his subjects lie buried along the banks of the fresh-water canal which bears his name, all victims to the scourge of the cruel taskmaster of this hard-hearted tyrant.

Certainly, if we may judge of a creed by the lives of those who profess it, mercy and justice are not prominent features in Mahomedan faith. The Arab proverb says, "The worshipper will become like what he worships," and the hard, unlov-

ing belief in a God who guides relentless, pitiless fate, is reflected in the hard, unbending character of the followers of the Prophet.

The "La Allāh-el-Allāh" (There is no God but God) which greets your ear so often, is said to express to their mind a summary of all his absolute supremacy and resistless will; together with the utter passiveness of all created beings as mere instruments for good or evil; tools utterly helpless in the hands of an omnipotent and utterly unsympathizing power. So this unloving faith produces an unloving life; and the oppression of the poor under the amiable Turkish rule has become so entirely a matter of course, that they never even lift up their voice in remonstrance, but accept their lot in patient misery.

One of their proverbs in allusion to this state of things is, that their masters "take from the sore-footed his sandals." Another, referring to the custom of bribery, says, that "to seek for wealth without wealth, is like carrying water in a sieve;" an expression of striking force to any one who has watched their primitive method of irrigation, when, in order to raise water from a lower to a higher level, two men stand, one on each side of the lower ditch, swinging backwards and forwards, by means of two ropes, a frail wicker basket which allows about three-fourths of the water to run out, before it can possibly reach the upper ditch.

They describe the generosity of their taskmasters by saying that "it is easy to cut broad thongs from other men's leather;" a proverb which always reminds me of that charming definition of benevolence as "the feeling which prompts A, on seeing B in trouble, to ask C to help him"! The procrastinating Turks say, that he who lingers by the way, and he who hastens, alike meet at the ferry; but I believe that to the more diligent Arabs we owe the proverb that "by the lane of by-and-by, one comes to the gate of never." In no other country have I seen a population that impressed me as being so abjectly poor and miserable as these Egyptian fellahs. They are said to be an utterly degraded race, but who can wonder if they are?

Poor wretches, they have hard enough lives, to make them as bad as they are called; no sunshine of happiness seems ever to gild their sad days. Nothing but work and oppression from their birth to their grave; forced to labor at wages that

\* Records of Later Life, by Frances Anne Kemble.



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## SKETCHES FROM THE DUTCH SEASIDE.

will barely sustain life even in Egypt, and urged to their work by the sharp whips of Arab taskmasters. Even their little children are forced to work by the same whip, and you see little ones of five and six staggering along with a heavy basket-load of earth. The more independent agriculturist fares little better, and it is computed that in work, in money, or in kind, he is compelled to give up ninety-five per cent. of the produce of his labor, thanks to the system of extortion, cheating, and beating whereby the revenue is collected.

The sheik of each village contrives by dint of cruel beatings to extract the utmost farthing from the wretched fellahs under his rule, keeping for himself as much as he dare, though he, in turn, suffers the *naboot* at the hands of the nazir, another petty officer, of peasant origin like himself, and for that very cause all the more ruthless. He knows that he must make his own harvest off the moneys paid by the sheiks, and yet receive the naboot should he fail to satisfy the Turkish governor of the province, who also wants to take his pickings before handing over the revenue to the pasha, and so it goes on. Of course the miserable fellah must beat some one, so he lords it in his own household, and wife and children suffer in their turn. If, as Keats says,—

Love in a hut, on water and a crust,  
Is (Love, forgive us!) cinders, ashes, dust,

what must life be in an Egyptian mud hut, with blows and bickerings to increase the amenities of poverty! It is a home of the earth earthy. The walls are of clay, the roofs of palm rafters covered with clay. No furniture save a clay bedstead over a clay oven, heated with fuel of camel-dung. On a clay dish-stand are set the earthen dishes and water-jars which constitute the "plenishings" of an Egyptian home. No wonder that the inmates should be more filthy and more wretched than anything you can well imagine.

Then on we whirled over sand and pebbles—pebbles and sand—sometimes so strangely like our own desolate Culbryn sand-hills on the shores of Morayshire, that it seemed quite homelike! The sun set like a ball of fire, sending rays of ruby light athwart the desert, and darkness rapidly followed. Then came the clear moonlight gleaming on the white latine sails of boats sailing on the canal, close to the railway. Then Suez—then the Red Sea.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

THOSE who have cruised along the low, flat, and unpicturesque coast of Holland, may well dread lest sketches taken looking seaward should merely prove the natural components of the very plain picture seen from the outside. The prevalence of this idea very probably accounts for the fact that so few English venture to see whether the first impression presents a converse side. Dutch watering-places seem to have no attractions for foreign visitors, and as a rule are resorted to only by those natives who, from pressure of business or narrowness of means, cannot repair to the freer breezes of Heligoland, or to the gaieties of Trouville and other French bathing-towns. Dutch watering-places scarcely as yet have a place in our British pharmacopœia. Even the conscientious guide-books are very guarded in recommending them. An ounce of experience is worth a pound of advice; and we shall give a brief account of how we fared on the Dutch seacoasts, leaving the reader, perchance *blasé* of the usual resorts, to judge for himself whether our fresh fields and pastures new do not contain attractions which compensate for the temptations held out by better known beats.

We need not describe our passage over, and shall ask the reader to join us at the Hague, where we thankfully availed ourselves of the hospitalities of the Hotel Bellevue. We use the word hospitality advisedly, because the kind and excellent people there gave us much that money cannot obtain. They took the greatest interest in our plans, down to the youngest waiter. They got information for us, and gave us advice; took a great deal of trouble for us, and showed us a great deal of real kindness.

Holland is dear—that is, it is dearer than Germany, and most parts of France—but we did not find it ruinous, or so dear as England; and you get certainly more for your money. We were some time at the hotel, and found nine shillings a day a head paid for everything; and as it is in the best situation in the Hague, looking on to the Deer Park (the Count's Park, which gives its Dutch name to the Hague—'S Graven hage), and is airy and pleasant, and very comfortable, we do not think it can be called very expensive. Dutch money in itself makes life seem expensive till you thoroughly understand it, because the cents are double the



value of the French cents and the German pfennigs; therefore one has to remember that *one* always means *two*, and three six—that is, that 30 cents mean 6*d*. The money is therefore a little puzzling at first. When you see 50 marked, it is so natural to think it means 5*d*., or at least half a mark; whereas it really means half a florin, or 10*d*.

The Deer Park is a very pretty little park, open to every one, with plenty of trees and water. It is naturally a favorite promenade and there is often music there.

Most people know what a charm lies in the Hague—in the quiet dignity of its long lines of trees, its picturesque buildings, and its canals. The watery highways give a silence to the traffic, broken by a few carts, wagons, or carriages alongside, jolting on the rough pavement, and by the shrill voice of the people. There is a great absence of bustle, a deliberation in their movements, a well-to-do air which is essentially characteristic of the Dutch.

There is a great fascination in the way in which the ships and barges glide up close to the windows sometimes. Looking down the canals, there is an ever-changing, ever moving kaleidoscope of color, which is a perpetual delight. Endless barges come and go, and toil up and down, their rich brown hulls in fine contrast to the reddened sails. These flap idly in the wind, or are partially furled. Sometimes the barges are loaded with vegetables,—piles of purple cabbages, pale endives, and splendid carrots, mixed with great gourds and pumpkins obtrusively sunning themselves in the yellow and flickering light, as it shines through the leaves of the trees in fitful gleams.

Along the sides of the canal, their *sabots* clicking sharply against the brick (and most trying) pavement, move the tidy, upright, cleanly people, their dress much modified, though they still wear a superabundance of petticoats, but with head-dresses still distinctive of the different provinces. In the space of a few minutes you pass a dozen different styles, from the gold or silver casquets with fine lace or muslin laid over them, kept in place by gold-headed spiral pins, which stick quaintly forward, to the higher head-dress, with its flowing veil of rich and costly lace, which heirloom is often now, alas! surmounted by a hideous modern bonnet with cheap and tawdry artificial flowers, looking singularly out of keeping with all its surroundings.

The Gallery at the Hague has too often

been written about to need mention here; but it is disappointing that so many copies and doubtful pictures are allowed to take up space; and except the Young Bull, which gives Paul Potter his renown, and which has a favorable place, the pictures are seen to great disadvantage, being housed in a large building, formerly private property, with windows in no way adapted for setting them off. There are some private collections at the Hague really more interesting than the Gallery, and with far finer "examples" of the old Dutch painters.

But the Dutch seaside was our aim; to go there and to see therefrom as much of Holland as we could was our cherished plan, and a few days saw us established in some pleasant rooms in a little villa on the sands of Scheveningen (pronounced Skeveningen).

Lodgings, in the English sense of the word, are not to be had at Scheveningen. We have rooms. Those rooms are kept, and very well kept, for us. We have boiling water to make our tea or coffee with, our tea-things are washed for us, our boots are brushed, and here all service on the part of the landlady ends.

We very much enjoy the novelty of our position, and the coffee gets better every day. Our foraging expeditions for bread and butter, for fruit and other edibles, are very amusing. German enables one to understand a great deal of Dutch, and by adapting some words we make ourselves understood very easily. The bread all throughout Holland is most excellent, and the butter delicious. We have enlarged experiences on the subject of diners, and we try the different restaurants in turn. Scheveningen may be said to consist of the fishing village lying behind the great sandhills or dunes, and the numberless hotels, built all along upon the top of the dunes themselves. There are very few villas or private houses near the sea, though some are being built farther inland.

It may be useful to some people to state the result of our manifold experiences. The Hotel d'Orange is much the most expensive and much the best arranged for residents—the cooking certainly beyond the average of Dutch hotels. The Zeerust, almost a new hotel, is very much less expensive, and the cooking is very nearly as good. We thought all the other hotels very much alike, except the Hotel Garni, where a very unfortunate arrangement obtains. The house is beautifully kept, the rooms are pleasant, and the



proprietors are civil, reasonable, and obliging; but the whole commissariat of the hotel is let to a restaurant, and both the quantity and quality of the food are bad, and the cooking very indifferent. At this hotel the almost exploded fashion (in good hotels) of having but one knife and fork with every dish reigns in all its disagreeableness. We found our experiment of dining there did not answer; and though the situation of the Zeerust is less desirable, we soon dropped into the habit of always going there.

But if the great wish of the people at Scheveningen is ever to be realized, and the highest class of English people are to go there in numbers, the hotel-keepers have much to learn in matters of refinement. If English people pay all they are expected to pay on their side, they must get what they pay for. All this will one day come, for Scheveningen is a very queen of watering-places. It unites in itself, and in the facility with which from it you can see without long journeys the most interesting part of Holland, the charm of the most complete solitude, and the enjoyment of the most vivid pictures of the past. Nowhere in the world can you so completely live your own life, and, if you choose, ignore your fellow-creatures, because of the immense stretch of its sands, and the great space, which prevents the possibility of being jostled against your will by other people.

On the other hand, if you are tired of your own society, you can join the people who congregate along the promenade and be sociable. If the monotony of the sea becomes at all wearisome, you are within reach, and very easy reach, of all that is most interesting in the most wonderful country in the world. The sea is full of phosphorescence at Scheveningen. Sometimes on dark nights the crest of each curling wave on the great mass of water shone like liquid fire, and the effect was weird and beautiful.

The gently sloping beach makes it a paradise for children, and the fine sands are beautifully white and clean. On windy days we find (as do other people) that we get more than we bargained for: it flies all over us. But where could be got such air? so fine and elastic, with a softness in it which makes it delicious. It is said not to be bracing, but it is very healthy, and must be delightful to people who do not like *sharp* winds.

The sea view is superb. On every side there is a boundless sweep of water, which takes on numberless hues as the

clouds move swiftly between it and the sun. On a grey day, on a bright day, even on a rainy day, Scheveningen has a great charm for us. There is solemnity in the sameness of color, a splendor in the sunshine, and a look of greatness in the desolate aspect the prospect wears when the skies are weeping and the wind lashes the sea into a white and whirling foam.

And Holland is a rainy country; and though this summer is a particularly dull and rainy one, and perhaps we have more rain here than is usual, even the Dutch, who are slow to see faults in a country so dear to them, talk of its climate as "damp." Every day we feel thankful for the foresight which armed us with waterproof cloaks, which were so light as to be no trouble to carry, and to turn a sharp shower of rain, which would probably have drenched us. They cover us from head to foot, and are the envy of every one. But it is not only the rain, but the sudden way it comes upon you, which makes constant anticipation necessary. There may be a promising sky and a light wind; you are justified in expecting fine weather. From some unexpected quarter the clouds mass together, the wind dies away, and you are under a steady, heavy, pattering rain.

All the usual seaside appliances of civilization reign at Scheveningen. The temperature of the water and of the air, the pressure of the wind, every variation, is carefully registered. There is a huge disc to show people how long they have been in the water; bathing-machines with the sunshades (so utterly unnecessary this year); and bathing-women, who add so much to the terrors of the little children who find themselves handed over to the tender mercies of females with voices like men, and plunged into the sea before their fears and astonishment have found vent in tears.

Fourteenpence is the price of a bathing-machine and attendant; and a child counts for nothing. The wind is sometimes very high, but we never feel it sharp; and a good walk in the face of a breeze is very pleasant, when that breeze has the taste and smell, the freshness, of the sea in its breath. We enjoy a good battle with it; there is something pleasant in the sense of not being daunted, and a glow of satisfaction and exhilaration afterwards, which puts one on good terms with one's self.

There are, of course, beehive chairs. Sometimes a carefully attended lady is



deposited in one, and her feet quickly immersed in hot water; but the chairs are usually occupied by the elder members of a family, who watch with delight the gambols of the children. You pay a fixed sum up till twelve, and then about a penny an hour; but if you get up for a second you forfeit your chair, and nothing amuses us more than the anxious and greedy look of the proprietors, who hovered round to take instant advantage of an unguarded move.

There are no English just now, and only a few Americans; no smart dress or attempt at "fashionable" life. The people here are here to bathe and to bathe their children, or to be near their married daughters and sons. They sit long hours on the beach revelling in the freedom of the life and in the ripple of the sea. It cannot be all imagination that something in the place fills one with contentment and good-humor. Every one seems to be prepared to enjoy and not to cavil; faces have smiles and a pleasant expression, and we sit on the beach and make friends, especially with the Dutch babies and delightful Dutch children, who are confiding and not shy—frank, fair, and round-limbed—and who are invariably so gently and wisely managed, that they are obedient and docile, and, even at that early age, have the look of repose and quiet happiness which strikes one in their elders.

Holland is not cheap; and yet, after a little bargaining, we buy a good large melon for 10*d.* from one of the men who move about with enormous baskets of fruit and cakes in either hand; and with a hunch of good bread we enjoy like other people a lunch *al fresco*—lunch which a light breakfast of rolls and coffee before eight and this bright air make us quite ready for at eleven o'clock.

The Dutch language, spoken rapidly all around us, and before we have made it out, sounds like a mixture of German and English; and further acquaintance with it proves it to be the case. Sometimes, however, a sentence sounds very amusing: "*Crabe op de Beestie*" is one of the military orders given to dismounted men; and though the officers say "*Steig op*," the order "Mount" is given in those words. Dutch grammar is not nearly so difficult as German grammar, and a Dutch newspaper is not at all troublesome to read to any one who knows German, so many words are like either that language or English to look at.

There is one amusement provided at

Scheveningen, and only one—a band plays every night for two hours. Nothing is paid, but every one sits—as they do all over the Continent—at little tables, and drinks tea or coffee, or beer, or other beverages, for the good of the proprietor and for their own delectation. Coffee, for some unexplained reason, is never good in Holland—tea always is. We got excellent coffee—making it ourselves; and we achieved boiling water: but the system of tea-making presupposes that, once tea is made, no more boiling water will be required. A thing like a coal-scuttle encloses a smaller pan of live charcoal, and on this the kettle reposes. Now in a few minutes the charcoal begins to glow less and less, and in a few more is nearly out. We promised ourselves that on our next visit to Holland we would take, along with the waterproofs we had learned to value, a small pair of bellows, which we think would effectually help us.

It is a novel but very pleasant sight, to see all the little family parties making their tea, and nodding approbation as the band played something which appealed to their sympathies more particularly. Along the broad, bricked road below, the numberless carriages from the Hague drive up and down enjoying the sea air and the music—a habit which has a good deal of danger for those who prefer walking there,—and it is the only level ground,—as no coachmen in the world have less idea of what driving means than the Dutch coachmen. They drive through streets and along roads with one fixed idea, which is that every one is bound to get out of their way, and that they have nothing to do but to sit still. At Scheveningen the coachmen never even look before them—they sit slouching, with a rein in each hand, lying loose upon the horse's back, and are either gazing at the sea in a meditative mood, or are staring at the band. A sudden cry from an opposition carriage causes a halt, a good deal of scuffling takes place, and the danger over, they resume their broken dream, generally one leg crossed over the other. We could hardly believe that, as there was plenty of room (there is no footpath), they intended driving over us; but they never moved an inch out of their way, and we had to scramble on to the stone dike whilst they "pursued the even tenor of their way." In the narrowest streets, wherever you happen to meet a carriage or to be overtaken by one, their habit is to drive straight on and expect every one to make way for them. Luckily the pace



is slow, and the horses fat and quiet, for it is sometimes difficult to reach a friendly doorstep; and in narrow streets, with no protecting pavement, it is a matter of some anxiety to secure a retreat.

There are a few shops in what is called the *Galérie des Glaces*, above which flourish a hotel and more restaurants. One of these shops is a curiosity-shop, and with a good deal that is evidently made up for sale. There are some very quaint things to be had and to be seen: Delft cows, with the quantities of wreaths of flowers which make them look like sacrificial oxen, but which is a reproduction of what is still done every Easter when the favorite cows are decked with flowers all over the land; old silver cups, two of which have one of those jests more in favor in the rude old times than now, as, when the wine poured in is drunk, up springs a baby in the centre.

One evening during our stay the sunset was something lovely and wonderful, even where very beautiful sunsets are the rule. Joseph Israels was at Scheveningen, and declared that it exceeded everything he had ever seen there or elsewhere. To us the scene was strange and enchanting. It was Sunday evening; the terrace or promenade near the band was densely thronged by an ever-moving crowd, the greater part of whom were the fishermen, their wives and children, and the country-folks. The whole sky was in vivid flame-color, tinging the wide mass of water, flecked here and there with ever-varying tints of pearly grey. The strong glare of light touched the gold and silver head-dresses of the people, and gave the crowd a most brilliant aspect. Nothing can surely equal the prettiness of their quaint Dutch holiday dress, with the spotless white aprons, sometimes a kerchief, the curious fulness of the petticoats, and the fair and pretty faces set off by the close, rich head-dress. The weights these women carry are something beyond belief. I saw a young woman shoulder a box and march off with it as though it were empty and not full; and the Dutch housemaid, a girl of seventeen, lifts up and empties a large travelling-bath full of water with perfect ease, and as often as not brings it into the room full instead of filling it where it stands.

The Dutch, mostly Calvinists, observe Sunday more strictly than any country after our own — though they enjoy music and make a very innocent holiday of the evening, sauntering about often arm in arm; and when two girls, dressed, as they

always are, in the immensely full and stiffened petticoats, walk close together, it naturally follows that these same petticoats stick out very oddly upon the opposite sides. They are most regular in their attendance in church, both morning and afternoon; and no prettier sight exists than that afforded on Sunday at Scheveningen, especially on a christening Sunday, when the handsome young mothers, surrounded with sympathetic friends, march to church carrying the infants. Nothing strikes us more than the care taken of young children in Holland, and the extreme cleanliness and tidiness of even the poorest children; and on the occasion of a christening, the robes are beautiful, so well and richly embroidered, and so exquisitely "got up." But going through the streets, you see but little of the robes or the babies, because the mother wears a christening-cloth — a long square of finely embroidered muslin trimmed with lace, which is pinned to her shoulders and falls to her feet, and under which the baby in her arms is completely concealed. These cloths are, like most of the head-dresses, heirlooms — and are often rare and costly.

The Dutch women strike us as being very handsome; even the older women, who are weather-beaten, and have early lost their bloom and their youth, have fine features, and the reserved and intellectual expression peculiar to them. They toil unceasingly, but with a method and a definite aim free from hopelessness; and it is quite delightful to see so little poverty. Only once have we been directly asked for help. An old fisherman told us his history: his wife had died seventeen years before, and his sons were all dead but one (two having been drowned), and he pathetically showed us his empty tobacco-pouch, which his son would fill when he returned, and which in the mean time we gladly filled for him. The Dutch are said to love money; but a thrifty, hard-working people naturally have a tinge of the vice belonging to the corresponding virtue. They often do us a service without waiting to be paid for it, and we do not find that any one exacts more than is just. We find them particular and very methodical. We get all we stipulate for; and on their side they are perfectly contented with the original arrangement, whatever it may be. But it is better to have a distinct understanding, as to what is expected and what is to pay, as, if anything has been left vague and undefined, it is very difficult to come to a definite understanding afterwards. We find the



people, as the days go on, civil, willing, and obliging, and learn to respect their self-restraint and self-reliance. At all seaside places we have always had a compassionate feeling for mankind. When he has plunged into the sea in the early morning, has shown himself in the light of a good father, and taken his progeny for walks, and conceived it his duty to show them the sea-anemones and shell-fish, perhaps even the different seaweeds, he finds his time hangs rather heavily upon his hands. He is bereft of his club, his occupations, and his amusements; he probably does not know a soul to talk to: he ends by seeing all the discomforts of his position, and is not recompensed as fully as he might be by the cheerful sight of the brown faces of his offspring. Abroad, his sufferings are more severe. He goes to a French watering-place with the intention of killing the proverbial birds and giving his children sea air, and that foreign residence which more readily than anything else unlocks the English tongue of childhood. He hates the food, which is to him mysterious, and he detests his bed. He is surprised to see Tompkins, his nearest neighbor, and Tompkins is surprised to see him. The children are strictly enjoined not to associate "because of French." He makes it an act of virtue also to avoid Tompkins, which act lasts twenty-four hours. Mutual discomfort draws them together; the children soon break the rule, and the English tongue reigns once more upon a "foreign strand."

Still something has been gained, if France is in question. The very fact of having bargained and bought things in French gives the children the confidence necessary to break the ice. But nothing can be more absurd or more futile than the idea possessed by some people, that in Belgium, as French is the language of society, it must also be the dialect of the Flemish fishermen. And yet only because of this can it be that Ostend, Blankenberg, and other places are so largely patronized by English people, while Scheveningen is left out in the cold. Dutch — rich as it is, interesting as it is — is not a passport anywhere: it is of no outside value. But if the mistaken idea about Belgium be laid aside, and a complete change of sensations and the most delightful sea-bathing be sought for only, Scheveningen would be, and will be, one of the most desirable places within a few hours of London.

It takes us some time to realize how

short a distance lies between us and places we have longed to see. To stand on the great Polder (drained lake) near Haarlem; to try and realize the facts connected with that immense enterprise, and that, where those rich lands now give their mass of luxuriant crops, ships once sailed and were often tempest-tossed as though on the ocean; to see the traces of the great siege; to touch with reverence the flag held by Kenau Hasselaar as she led her three hundred Amazons; to see Franz Hals's masterpieces, — in short, to see Haarlem, was our cherished wish, and here we were within one short hour of it!

There are three ways of spanning the two miles between Scheveningen and the Hague: a steam-tramway, with its first and second class; a gondola, which bears you romantically through the windings of a canal, taking an hour and a half to do what you can accomplish the other way in twenty minutes; and an unfashionable horse-tram, which we prefer often, because the way lies under an avenue of trees, and is very pretty, and also because in its more homely manners it conveys many a *bourgeoise*, who with a little encouragement tells us much that is interesting. The horse-tramway deposits us in the centre of the Hague, and we change trains, and are taken on to the Holland-sche Spoorweg (railway). Every one shows us very great kindness, and an anxiety lest we should go wrong — the driver of our first train getting down to tell the other he was to show us the ticket-office (which he did) on our arrival.

The train, though a "quick train," goes very slowly through the flat and open country. The wide canals are studded with water-lilies, both white and yellow, and are fringed with sedges. Windmills follow each other in very constant succession. Here and there is a wood and a country-house, and the rich fields contain quantities of the black and white cows which prevail in Holland. There is a good deal of wood, and one place, where a small station invites the train to stop, is called by a Dutch name signifying "the place of the singing of birds." The environs of Haarlem are very pretty: the look of luxuriance which the crops have on these "drained lakes" always points them out. Here the lake was eleven leagues in circumference, and took twelve years to drain — about one thousand million tons of water having to be pumped out of it; but the million of money this grand scheme cost was very soon repaid by the cultivation.



The centre of interest for us, of course, lies in the great church and the town hall. We timed our visit so as to hear the magnificent organ, and the richness of its tone is unsurpassed; but the church, in itself a grand building, is cruelly despoiled and bare. This is partly because at the time of the great siege some of its statues and ornaments were used to assist the people to defend themselves, and partly because the extreme Calvinism of the Protestants led them to strip the churches of all that reminded them of the Roman Catholic religion. The place is disfigured beyond belief: the huge pillars are whitewashed; black and white cover everything that can be painted; the centre aisle is choked with hideous pews and seats, and the people assembled to hear the organ neither take off their hats nor show the smallest reverence—at intervals talking, laughing, and nodding to their acquaintances. The same absence of reverence prevails externally (but, as far as this goes, we have often felt this keenly as regards some of our most beautiful cathedrals at home): the grand old walls are used as backgrounds to shabby little shops and sheds (even a small stable clinging to it), all of which surroundings go far to neutralize the effects of the grandeur of the building.

With a feeling of disappointment we went to the old Stadt Huis (Town Hall), and here all exceeded our expectations. It is a most wonderful old building, and in perfect preservation. As we trod the boards of the Council Chamber, it was easy to imagine the commotion there in 1572, when in December the siege began, and the burgomeister, getting anxious and cowardly, fled, leaving the people to prove their heroism for seven long months. The most prominent figure of the defence, Kenau, was a widow, and she got those three hundred women together who did such good service under her leadership.

The old house has a great many relics of that grand if ineffectual struggle—stone balls, some of the pikes and guns used, and the torn flags, with much besides. Certainly never was it our good fortune to see more really interesting things. They are all kept in an old room, which goes by the name of the Spanish room. A picture of Kenau is there—a plain, determined-looking woman, with an upright figure and a composed and self-reliant air.

The pictures by Franz Hals must be seen, because, unless they are seen, we

shall be accused of exaggeration. Every one in the least interested in art in Holland speaks of these pictures; outside comparatively few people know them. To us he is far beyond any painter, as a portrait-painter, we have ever seen, and none of the pictures bearing his name in galleries, except in Amsterdam, are equal to these. The first impression was, that we had never seen real portrait-painting before. His people *live* in the most extraordinary way; their eyes look through you, and seem to read your very thoughts. A German gentleman complained of their being very much alike; but I cannot say we, any of us, thought so. There is an individuality, a subtle expression of its own, in each powerful face. You feel that the painter had that insight into character without which portrait-painting stops short of being at all interesting.

Studying those marvellous pictures was a sort of revelation. There are but two portraits I have seen lately that in my mind have something of the same indefinable power. Millais's portrait of Gladstone, and Bisschop's of Motley the historian, which latter hangs in the Japanese room in the palace near the Hague. The coloring in Hals's pictures is splendid, and they are all painted with a freedom and ease which gives the idea that he knew his power, and revelled in it. He lived before Rembrandt. His pictures are so absolutely real, that they would repay a long and wearisome journey, and Haarlem is twelve hours from London.

Once we had left the market-place and the surrounding old buildings, it was much more difficult to realize the story of the siege; there is such an air of repose and tranquillity about the place. Was it really here that the Spaniards, when by treachery they had got into the town, kept five executioners and their assistants at work for days? All looks so fair and calm; flowers bloom as they should do at Haarlem. The quiet waters flow on, all is bright and peaceful, but we think that the past struggle has left its impress on the faces of the inhabitants as on their bearing and character. They have more the reflective expression of a people with a past history to be proud of, than the eager and expectant look of a new people with a future and no past. Every visit to Haarlem increased our admiration for it.

Some of the names of the streets sound so familiar, that the difference, in fact, was almost startling. Park Laan is, however, a pretty mixture of water, green-sward, and flower-beds, stretching before



a single row of houses: one dog-carriage, two women, and ourselves represented the traffic one day when we rested a few moments there — rather a contrast to the Park Lane we know so well.

It is perhaps hardly fair, when dwelling with so much pleasure on the many delights of Holland, to pass over in silence those things which were by no means a delight. The pavements are detestable in all the towns, consisting of hard bricks set up on end. They punish the feet most terribly, and make walking a penance. One other thing truth forces us to confess. As in all Continental places, and even worse than in many, at the least expected moments odors anything but savory assail you, — only at Scheveningen we were entirely free from this trial, where there are no fields to cultivate, and nothing as yet to task the energies of “drainage commissioners.” No! there nothing comes to spoil the perfect air. The sands are thickly planted with bent-grass, which represents at present all its vegetation, and no manuring is required.

Within a very pretty walk of the Hague is the palace, where the late Queen Sophia passed much of her time, and where, in old days, Mary of Orange lived. It is a pretty and cheerful place. The ball-room is painted throughout by Rubens and his pupils. All the paintings are scenes commemorating the triumphs of Frederick William; and at the very top of the dome by which this *salon* is surmounted, and set into the ceiling, is a portrait of his wife, who is supposed to be looking down approvingly upon the pictures.

Not very far from the palace we were shown over what we particularly wished to see — a model Dutch farm. Anything so pretty and so exquisitely neat we never saw: red and blue, here and there white and yellow, were the prevailing colors. On entering we were directly in the kitchen. One large corner was raised and made a platform: on this platform the family had their meals and spent their leisure hours, which, judging from the activity we saw, must be few and far between — for it was a farm where all the sons and daughters worked, and few hired hands were employed. The stove was a perfect picture — bright as steel; and the china *plaques* facing it (blue and white) looked so tempting and pretty. All the pails, etc., were painted blue, and the iron hoops were polished till they looked like silver. The dairy was beautifully kept, but so totally different from our ideas of

a dairy! The farm is famous for the skim-milk cheeses — not those round red cheeses we call Dutch cheese, or the Gouda cheeses, which are considered in Holland as inferior to others, but large, rather flat cheeses. The milk-pans are extremely deep, and narrow at the base, and the milk stands one day and night. It is then skimmed, the cream makes butter, and the whole of the milking of the day before makes one cheese. They make about two hundred and fifty cheeses in the year, all of which go direct to England. The pans are all set on the ground, which, like all the rest of the building, is tiled and painted red.

The cow-byres were also all painted red, walls and floors, except the stone coping which divided the mangers from the cows, and this was painted in red, blue, and white stripes. There was no division between the cows, who are fastened by a clumsy-looking but simple contrivance when they inhabit this beautiful home. Just now they are out all day and night, and are milked in the fields. One thing all through Holland gives a well-finished and pleasant look to all country life, and was particularly noticeable in the out-buildings of this farm — the wood-work, it is so beautifully finished. The railings of the outdoor staircase to the hay-loft might adorn many a gentleman's house in England; the bars are round and polished; the commonest ladders are not rough; the gates are ornamental and almost always painted; and the palings are beautifully neat. The good *wrouw* was pleased by our keen appreciation, and led the way to a very small sitting-room (which is never used), to show us a glass bookcase. Each shelf was full of silver ornaments which had been presented to her and her husband the year before on their silver wedding-day. All round the place the greatest tidiness prevailed. The cows are almost all black and white; you so seldom see any other color; when you do, it is generally dun color. They are sometimes a great size, but the most prevailing kind are not very large. Here the cows were very fine: we counted twenty in one field near the farm, and there may have been more. I wanted to know how many they kept, and was told the number varied; when they had a good cow they kept her, when they saw a good cow they bought her, and when they had a bad cow they sold her.

There is, of course, a certain air of resemblance in the Dutch towns — the canals and trees prevailing everywhere.



The bricks in common use, and the style of the picturesque buildings, give a likeness; but it is not given to every town to have ancient buildings in such excellent preservation as at Haarlem or Delft; and of the many towns we saw, Delft will always live in our memory as second to Haarlem in its old-world look, and as first in point of beauty. It is a small town; but at every turn we took it presented a new picture. The pointed towers of the old gateway and some of the other buildings are like some of the towers at Lübeck.

We went to Delft on one of those lovely days of capricious sunshine which I always think more enchanting than a cloudless sky. It takes a very short twenty minutes from the Hague, and we arrived feeling a little strange, knowing not one soul in the place. Walking up the side of a canal which led straight away from the station, we saw the name of a Swiss watchmaker, and the happy thought occurred to us to ask him concerning the porcelain manufactory, about which, even so near as the Hague, we could learn nothing. No more successful idea could have come to us; he was the most sympathetic, the most friendly of men. His French was very Swiss and very rusty, but his overflowing good-will, gave him eloquence. After explaining the turns we were to take, and those we were to avoid, he came to the conclusion that we were quite incapable of finding the place — so he called his servant, a pleasant, clean-looking girl, and sent her with us to show us the way.

It certainly would have been very difficult to recognize the place — because it is level with the street, and nothing about the entrance marks it from any other house. A very small and modest *plaque* alone gives the proprietor's name, and the words *porzellan fabrik* have to be looked for. The mission of his servant did not end here: she interviewed the foreman, explained what we wanted, and only left us when quite certain all was thoroughly arranged.

As we could see nothing during the men's dinner hour, we bade her good-bye and walked about quite charmed by the still beauty of everything. Every one was having his midday meal; the horses stood with the one loosened trace to prevent their running off — a precaution which looks so unnecessary when you see the absolute contentment with which they stand stock-still, apparently too sleepy to do more than idly reach a mouthful of

hay or grass, and whisk a tail the worse for wear in remonstrance when a peculiarly aggressive fly annoys them. The barges went slowly on. We found it was time to go back to the *fabrik*, and sauntered down the street, pausing at the bridges to take note of the different long vistas made by the lopped trees. At the *fabrik* we were received by the son of the proprietor, a very pleasant and well-bred man, speaking the most excellent English, and he showed us over every corner of it.

The first intelligence he gave us was rather a shock to our feelings. The clay all comes from England, and is the same as that used by Minton. This is why Delft is very dear — dearer than the Dresden china at Meissen. It is also very much less durable, but I do not think the two can be compared. The modern Meissen china is excellent for wear and tear, and is as nearly unbreakable as china can be; but though modern Delft is not prized, there is a particular attraction in it to all of us, — the creamy tone and the extreme softness of the color make it quite unlike any other china. The building in which the whole manufacture is carried on is the same as that used in old days. For many years nothing was done, and the whole place was shut up. Five years ago, the enterprise of the present manufacturer started it fresh on the old premises. The intelligent gentleman who showed us everything is ambitious, and hopes at no distant day to add to what is done at present the revival of the old coarse grey pottery, of such value in the eyes of connoisseurs, as works of art and for ornament. Every one acquainted with Delft knows that it is the most fragile china in the world, whether as regards its finer kind or the earthenware. Indeed, on this account so little of the real old Delft is left to tell its story, that it is, when genuine, priceless from its extreme rarity.

All china manufactories are alike. Here the extraordinary tumble-down buildings were more interesting to us, from the associations they carried, than the bravest new buildings could have been. The oldest man who was working there had begun his work in the old factory sixty years ago, and had been of great use to the new enterprise. One difference lies in the blue china-painting here and at Meissen. There the *zwiebel* (onion pattern) is printed, and then touched by hand: here all is hand-painted, and there is no printing. Another thing here



struck us which we do not remember to have seen at Meissen — an arrangement of magnets to attract the iron in the clay as it passes them in its liquid state. There is a small but very choice collection of china kept in the showroom — china from real old Delft to Worcester, Dresden, etc.; and a good many of the antique shapes are most admirably reproduced both in form and color; and putting them side by side, it was difficult to tell which was which. It was altogether a very interesting and enjoyable visit, which we were delighted to have accomplished. No china is sold at the factory itself; but there is a depot of it in the town, where anything can be ordered or purchased.

We wanted to see the "new" church, which was built in 1331, with the monument to the memory of our William the First, Prince of Orange; and, in searching for an open door, had another of the many proofs we received of the extreme kindness of the Dutch to strangers. A lady who had noticed us going round and finding every door shut, ran all round by one of the bridges, and arrived breathless to tell us where the sacristan lived. "I saw you were strangers," she said, with a pretty smile, "and came to assist you." Before we could thank her in adequate terms, she had gone. The monument is splendid; it is in black and white marble; and the little dog that saved his life is lying at the feet of the prince. The figures at the corners are very spirited and well modelled. It is here that all the royal family are interred; "thirty-six kings and queens," the sacristan said proudly, "lie underneath."

Except this monument, there is nothing to admire in the church. The proportions of these old churches are always fine, but the universal black and white color gives a cold and formal look. The old church has a very leaning tower, but is said to have been in the same state for many generations: it is caused by a sinking in the foundations. It is always difficult to remember how much of this extraordinary country has been reclaimed from the sea, and what a hand-to-hand fight it has been. Besides the craving appetite of the sea (and it must be remembered that great part of Holland is below the sea-level), it has the Rhine, the Scheldt, the Meuse, the Ysel, the Waal, and the Leck to take precautions against. It is much too large a subject to touch upon in a sketch like the present; but to appreciate the nature of the engineering

works required, to understand how the laws have to be made to meet the emergencies always possible, and to be able to do proper honor to the indomitable energy of the Dutch people, there are many available books; and a concise and very clear account by Lord Thurlow should be studied. The water-staat is a most important branch of the government. Only one part of the laws affects travellers, and that is one which summons, *if need be*, every man, woman, or child residing in the country, "to assist in repelling an invasion of the sea," and in repairing the weak spot of any dike in the neighborhood. We can safely say that had such an emergency arisen, we all would have done our very best!

Katwyk am See is at present a small sea-bathing place in its extreme infancy, and not worth a visit. The fishing village, unlike fair Scheveningen, is dingy and dirty. There are a few small and very second-rate hotels, and a limited beach unpleasantly near the village, the odors of which are most unsavory. People sometimes talked of a future for Katwyk, but it wants space, as the whole extent is too much hemmed in.

No: the place for which probably a great future looms is Zandvoort, or Zandpoort as it is often spelt. It is the natural outlet for the residents of Haarlem and Amsterdam (which is only twenty minutes from Haarlem). Here is much that reminds one of Scheveningen — the immense stretch of sandy dunes, the shelving beach, and the grand sweep of the rippling sea. But at present it lacks much that its fairer neighbor has; and though the neighborhood of Haarlem is well wooded and beautiful, the woods and shade do not extend above half-way to Zandvoort, and the delight of shady walks, and the song of birds, accessible in a few moments from the Scheveningen beach, is beyond a walk for most people at Zandvoort. There are some huge hotels; and life is as dear, if not dearer than with its more fashionable neighbor. We should think it will be a long time before it can in any way be considered its rival. What makes Scheveningen so delightful a residence is, that you have within a few moments everything the heart of man can wish for. Society, antiquities, art-treasures, and a thousand subjects of interest, besides natural beauty. "Society" requires one or two introductions. The Dutch, like the Belgians and ourselves, do not rush into acquaintance; but if society is wished for, one or two intro-



ductions will bring many more. We shall always remember the daily gatherings at one lovely spot, where we were made welcome, and where, in the gardens, near courts devoted to lawn-tennis, begonias on a gigantic scale filled the beds, set off by the thick woods behind them.

No doubt the Dutch may have many faults; but looking at them, no one can deny that some of the finest types of humanity are to be seen among them. Watching their faces you can see and better understand the natures which braved so much. From this small spot on the earth's surface, how many naval heroes have sprung! and what a history of endurance, of patient struggling against adverse circumstances! Inch by inch they fought and still fight with the sea for the land they live in. The Spanish invasion—the endless points in their history—have surely something to do with the steadfast, resolute look in their eyes. The poorer classes have one misfortune—they have painfully shrill, harsh voices. Luckily they are not often raised in anger. They look to us, as they move to and fro, busied about their own concerns, in their peculiarly quiet manner, types of the strength which lies in patience. Fortitude and patience have gained them a glorious name in the past; and it doubtless will continue to do so; and if a time should ever come when the future calls forth the same great qualities, once more the world will look on, marvel, and admire.

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#### A GOSSIP ON ROMANCE.

IN anything fit to be called by the name of reading, the process itself should be absorbing and voluptuous; we should gloat over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal, our mind filled with the busiest, kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought. The words, if the book be eloquent, should run thenceforward in our ears like the noise of breakers, or the story, if it be a story, repeat itself in a thousand colored pictures to the eye. It was for this last pleasure that we read so closely, and loved our books so dearly, in the bright, troubled period of boyhood. Eloquence and thought, character and conversation, were but obstacles to brush aside as we dug blithely after a certain sort of incident,

like a pig for truffles. For my part, I liked a story to begin with an old wayside inn where, "towards the close of the year 17—," several gentlemen in three-cocked hats were playing bowls. A friend of mine preferred the Malabar coast in a storm, with a ship beating to windward, and a scowling fellow of Herculean proportions striding along the beach: he, to be sure, was a pirate. This was further afield than my home-keeping fancy loved to travel, and designed altogether for a larger canvas than the tales that I affected. Give me a highwayman and I was full to the brim; a Jacobite would do, but the highwayman was my favorite dish. I can still hear that merry clatter of the hoofs along the moonlit lane; night and the coming of day are still related in my mind with the doings of John Rann or Jerry Abershaw; and the words "post-chaise," the "great North road," "ostler," and "nag" still sound in my ears like poetry. One and all, at least, and each with his particular fancy, we read story-books in childhood, not for eloquence or character or thought, but for some quality of the brute incident. That quality was not mere bloodshed or wonder. Although each of these was welcome in its place, the charm for the sake of which we read depended on something different from either. My elders used to read novels aloud; and I can still remember four different passages which I heard, before I was ten, with the same keen and lasting pleasure. One I discovered long afterwards to be the admirable opening of "What will he Do with It:" it was no wonder I was pleased with that. The other three still remain unidentified. One is a little vague: it was about a dark, tall house at night, and people groping on the stairs by the light that escaped from the open door of a sick-room. In another, a lover left a ball, and went walking in a cool, dewy park, whence he could watch the lighted windows and the figures of the dancers as they moved. This was the most sentimental impression I think I had yet received, for a child is somewhat deaf to the sentimental. In the last, a poet, who had been tragically wrangling with his wife, walked forth on the sea-beach on a tempestuous night and witnessed the horrors of a wreck. Different as they are, all these early favorites have a common note—they have all a touch of the romantic.

Drama is the poetry of conduct, romance the poetry of circumstance. The pleasure that we take in life is of two



sorts—the active and the passive. Now we are conscious of a great command over our destiny; anon we are lifted up by circumstance, as by a breaking wave, and dashed we know not how into the future. Now we are pleased by our conduct, anon merely pleased by our surroundings. It would be hard to say which of these modes of satisfaction is the more effective, but the latter is surely the more constant. Conduct is three parts of life, but it is not all the four. There is a vast deal in life and letters both which is not immoral, but simply a-moral; which either does not regard the human will at all, or deals with it in obvious and healthy relations; where the interest turns, not upon what a man shall choose to do, but on how he manages to do it; not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms, or the diplomacy of life. With such material as this it is impossible to build a play, for the serious theatre exists solely on moral grounds, and is a standing proof of the dissemination of the human conscience. But it is possible to build, upon this ground, the most joyous of verses, and the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales.

One thing in life calls for another; there is a fitness in events and places. The sight of a pleasant arbor puts it in our mind to sit there. One place suggests work, another idleness, a third early rising and long rambles in the dew. The effect of night, of any flowing water, of lighted cities, of the peep of day, of ships, of the open ocean, calls up in the mind an army of anonymous desires and pleasures. Something, we feel, should happen; we know not what, yet we proceed in quest of it. And many of the happiest hours of life fleet by us in this vain attendance on the genius of the place and moment. It is thus that tracts of young fir, and low rocks that reach into deep soundings, particularly torture and delight me. Something must have happened in such places, and perhaps ages back, to members of my race; and when I was a child I tried in vain to invent appropriate games for them, as I still try, just as vainly, to fit them with the proper story. Some places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. Other spots again seem to abide their destiny, suggestive and impenetrable,

“miching mallecho.” The inn at Burford Bridge, with its arbors and green garden and silent, eddying river—though it is known already as the place where Keats finished his “Endymion” and Nelson parted from his Emma—still seems to wait the coming of the appropriate legend. Within these ivied walls, behind these old green shutters, some further business smoulders, waiting for its hour. The old Hawes Inn at the Queen’s Ferry is another. There it stands, apart from the town, beside the pier, in a climate of its own, half inland, half marine—in front, the ferry bubbling with the tide and the guardship swinging to her anchor; behind, the old garden with the trees. Americans seek it already for the sake of Lovel and Oldbuck, who dined there at the beginning of “The Antiquary.” But you need not tell me—that is not all; there is some story, unrecorded or not yet complete, which must express the meaning of that inn more fully. So it is with names and faces; so it is with incidents that are idle and inconclusive in themselves, and yet seem like the beginning of some quaint romance, which the all-careless author leaves untold. How many of these romances have we not seen determine at their birth; how many people have met us with a look of meaning in their eye, and sunk at once into idle acquaintances; to how many places have we not drawn near, with express intimations—“here my destiny awaits me”—and we have but dined there and passed by! I have lived both at the Hawes and Burford in a perpetual flutter, on the heels, as it seemed, of some adventure that should justify the place; but though the feeling had me to bed at night and called me again at morning in one unbroken round of pleasure and suspense, nothing befell me in either worth remark. The man or the hour had not yet come; but some day, I think, a boat shall put off from the Queen’s Ferry, fraught with a dear cargo, and some frosty night a horseman, on a tragic errand, rattle with his whip upon the green shutters of the inn at Burford.

Now, this is one of the natural appetites with which any lively literature has to count. The desire for knowledge, I had almost added the desire for meat, is not more deeply seated than this demand for fit and striking incident. The dullest of clowns tells, or tries to tell, himself a story, as the feeblest of children uses invention in his play; and even as the imaginative grown person, joining in the



game, at once enriches it with many delightful circumstances, the great creative writer shows us the realization and the apotheosis of the daydreams of common men. His stories may be nourished with the realities of life, but their true mark is to satisfy the nameless longings of the reader and to obey the ideal laws of the daydream. The right kind of thing should fall out in the right kind of place; the right kind of thing should follow; and not only the characters talk aptly and think naturally, but all the circumstances in a tale answer one to another like notes in music. The threads of a story come from time to time together and make a picture in the web; the characters fall from time to time into some attitude to each other or to nature, which stamps the story home like an illustration. Crusoe recoiling from the footprint, Achilles shouting over against the Trojans, Ulysses bending the great bow, Christian running with his fingers in his ears, these are each culminating moments in the legend, and each has been printed on the mind's eye forever. Other things we may forget; we may forget the words, although they are beautiful; we may forget the author's comment, although perhaps it was ingenious and true; but these epoch-making scenes, which put the last mark of truth upon a story and fill up, at one blow, our capacity for sympathetic pleasure, we so adopt into the very bosom of our mind that neither time nor tide can efface or weaken the impression. This, then, is the plastic part of literature: to embody character, thought, or emotion in some act or attitude that shall be remarkably striking to the mind's eye. This is the highest and hardest thing to do in words; the thing which, once accomplished, equally delights the schoolboy and the sage, and makes, in its own right, the quality of epics. Compared with this, all other purposes in literature, except the purely lyrical or the purely philosophic, are bastard in nature, facile of execution, and feeble in result. It is one thing to write about the inn at Burford, or to describe scenery with the word-painters; it is quite another to seize on the heart of the suggestion and make a country famous with a legend. It is one thing to remark and to dissect, with the most cutting logic, the complications of life, and of the human spirit; it is quite another to give them body and blood in the story of Ajax or of Hamlet. The first is literature, but the second is something besides, for it is likewise art.

English people of the present day are apt, I know not why, to look somewhat down on incident, and reserve their admiration for the clink of tea-spoons and the accents of the curate. It is thought clever to write a novel with no story at all, or at least with a very dull one. Reduced even to the lowest terms, a certain interest can be communicated by the art of narrative; a sense of human kinship stirred; and a kind of monotonous fitness, comparable to the words and air of "Sandy's Mull," preserved among the infinitesimal occurrences recorded. Some people work, in this manner, with even a strong touch. Mr. Trollope's inimitable clergymen naturally arise to the mind in this connection. But even Mr. Trollope does not confine himself to chronicling small beer. Mr. Crawley's collision with the bishop's wife, Mr. Melnotte dallying in the deserted banquet-room, are typical incidents, epically conceived, fitly embodying a crisis. If Rawdon Crawley's blow were not delivered, "Vanity Fair" would cease to be a work of art. That scene is the chief ganglion of the tale; and the discharge of energy from Rawdon's fist is the reward and consolation of the reader. The end of "Esmond" is a yet wider excursion from the author's customary fields; the scene at Castlewood is pure Dumas; the great and wily English borrower has here borrowed from the great, unblushing French thief; as usual, he has borrowed admirably well, and the breaking of the sword rounds off the best of all his books with a manly, martial note. But perhaps nothing can more strongly illustrate the necessity for marking incident than to compare the living fame of "Robinson Crusoe" with the discredit of "Clarissa Harlowe." "Clarissa" is a book of a far more startling import, worked out, on a great canvas, with inimitable courage and unflagging art; it contains wit, character, passion, plot, conversations full of spirit and insight, letters sparkling with unstrained humanity; and if the death of the heroine be somewhat frigid and artificial, the last days of the hero strike the only note of what we now call Byronism, between the Elizabethans and Byron himself. And yet a little story of a shipwrecked sailor, with not a tenth part of the style nor a thousandth part of the wisdom, exploring none of the arcana of humanity and deprived of the perennial interest of love, goes on from edition to edition, ever young, while "Clarissa" lies upon the shelves unread. A friend of mine, a



Welsh blacksmith, was twenty-five years old, and could neither read nor write, when he heard a chapter of "Robinson" read aloud in a farm kitchen. Up to that moment he had sat content, huddled in his ignorance; but he left that farm another man. There were daydreams, it appeared, divine daydreams, written and printed and bound, and to be bought for money and enjoyed at pleasure. Down he sat that day, painfully learned to read Welsh, and returned to borrow the book. It had been lost, nor could he find another copy but one that was in English. Down he sat once more, learned English, and at length, and with entire delight, read "Robinson." It is like the story of a love-chase. If he had heard a letter from "Clarissa," would he have been fired with the same chivalrous ardor? I wonder. Yet "Clarissa" has every quality that can be shown in prose, one alone excepted: pictorial, or picture-making romance. While "Robinson" depends, for the most part and with the overwhelming majority of its readers, on the charm of circumstance.

In the highest achievements of the art of words, the dramatic and the pictorial, the moral and romantic interest rise and fall together by a common and organic law. Situation is animated with passion, passion clothed upon with situation. Neither exists for itself, but each inheres indissolubly with the other. This is high art; and not only the highest art possible in words, but the highest art of all, since it combines the greatest mass and diversity of the elements of truth and pleasure. Such are epics, and the few prose tales that have the epic weight. But as from a school of works, aping the creative, incident and romance are ruthlessly discarded, so may character and drama be omitted or subordinated to romance. There is one book, for example, more generally loved than Shakespeare, that captivates in childhood, and still delights in age—I mean the "Arabian Nights"—where you shall look in vain for moral or for intellectual interest. No human face or voice greets us among that wooden crowd of kings and genies, sorcerers and beggarmen. Adventure, on the most naked terms, furnishes forth the entertainment and is found enough. Dumas approaches perhaps nearest of any modern to these Arabian authors in the purely material charm of his romances. The early part of "Monte Christo," down to the finding of the treasure, is a piece of perfect story-telling; the man never

breathed who shared these moving incidents without a tremor; and yet Faria is a thing of packthread and Dantès little more than a name. The sequel is one long-drawn error, gloomy, bloody, unnatural, and dull; but as for these early chapters, I do not believe there is another volume extant where you can breathe the same unmingled atmosphere of romance. It is very thin and light, to be sure, as on a high mountain; but it is brisk and clear and sunny in proportion. I saw the other day, with envy, an old and a very clever lady setting forth on a second or third voyage into "Monte Christo." Here are stories, which powerfully affect the reader, which can be reperused at any age, and where the characters are no more than puppets. The bony fist of the showman visibly propels them; their springs are an open secret; their faces are of wood, their bellies filled with bran; and yet we thrillingly partake of their adventures. And the point may be illustrated still further. The last interview between Lucy and Richard Feverell is pure drama; more than that, it is the strongest scene, since Shakespeare, in the English tongue. Their first meeting by the river, on the other hand, is pure romance; it has nothing to do with character; it might happen to any other boy and maiden, and be none the less delightful for the change. And yet I think he would be a bold man who should choose between these passages. Thus, in the same book, we may have two scenes, each capital in its order: in the one, human passion, deep calling unto deep, shall utter its genuine voice; in the second, according circumstances, like instruments in tune, shall build up a trivial but desirable incident, such as we love to prefigure for ourselves; and in the end, in spite of the critics, we may hesitate to give the preference to either. The one may ask more genius—I do not say it does; but at least the other dwells as clearly in the memory.

True romantic art, again, makes a romance of all things. It reaches into the highest abstraction of the ideal; it does not refuse the most pedestrian realism. "Robinson Crusoe" is as realistic as it is romantic; both qualities are pushed to an extreme, and neither suffers. Nor does romance depend upon the material importance of the incidents. To deal with strong and deadly elements, banditti, pirates, war, and murder, is to conjure with great names, and, in the event of failure, to double the disgrace. The arrival of Haydn and Consuelo at the Canon's villa



is a very trifling incident; yet we may read a dozen boisterous stories from beginning to end, and not receive so fresh and stirring an impression of adventure. It was the scene of *Crusoe* at the wreck, if I remember rightly, that so bewitched my blacksmith. Nor is the fact surprising. Every single article the castaway recovers from the hulk is "a joy forever" to the man who reads of them. They are the things he ought to find, and the bare enumeration stirs the blood. I found a glimmer of the same interest the other day in a new book, "*The Sailor's Sweet-heart*," by Mr. Clark Russell. The whole business of the brig "*Morning Star*" is very rightly felt and spiritedly written; but the clothes, the books, and the money satisfy the reader's mind like things to eat. We are dealing here with the old cut-and-dry, legitimate interest of treasure trove. But even treasure trove can be made dull. There are few people who have not groaned under the plethora of goods that fell to the lot of the Swiss Family Robinson, that dreary family. They found article after article, creature after creature, from milk kine to pieces of ordnance, a whole consignment; but no informing taste had presided over the selection, there was no smack or relish in the invoice; and all these riches left the fancy cold. The box of goods in Verne's "*Mysterious Island*" is another case in point: there was no gusto and no glamor about that; it might have come from a shop. But the two hundred and seventy-eight Australian sovereigns on board the "*Morning Star*" fell upon me like a surprise that I had expected; whole vistas of secondary stories, besides the one in hand, radiated forth from that discovery, as they radiate from a striking particular in life; and I was made for the moment as happy as a reader has the right to be.

To come at all at the nature of this quality of romance, we must bear in mind the peculiarity of our attitude to any art. No art produces illusion; in the theatre, we never forget that we are in the theatre; and while we read a story, we sit wavering between two minds, now merely clapping our hands at the merit of the performance, now condescending to take an active part in fancy with the characters. This last is the triumph of story-telling: when the reader consciously plays at being the hero, the scene is a good scene. Now in character studies the pleasure that we take is critical; we watch, we approve, we smile at incongruities, we are moved to sudden heats of sympathy with courage, suffering,

or virtue. But the characters are still themselves; they are not us; the more clearly they are depicted, the more widely do they stand away from us, the more imperiously do they thrust us back into our place as a spectator. I cannot identify myself with Rawdon Crawley or with Eugene de Rastignac, for I have scarce a hope or fear in common with them. It is not character, but incident, that woos us out of our reserve. Something happens, as we desire to have it happen to ourselves; some situation, that we have long dallied with in fancy, is realized in the story with enticing and appropriate details. Then we forget the characters; then we push the hero aside; then we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience; and then, and then only, do we say we have been reading a romance. It is not only pleasurable things that we imagine in our day-dreams; there are lights in which we are willing to contemplate even the idea of our own death; ways in which it seems as if it would amuse us to be cheated, wounded, or calumniated. It is thus possible to construct a story, even of tragic import, in which every incident, detail, and trick of circumstance shall be welcome to the reader's thoughts. Fiction is to the grown man what play is to the child. It is there that he changes the atmosphere and tenor of his life. And when the game so chimes with his fancy that he can join in it with all his heart, when it pleases him with every turn, when he loves to recall it and dwells upon its recollection with entire delight, fiction is called romance.

Walter Scott is out and away the king of the romantics. "*The Lady of the Lake*" has no indisputable claim to be a poem beyond the inherent fitness and desirability of the tale. It is just such a story as a man would make up for himself, walking, in the best health and temper, through just such scenes as it is laid in. Hence it is that a charm dwells undefinable among these slovenly verses, as the unseen cuckoo fills the mountains with his note; hence, even after we have flung the book aside, the scenery and adventures remain present to the mind, a new and green possession, not unworthy of that beautiful name, "*The Lady of the Lake*," or that direct, romantic opening—one of the most spirited and poetical in literature—"The stag at eve had drunk his fill." The same strength and the same weaknesses adorn and disfigure the novels. In that ill-written, ragged



book, "The Pirate," the figure of Cleveland, cast up by the sea on the resounding foreland of Dunrossness, moving, with the blood on his hands and the Spanish words on his tongue, among the simple islanders, singing a serenade under the window of his Shetland mistress, is conceived in the very highest manner of romantic invention. The words of his song, "Through groves of palm," sung in such a scene and by such a lover, clench, as in a nutshell, the emphatic contrast upon which the tale is built. In "Guy Mannering," again, every incident is delightful to the imagination; and the scene when Harry Bertram lands at Ellangowan is a model instance of romantic method.

"I remember the tune well," he says, "though I cannot guess what should at present so strongly recall it to my memory." He took his flageolet from his pocket and played a simple melody. Apparently the tune awoke the corresponding associations of a damsel. . . . She immediately took up the song:—

Are these the links of Forth, she said;  
Or are they the crooks of Dee,  
Or the bonny woods of Warroch Head  
That I so fain would see?

"By heaven!" said Bertram, "it is the very ballad."

On this quotation two remarks fall to be made. First, as an instance of modern feeling for romance, this famous touch of the flageolet and the old song is selected by Miss Braddon for omission. Miss Braddon's idea of a story, like Mrs. Todgers's idea of a wooden leg, were something strange to have expounded. As a matter of personal experience, Meg's appearance to old Mr. Bertram on the road, the ruins of Dornclough, the scene of the flageolet, and the Dominie's recognition of Harry, are the four strong notes that continue to ring in the mind after the book is laid aside. The second point is still more curious. The reader will observe a mark of excision in the passage as quoted by me. Well, here is how it runs in the original: "a damsel, who, close behind a fine spring about half-way down the descent, and which had once supplied the castle with water, was engaged in bleaching linen." A man who gave in such copy would be discharged from the staff of a daily paper. Scott has forgotten to prepare the reader for the presence of the "damsel;" he has forgotten to mention the spring and its relation to the ruin; and now, face to face

with his omission, instead of trying back and starting fair, crams all this matter, tail foremost, into a single shambling sentence. It is not merely bad English, or bad style; it is abominably bad narrative besides.

Certainly the contrast is remarkable; and it is one that throws a strong light upon the subject of this paper. For here we have a man, of the finest creative instinct, touching with perfect certainty and charm the romantic junctures of his story; and we find him utterly careless, almost, it would seem, incapable, in the technical matter of style; and not only frequently weak, but frequently wrong, in points of drama. In character parts, indeed, and particularly in the Scotch, he was delicate, strong, and truthful; but the trite, obliterated features of too many of his heroes have already wearied two generations of readers. At times, his characters will speak with something far beyond propriety, with a true heroic note; but on the next page they will be wading wearily forward with an ungrammatical and undramatic rigmarole of words. The man who could conceive and write the character of Elspeth of the Craighburnfoot, as Scott has conceived and written it, had not only splendid romantic, but splendid tragic gifts. How comes it, then, that he could so often fob us off with languid, inarticulate twaddle?

It seems to me that the explanation is to be found in the very quality of his surprising merits. As his books are play to the reader, so were they play to him. He conjured up the beautiful with delight, but he had hardly patience to describe it. He was a great daydreamer, a seer of fit and beautiful and humorous visions; but hardly a great artist; hardly, in the manifold sense, an artist at all. He pleased himself, and so he pleases us. Of the pleasures of his art he tasted fully; but of its toils and vigils and distresses never man knew less. A great romantic—an idle child.

R. L. STEVENSON.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE STORY OF JAMES BARKER:

A TALE OF THE CONGO COAST.

PART II.

THE sound was the rattle of the dice, and M'Gibbon and the Portuguese were the gamblers. For some time the pair continued to throw—the Portuguese al-



ways in silence and determinedly, while M'Gibbon threw very slowly but with ill-concealed impatience, gloating over each turn of the dice. Each noted down his gains.

At length, after a run of ill luck, the Scotchman's impatience culminated in a hoarse cry of disappointment, and throwing down the dice-box, he rose, went to a side-table, and helped himself to spirits. The Portuguese sat with his legs stretched out before him, slowly adding up what he had won. Suddenly M'Gibbon returned to the table. "Again," he cried in Portuguese, and pushed the box over to his opponent, who nodded, and began to play. Nothing was now heard for a long time but the almost continual rattle of the dice. At last the Portuguese, in his turn, threw down the box, and taking up a piece of paper, added some figures to it hastily, and threw it over to M'Gibbon, whose face paled.

"Fifteen hundred mil reis!" he murmured to himself in English.

"E verdade" (It is true), said the Portuguese.

James started. Fifteen hundred mil reis in the Portuguese currency of the coast was over £300 sterling; and where had M'Gibbon such a sum? Yet, as the two talked, he gathered that there had been many payments to account in goods. After a while the play recommenced, the Portuguese taking the whole matter lightly, and seasoning the course of the dice with reflections in his own language. And he could afford to do so; for fortune that night went over to his side so completely, and remained there so long, that the debt mounted up and up, until, for the second time, he refused to play on, though M'Gibbon, fairly exasperated with his ill luck, challenged him to do so, and ended by throwing it in his teeth that he would not play because he was afraid of not being paid.

"Contas de perto e amigos de longe" (Short reckonings make long friends), replied Chaves coolly.

"How much is it now?" asked M'Gibbon, grinding his teeth.

"Quarto mil" (four thousand).

"My house is worth the money," returned M'Gibbon. "I will play you for it."

The Portuguese was surprised in spite of his self-control. Here was a man ready to risk his credit and very means of existence on the turn of the dice. Well, if he were willing, he should not be disappointed. And with renewed interest

Chaves began to play. In less than ten minutes M'Gibbon was without house or home, and at last seemed to realize his foolhardiness—for he put his hands to his head, and did not speak.

"Quem tem quatro e gasta cinco, nao ha mister bolsa nem bolsinho" (He that hath four and spends five, hath no need of a purse), soliloquized the Portuguese tauntingly.

"Once more!" shouted M'Gibbon furiously, and seized the dice.

The Portuguese laughed. "Your grace," he said, in his own language, "forgets that you have no house, and that you are as yet indebted to your humble servant to the extent of four thousand mil reis—enormous,—to pay which you have nothing—nothing. Stop," he added suddenly; and fixing his eyes on his opponent as if to observe his state closely,— "yes, you have one thing"—and as he leaned over the table to whisper, his eyes fairly sparkled, and he lost his cool manner; "you have one thing,—a sua irma" (your sister).

James started to his feet; and if the Portuguese had not been engrossed by the thought of what he had said, he would have surely heard the noise the listener made.

Not that the lad had understood at once all that the scoundrel meant. It was only as, sinking down again, he stared with fixed eyes through a chink between the rattans, and listened, that he comprehended the scoundrel's idea of playing M'Gibbon for the possession of Margaret.

That the brother did not at once take the brute by the throat astounded James; that he should hesitate even for a second was inexplicable to the lad; and he was about to rise and rush forth to denounce the villain himself when M'Gibbon began to speak. What he said James could not well catch, he spoke so low; but the interval gave the lad time to reflect that his best policy, for Margaret's sake, at present was silence; so he lay still, strained every nerve, and listened again.

"You do not know what she will say or do," at length spoke the Portuguese, in reply to the trader; "and your grace forgets you have no place for her. Mal via ao fuso quando a barba nao anda em cima" (Alas for the spindle when the beard is not over it)! "She will be better off with me than without me;" and he laughed.

James bit his tongue to keep himself quiet. The savage beast! to speak so of Margaret—his Margaret! He listened again.



But the voice of the Portuguese sank to a whisper; and after some time, the lad, to his utter dismay, saw the two men deliberately set themselves to play. And now again the dice rattled in the box, as the bearded scoundrels bent over the table to watch their course, by the yellow light of the smoking wick, which left all but the space about them in deep shadows. At last the Portuguese rose with a triumphant smile.

"By G—, you shall not have her!" cried M'Gibbon, with compunction in his voice, and also rising. But the Portuguese looked at him; and there was a devilry in his look which showed that he meant the chance of the dice to be kept.

"Once more," groaned M'Gibbon, sitting down. "I will work any debt out—every real of it,—I will."

"You will give me your sister," replied the Portuguese. "Moreover, I will be liberal. You shall have five hundred in cash for yourself, provided you leave *Donde* for good," he added quickly and decidedly.

M'Gibbon's eyes glistened; the all-absorbing spirit of the gambler was strong within him.

"But," went on the Portuguese, "the sailor must be got rid of."

"Must he!" ground out James between his teeth; and then he grew cold at heart as he heard the details of a plan dastardly in its cool brutality.

"Then you will acquaint the *Senhora* Margarida with the regard of your humble servant," concluded Chaves.

"And if—if she does not—does not consent?" stammered M'Gibbon, glancing nervously at him, and stopping short.

"What have you to do with that?" returned Chaves quickly. "She is not yours. Come, if you will leave *Donde* at once you shall have a thousand mil reis. I have five hundred by me," and he made a move to leave the room.

M'Gibbon did not stop him, and he went away. When he had gone, the extrader rose and walked unsteadily towards the edge of the verandah, where James was; and the lad had only just time to glide away into the darkness before the man put aside the blind and stood looking out into the night until the Portuguese returned, when he once more sat down.

The blind remained on one side, and James did not dare to venture near the little stream of light that shone on the ground; and he waited where he was until he saw the lamp burn low, flicker, and then go out, when he ventured to creep

up to the verandah again. He saw in the darkness that M'Gibbon was lying sound asleep in a canvas chair, but that otherwise the room appeared to be empty.

Suddenly the voice of the Portuguese sounded, and James saw him bend over the sleeping man.

"Do coiro lhe sahem as correias" (The thongs come out of his own skin), he muttered, as he looked at him; and then he turned, and James heard his footsteps as he went into the inner part of the house.

It was now near morning, and the lad got away as quickly as possible, his thoughts full of alarm and rage. He came to the spot where the slave was chained, and turned to look at him: the man was dead.

All was quiet at the factory when he got back to it. Margaret was apparently asleep, and the two guards were watchful. But, exhausted though he was by the excitement he had gone through, James could not rest. His mind was torn by doubt, and he paced up and down the verandah for the remainder of the night.

That instant flight was necessary for Margaret's safety was distinct and clear to him. But how, and in what direction? Even if she could get clear away, the stations along the coast belonged to Portuguese, who would be certain to favor their countryman Chaves.

M'Gibbon did not return until late on the next day, and went straight to his own part of the house. Of this James was glad, for by that time he had made up his mind to a course of action, and he sought Margaret. He told her what he had been a witness of on the previous night as softly as possible, and tried to soothe her agitation and alarm as she heard it; but in vain. She appealed wildly to him to save her, and cast herself at his feet in an agony of apprehension. Fearful of discovery, he hushed her cries and raised her tenderly—this coarse lad—and told her of his plan of escape to Kabooka, if she would trust herself with him. Or would she risk an appeal to her brother's better nature? For reply, she clung the closer to James, and he then and there bade her be ready at a moment's notice. "It shall not cost you a thought," he cried, "if you can only bear up against the fatigue." And then he gently thrust her into her room, as he heard the trader call loudly for him.

"Here, you, Barker," said that ruffian. "You're due a month's notice or a month's wages. I give you the cash, and you can go as soon as you can get away."



James's heart gave a sudden bound. He knew by the offer that the money of the Portuguese had been accepted, but he managed to stammer out an expression of surprise at his own dismissal.

"You must see," returned M'Gibbon, "that I have done no trade here for months; and therefore I can't afford to keep you, and feed you. The long and short of it is, I won't; and the sooner you go the better. No, I've no fault to find with you; but don't you see, Jim, I'm pretty well ruined already by this d—hole," and he turned away. "You can have a boat and the boys to take you where you like," he added, turning back. And if you wish to go home, there's a steamer calling at your old place in three days' time. Eh, what do you say now?"

A gleam of hope sprang up suddenly within James's breast. One difficulty seemed almost dispelled—the difficulty of getting clear away. To conceal his joy, he pretended indifference to his own dismissal; and M'Gibbon, evidently pleased at the prospect of getting rid of him so easily, invited him into his room to take a *matabicho*, or "kill the worm,"\* and even went the length of informing him, privately and in confidence, that he had sold the factory and its contents to the Portuguese, and was preparing to leave the place shortly with his sister, which was the reason why James had to go.

James made no remark, but swallowed his liquor, and said he would go and look out the boat-boys, and give them their rations, so that they might be able to start when wanted.

M'Gibbon consented to this, and the two men parted on good terms, James longing in his heart to tell his late master what a dastardly coward he was.

The journey from Donde to Kabooka usually necessitated the use of both boat and hammock: the boat for the first part, where it was difficult to go by land on account of the bad character of the natives, who were treacherous; and the hammock for the second part, some sixty miles from a solitary station, inhabited by a Portuguese, where bearers could be procured. James would fain have gone altogether by land for the sake of the increased speed; but he hesitated, for Margaret's safety, to take the risk. Moreover it would be easier to get her away in a boat with him unperceived; and he trusted to the start he might have before her absence should

be discovered, to reach his old factory in safety. He quietly summoned the head boat-boy, José, and bade him have his crew in readiness that night, and the heavy surf-boat hauled close down to the water's edge, with mast stepped and sail bent; and to insure his orders being carried out, he gave him a piece of cloth for each of his boys, and several yards of saved list for himself, the last there was in the factory. He then stowed away in the boat's locker with his own hands a little meat, some loaves of bread, a breaker of water, and a small keg of rum for the boys. Whilst he was doing this they came trooping down to the beach; and he gathered from their talk, and the alertness with which they got the boat ready, that they were as glad to leave Donde as himself. This, although they were not natives of the place, was strange; and he questioned José, who suddenly became cautious, and would not say more than that the captain, "Jimmy Jim"—the name James went by—did well to go away.

"Why?" asked James.

José shrugged his shoulders, and a light came into his black eyes, but he only grumbled, "Despacha, despacha, senhor." And with this answer James, though puzzled, had to be content. It was so far lucky that the men were willing to go.

All the following day M'Gibbon did not stir out of the factory, much to James's dismay, who apprehended a visit from the Portuguese and what his sharp eyes might discover. But as the hours wore on nobody came, and after his dinner the trader drew his chair close up to a table, put thereon spirits and water, and then proceeded to smoke in silence. He had not seen Margaret that day, nor had he once asked for her.

In this way he sat for some hours by himself, during which James kept a discreet watch upon him from outside the door of the room, turning in his walk along the verandah so as to be able to eye him through the trellis-work of the upper part of the room without exciting his suspicion.

But M'Gibbon had none, and towards midnight his bushy red beard sank on his breast, the pipe he had been smoking dropped from his hand, and he sank backward in his chair asleep. After gazing at him for some minutes to make sure of him, James judged that now the time for flight had arrived. Before another sun had set it might be too late. Therefore

\* The Coast expression for a drink.



he went softly along to Margaret's room and tapped gently at her door. She was ready, and opened it at once; and though she was pale and distressed with waiting, James was glad to feel that there was that in her manner, as she put her hand in his, which betokened her resolution. He took the pillows and blankets from her bed and then hurried her down to the beach. José and his crew at a signal followed swiftly from the hut in which they lived, the impassive negroes luckily not taking any particular notice of the white woman, to whose presence they had become accustomed. Indeed they were too eager to be off.

Of late the trader had sent away most of the factory servants, so there was no watch kept, and no onlooker saw the boat launched into the water that lapped upon the beach. James wished the moonlight had not been so brilliant, but the late storm had cleared the sky.

He arranged the pillows in the narrow stern of the boat, and then, taking Margaret in his arms, carried her through the water. The boys then put their shoulder to the craft, and in a few seconds she floated, and jumping into her they gave way, silently at James's warning, but with a will, stimulated by his encouraging promises.

Indeed, so smartly did the heavy boat start forward under their strokes, that in a quarter of an hour she was well into the neck of water that formed the opening into the sea, and James, looking back, could see no sign of life or movement upon the beach. So far he had been lucky, and had no need of the rifle concealed beneath the blankets. Lifting the latter, he folded them tenderly round his companion, and she looked up into his face and thanked him sweetly — by which he was more than satisfied. And now the boat, leaving the shelter of the bay, began to feel the huge masses of sea as they passed beneath her, and shortly the roaring of the surf along the open shore of the coast was heard, and the white-crested waves were seen tumbling and bursting on the beach. But the boat's head was turned seawards, and having gained a sufficient offing, the lug-sail was set to a favorable breeze, as against a strong current running to the north. For the rest of the night the boat made fair way, rolling to the send of the waves; but just at the first break of day, without the slightest warning, the mast snapped by the thwart. James roused the sleeping boys, cleared the wreck, and did his best to splice the

mast, but it had broken too short off to admit of a repair that would stand the pressure of the sail, so the boys unshipped it, and took to their oars, pulling a long, slow stroke hour after hour until well towards noon, when the sun being most powerful they laid in their oars, and ate greedily of the cassada meal and ground nuts with which they had furnished themselves, washed down with a little water. James would fain have seen them eat something more substantial, for with the fall of the mast he had to depend entirely upon them for the further progress of the boat. He served them out a cupful of rum apiece, and they fell to work again, singing cheerily, as they rowed, a song led by José.

But as the afternoon drew to a close, the vigor of their strokes, instead of increasing with the cooler air, died away, and James, distressed himself, could not help them. For the heat out on the smooth rollers, at first without shade, and latterly without a breath of wind, had been almost unendurable, and even Margaret, though she had been sheltered by the sail, which James had spread over the stern of the boat, lay pale and exhausted. Suddenly José cried, "Olha, Senhor!" and pointed to the north-west, where, far away in the sky, and just above the horizon as yet, stretched a long line of dense black clouds.

It was a tornado, or rainstorm, coming towards them, and at any rate would give them relief; so they waited for it, the boat dipping its bows to the loud swell of the sea. On it came, increasing in size and obscuring the half of the heavens with an inky lining, and dotting the surface of the sea with little splashes of white foam, which were instantly beaten down by sheets of hissing rain. Rapidly it caught up to the boat, and for nearly half an hour nothing could be seen overhead and all around but the great black cloud and the white tops of the waves breaking before its steady rushing wind. Then the storm passed over to the south-east, having cooled the air and refreshed the crew, who resumed their oars.

Towards the night, which was cloudy, they edged the boat near the low, barren shore of the part of the coast they were off, until the sandy beach, with the great rolling breakers, could again be seen. Then they cast a large stone, fastened to a rope, into the sea, which brought the boat's head to the rollers, and she rode at ease. James did not hinder them, for he thought the position of the boat secure



enough, and the men were so utterly done up that they could row no more.

Indeed, once anchored, they stretched themselves along the bottom of the boat and along the thwarts, and became oblivious, wrapped in that deep sleep common to negroes. Towards midnight James, wearied, also fell asleep. How long he slept he knew not; but he suddenly became conscious that he heard Margaret's voice, which made him broad awake at once. He looked over the side of the boat, and his eyes encountered a sight that made his heart stand still. By the light allowed by the clouds he saw that they were surrounded on both sides by breakers — great curling masses of water, whose crests shone phosphorescent and pale, and whose sides were moving sea-caverns, until they suddenly toppled over and dissolved in long lines of white surf. A *kalemma*, or sudden rise of the surf, had taken place with the wind, and the boat had drifted into too shallow water. It was a mere chance that right ahead of it there was more depth than on both sides; so that, while all around was white water, ahead the rollers as yet passed by it unbroken.

James perceived that the safety of the boat was a matter of moments, and, holding on to the gunwale of the pitching craft, crept forward and roused the crew, who leisurely took up the stone and pulled ahead; and so sound asleep had they been, that it was not until a line of foam rose high right before them, and a roller trembled for a moment, and then burst, nearly swamping the boat, that they seemed to realize their danger, and gave way with all their strength.

But so soon as they were out of the peril, and into deeper water, they shipped their oars, and prepared to let down the stone again. He was powerless to prevent them, but he resolved that the boat should not be allowed to drift again for want of watching, and when she was baled dry he sat up in the stern-sheets with one arm supporting Margaret. She had borne up bravely so far, but the last shock had been sudden; and when she chanced to look back at the wild seething sea behind her, which she had just escaped from, her heart failed her.

So the second night passed, and daylight, most welcome, broke again, when James set the crew to work, which warmed their stiffened limbs. He had hoped to make Cobra Grande, the point of the coast for which he aimed, and where he trusted to procure hammocks and bearers

for the land journey before the noon of the third day; but in spite of all the vigor the 'boys could put forth — and to the poor fellows' credit they rowed most stanchly — hour after hour dragged away, and night had almost come again before the boat, after a brief struggle with the sea, buried its nose in the sand of the beach at the base of a great bluff, shaped in the fancied resemblance to the head of a snake. James left the boys by their craft, which they drew up on the beach, and gave them the remainder of the spirits in the keg; and so pleased were they with the present, that they immediately forgot all their past troubles, and set themselves down in a circle on the sand to finish it, oblivious of him and his companion.

Owing to the increasing darkness the arrival of the boat had not been noticed by any one on shore, and when James entered the factory, which was situated round a corner of the great cliff that rose out of the sea, he found it tenanted by a single snuff-colored half-bred, with unmistakable wool on his little round head, which he scratched sleepily, as he welcomed James in Portuguese, evidently not exactly understanding where he had come from.

But when this youth perceived Margaret, who had at first remained outside the door, his surprise knew no bounds. He leaped clear into the air with astonishment, and with difficulty recovering, stood gazing at her open-mouthed.

So fair a creature, this poor half negro, half Portuguese, had never seen or dreamt of.

And she *was* different from the brown-eyed, woolly-headed mulatto girls he had known in his rare visits to the town of St. Paul de Loanda, or even to the ivory-tinted, black-eyed Portuguese ladies he had seen in that city, as, lying back in their *maxillas*, they passed him by in the streets. And, in truth, the three, as they stood in the lamplight of the rough wooden bungalow, made sufficiently distinct pictures. James, tall, brown-haired, and resolute; Margaret, pale and frightened; and in the background the short, squat figure and dun-colored face of the half-bred. Never had he heard of the presence of the Englishwoman on the coast, and now she stood before him.

James took him by the arm and shook him out of his trance, and then he became at once all hospitality. He bustled about and roused out all his servants, and quickly had the remainder of his late din-



ner put on the table — oily fried fish, oily fowl soup, and stewed fowls smothered in little round beans drenched in oil. He got out a jar of his favorite olives, and slipped them into a little basin of water, and with his own hands drew a large goblet of *vinho tinto*, the best wine he had, from a cask that stood in a corner.

As for the *senhora* proceeding on her journey that night, he could not hear of it. He should feel too much responsibility if he permitted it, — he should indeed. And he placed a plump, brown, and dirty hand in the bosom of his colored shirt, and bowed to the ground.

But James gave him to understand that it was imperative that the *senhora* should go on, and that she would be much beholden to him if he would procure bearers for her; and Margaret looking acquiescence in this, Senhor Pepe at once hurried outside, and after a while came back with the information that he had, much against his will, sent messengers to the native village for the bearers.

Then he returned to the duties of the table, and, waiting on Margaret himself, pressed her vigorously to eat of all the oily little dishes, only pausing to gaze at her with such serious admiration, that she could not help smiling at him, when he would nod and laugh in reply, and drink glass after glass of the *vinho tinto* to her health. But James was all impatience, and now the shuffling of bare feet was heard on the soil outside the factory, and stopped suddenly at the door, and guttural voices rose on the night air. Then torn cloths were tightened as rations were distributed by the Senhor Pepe, who disputed, argued with, and abused the bearers at one and the same time at the top of his shrill voice. At last, all preparations being completed to his satisfaction, Margaret lay in her hammock, her head pillowed on one of the little man's own greasy pillows.

There were six men to carry her, two at a time, and James was glad to see by the torchlight that they were all strong, full-grown bearers, fit for the long journey before them. Thanking the little half-bred for his kindness, and shaking him heartily by the hand, he swung himself into his hammock, and gave the order to start. As Margaret was carried past the *senhor*, she put out her hand, which he seized, and conveyed to his thick lips, bending low over it, and running beside her hammock as long as he could. When at last he relinquished it, he stood for a long while gazing at the lessening lights

as they flickered through the brushwood, and then he returned slowly to his solitary house in a state of profound dejection.

As yet all had gone passably well with the fugitives, and James congratulated himself as the cool night air swept against his face, and the tall grass rustled swiftly past the sides of his hammock, while it was borne along the narrow bush path, the bearers running fresh and strong under his weight.

In this way the flight was continued for some hours, sometimes within sound of the sea, and sometimes diverging into the bush, until at last the party, after passing quickly through a native village, came to a halt on the bank of a broad stream, which flowed silent, dark, and treacherous between slimy mangrove-covered banks, and met the white surf about half a mile below where the panting bearers stood. On a cleared space a canoe hollowed out of a great tree-trunk was drawn up, and a little inshore of it was the hut of the ferryman, who, awakened by the shouts of the bearers, came crawling out of his grass-thatched dwelling rubbing his eyes and quite stupid from sleep, until shown some cloth James had brought from Senhor Pepe, when he brightened up and consented to launch his craft without delay. Into it four of the bearers and James and Margaret got, and were slowly punted over, the current carrying the heavy and narrow canoe down the stream and quite near to the breakers before the opposite shore was reached. Then the ferryman returned for the rest of the men, who embarked in safety; but as they were in mid-stream, the pole with which the man punted snapped, and the canoe at once swung round with the stream. Then there was a wild shout for help from the men in the canoe to the men on shore; but the latter could do nothing. Nor could the men in peril aid themselves, for the hammocks with their poles had been taken over on the first voyage. The canoe drifted swiftly down towards the mouth of the river, and was almost at once lost to sight, and the cries of the men after a while were not heard. Though it was probable that they all swam ashore, yet not one of them was seen again on either bank of the river.

By this disaster, then, at one stroke James lost two-thirds of the bearers, and had not any way by which he might replace them, for he could not cross to the village, and he dared not stay until daylight to be seen from the opposite bank.



So he set out again with the remaining four men, but with a sinking heart. And soon he felt that they were not able for the task before them. The two who carried Margaret went lightly enough for a while, but his own boys almost at once began to lag wearily behind, and went slower and slower through the tiring long grass, studded with spiky palms and cactus-bush, until just before daybreak they came to a halt on rising ground, beneath a huge, stout-limbed tree, and cried for help to those in front. But this James would not allow, and jumped from the hammock, when the poor sweat-soaked, sore-footed creatures threw themselves on the ground at the foot of the tree, and lay there as if they never meant to rise. It was only the urgent necessity of the case — how urgent he did not then know — that made James threaten to use blows to them to get them on their feet.

The men who carried Margaret, easily disheartened by this state of their comrades, now pretended to show distress, and it was with many protestations and much unwillingness that they took the hammock pole upon their shoulders, and again went forward with her. James half walked, half ran, by her side, encouraging them, while his own men brought up the rear with his empty hammock. In this way another start was made, and the men kept going through the early morning hours.

They had now got upon a long curve of sandy beach, and James calculated that there were not more than a dozen miles between them and Kabooka, and by-and-by he fancied he could see in the distance the nearest headland of it standing out above the slight mist. But after some time, happening to look behind him over the long stretch of glistening sand, with its tracery of surf, over which they had come, he thought he saw certain black specks a great way off moving along. He clutched the arm of the bearer nearest to him, and bade him look also as he ran; and the long-sighted negro at once said the black specks were men, and that they carried a hammock.

James said nothing, except to urge his men to go faster. He knew them too well to use violence to them at this critical moment, for with their friends in sight they would simply have stopped short; so he cheered them by voice and gesture, even joking with them. Yet the black specks grew steadily, and within two hours could be made out quite distinctly. There were eight of them carrying one

white man. Consequently the bearers were changed so frequently that there was no chance of escape from them by flight, even if James's men had not told him they would stop. To this he responded by pointing to the headland, now quite clear, ahead, and promised to each man one hundred and fifty yards of *panno da costa* (cloth of the coast) if he made yet another effort. As this offer was something great in its liberality they all raised a shout, and starting forward did their best to increase their pace, and for some short time the sand flew beneath their feet; but suddenly the effort died away, and they came to a dead stop completely done.

By this time the pursuers had come so near that their shouts were heard; and Margaret, who had hitherto lain quite still and silent, raised herself in her hammock and for the first time saw them. She divined at once who it was that followed, and whispering "Chaves!" clung to James's arm. It was the Portuguese. There was no mistaking his figure and face as triumphant he rose from his hammock and ran forward gun in hand.

Then James put into execution the plan he had kept to the last. He called the two men who had carried him, and placing Margaret in his own hammock he set all four men to the pole. "A casa! a casa!" (To the house! to the house!) he shouted; and the men, catching something of his excitement and meaning, with one effort staggered away along the beach.

The Portuguese had now come within fifty yards of the lad, who waited for him, and Chaves, seeing his advance barred, also halted, and the two men stood confronting each other, the black boys standing well to one side of their master. His irresolution was but momentary, and summoning James in a hoarse voice to stand aside he again advanced. To this the lad responded by cocking his rifle and retreating slowly. His eyes were steady and his lips firm-set, and there was not the slightest sign of flinching on his face, which was slightly flushed. "Guarda! guarda!" shouted the Portuguese, and brought his rifle to the present. All the natives fell flat on their faces on the sand. Both men fired simultaneously, and James flung up his arms, staggered convulsively for a second or two, and fell a huddled-up heap on the sand.

"Ah!" shouted the Portuguese, as he ran forward. There was neither sound nor motion from his prostrate foe, and



stooping down he turned the body over. Then he thrust his hand beneath the rough shirt and withdrew it—it was bloody. After this he stood in the bright sunlight dazed for a few moments. He had not thought to kill the boy outright. But a quick revulsion of feeling seized him, and he spurned the body with his foot. Then he turned to call his bearers, but not one was to be seen. At the discharge of the firearms they had all run into the bush, and the only objects in view were the men who still carried Margaret. Roused by the sight, the Portuguese shouted for his slaves, and promised to cut them in pieces if they did not come to him; but there was no response. Full of the fury of disappointment, he pursued the flying hammock on foot.

But the bearers of it had by this time obtained a good start, and on seeing him coming after them gun in hand, increased their pace through sheer fright and desperation, and he found he could not overtake them before they would make the headland of the bay where they would be in full sight of the English factory. So he was forced to turn back, and he sat down by the side of his hammock to wait. He knew his men would not go far into the bush on this strange part of the coast, and that they would return one by one when they found the danger past. As he sat, his fears for his own safety increased. Away close to the factory of the Englishmen he was in their power; but once in *Donde*, surrounded by his slaves, he could defy revenge, and in that no man's land laugh at justice, even if what he had done had not been in a fair fight. As these thoughts coursed through his mind with a sense of dread creeping upon him in spite of the fierce determination of his character, he cast a furtive look now and again at the dead body, unconscious that already the faces of his men were peering at him through the tall grass.

Meanwhile the hammock that contained Margaret was carried across the bay, and drew towards the factory, and was seen. Moreover, the burden that it contained was noticed to be something unusual; and after a long look through a glass, one of the men in charge of the place cried out that it was a woman—a white woman! Upon this a tall, sallow-faced man took the telescope, and looked eagerly through it, supporting it with trembling hands against a post of the verandah. All at once Monke, for it was he, gave a great cry, called to the servants to bring him a hammock and to the men beside him to

follow him, and sprang down the steps of the verandah into the sandy yard. He had been on the coast only a few days, and had returned before his leave had expired, on a matter that had surprised and pained him infinitely.

When he met the hammock, Margaret summoned all her resolution and told him in a few brief words of the cause of her flight, of the pursuit, and of James's peril away beyond the cliffs; and Monke, at the bare mention of the lad's name, urged the men who carried him forward, leaving his two companions to look to Margaret. One of them did so, while the other followed the trader.

On they went past the headland and along the shore; but much time had been lost, and when they saw the men they sought, the latter were already far ahead. With a feeling of disappointment Monke acknowledged to himself that, with the number of men he had, he could not overtake them. But what had become of James? Was the lad with the men away in the distance there? Then a native, who had been standing shading his eyes with his hand, sprang forward and pointed again, this time to something nearer,—something lying on the sand,—and they all saw it, and went towards it.

As they approached, they knew that it was the body of a white man, and a thrill of dismay ran through them as the face became visible. With one loud shout they all rushed forward, Monke leading. He recognized it; he threw himself on his knees beside it; he clasped it in his arms; he tried to raise it; he supported its head on his breast; he called wildly for water! brandy! he chafed its palms between his own; and then, when he became conscious the life was out of it, he threw up his arms with one loud cry of "James, James, my son!"

He remained by the body, and would not allow any one to touch it—motioning all away; and, in truth, his companion was too much astounded by the utterly unexpected discovery, and the vehemence of the grief displayed, to intrude upon him. Even the natives, stoical and indifferent to the sight of death, were struck by the sorrow of the white man for his brother, as they thought, and stood apart. At last his friend ventured to approach him and to take the body from him, when the grief-stricken man rose and followed the party back to the factory. After a while he spoke, and told his friend how he had discovered, when in England, that the lad whom he had known on the coast



had been indeed his own illegitimate son; and turning, he halted, and in a sudden accession of grief, made him promise to give him his help and arms to pursue the Portuguese.

Margaret's grief was not less intense than that of Monke. She knew now that the poor lad who had died to preserve her had done so out of his affection towards her, and she threw herself beside the couch on which they had laid him. There Monke found her, and gently raising her, looked into her face, and thenceforth the new love that both had begun to bear towards him formed a bond of union between them.

On the next morning James was laid to rest with the ensign over him. He was buried on the sea-slope of the southernmost bluff of the bay fronting the great ocean. All the head-men of the factory attended in solemn silence, and with a twinge here and there among them of regret; but death to them was simply the inevitable, and to be as quickly and easily forgotten as possible. Therefore, when Monke and his friend swept out of the factory gates with a strong body of bearers, they only stopped the games of chance they were playing with small cubes of wood on a square board for a moment to look after the departing party, and then with a shrug of the shoulders they resumed their play — the white men's quarrels were not theirs.

All that day Monke and his comrade travelled along the seashore, and through the grassy plains, and over the dark river, and arrived at Senhor Pepe's house. The little man was astounded to learn for the first time what had happened, and wrung his little hands in grief, only brightening up when he found that the senhora was safe. To his credit he willingly told the Englishmen that Chaves had been at the factory, and the hour of his departure, and he placed his boats and boats' crews at their disposal, though he knew he ran the risk of incurring the anger and revenge of his countryman by doing so.

Thus enabled to proceed without delay, and having the current in their favor, the pursuers entered the Bay of Donde by the night of the second day, Monke's heart thirsting for revenge. It was just such a night as that on which James and Margaret had left it, and apparently all was as tranquil on shore. But suddenly, as the boat passed on, a glare of light shone for a moment on a hilltop, and then shot up a steady stream into the still night air.

"What does that mean?" ejaculated Monke.

"The factory of the Portuguese is on fire," returned his companion excitedly. "That is his; M'Gibbon's is to the right."

"Pull, boys, pull!" cried Monke, fevered by the sight. "And God grant that I may not be too late to punish him!" he exclaimed to himself, gripping his gun nervously.

But quickly though the boat went through the water, the flames grew and spread, almost at once devouring the old cane-work of the house with a rapidity that showed it must have been set on fire in many places. Also the building was too far inland, and the boat too far off the shore, to allow any sound to be heard; and the fire shone red and silent through the thick fringe of the forest.

But just as the boat touched the beach, the powder-house belonging to the factory blew up with a terrific roar. This had been situated some hundred yards from the main building, and its destruction surely showed that it had been fired purposely. The boat-boys were awed and cowed by the roar of the explosion and its shock; but the two white men rallied them, and led them with a rush up the hill and through the forest. They noticed as they went that from the spot where M'Gibbon's factory stood came neither sound nor light.

As they drew near to the burning house, shouts and yells were plainly heard above the roar and crackle of the flames, whose light fell upon fully five hundred natives in the cleared space, some of whom crowded and fought round broached puncheons of rum, while others danced or reeled about the factory yard clad in all the fine cloths and shawl-pieces they had been able to pillage from the bales lying about, and adorned with strings upon strings of bright beads, which glittered in the fierce light. Many kept up a perpetual fusilade, loading their muskets with handfuls of powder from open kegs that lay strewn about.

As a background to this stood the dark and silent forest, into which the more cautious and sober of the negroes were stealing with their booty and returning for more. So intent were all upon the spoil, that the approach of Monke and his band was not noticed; and not until the two white men stepped into the circle of light made by the flames were they seen, when there was an instant stampede on the part of the marauders into the forest. Two of them were captured, and dragged



on their knees before Monke, who had been driven back from the building by the intolerable heat; and on being questioned at the muzzle of a musket, they told how the slaves and the villagers had combined to rise against the Portuguese, and having surprised him, had tied him to his bed and then set fire to his house.

His cruelty had at last met with its reward. Monke, callous though he was to the severity of the fate that had befallen the man, could not help looking aghast at the house where the tragedy had taken place, and as he looked the roof fell in, and a shower of fiery particles rose up into the air, and the flames were dulled for a few moments, but only for a few moments. They shot up again fiercer than before.

The revenge of the Englishman had been suddenly snatched from him, yet it was with no feeling of disappointment that the task had not been spared to him, that he turned to the forest. And now the little band had to look quickly to their safety, for with returning courage, the pillagers began firing their muskets, charged with slugs, as they advanced to the edge of the wood.

Not wishing either to confront or harm the maddened creatures, Monke withdrew his men in the direction of M'Gibbon's factory, and sent two of them to search the house. They reported that it was empty, whereupon the party ran smartly along the beach for their boat, which they reached, the slaves following them down to the shore as if to cut them off; but suddenly they halted and turned back towards the Scotchman's house.

As the boat was pulled off shore, flames burst forth from the hitherto dark and tenantless factory. Of its owner nothing was heard or seen. Whether he was murdered, or whether he escaped from Donde, remained always a mystery. It was supposed, however, that he was taken inland by the natives, and there put to death by them, to prevent any tales being told.

With the destruction of the two factories, the Bay of Donde returned to the possession of the natives; for the houses were never replaced upon its shores, and the only craft to be seen on its placid waters are the canoes of the native fishermen of the village, dotting its expanse with tiny specks.

When Monke got back to Kabooka, he took Margaret under his charge and protection; and though at first it went hard with him to look at her without thinking of his son's death, yet as time passed,

that feeling passed away with it, and was replaced by the recollection that she had been the lad's favorite; and it was for her sake that before long he gave up his charge of the factory, and returned to England.

Margaret, on her part, was well aware of the feelings with which Monke at first regarded her, and she would fain have left him; but since he had not permitted that, she, mindful of her error, set herself to make him love her, and with such sweetness and success that the two became inseparable, and were known in the little country village to which they retired as father and daughter. This village was situated inland, far away from the sound of the sea, which was distressful to Monke and to the girl—for it reminded the one of his son, and the other of the days she had spent on the far-off, lonely African shore. Yet, as time wore on, the memory of the lad who had died on that coast became fainter and fainter with both, and at last, as at first, he was forgotten.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## BAGHDAD ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

"When thou haply seest  
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travels,  
Make me partaker of thy happiness."

SHAKESPEARE.

Her B. Majesty's Consul-General will receive to-morrow morning, between the hours of seven and eleven, on the occasion of the birthday of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and Empress of Hindustan.

So ran a card handed to me on the evening of 23d May, just as the mail-steamer "Khalifa" anchored off the Baghdad custom-house, on the river Tigris.

Hackneyed in business, wearied at that oar,  
Which thousands, once fast chained to, quit  
no more,

I had left Bombay harbor, about three weeks before, under a strong impression that another season of work in the tepid heat of the capital of western India might easily prove the fatal "one year more." It was of Calcutta, not Bombay, that a late venerable and facetious metropolitan used to say he always felt, in the rainy season—that is from June to October—"like a boiled cabbage." But in Bombay too, the vapor-bath-like combination of heat and moisture characterizing the same period is most trying to Europeans, producing in perfection the *capiplexia*, *languor*, *et expletio*, described



by Petronius as so frequent among the luxurious and enervated Romans of his time.

An ocean steamer, one of the fleet of the British India Steam Navigation Company, had carried us across the Arabian Sea, touching at Karachi, the port of Sindh, perhaps indeed of our whole north-west Indian frontier. After passing through the Gulf of Oman, where it washes Beluchistan, we had entered, by the Straits of Ormuz, or Hormuz, the great Persian Sea, or Gulf, on the Persian margin of which stands one of those partly diplomatic, partly strategical positions by means of which England sentinels her Eastern empire, and holds piracy in check — namely the residency of Abushair. At the head, or northern end, of this gulf, the good ship had passed almost imperceptibly from the “salt-sea foam” into the *Shatt-al-Arab*, or river of Arabia, by means of which the blended waters of the Tigris and Euphrates pour themselves into the gulf. After ploughing our way for seventy or eighty miles up this turbid and shifty current, the banks of which reminded one rather of the Suez Canal, we had entered the Tigris, near the Arabian town and virtual seaport of Basra; exchanging at the same time the ocean steamer for a river one of about five hundred tons — one of two which the firm of Messrs. Lynch & Co. are allowed, under a treaty concession of old standing, to keep afloat for the carriage of mails and cargo between Basra and Baghdad. And now, after a run of four days and three nights, the “Khalifa” had finished her task, without once falling foul of the river-bank, or scraping too often against a shallow. At certain seasons steamers can run up the Tigris to Mosul, or about five hundred miles higher up than Baghdad; and country crafts, of course, are constantly plying between its upper reaches and the sea. But there is no mail or passenger service by water beyond Baghdad. The Turks send their letters *viâ* Damascus to Bairut and Constantinople on dromedaries. The English consul-general also has made arrangements of his own for the carriage of his mails by the same route; and when the contractor is kept up to the mark, letters from Baghdad should be delivered in London about the twenty-second day. It is said the Bedawin occasionally open a post-bag; but, on finding nothing in it except letters and newspapers, send it on again all right. Hence parcels of value have to travel from England to Turkish Arabia by some safer route than the Syrian desert. The

Baghdad custom-house thus forming the terminus of regular water communication between Asia and Europe *viâ* Turkish Arabia, a steamer, on reaching it, has only to blow off the steam, submit to the visitations of the “revenue-cads,” who seem to be pretty much the same all the world over, and prepare to start again in a few days for Basra. Far less agreeable anchorages might be found than the Tigris in May, off Baghdad. The river lays aside just here its habit of winding, and forms a long, straight reach, broader than the Tweed at Berwick, on either side of which the capital of “good Haroun Alraschid,” or Aaron the Just, in its modern form, is spread. Christchurch meadows without the Isis, gives but a faint idea of what Baghdad would be without its river. What springs in the desert are to the nomad, the purifying and oxygenating organs to the animal body, and the breezes of heaven to the human frame, that to an Eastern city is a volume of water running through it, as the Tigris runs through Baghdad.

By this time the sun was about setting; and the *shimâl*, or north-east wind, after keeping us cool all day, was beginning to blow fresher and fresher, making the river sparkle all over as if every eddy and ripple were a mirror. A Turkish steamer or two was anchored near us; but the only crafts astir were a number of curious round boats or creels — some of them with six or eight passengers, and perhaps a horse inside, packed like figs in a drum; others carrying only a solitary sculler — workable, apparently, with a single oar with equal safety up, down, and athwart the current, and looking more like big birds' nests being washed down by a spate than anything else. These, and multitudes of bathers and heavy fish leaping all round, as if angling had never been invented, and a bridge of boats, brisk with traffic, filled the picture with life. The further or right bank of the river was, evidently, not the fashionable one; and the houses of its inhabitants came straggling down to the water's edge in a way which would have been mean, or even squalid, but for the noble screen of palm-trees in which they were wrapped. The buildings on the custom-house side formed a much better contour. Prominent among them was the house rented as the British consulate or residency, with its tall flag-staff; its quaint and many-latticed river frontage, as long as a street; its pleasure, filled with orange-trees and myrtles, stretching like a setting of emeralds between it and the water; and, above all,



its own little steamer, the "Comet," moored, in case of emergencies, under its lee. Both above and below the residency, the houses of the chief European merchants showed themselves at a glance; and beside them, and overhanging the water, several large *khans* or coffee-houses — the hostleries and public-houses of Muslim cities — attracted remark, if only from the crowding faces, representing almost every ethnological type in the world, which filled their unglazed and grimy windows. A little higher up the river sauntering groups of orderlies and messengers marked the *sard*, or block of buildings in which are the courts of justice, and in which all public business is conducted. Next came the barracks, filled with the sound of brass bands and the stir of military life generally, and swarming with soldiers of strikingly good *physique*, dressed in Zouave uniforms of blue cotton; and, last of all, the palace of the *wali*, or governor-general of the Baghdad *wilâiat* or satrapy. And yet, with all its brave show towards the river, the city of the caliphs hardly at first suggests the idea of containing, as it does, a population of, in round numbers, at least one hundred and fifty thousand souls. This is partly owing to its all standing on the same level, and partly to none of its bazaars being at right angles to the river, but all running parallel to, and with their backs towards it. The architectural effect of its numerous churches and synagogues is almost lost, from their having no spires or steeples, or respectable frontages even. The tombs of prophets famous in Bible history, as well as those of kings and saints belonging to the more modern annals of Islam, are all in the environs, near where the city walls, now thrown down, used to be; while of the noble mosques inside the town, all that is visible from a distance are the domes and minarets, some of them exquisitely colored, which, mingling with the flags of consulates and the chimneys of one or two government manufactories, shoot upward at frequent intervals through thick clusters of palm-trees.

Far on in the evening as it was, the thoroughfares near the custom-house were all thronged like Cheapside, and with an extraordinarily picturesque admixture of races. Hundreds were taking life easily, lounging on benches outside the coffee-houses — smoking of course, and studying their correspondence, or perhaps disputing over some hard text in the Kuran. But a great mass of human beings was pushing onward in all directions, on mares,

or mules, or on foot; immersed in business, evidently, yet very tolerant of one another, in a high degree clubable, and free from any tendency to scowl or take offence. A man whose "house is his castle" is apt to turn rather sulky, once he is inside it, with the front door shut, and the curtains drawn for the night. But people who live much in the open air, and in the society of one another, acquire perforce different tempers, where only the minor rubs of life at least are concerned. Even religious bigotry seems to run anything but high in Baghdad. Under a traditional policy of toleration, Christians and Jews, Muslim and Pagans, though occupying separate quarters of the city, meet genially enough on most of the platforms of life; and indeed so much split up is each generic sect or persuasion — there being, for instance, at least five varieties of Christians in the town — that the Davie Deans and Johnny Dodds of Farthing Acre line of religious policy, however well it may answer still at Cabul and a few other out-of-the-world places, would be preposterous in Baghdad. The only disability under which the Christians of Baghdad, numbering about twenty-five hundred males, labor, is that they cannot be drawn for military service, and have to pay a special tax instead. It is said that a few years ago, when recruits were scarce, a large number of Christians offered to form themselves into regiments. This proposal was not at once rejected; but in the end cautiousness prevailed, and it was pigeon-holed. How different England's policy in India, where subject races even more hostile to her, perhaps, than Christians are to Muhammadans, have been made to contribute so brilliantly, for a century and upwards, to the development of her prowess! Even as matters stand, however — that is, with Christians excluded from the army — there is no doubt that its Turkish Arabian districts are of the highest value to the Porte, from a military point of view; for the Iraki is in many respects a model soldier, of the old-fashioned kind, — all body and very little head; hardy, patient, and unreasoning; and, provided he is fed and clothed, content to go for years without touching a piastre of pay.

It is commonly said that there are no bugs in Arabia, the dry heat killing them all off; and certainly all the names given for the creature in Arabic dictionaries are either taken from the Turkish or manufactured. Considering what a vast field for blood-suckers is Baghdad, and what myriads of this particular species are



constantly coming into it, if only from Bombay, in the boxes of travellers and pilgrims, *what* becomes of them all is a problem in natural history; anything like extreme heat, even supposing that to have the effect alleged, occurring only between June and September. Anyhow, it was a comfort to feel safe on that score at least in turning in for the night in a billet which, if there had been a member of the family in all Baghdad, looked as if it would have been sure to hold him. But morning brought the discovery that, if the bug was absent, he was represented by a sand-fly, with a body hardly bigger than a mite's, a pair of wings like tiny sails, and a poison-injecting and blood-sucking apparatus of extraordinary calibre. Like Doctor Syntax, when the boiling water from Dolly's kettle had decanted itself into his shoes, —

The scalding torment in his feet

soon made the half-dressed victim fain to pull off his socks and rub till the skin was raw in hopes of getting out the venom. Some even ascribe to this cause the singular ulceration of the skin to which natives of Baghdad, especially in childhood, are liable, and which seldom fails to attack European and other strangers during their first year of residence. Either from the season when these sores generally break out being that when the date is nearly ripe, or from the scar left by them resembling that fruit in size and contour, they are commonly spoken of as "date sores." The number of people in Baghdad whose faces are more or less disfigured in this way frightens most newcomers. Hitherto the result of medical and surgical practice has gone to show that, on whatever constitutional, climatic, or external cause or causes depending, the affliction, like so many others, is best left alone. In the healthy it runs its course in about a year, sometimes only one sore appearing, but oftener a succession of them. They are not painful or dangerous; and except when on tender spots, or on parts essential to locomotion, natives of Baghdad seem not to mind them,—one instance more of the eel growing used to skinning!

The morning of the 24th was true queen's weather—a violent shower during the night (far from common in Baghdad in summer) having brightened up everything. The bridge of boats, at best but rickety, from requiring to be taken to pieces when the river rises, was much blocked up with the ammunition-mules of a detachment going out to

reinforce H.E. the Munir pasha or field-marshal commanding the Baghdad *corps d'armée*, who was then coping with an unruly tribe of Kurds towards the Persian frontier. The daily traffic, too, was in full flow; and what with the military *impedimenta*, and trains of peasants bringing in the produce of their fields and farmyards on the backs of donkeys, a number of townsmen who were setting out to cross the desert, with their wives and families packed on mules in paniers, had need of all their patience to save themselves from being hustled into the river. Instead of dropping down the Tigris in a little round boat to the river-front of the British consulate, the route winding through streets and bazaars to its official entrance, in the middle of a narrow thoroughfare, was preferred, for the sake of a first glimpse of the interior of Baghdad, and a sight perhaps of the house in which Sindbad the sailor related to the poor porter the history of his seven voyages. If one can fancy one of the narrower of our London streets partially roofed with arches of masonry; the front walls and windows of the shops removed; the shoemakers, tailors, and shirtmakers all hammering or stitching away on the pavement instead of in cellars or attics; the ginpalcades turned into coffee-houses; the wheel-traffic transferred to porters and donkeys; and lastly, the women, except those of the laboring classes, masked, and wrapped from crown to sole in shapeless volumes of silk or cotton stuff,—then he will have some faint idea of what a Baghdad bazaar is like at the present day. One or two shops more or less in the European style will perhaps be seen in it, notably a certain "Magasin français," intended for the diffusion among the benighted Arabs of tight boots, Parisian corsets, patent medicines, and all the unspeakable blessings of civilization, including perhaps, in a quiet way, a little French brandy. And yet, on the whole, Baghdad seems in no danger for a long time to come of losing its personal identity, so to speak, under foreign rule. Constantinople officials, imbued with the newest ideas, have been appointed at different times to the governor-generalship of the province. One or two of these may even have belonged to the Philistine school of administrators, the tendency of which is to pull everything to pieces and put it together again on new and improved principles. But none of these have ever made much way at Baghdad; and the Ottoman government, in selecting the present wali, who is a native of Aleppo



seems, for the time being at least, to have accepted the conclusion that it is safest perhaps not to drive too fast in so outlying a province. At all events, the placing of an Arab of rank and learning, and of high local consideration, at the head of the Baghdad government, is a measure of so liberal a character that all must wish it success.

The British consulate, when approached from the town, made but a poor show compared with its river aspect; being one of a row of grim enough houses, with nothing to distinguish it from them except the Indian sepoy on sentry at the open door, and a blaze of whitewash evidently just bestowed on it in honor of the day. Visitors were arriving fast, and a row of white riding-mules—their bodies fantastically decorated with red or saffron-colored pigment—were fastened with iron pegs to the wall opposite the entrance. Street-boys and beggars were mustered in force, and directing their special notice to a functionary of a very old-world kind surely, who was hieing along with a pile of scones under his arm, and singing out to the dogs of the town to come and be fed. "*Yuazhzhinu lil kilâ-bi*"—"He is calling the dogs to prayer"—cried a waggish Ajami, or Persian, as he passed. This irreverent sally raised a laugh all down the street, showing that the Baghdadi is not too "good" to relish a joke which, in Cabul or Bokhâra, might have led to bloodshed; and truly the shrill clear notes of the bread-carrier were a little like the sounds sent out a few hours earlier from the tops of the mosques. As for the respectable quadrupeds concerned, they evidently took the dole as a matter of right, and, forming as they do the only representatives in Baghdad of republican ideas and institutions, were careful to come up in a body, and accept what was offered to them with every proper sign of independence. Might not a similar municipal regulation be tried in England, instead of muzzles, as a preventive of *rabies*, the cost being met, say, by their worshipfuls dining together once the seldomer every quarter at the expense of the town?

The street-door of the consulate opened into a fine quadrangle shaded with trees, having all the principal rooms laid out along two sides of it on the upper story, with the post-office and other establishments on the ground-floor; and at its further end a second court—not, of course, exposed to view—which, if the occupant had been a Muslim, would have been jealously set apart for the ladies and

children. Just now the whole place was astir. The consul-general's escort of five-and-twenty sepoys from the Bombay Marine battalion was under arms, waiting to pay the proper compliments to H.E. the wali. A number of bandsmen, courteously sent for the day by the local authorities, were practising, in separate groups, different pieces of music. Here an African slave-boy, black as night, was preparing his master's long pipe; there a group of consular servants, tall, handsome fellows, dressed in the livery of our embassy at Constantinople, superintended the brewing of coffee and *sharbat*. Upstairs, in a drawing-room looking out on the narrow street, and furnished partly in English, partly in Turkish fashion, the consul-general, — a lieutenant-colonel of the Indian army, — assisted by the residency surgeon and the commander of the "Comet," was receiving his visitors. The dragomans and clerks of the consulate, after having paid their respects, each after his own fashion, were being served with refreshments. One after another, the heads of the English, Swiss, and other European mercantile houses, and many of their assistants and *employés*, called. Then came the bishops and superior priests or teachers of the Chaldean, Latin, Armenian, and other Churches, several of them obviously men of intellect and study,—their faces chiselled over with the lines of thought,—whose good wishes for her Majesty were conveyed with all the solemnity and *empresment* of a religious ceremony. The Jews, of whom it is said there are at least ten thousand males in Baghdad, were careful not to be unrepresented,—none perhaps profiting more than they from British protection, in connection with their endless ways of money-grubbing. Visits of ceremony were also, of course, paid by the consul-general's three colleagues, as they are considered,—the consuls of France, Russia, and Persia. Not very many Turkish officials called, but as many as represented most departments of the military and civil services. Indians and Persians naturally mustered strongest,—some of them birds of passage, visiting the famous tombs of martyrs and worthies of Islam at Kâzhimain and Karbalâ; others, persons of more or less political importance, who, however unable to stomach British rule in their native provinces, can nevertheless appreciate the prestige and security enjoyed by them as subjects of her Majesty resident in Baghdad. "A man's tongue is his horse," says the Arab proverb; and if so, at least half-a-dozen



coursers of different breeds and paces may be said to have been at exercise in that one room, — namely, English, Arabic, Turkish, French, Persian, and Hindustani. The consul-general evidently found it more than he could manage to keep the conversation mixed. John Bull, in particular, showed his usual preference for his own vernacular, and his own topics, as well as for his own sofa or corner. Gentlemen from the *sarâ*, or government offices, were full of talk about Egyptian politics. A man from Quetta had no belief in the evacuation of Candahar, and expected to hear of its reoccupation some day very soon by General Sir F. Roberts. The Persians were curious above all things about what the Russians were doing in the Merv direction; and all Islam seemed to hold to the opinion that the present condition of Ireland was due to the wrath of Allah at England's having fallen away from her alliance with the Porte. The pity was that with such varied budgets on the *tapis*, Oriental caution made every speaker confine himself as much as he could to his own language and group. At last, pipes and cigarettes, coffee, sharbats, and preserved fruits had gone their final round; the gong in the courtyard tolled out eleven o'clock English, or 3.30 A.M. Turkish time; the band played "God save the Queen," and the curtain fell. In the evening it rose again. The consulate was illuminated inside and out, both towards town and river. The band struck up afresh, and the consul-general entertained H.E. the wali, his consular colleagues, and a party of European, Turkish, Persian and Indian guests at dinner. Her Majesty's health was proposed by his Excellency in his native Arabic, in the most courteous terms; after which a similar compliment was paid by the host to his Majesty the sultan, and to the shah, the czar, and the French republic.

Whatever political ends the day's proceedings may have promoted, to a stranger they suggested at one moment the greatness, at another the difficulties, of our position in the East. When a Muslim is asked to point to the miracle, or miracles, by which his prophet showed himself to be a "man sent from God," his answer always is "the Kuran;" and similarly, though in a different spirit, do Asiatics often refer to the Indian empire as the miracle of England. We ourselves, it is true, do not look at it in the same light, but regard it, and with justice, as the hard-won and well-consolidated product of

more than a hundred years of labor and victory, favored by a number of exceptional features in the character of the subject races themselves. And yet how unmistakably have some of our greatest men shown, by the efforts which they have made to hem it in with defences, or at all events posts of observation, that their confidence in its stability was mingled with a good deal of misgiving and apprehension. It is impossible to take even a casual view of this subject without thinking of the illustrious statesman whose death not long ago happened at a time so inopportune for England; and it may be worth noticing, before concluding, that during the brief period when the Gandamak Treaty seemed to promise the realization of the Beaconsfield policy in one highly important quarter, the cordon of political outposts, so to call them, established, in connection with India alone, for the security of our eastern frontier as a whole, extended from Mandalay in the remote north-east, through Katmandhu in Nipal, Srinagar in Cashmire, Cabul and other points in Afghanistan, Khilat in Beluchistan, and Abu-shair on the Persian Gulf, right away to where Asia and Europe may be said to meet, politically, at Baghdad. Having to do at present only with the last-named spot, it is unnecessary to consider whether the dispositions now existing for the safety of our interests along the vast extent of country just indicated are adequate or the reverse. But with regard to Baghdad it is impossible to spend any time in it and fail to notice certain points of view from which it is highly interesting and may at any time become highly important, to England. The further afield one travels, the more, on the whole, does it appear to him that what we have to apprehend in the East is, not so much this bugbear or that, as apathy and want of vigilance on our own part. Russia's brisk and forward policy, when contrasted with our own slowness of movement and laudable scruples against taking what is not our own, may naturally be driving one or two of her weaker neighbors, in appearance at least, to fawn upon her, and turn their backs on us; but this symptom should not be taken for more than it is worth. In order to gain the good-will of a State, it is anything but necessary to enter into very close relations with it, far less subject it to domination in any form or degree. Macaulay has somewhere observed, that "even the mutual animosity of countries at war with each other is languid



and a Muslim of the old-fashioned order, when compared with the animosity of nations which, morally separated, are yet locally intermingled;" and the full force of this great natural law is probably being felt in Turkish Arabia by its present masters at this very day, notwithstanding the comparatively loose grasp which they have taken of it, outside at least of the larger cities. In the smaller towns of Arabia, the Turkish or Turanian governor, where one has been set up at all, is often more like a mere buoy floating, by way of a mark, on the water, than anything with actual functions to perform; while as for the boundless and trackless plains of which the face of the country is made up, their real masters, as is well known, are those multitudinous tribes of semi-pagan roamers, whose horses are objects of admiration and traffic in almost every part of the world. Whether these least civilized of the Semitic races have a future of their own yet before them, or are destined to be absorbed in other and less abnormal communities, is a question beyond the reach of conjecture. The Ottoman policy towards them, for the most part, seems to be one of subsidizing and conciliation. Titles and dresses of honor from Constantinople do not, however, appear to fascinate them. With all their cupidity and love of money, when they can get it, they seem as jealous as the Scottish Highlanders were a couple of hundred years ago of the smallest attempt on the part of officialdom to convert their free and tribal state into a subject and feudal condition. When a Bedouin, or even a Shamar, or a Montafik shalkh accepts the title of pasha, his people generally begin to fall away from him, until in time perhaps he is ousted from his chiefship altogether, in favor of some kinsman of more conservative views. Whatever the future of these hardy and next to masterless nomads may prove to be, it is obvious that if ever during the next twenty or thirty years, the territory lying between the Persian Gulf and the southern shores of the Mediterranean becomes the scene of important military operations, the power knowing how to attach them, for the time being, to its cause, will secure for itself considerable advantages. In Turkish Arabia England is at all events jostling no one, and giving no offence or umbrage, except, of course, to the eye of downright ill-will and envy. Her *status* there evidently forms an integral part and necessary consequence of her ascendancy in Hindustan; but her

representative at Baghdad, though selected by the government of India from its own officers, works in the main under the orders of H.M.'s ambassador at Constantinople — being considered as, strictly speaking, a consular, not a diplomatic, functionary, whose *raison d'être* merely is the protection of British commercial and general interests, and of the persons of British subjects.

Of all the many wants of Mesopotamia, the want of money is perhaps the greatest; and a good deal of this seems to be poured into it both by India and England in the course of every year. The contributions sent annually from Lucknow, Hyderabad in the Deccan, and other Shiyite cities, to the shrines round Baghdad, must amount in the aggregate to something considerable. A good deal is spent also by domiciled and pensioned Indians, and by pilgrims. Even more beneficial is the enterprise, as far as it extends, of European merchants. The date-harvest of the Tigris valley, for instance, might rot in part on the ground, but for the steamers which carry it to London or Bombay. The fleeces shed on the banks of the Euphrates are to a large extent woven into cloth in Yorkshire; and although the people are too poor, and the system of government is too uncertain, to favor the production of surplus cereals, yet what little corn Baghdad has to spare is always sure to be bought up by Englishmen on the spot and exported. The way we have of associating with the word "desert" the idea of a sandy waste, like that traversed by the old van-route between Cairo and Suez, often leads us far astray as to the aspect of Arabia generally. Deserted it may be, in the sense of uncultivated and uninhabited, but not in that of uncultivable or barren. On the contrary, its light, loamy soils are, as a rule, amazingly fertile. At certain seasons, vast portions of it are clothed with natural pasturages not to be excelled in Canada or New South Wales. Even its barest surfaces are often to be seen covered with tiny verdure after the slightest shower. Its river-system is well adapted for works of irrigation of the small and useful kind. Speaking of the country as a whole, water is to be obtained, and cultivation started, merely by the digging of a well. The time may arrive when all these things will be done. Meanwhile perhaps it is not outside the scope of creative wisdom that certain large portions of the world should, as it were, lie fallow till their turn come round.



From St. James's Gazette.  
GEORGE HERBERT'S CHURCH.

THE little church-door lies open wide, though it is a week-day (why do they not lie open oftener for quiet people to step in and muse a while?); the autumn wind sighs gently among the yellow elm-boughs; the big drops from last night's shower patter slowly down with even plash from the tiled roof upon the ground outside; and everything seems to harmonize with the peaceful mood that befits one who, turning aside from a morning stroll, sits and meditates in George Herbert's church. There are some to whom a church appears all the more solemn and impressive because they stand in it alone: the solitude carries more of religious suggestion with it than the crowd of assembled worshippers could ever do. For such as these, our English churches are too often closed at the very time when their refuge is needed most. They are open only on the days and at the hours when all can come alike; they are shut when the passing wayfarer would fain step in and use the sacred building left by the charity of our forefathers according to the fashion wherein alone he can use it to his own best advantage. Perhaps some of us would enter oftener if we could always enter when and how we liked. All men's moods are not the same; and in George Herbert's church at least we may quietly reflect that quiet reflection is no small worship, too, in its own way.

As you go to see Bemerton Church you leave behind you the tapering spire of Sarum, the quiet close, the old-world streets, the gabled houses, and you turn westward along the flooded Wiley, by roads overhung with mellow autumnal foliage, till you reach a sleepy hamlet by the swollen riverside. Beyond, the low range of chalk downs bounds the river valley: in front, the woods of Wilton gleam crimson and primrose yellow in their dying hues: close by, the modernized parsonage still bears a quaint old inscription above its simple lintel. On your right, a tiny church, built of raw flints in rude courses, invites you with its open door, and you enter—perhaps hardly knowing or remembering that this is George Herbert's last resting-place. But whether you know or not, there is an air of holy calm and restfulness about the place that draws you in to seat yourself on one of the little rustic-bottomed chairs for ten

minutes' retirement from a busy world. What a place to retire to, and what a season for retirement! The fall of the year, as men commonly called it in George Herbert's time, is full upon us: the tints on the leaves, the drops dripping slowly from the wooden porch, the mist floating in the air, all blend together with the quiet awe of an empty church to carry one's mind away from the stir and bustle of a too active age. If you want to feel as George Herbert felt, come away here on such an autumn morning as this. Call yourself what you will, Churchman or dissident, Anglican or agnostic, if you cannot feel the deep peacefulness of that little country altar, and the native holiness of that immemorial site, you have not the soul and root of the matter in you. And if you can, you have.

A little further up the side-road that leads to Wilton, the admirers of George Herbert have raised a great brand-new white church for the weekly parish services, in honor of their favorite poet. It is a pretty enough bit of modern architecture; but there is nothing at all about it that harmonizes in any way with the place or the person. It stands on higher ground, overlooking the river, with closely shaven lawn and trim gravel walks; while its humbler predecessor nestles unobtrusively in the low-lying abandoned churchyard, making little pretence to anything more than a few old decorated windows and a pretty Early English font. Yet those who raised the new building have unconsciously secured the best and truest monument to George Herbert by leaving his own little church as a sort of unaltered memorial, a quiet relic of the seventeenth century surviving undecorated. Nor that the old church is by any means neglected; skilful hands have adorned its low arches with emblems and ornaments which perhaps to Herbert himself, moderate Churchman as he was, might have smacked of Babylon: but who could quarrel now with these graceful symbols of reverent care which men of to-day have fixed upon the walls that come down to us intact from worshippers dead and gone centuries ago? Half-disused now, the old church with its open door yet remains a refuge and haven for quiet souls as they pass by; and as one sits resting limbs and heart therein one can better understand the world and the times which produced such men as George Herbert.



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

I. SUPERSTITION IN ARCADY, . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . . .	707
II. GRIS LAPIN, . . . .	<i>All The Year Round,</i> . . . .	720
III. THE NORWAY FJORDS. By J. A. Froude, .	<i>Longman's Magazine,</i> . . . .	726
IV. JEWISH TALES AND JEWISH REFORM, .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . .	741
V. RESEMBLANCES IN LITERATURE, . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . .	752
VI. THE UNPOPULARITY OF CLOUGH, . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . .	764
VII. THE VICE OF PROMISCUOUS CHARITY, .	<i>Queen,</i> . . . .	767

## POETRY.

ON AN INVALID, . . . .	706	THE DIRGE OF THE LEAVES, . . . .	706
NOVEMBER, . . . .	706		

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## ON AN INVALID.

Lo, as the poet finds at will  
Than tenderest words a tenderer still  
For one beside him prest ;  
So from the Lord a mercy flows,  
A sweeter balm from Sharon's rose,  
For her that loves him best.

And ere the early throistles stir  
With some sweet word from God for her  
The morn returns anew ;  
For her his face in the east is fair,  
For her his breath is in the air,  
His rainbow in the dew.

At such an hour the promise falls  
With glory on the narrow walls,  
With strength on failing breath ;  
There comes a courage in her eyes,  
It gathers for the great emprise,  
The deeds of after death.

Albeit thro' this preluding woe  
Subdued and softly she must go  
With half her music dumb,  
What heavenly hopes to her belong,  
And what a rapture, what a song,  
Shall greet his kingdom come !

So climbers by some Alpine mere  
Walk very softly thro' the clear  
Unlitten dawn of day :  
The morning star before them shows  
Beyond the rocks, beyond the snows,  
Their never-travelled way.

Or so, ere singers have begun,  
The master organist has won  
The folk at eve to prayer :  
So soft the tune, it only seems  
The music of an angel's dreams  
Made audible in air.

But when the mounting treble shakes,  
When with a noise the anthem wakes  
A song forgetting sin, —  
Thro' all her pipes the organ peals,  
With all her voice at last reveals  
The storm of praise within.

The trump ! the trump ! how pure and high !  
How clear the fairy flutes reply !  
How bold the clarions blow !  
Nor God himself has scorned the strain,  
But hears it and shall hear again,  
And heard it long ago.

F. W. H. MYERS.

## NOVEMBER.

SCARCE one brief sun-ray gilds the sombre  
gloom  
That veils the mountains ; the bright summer  
blue

Is but a memory ; and gray and dun  
The cheerless landscape, wrapped in watery  
mist,  
Foretells the advent of grim Winter's reign !

Fast wanes the autumn ! Thick the shower-  
ing leaves  
Whirl brown and russet o'er the wind-swept  
path  
In eddying circles ; and the fitful gusts  
Bend to their will, with a fierce wrathful wail,  
The gaunt black fir-tops ; all the heather-lands,  
Their purple glories gone, lie sere and bare,  
Scarce yielding scanty shelter in their range  
To the crouched shivering grouse-troop.

Here and there,  
A lingering daisy stars the homestead field  
With speck of white ; and in the garden-beds,  
In bright array of crimson and of gold,  
Gleam the chrysanthemums : all else shows  
drear,  
And gray, and colorless.

But soon shall fall,  
On all around, the pure and spotless snow,  
To shroud the buried beauties Nature wraps  
Deep in their winter sleep, till Spring again,  
With her bright train of buds and blossoms  
fair,  
Green opening leaves, and choir of tuneful  
birds,  
Warm, sunny days, balm-scented, dewy nights,  
Shall smiling come, and with her magic touch  
Make glad with life and beauty all the earth !  
Chambers' Journal. A. H. B.

## THE DIRGE OF THE LEAVES.

DEAD or dying,  
Our funeral song the winds are sighing !  
Dying or dead,  
The rain-sodden earth is our chilly bed !  
When summer days were long,  
The warm air quivered and thrilled with  
song ;  
In full green life we waved to the wind,  
Now withered and red we are left behind.  
All dying or dead,  
Our farewell is said,  
And we flutter to earth and rot into mould,  
Or pave the dark glades with fretwork of gold.  
Our death is but change ;  
Through paths new and strange,  
The force that is in us works on to its goal :  
For in us, as in all things, moveth a soul  
Which dies not, but lives,  
And ceaselessly gives  
The life-breath of being to that which was  
dead,  
Till the violet springs where the leaves were  
shed.  
Chambers' Journal. J. H. M.



From The Nineteenth Century.  
SUPERSTITION IN ARCADY.

THE hero in Mr. Tennyson's "Princess" tells us that he suffered all his life from an inconvenient hereditary weakness:—

Waking dreams were, more or less,  
An old and strange affection of the house.

The infirmity was a serious one, and at a critical moment of the young prince's career it entailed upon him consequences which might almost be described as humiliating. In the shock of the conflict where all was at stake,

Like a flash the weird affection came;  
King, camp, and college turned to hollow shows.

He seemed to move in old memorial tilts  
And, doing battle with forgotten hosts,  
To dream himself the shadow of a dream.

Whether the laureate be describing phenomena known to him by his own experience I cannot tell, but I myself am only too familiar with the "weird affection" indicated. As I wander in my solitary rambles past the old haunts of men, long since deserted of inhabitants, and stop to follow the traces of some "moated grange" or camp or byre, I find myself raising up the dead from their graves, and passing them through their paces in wild dance or solemn pageantry. I often think that one of the joys of the life hereafter will consist in being permitted to project oneself at will into remote periods in the *past*, and to hold converse with primeval man at one time, or with Roman or Saxon or Dane at another, and for a while to take part in the life of bygone ages. What a curious joy it would be, for instance, to hob-a-nob for a season with the pigmies of the miocene, listening to the clicks of human creatures like unto "barnacles or apes," with pendulous breasts and "foreheads villanous low," and watch them capering multitudinous round some mastodon in difficulties, or tickling a deinotherium with a fishbone arrow, or jobbing at the eyes of some mammoth floundering in a hole, and viciously hacking at him with hatchets of the palæolithic type, or implements whose manipulation we have lost the trick of!

I shock my grave and orthodox friends sometimes when I timidly suggest that it may be part of our bliss in the infinite future to dwell upon the infinite past. They will not have it so, and they silently condemn me of heresy and other sins. I, however, am wont to shelter myself under the broad shield of Dr. Donne, and to say with him:—

There is nothing to convince a man of error, nothing in nature, nothing in Scripture, if he believe that he shall know those persons in Heaven whom he knew [or whom any one else knew] upon earth. If he conceive soberly that it were a less degree of blessedness not to know them than to know them, he is bound to believe that he shall know them, for *he is bound to believe that all that conduces to blessedness shall be given him.*

Be this as it may, I find it quite impossible to resist the strong yearning, that comes upon me now and then, to speculate upon the habits of life and looks and words and thoughts and quarrels and loves of the dwellers in Arcadia, whose names and memories have quite passed away. There are moments when the desire to question and cross-question the vanished dead becomes a passionate longing, and this life seems to me to be as prolix as an hour's sermon, while it keeps me from looking, not into the future, but into the past. *What did he believe*, this fellow who fashioned the rude *celt* I kick against in my walks? That is to me my "burning question," and it comes up again and again as I stand by mighty monoliths, or climb the Devil's Dyke, or prowl by the gaunt ruins of abbey or shrine, or finger some coin of a deified emperor—some coin which has been worn by the fingers of Roman legionary, and been tossed for a drink, or been pitched to a half-starved Briton in payment for "butter and eggs and a pound of cheese." What did they believe? I ask—each and every of them? How dumb or reticent they all are!

Did men *ever* know what they believed? Do they now? At what period of our development is it supposed by Mr. Tyler and the anthropologists that the religious sentiment exhibits itself? What are the conditions favorable for its growth? In what tribes, peoples, and languages is it



to be met with only in the embryonic stage? When is it nascent? When full-grown? What accelerates its decline? When I ply the Philistines with these questions, I am always met with another: What is religious sentiment? And to that other I am content to answer: "Hearken, ye Philistines! Ye are they who live in the atmosphere of logic. That is the air ye breathe, and out of it ye perish; but beyond the limits of that element, and compassing it about with divine embracings, there is a subtler ether than ye can apprehend, and to that loftier region ye have no power to rise. But there are who dwell not in Gath and know not Dagon — who cannot breathe in air that suffices for you, and who could not conceive of life passed in the region where your limited needs are all supplied. These are not as you are, mere calculating machines. They are like the electric needle, that knows no perfect equilibrium; subject to storms of what men call enthusiasm, or something worse; quivering with inexplicable palpitations of throbbing emotion; agonized by aspirations after some unattainable ideal, or unutterable cravings for absorption into the infinite; able to reason with Philistia's shrewdest or to try a fall with Goliath of Gath, but stretching lame hands of faith into the realm ye know not of, and the ether that is beyond your ken. What! Shall we strive to tell the blind man of things blazing in purple and gold?"

I am inclined to believe that among the dwellers in towns sentiment is being slowly crowded out. The townsman's training and associations are very hardening. He has none of the softening memories of home which we in Arcadia still cherish. His life has no real repose, no solitude, no freshness. His religious emotions are rarely appealed to, and, as Miss Cobbe warned us all long ago, his moral education is dangerously neglected. Of course he is shrewder and much more quick-witted than we in Arcady, but he pays dearly for what he has gained. I fear it must be allowed that the masses in the towns are, as a rule, destitute of faith in the unseen. In the great hives of in-

dustry which have come into existence during the present century I am told that the men never seem to care about the *past*, and treat with derision any appeal to the lessons of experience. History to them is hardly so much as a name. They have nothing before their eyes but the factory with its ceaseless roar of wheels, the furnace, and the mine. These tell them nothing; they testify only of material power — pitiless, heartless, inhuman — a power that goes on its way recking as little of the sorrows or joys or lives of toiling men and women, as of the raw material that it is forever turning into the manufactured article and belching forth to be exposed for sale in the markets of the world. Even when much is attempted, and conscientiously attempted, for the operative, the thing done is but little, and philanthropy itself seems to work in the same groove as the mighty engines that are his gods. You offer your "hands" technical education; you try and give them tastes; you train the eye and hand in a school of design; you hardly attempt anything more. As for any appeal to his patriotism or loyalty, a man would be looked upon as a visionary to make one. "The glories of our blood and state," he has got to regard as shadows, *not* substantial things. Why should he care to know anything of those ages that knew nothing? To him the past is

only a scene

Of degradation, imbecility,  
The record of disgraces best forgotten;  
A sullen page in human chronicles  
Fit to erase.

How *can* he have any curiosity about the future and his own destiny when his imagination is effectually stunted, and is becoming more and more relegated to the class of undeveloped faculties that shrivel for want of using?

In the towns which still contain some ancient monuments, and can boast of a long antiquity, there may yet be found among the working classes some reverence for the old things, and not unfrequently some inclination for antiquarian research. I have met with many instances of this, and I think I have never known



it to exist without some development of the religious sentiment. In modern art there is an all-pervading paganism that seems to make its votaries cynical and selfish. It is curious to notice the kind of criticism indulged in by mechanics whom one meets at the exhibitions of modern pictures at Liverpool and elsewhere. There is no *love* in it. The men are forever on the alert to find out something wrong, to detect faults, and no more. It is as if the artist and the working man were occupying the old position of wranglers in the school, the one maintaining a thesis which it was the other's business to disprove. *Nego minorem* seems to be forever on the point of being uttered by the one, whatever the other may assert. But when people, even of small culture, show any taste for the creations of mediæval art, they seem to be softened and humbled by it; when they begin to realize that living men have toiled and struggled and thought and wept and prayed, and suffered for righteousness' sake, *here in this very spot*, and have left the mark of themselves behind them, the next step—and it is an easy one—is to believe that these men are living still, and that they will continue to live on. I used to know a young printer at Norwich who was only kept from being an enthusiastic archæologist by the necessity of having to earn his livelihood, and who, as it was, spent his leisure hours for years in visiting the churches for miles round, and copying inscriptions and getting together a queer collection of odds and ends with the stamp of antiquity upon them. Another working man I used to meet now and then who haunted the cathedral, and whenever he saw a visitor who appeared to know what he was about, he would quietly follow him and timidly ask for information. He acquired a large number of odd pieces of information in this way, which surprised one all the more when they were shyly produced from the lumber-room of a mind by no means well trained or well stored. "I don't mind so much being wrong sometimes," he said to me one day, "at least not before you, sir, because you know I do *so love* this place. Don't you think, sir, it must have been

inspired? Look up there, sir, please. There's an image" [he frequently used the word]; "I'm sure it's like somebody that used to be here once. I think it must have been one of the Cellarers, sir. I feel as if he were looking at me sometimes. Can I find out the names of the Cellarers, sir?" There was no earthly reason why the ugly piece of Norman sculpture he pointed to should be supposed to be like anybody except Pan or Silenus; but poor W. had heard some one casually speak of the Cellarer as an officer of the monastery, and he had brooded over the subject and begun to *construct* Cellarers and to commune with them.

As a rule, however, the mechanic of the towns is a Sadducee. He saw every house in his street built from basement to roof. *There* there are no old closets, dim passages, and cranky holes and corners; no gruesome sounds disturb his sleep; the owls never hoot near his windows, nor crickets turn out to look at him, chirrup and vanish. He does not know what the death-watch means. The long darkness of the winter night is illumined by the gas-lamp, or it may be by the electric light, that dispels all secrecy, all mystery. Policeman X. tramps by on his beat outside, and on this side or on that of the crazy brick partition which serves as party wall, his neighbors' snores trumpet loud and deep with hideous monotony. How different are the conditions of Arcadian life! When a man has to walk two or three miles from his work, "in the hush of the moonless night," weary, wet, and hungry, through lonely by paths, across ridgeway plantations, furze brakes, and short cuts, where he is liable to be warned off as a trespasser any day, it would be strange indeed if he did not meet with *scares* as the years go by. If his imagination be never so dull, the old traditions, handed down from ages past it may be, come in to help him. He thinks it would be impious to doubt that disembodied spirits still hover about the scenes of their earthly pilgrimage. Sometimes he tells you he *gnaws they du*, but if you press him he looks nervous and holds his peace, trembling to tell of the untellable.



Sometimes he assures you that "there's lots on 'em has seen old Grobey," and you are assured that old Grobey used to *walk*. Of course everybody knows that it's an awful thing for a dead man to *walk*. "Blessee, I shouldn't like to walk, I shouldn't, same as him as used to be in the coach-road."

The coach-road is a narrow old road where two carts can hardly pass one another, with high banks and sharp turns, and it is haunted. There is a spectral coach that is said to frequent this appalling lane. Who the restless spirit may be none can tell, or how long he has been travelling about in his weird conveyance; but that he has been long a wanderer in his coach, which ever and anon appears among us, none would be so perverse as to question. Indeed the phantom coach travels far and wide through Norfolk, and stops at people's houses in the dead of the night. An unseen hand lets down the steps, the horses champ their bits and snort, the carriage door is slammed, and the thing moves off; but when people prepare to let in the unexpected visitor with kindly welcome — lo! there is nothing. The coach has gone! There are a dozen living men who most positively affirm that they have had a visit from the coach. On one occasion my informant, who lived in a lonely old farmhouse, saw the flash of the coach-lamps and heard the champing of the bits. He opened his bedroom window and called out, but, receiving no answer, he went down to the front door. The night was calm and still; the stars were shining; but there was neither voice nor any that answered, nor any that regarded.

No particular harm seems to come to such as receive these nocturnal visits, but it is the prevalent belief that the occupant of the coach is condemned to *walk* like the wandering Jew. Presumably he would prefer to *ride* on in his chariot undisturbed. But no. He is turned out to pace the earth, which peradventure he has polluted with some ghastly crime, and walk he must till the coach comes to pick him up at some appointed spot. Then it is thought he has another term of "vehicular traffic."

A coachy Sisyphus, condemned to everlasting alternations of being dropped and picked up again by an infernal chariot with snorting horses and flashing lamps, must have a very, very hard time of it.

This dreadful equipage seems to have some connection with an old house, the traces of which were obliterated when the

railway invaded us. It is a curious feature of the story that the highroad along which the mail used to travel in the good old times passes at some distance from the haunted way which was certainly called the coach-road some generations back, and I have a suspicion that the fact of no phantom having been seen of late on the coach-road itself — though they tell me it has been seen by "scores on 'em" elsewhere — may be accounted for; it is a matter of history that, some thirty years ago, the present Lord Dudley drove a carriage and four along the coach-road, and, to the amazement and perplexity of mankind, did *not* perish in the attempt. Since then the ghostly Automedon, shamed at being so manifestly outdone, has retired from this part of the scene of his former charioteering.

People who have lived all their lives in the streets have very little notion of the length of time that an agricultural laborer spends in complete solitude, or of the effect which this isolation produces upon him. The horse-keeper and yard-man are never alone; the animals are always about them, and acquire a friendly confidence in their keepers amounting in some cases almost to personal affection. But the ordinary laborer, on a job of hedging or ditching, will be whole days without exchanging a word with a fellow-creature. If he live at some distance from his work, he carries his dinner with him in the morning, and when he thinks the time has come for his meal he slowly consumes it in the corner of a field, chewing the cud of meditation when he has no more victuals to employ himself upon. Once a day, perhaps, the farmer comes round to inspect him, and as often as not says nothing, for as a class farmers are not given to talk much with their laborers nowadays; the relations between them have become sadly "strained," and the old cordiality is in many districts deplorably on the wane. If you are trudging along in the drizzle or the shower during the late autumn, you are pretty sure to come upon a lonely laborer who has knocked off a bit, driven from his task by the rain. You find him meekly huddling under the shelter of a bank or bush, and doing nothing, nothing, nothing. The hours roll on, and the light gets less and less, and at last he shambles homewards. What has he been thinking about all the time? . . .

I remember being much struck while reading the experience of an educated gentleman who had passed a year or two



in Australia, had had bad luck, and been reduced to keep sheep in outlying stations far away from human habitations. He said that the best shepherds in the interior, the men who had been years roaming about the vast solitudes, were always more or less mad; and on those rare occasions when a traveller crossed their paths they seemed to be in doubt whether he were a reality or only a creation of their own brains. We are a long way as yet from this stage in Arcadia, but it would not be difficult to find instances of this tendency to people the solitudes with phantoms, and give them form and substance. The teaching of the country meeting-houses and of the camp-meetings gives a powerful stimulus to it, and indeed greatly intensifies the peasant's absorbing faith in the unseen world.

Of all the mistakes that country clergymen make — and we are none of us infallible, "not even the youngest" — the greatest appears to me to be the mistake of obstinately refusing to know anything about the inner life and religious practices of the sectaries at their own doors. I do not believe there is one clergyman in a thousand who has ever attended a camp-meeting or been present at a "conventicle" in his life. Sure I am that the immense majority of my clerical brethren know no more about the teaching and practice which they denounce than they do about the rites of Cybele. And yet I am most firmly persuaded that it is impossible for us to understand the agricultural laborers, unless we set ourselves humbly and earnestly to study the phenomena of their religious life and worship — *theirs*, I say; for, unhappily, it is not ours.

Of course if a man entrenches himself behind the assumption that there is no good outside the four walls of his parish church, and that extravagance, grotesqueness, communism, and immorality are the inevitable outcome of every gathering at which the laborers are allowed to have their say without a parson to keep them in order, it is waste time to try and convince him to the contrary; you can never get behind a man's axioms, however foolish they may be. But if we want to know how things are really going on with those who "don't hold" with us, as they say, we must come down from our lofty self-complacency and make up our minds to feel extremely uncomfortable at times, while stooping to learn of those whom we would prefer to teach. "Listeners hear no good of themselves," was the old saw, and I fear we shall find it true enough if

we drop in at the roadside chapels or find our way into the camp-meeting. We may hear broad hints directed against ourselves — find our sense of the fitness of things shocked by bitter words and insinuations, cruel and undeserved; we may be outraged by indelicacy and utterances bordering on the profane; sometimes, too, we shall be brought into very awkward positions, from which it will be hard to escape with dignity or even without humiliation; but all this is not the rule. As a rule, we shall be welcome, and heartily welcome; and if we can stoop to learn of others, we shall find that there are those outside the pale of the Church who have something to teach us.

I love my own way as much as most men do; I am of opinion that whoever differs from me must be wrong. I believe that the fellow who denounces me as a hireling, a false prophet, a dumb dog, or a snake in the grass, must necessarily be an ill-conditioned fanatic; and that they who turn aside to attend a ranters' love-feast when I am preaching one of my very best sermons must be wrong in the head, and perhaps, too, wrong in the heart. But I cannot shut my eyes to some facts which are painfully patent, and which it is vain to attempt to keep out of sight of others who are no more blind than I am.

Explain it how we will, and draw our inferences as we choose, there is no denying it that in hundreds of parishes in England the stuffy little chapel by the wayside has been the only place where for many a long day the very existence of religious emotion has been recognized; the only place in which the yearnings of the soul and its strong cryings and tears have been allowed to express themselves in the language of the moment unfettered by rigid forms; the only place where the agonized conscience has been encouraged and invited to rid itself of its sore burden by confession, and comforted by at least the semblance of sympathy; the only place where the peasantry have enjoyed the free expression of their opinions, and where, under an organization elaborated with extraordinary sagacity, they have kept up a school of music, literature, and politics, self-supporting and unaided by dole or subsidy — above all, a school of eloquence, in which the lowliest has become familiarized with the ordinary rules of debate, and has been trained to express himself with directness, vigor, and fluency. What the Society of Jesus was among the more cultured classes in the sixteenth century, what the Friars were to the



masses in the towns during the thirteenth, that the Primitive Methodists are in a fair way of becoming among the laboring classes in East Anglia in our own time; what they may develop into in the sequel is another question with which I am not immediately concerned.

Nothing can be said to be more distinctive of the teaching of the Meetings in Arcadia than their continual appeal to the spiritual experiences of their members. These are often striking and suggestive. The general impression left upon me is that the speakers tell their stories in good faith, never doubting the reality of the sights and sounds they make so much of. Naturally one story leads to another, and it is inevitable that there should be occasionally some imposture, some fabrication, and now and then it may be downright lying; but it is impossible to entertain any suspicion of the deep sincerity of many who detail their experiences. "Three times I've felt it; twice I've seen it," said one speaker, his voice dropping low in awe and amazement, the pupils of his eyes dilated as though some dread vision were present before him; "I can't tell what it was, I can't tell how it was. There was a light as blazed, and I tell you I saw it, as sure as I'm a living man; and I know'd it was the Lord, and I've felt it since, I have, I know I have. Talk to me of not believing as I'm saved — you might as well try and prove to me as this ain't a cart, and I ain't a-standing in it!"

Among some of the Meetings\* there is not only a firm belief in the direct personal revelations I have alluded to, but almost as firm a faith in the interference of angels with the affairs of man. The demonology I was quite prepared for, the angelology has a little surprised me. At a camp meeting at Clitor last year one of the orators dwelt at some length upon the ministry of angels, warning us not to trust too much in them. "Don't you go a-leanin' on the angels; they've got quite enow to du to fight the devil for ye, *and they du it*. But if ye want grace, they ain't the ones to gi' it ye; they want it theyselves, or they'll fall again same as the biggest on 'em did long afore we was born!" There was a general cry of approval —

\* I find myself driven to use a word which I sincerely hope none of my readers will take offence at. It really is the common word in Arcadia for indicating those who attend the Nonconformist chapels. In East Anglia the immense majority of these are Primitive Methodists, or, as they usually call themselves, *Prim-it-tives*.

"Hallelujah! That's so! Bless the Lord!"

The Arcadian swain finds a great fascination in all these appeals to his imagination; the stories come back upon him and lift him out of himself. He speculates upon the wonders of the unseen world and its denizens. What were those sights and sounds which the more privileged of the elect have been blessed with? Will they ever come to him? Perhaps; who knows?

Not unfrequently the laborer sleeps in the daytime, and, much more frequently than is usually supposed, he dreams. Dreams play an important part in Arcadian experiences. "I'm a wonder to forget things now," said Joe Bickers to me the other day; "but, bless the Lord, I *dream all over the country*. Ah! that I du too. Why I think nothing o' goin' off fifty mile where I used to be when I was a buoy, and I see 'em all same as ever. *She* don't like it, she don't. Night afore last she wouldn't have it 'cause I was a laughing and singing right loud; so she woke me up, but I was off again, and I dreamt ever such a way off!" Under religious excitement this dreaming is pretty sure to take the form of visions of angels or evil spirits, and the waking vision or the nightmare becomes hopelessly confounded with what the dreamer has heard, felt, imagined, or remembered.

Then, too, a man or woman who can boast of an ecstasy becomes at once a personage. "To find the Lord" is to be lifted up to a distinctly higher level than that on which the outer barbarians stand: —

Adventante dea. Procul, O procul este profani,  
Conclamat vates.

Thus he who has a hankering to be admitted to the inner circle unconsciously surrenders himself to motives whose cumulative force he cannot estimate, and these act in accord with the subtler processes which religious sentiment awakens. Once "enlightened," a man is apt to give the reins to his fancy, and his experiences are not likely to get *less* picturesque as he goes on! Moreover, these experiences almost invariably revert to the solitary moments when none was nigh to hear or see or bear witness. "I was a long time before I found religion," said Giles Rozier to me, "and I don't know as ever I was worse tried than when once I thought I'd found the Lord, and hadn't!" I couldn't help smiling kindly, and his hon-



est face responded with a broad grin, for Giles loves a joke as well as any one. "I'll tell 'ee how 'twas: I was at work on that there farm, and I'd been *exercised* a matter o' six months or more, and I kinder seemed to hear the voices sayin' to me, 'Never you mind, Giles, you keep on; you must tarry, you must keep on a-tarrying!' And one day, at dinner time — I'd had my dinner, and I was sitting with my legs in a dry ditch — and somehow it came upon me as I was losing my chance like, and I went down to the bottom o' that ditch — it's been filled up these twenty years and more — and I was carried along in prayer, and I was all for looking upwards; and I heerd a rushling, and I looked down'ards again, and there stood a woman, and I never know'd what folks meant by their heart beating till that moment, for I thought all manner o' things! But I was soon brought up, for she began upon me right sharp: 'You young fool,' says she, 'ha' you got nothing better to du nor hollering out them prayers when you'd ought to be fying\* out your master's ditch? We don't want no such man as you, and you'd best be off, you had. You ain't no good for nothing, only preaching to the crows, you ain't. You'd du for that wi' your hollering!' So she went off, and told her husband when he came home, and I had to go."

It is, however, when we pass from the region of the beneficent and the benign to that where persons and powers, harmful and malignant, exercise their influence that we find the actual Manichæism, so widespread in Arcadia, most apparent. There is sometimes little faith in God, and less in the existence of blessed spirits who can help the sons of earth; but I never yet met, and I am not sure that I ever heard of man or woman in Arcadia who did not believe in the devil and his angels. At Crayton, a parish which, like many another in East Anglia, seems to have burst into fragments, and by the force of some strange explosion to have had its inhabitants driven out into half-a-dozen diminutive hamlets, all of them a mile or so from the church, a new vicar was appointed some five years ago; he was a good man, but emphatically a townsman, and one of those worthy persons who rarely spoke of God, though very frequently of "Providence." One of his earliest pastoral visits was a visit of condolence to a small farmer who had lost his wife and been left desolate and alone.

The good vicar spake such comfort as he could, and more than once insisted on the obvious truth that the ordering of "divine Providence" must not be murmured at, and that "Providence" must needs be submitted to with resignation. The sorrowing farmer listened patiently and silently for some minutes. At last he could refrain no longer, but he opened his mouth and spoke, saying, "That's right enef, that es! There ain't no use a gain-sayin' on it; but semhow that there *old Providence* hev been agin me all along, he hev! Whoi, last year he mos' spailt my tafers, and the year afore that he kinder did for my tunnips, and now he's been and got hold o' my missus! But," he added, with a burst of heroic faith and devout assurance, "I reckon as there's *One abew* as'll put a stopper on ha if 'a go too fur!" Ahriman had had his way too long, but Ormuzd would triumph in the end!

So universally prevalent is the belief in "old Providence" and his cruel machinations, that I have heard it positively affirmed that "there is not a parish in Norfolk without its wise woman." This is certainly an exaggeration, but it is beyond question that there are very few parishes in Arcadia where you could not find some one who has consulted the "wise woman" or the "cunning man." There are countless stories which may be collected by those who know how to set about it, which go to prove this; but the people are a great deal too wary to open out to "our own correspondent" if he should come down on a voyage of discovery. Idle curiosity they are quite shrewd enough to detect and to deal with in their own way. I was very much amused some time ago as I dropped into one of the cottages with a gentleman of the press, who, on the alert as usual, was for improving the occasion. Old Huggins became at once hard of hearing, crouched over the smouldering fire, looked the picture of abject poverty and more abject stupidity, and had grown twenty years older in five minutes. My voluble friend, who was present only on sufferance, gave the reins to his eloquence. "Never see such a gentleman," said Huggins to me next day, with a cunning twinkle of his eye. "He talkt that hard as the handle o' the door's been loose ever since! But, Lor! who was a going to understand him? twarn't likely!" "Made you deaf, Huggins, didn't he?" "Oh! ah!" said Huggins, and I think I saw his sides shaking.

\* East-Anglian for "cleansing."



No one in Arcadia could have given us so curious a collection of stories of witchcraft in these parts as our admirable Crich-ton, the late coroner for the duchy of Lancaster, who in his best days seemed to have a special gift for anything and everything that he put his hand to. His versatility, his cultivated tastes, his perfect simplicity and uprightness of character, and his remarkable conversational powers, procured for him a joyous welcome wherever his pleasant voice was heard, and made him the depositary of many a strange secret which will die with him. In the days that are coming, Arcadia will never be able to keep within her borders such a man of genius as Mr. Charles Wright, of Dereham. The horrible attraction of London and the other great centres of population, which tend to absorb into their mass all the men of talent and force whom the country towns may happen to train, will be quite too potent in the future to allow anything but mediocrity to survive among us, and in another generation or two, people who hear of the Arcadia of *their* grandfathers will smile a smile of bland incredulity at the notion of a country lawyer ever having been a refined and accomplished gentleman, or a country parson a man of learning and a scholar.

From the inexhaustible reminiscences of Mr. Wright I may be permitted to give one story, which I shall take the liberty of relating as though he were the spokesman, though I am doing him a grave injustice by substituting for his style and manner my own feeble reproduction.

"In the summer of 18— I was summoned to inquire into the death of an old woman who had been found dead in her bed at Crayford. There was no suspicion of any unfair play, but the requirements of the law had to be complied with, and I summoned a jury as a matter of course. Proceeding to inspect the body as usual, I turned down the sheet that covered the face, and noticed a thin cord tied round the dead woman's neck. 'What's this?' I asked, somewhat startled. The husband of the deceased—a good specimen of the cool, phlegmatic Norfolk peasant—answered slowly, 'Them are her charms!' My expression of mingled indignation and disgust seemed to perplex the man; nor were the jurymen at all less surprised at what appeared to them to be wholly gratuitous displeasure. On making further inquiries, I elicited the following curious facts,

which may be better put in the language of the witness himself:—

"'You see, sir, as my wife she were allus an ailin' woman, an' doctors' stuff did her no manner o' good, and she'd giv' it over; an' a year or two ago she says to me, 'Joe,' she says, 'you mun' go to a cunnin' man for me, him at Shawby as they du talk as surprisin'.' So I took a day an' I went, and I found him out, and I tould him all about my old missus, and he never said a word till I'd done talkin', and then he didn't say much. But, says he, as though he know'd all about her, 'Oh, ah!' says he, 'she's got the gripes occasional and a sort of a numbness like! No! doctor's stuff won't touch that,' says he, and he turned away and he sate down, and, lawk, behind him there was a heap o' grit books, and he put on his glasses and he began to turn 'em over. I ain't no scholar myself, but, bless ye! I could easy see they warn't like other books. And then he wrote the first o' them charms. He never giv' her no medicine, all the times as ever I went to him, only one of them charms, and it's surprising the deal o' good they done her, though you mayn't credit it. They allays seem'd to rewoive her like!' I found that the poor fellow had been to the 'cunnin' man' two or three days before his wife's death, and had paid him 3s. 6d. for a fresh *charm*, which he had been strictly ordered to put in the little bag with the others, and never to allow it to be taken out night or day. The virtue would depart, and awful results would ensue if the bag were ever removed. I asked him how much he had paid the cunning man, and he reckoned it up at about fifty-five shillings more or less, equal in those days to quite five weeks' wages. The poor fellow very earnestly protested that he didn't grudge the money—not he. 'Naw daywt but that there cunnin' man he kep her alive as long as 'a cewd; I ain't a-going to say as he didn't, I ain't findin' no fault with him, 'cause her time was come!'

"Having got all the information I could from the witness, I took a closer glance at the corpse. The cord was loosely tied round the poor woman's throat, and had evidently been there for years. Attached to it was a small canvas bag about two inches square, which may have been white once and which now was *not*. 'You surely are not going to let these things stay here,' I said, 'and allow her to be buried with such abominations round her neck?' The husband answered, 'Yes, that's what *he* thought about. You see,



she kinder wore 'em while she was alive, and we're a thinking as she shall wear 'em now she's dead. We ain't no call to run no risk by takin' on 'em off.' Without saying a word I took out my penknife, cut the cord, and held up the bag before the jury. A thrill of horror passed through them — there was not a man of them that was not evidently very uncomfortable.

"Listen to me, my man!" I said. 'These things are no good to you, and they were no good to her that's lying there. It's an indecency that they should be laid with her in her coffin. I mean to take them away with me, and so make it safe that they shall not be put to any improper use hereafter. You are not fit to be trusted with them. As for Claypole, the cunning man, I shall have more to say to him by-and-by.'

"That very evening I addressed a letter to Claypole requesting him to see me at my office on the earliest opportunity. The man was a blacksmith and small farmer, and had thriven so well that he had lately employed me to effect the purchase of an estate in the neighborhood, for which he paid the price without borrowing a shilling. I knew that I was about to lose a client and make an enemy, but it was not a case which allowed any room for hesitation. In a day or two he came. It was a curious interview; but the result was that I sent him off with my ultimatum. He should either return every farthing he had extorted from the old couple at Crayford before that day week, or take all consequences. He went to Crayford forthwith, paid back all he had received, and I heard no more of him.

"A few years after this I was playing a cricket-match — it does not matter where — when a young man addressed me by name whom I did not at all recognize, and told him so. He laughed, and in true Norfolk phrase said, 'Naw, 'tain't likely; but I gnaw you, Mr. Wroight!' He then explained that he had been apprenticed to Claypole when I had made him refund his ill-gotten gains. 'And Lor! sir, how you did scare that there man. He come back that day like a wild thing. He couldn't say nothing only "Aw, Jemmy! Aw, Jemmy! Aw, Jemmy! I'm done for, baw!" and he kept saying it over and over again; and then he began and tauld me what you'd said to him, and he went in and took his grit big books. There was lots on 'em — more nor two men could ha' carried; and he ses, "Jemmy, I'm a-going to bury 'em. Don't you never

ha' nothing to do with them sort o' things as long as you live. Do [if you do] you'll niver come to no good." I was that afeard I wouldn't touch 'em. I didn't know what mightn't come to me, and I says, "Mas'r," says I, "I ain't a-goin' to touch them sort o' things, not if it's ever so. I don't mind digging the hole, but I never heerd tell of them Zode Jacks doing no one no good." So he ups wi' his grit books, and we digged a hole big as a pit, that war, and he set 'em in right carful; and it's my belief they're there now!' It was the last I *heard* of Mr. Claypole; when and where I *saw* him last I am not going to tell!"

As for the bag of charms, I have had it in my hands; the charms were five in number, scraps of paper three inches square, scribbled over with rigmarole, texts of Scripture, and clumsy hieroglyphics remotely resembling signs of the "Zode Jack," upon them. Would any reader desire a photograph of the precious relic? Possibly even that may be had for money and fair words.

It is hard to say how much real faith in the spells and enchantments recommended may exist in the minds of the *wise women* and the *cunning men* who deal in them. In many instances the hierophants have inherited their wisdom and been bred up to the business, and in these cases, no doubt, there is almost as much delusion on one side as on the other. If some reputed witch has begun early to play upon the credulity of her *clîentele* she will be pretty sure to call in some child to help her in her mystic rites, and the effect of this upon the impressionable and imaginative in their nonage is sure to be great and lasting.

"We live and breathe deceiving and deceived," says Paracelsus, and the saying must be terribly true of many a Thestylis who has begun her career under some withered Simætha, herself at once a dupe and a deceiver.

Sally Court was a buxom widow who owned a freehold cottage, nearly two acres of land, and a mangle. She was a tempting prize for Mr. Margets to win if he chose — for Margets was a blacksmith, steady and well-to-do, and the freehold would just have suited him — but he was twenty-five and she was forty-two; there was the hitch. Nevertheless, Margets more than once or twice was observed to sneak down the lane after working hours, and it is undeniable that for a period of weeks, or even months, he had frequently and regularly



Called on the lady, and stopped for tea. After a while he waxed cool. Interest drew him one way, but love proved stronger, and it ended by Mr. Margets leading another lady to the altar, and one who was younger, not older, than her spouse. Widow Court brooded over her wrongs—they rankled in her bosom. She couldn't hold her peace. "He's a false blackguard!" she cried one day—for in her wrath she was not nice in her language—"and if an *ill wish* can hit him he shall have it. He shan't come to no good as I can do him!" Poor Margets had one child; but a little after he met with a serious accident; his right hand was caught in a machine and dreadfully mangled—he had to lose his arm. It preyed upon his mind, he got into a desponding condition, and ended by hanging himself. I am sorry to say Mrs. Court was jubilant, but her hate was not yet appeased nor her vengeance satisfied. She proclaimed that no child of poor Margets would come to any good, and she gloried in the boast that Margets had been "hit by an ill wish, and the wish" was hers. "Ay! and the brat's under it now, and it'll never be took off neither!" As ill luck would have it, a few months after this the poor child, in the absence of its mother, was playing with some sticks in the fire when its clothes caught alight, and it was so severely burned that it became shockingly disfigured and must continue to be so. Mrs. Court exhibited quite a fiendish joy, and went about loudly declaring that she'd serve any one else the same and worse that "came courting her on'y to fool her." Of course she had well earned her bad pre-eminence, and though suitors fought shy of her, yet it is said that in the dark hours men and women from all quarters came and knocked furtively at her door, and rumor said it was *not* for the loan of her mangle. The road ran just under her garden, and one day a young farmer riding by, and seeing an apple-tree loaded with fruit hanging over the hedge, he sidled his horse towards the fence and picked a rosy apple from the bough. He had scarcely secured it when the animal he rode reeled and dropped as if it had been shot. The young fellow was overwhelmed with terror; he had been thrown over the horse's head, but, getting up as best he could, he rushed into Widow Court's cottage, fell on his knees and begged for mercy, confessed his sins, and prayed that the judgment might stop there. "Oh, Missus Court, don't ye *hit* me no more. Ye may

ha' the saddle and bridle and welcome, but don't ye hit me, not for a apple!" "Get along wi' ye," said the old hag, for by this time she was old and miserly; "I don't *ride them things*! I shan't do you no harm. On'y don't ye meddle wi' my apples no more!"

The young man, when he got out into the road, found his horse, to his immense joy and greater surprise, standing quietly waiting for him. Nothing on earth will convince him that Widow Court did not first kill that horse and then raise it from the dead.

Sometimes the suspicion of being in league with the powers of evil entails very serious consequences upon the suspect.

In the days of more primitive husbandry than Arcadia knows of now it was a general practice to *marl* the land periodically, and for this purpose they used to excavate huge *pockets* as near as might be to the roadside. Every parish has many of these pits, which in the lapse of time have become deep ponds, some of them rather dangerous places to drive by in dark nights. One of these was the scene of perhaps the last *ordeal by water* which Arcadia knows of. At Paos dwelt an old woman whose name was Hubbard, and she lived on a small allowance made her by some benevolent person to whose father she had been housekeeper. She was a proud old dame, and "kep' herself to herself," as her neighbors said, for had she not seen better days? Once, to the indignation of all decent people in the parish, she appeared at church in a faded black silk gown and a poke bonnet. Think of that, ye women of Arcady! A rustling silk, and no mistake. Where had it come from? Ah! where? The inhabitants declared she would flaunt a feather next. It wasn't decent; it wasn't natural. And then that cat, too, that would follow her to the pump, and lie on her knee by the hour as she sat at her door knitting and never having a word to throw at a dog. "I never heerd her speak a word to no Christian not for years," said one. "I've heerd her grunt though, often enough, I have," said another. "Silk, did you say?" growled Jem Daws, as they seriously talked over the matter at their pots of beer. "What sort of a color o' silk now?" "Black," answered his brother, and knocked his mug upon the table. Then there was silence. "Ah! I reckon as she ain't zackly the old gal as *her mas'r* ud like to see in church. Fares as if it kind o' put me out, that du.



Black silk, eh! Black, and that there cat, tu, as had the mange and then come right again. Dash'd if I don't think she be a witch for all that!" Now, it so happened that sitting at the table of the alehouse were three brothers, Daws by name, who might have been very well-to-do, for they were extremely capable men, but they could not keep from the pot-house. My informant assured me that "they was what you may call a riotous lot in a general way, that is, when they was *in beer*; but when they was out of beer they was as harmless as doves. Whoi! if they saw a worm a-crawling in the path they'd get out o' his way, they would, indeed; but when they was in beer, lawk, they'd quarrel wi' the stones o' the street!" On this particular evening they had had just enough beer to make them noisy — they were in the bawling stage of beer — and, seized with a sudden whim, half fun half fury, and exasperated by the intense perplexity of the problem, "Could Mrs. Hubbard be a witch and go to church? and could she be anything else but a witch when she had a familiar spirit in the form of a cat, and appeared in a mystic sable silken gown that rustled, and which had appeared without any human intervention, and could not have dropped down from heaven?" the brothers sallied forth from the alehouse with shouts and valorous resolves, declaring loudly that they would soon see whether Mother Hubbard was a witch or not. Not a hundred yards from Mrs. Hubbard's cottage there yawned, close by a place where four roads met — an ugly pit, large and deep, thickly overgrown with sedge and rushes. The riotous brethren marched noisily to the poor woman's door and demanded entrance. Almost dead with fear she hastily got out of bed as she was and let in the band, piteously begging that they would spare her life, for she took them to be burglars who had come to rob her of her all. In a moment they took her up in their arms, half naked as she was — carried her off, spite of screams and entreaties, and actually, in the presence of half-a-dozen other people who by this time had gathered to see the sport, they threw her into the hole, where she would infallibly have been drowned but that some who were not so mad as the rest cried out that she was sinking to the bottom and must be saved. With some difficulty Mrs. Hubbard was extricated from her perilous position, and she survived that night some years. One of the actors in that extraordinary drama still lives, and *passes that*

*pit every day of his life.* I met him in the road some months ago, and I said slyly to him, "Peter, how many years is it since you *swum the witch*, eh?" He looked at me with his cunning old eyes, and a grin of overwhelming merriment wrinkled up his dirty old face with a million furrows, and displayed his single remaining fang. He would have denied all knowledge of the facts but that the irresistible drollery of the whole jolly farce was too much for his self-restraint — his sense of the ludicrous betrayed him. So he did the next best thing. "Oh, ah! I know what yer main. Oh, ah!" and he broke out into grunts of aged laughter. "Whoi, that warn't me. That war . . ." Never have I yet found an Arcadian who pleaded guilty to anything that was particularly *ouddacious*, even though the recording angel had written it down in letters of flame for all the world to read, but never have I found the said Arcadian unable or unwilling to denounce somebody else!

It may be asked — and it is often and very anxiously asked — Are unhappy men and women quite defenceless against the ill-wishes and overlookings and other potent mischiefs of the cunning men and the wise women? Happily there *are* certain methods to which the prudent may resort when they have reason to suspect that they are under the spells of the grisly votaries of Satan. A writer in the *East Anglian* gives us the following prescription, believed to be one of incalculable efficacy in cases where a witch has cast upon you the infernal gleam of the evil eye: —

When you have good reason to believe that you have been bewitched, get a frying-pan, pull a hair out of your head, and lay it in the pan; cut one of your fingers, and let some of your blood fall on the hair. Then hold the pan over the fire until the blood begins to boil and bubble. You may then expect the witch to come and knock at your door three times, wanting to borrow something, and hoping to make you talk. But you must hold your peace. If you utter a word, you will be still more bewitched; if you refuse to speak, you will so *work upon the witch's blood* as to cause her death, and then you will be set free.

This may be the plan adopted in the writer's neighborhood, for he tells us he picked up his prescription in a cottage near Beccles; but in Arcadia we find our safeguard in methods far less complex and elaborate. I never heard of people in Arcadia being driven to the frying-pan business; ours is a process more rough



and ready, and it is implicitly relied on as infallible. Have you been bewitched? Then find out your witch and fall upon her and shed her blood!

Arcadia has many very excellent elementary schools, and over some of these preside some very intelligent and well-trained masters. Among the most efficient and best taught is Mr. Dobbie, of Ladon. Twenty years ago he was a lad more thoughtful and imaginative than most lads, and being fond of reading, he overdid it, as many studious lads are apt to do. He became lean and pale and nervous, and very much depressed. His friends were shocked at his altered appearance, which was to them inexplicable. First it was suspected, then it was whispered, soon it was proclaimed upon the housetops, that John Dobbie had been *overlooked*. The only question was, who had bewitched him! The neighbors shook their heads; his relations made inquiries, but for a while no likely Sagana was thought of. At last some one remembered that John Dobbie had rudely scoffed at a certain Sally Bacon, a miserable old crone in receipt of parish relief, who smoked tobacco out of a short pipe, and grew a beard. If it wasn't Sally, who could it be? Dobbie, though very much out of health, yet retained enough good feeling to hesitate in denouncing Sally. But when one of the villagers professed himself ready to be sworn on the book, that he had heard Dobbie in an outbreak of audacious ribaldry say that he'd have a pull at Sally Bacon's beard before he died, no rational man or woman could doubt that Sally had heard the horrid threat, and had visited it with the megrims and emaciation which the sickly Dobbie was suffering from. To do him justice, he declared "he'd never said no such thing!" and to this day he protests that he was incapable of so fearful an utterance. Be that as it may, Dobbie was worked upon; and never a day, and scarcely an hour, passed without his being reminded that there was only one thing for him to do: he must dip his hands in the blood of Sally! He shrunk from this with exceeding dread; the ceremony had the less attraction for him, inasmuch as he had himself begun to suspect what the true cause of his debility was, and had only been talked into a half-acquiescence in the received creed of the majority. But the pressure put upon him became irresistible, and one day he came upon the poor old woman as she was gathering sticks for her fire. Her arms were

bare, for the weather was warm, and she was not far from home. John Dobbie flew upon her in a phrenzy. He was ashamed to strike the tottering old bel-dame, but he *scratched her furiously* on the arms till the blood poured down them; and having done that he took to his heels, and fled homewards like a young antelope. From that hour he began to mend; gained in flesh rapidly, and he lives on to tell the tale not without shame and wonder.

This was some twenty years ago; but let not the enlightened public suppose that these things are things of the past. Less than five years ago Mr. Scroggins who, as far as I know, still cultivates some eighty or one hundred acres of land in Tegea, was brought before the magistrates at Megalopolis, and charged with an aggravated assault upon a poor woman, the wife of one of his own laborers. The man and woman were both very reluctant witnesses, but unfortunately it was a police case, and they could not help appearing. Scroggins had been caught, *flagrante delicto*, barbarously beating the woman with a hedge-stake, and had been actually dragged away by one of the county police, but not before he had *drawn blood*. Scroggins's account of the matter was that he had twoscore of lambs, as pretty lambs as ever you set eyes on. They were going to pay his half-year's rent, and leave something to the good then. But lo! They "what you call fell off," and there was no accounting for it. Of course he was annoyed, and he thought about it early and late. One night he dreamed a dream. He was walking in his meadow, and there he came upon John Cudlip's cottage, and he saw his lambs "frolickin' surprisin'"; but as he watched them Mrs. Cudlip came forth from her door, and turned up a sod in the meadow, and lo! from the bowels of the earth issued another score of lambs; but they were black lambs, and they had no frolic in them, and they came in dread array towards the frolickers, and Mr. Scroggins could bear the vision no longer, but awoke — "that dripping as you might ha' wrung him out." There could be no doubt after that what had come to his lambs! Next morning, while the dew was on the grass, Mr. Scroggins, in painful excitement, rushed to Cudlip's door; *there was a loose sod* not a yard from it. Scroggins, in wild dismay, turned it over. "And there, gentlemen, as sure as you're a-sitting there — there was a *walking toad*! After that, the guilt of the witch could not be



doubted by the most sceptical. If it had been a jumping frog, charity or incredulity might have paused before arriving at a conclusion. But a *walking* toad — what more could a man require in the way of proof positive? The magistrates, I grieve to say, took a different view of the case, and, spite of Scroggins's repeated assurance that he bore the woman no malice, and wanted to draw not a drop more blood than would suffice to protect him from the evil eye in future, they inflicted a somewhat heavy fine rather than ruin the poor man by sending him to jail. The fine was paid then and there; but as Mr. Scroggins laid down the money he protested before gods and men that it was all very well for the gentlemen to talk their high-flown bombast when the reporters were present to take them down. But you were never going to make him believe but that "there ain't none on 'em as wouldn't ha' served that there woman wus 'n I did if he'd been overlooked same as I was."

It happens occasionally that a cunning man, in the true sense of the word, has the wit to avail himself of the credulity of his neighbors without desiring to make an improper use of that credulity for any base ends, and so it was with Parson Chowne. Of Mr. Chowne's qualifications for the sacred office, the less said the better. He has become the hero of one work of fiction at least and as long as he lives in fiction only, he will not do much harm. I am glad to find that the world at large does not believe that there ever did live within the four seas such a beneficed clergyman as Parson Chowne. I have no desire to convince the world at large that in this particular case fact is stranger than fiction. But the following instance of Mr. Chowne's "cunning" may be verified by the testimony of people still alive, who were present at the scene described. Mr. Chowne, living in the wilds of Locris, and having many men in his employment, found it necessary to keep a larger sum of money in his house than is now usually kept in any private dwelling. He kept it in a cash-box; and the cash-box was hid in a hole, supposed to be known only to the parson and his wife. One day Chowne went to the hiding-place, and found the cash-box gone — not a trace of it to be seen. Fury is too weak a word whereby to characterize the frantic violence of the man in his tremendous outbreaks of drunken passion; and on this occasion they say his terrible rage exhibited itself in a frightful display of

savagery. But threats and oaths and flashing eyes will not find cash-boxes, and Mr. Chowne was baffled, and knew not which way to turn. At last he bethought him of the terrors which the unseen world might supply. With all due solemnity and much ceremony, he summoned to his bedroom — the sanctuary of his house — every man, woman, and child whom he had in his employ, and a large company they were. They half filled the bedroom, and they were ranged in due order, thrust back as far as might be to the four walls of the apartment. From a beam in the centre of the chamber hung a rope — one of those ropes with which for years the bearers in the village had been wont to let down the coffins of the dead into their graves. The rope was wound round a large family Bible, and inside the Bible was the key of the church, so large that any one might see it protruding between the leaves. The awe-struck assembly were told that all the unseen world had been invoked to lend its aid for the discovery of the doomed wretch who had dared to violate the sanctuary of the home which had sheltered him; the ghosts of all that long array of forefathers, whose names, said Parson Chowne, were written in *that* Book of Life, would rise up to haunt the robber; the terrors of mother Church, symbolized by yonder iron key, were brandished before his guilty soul; the awful mysteries of the charnel-house and the yawning grave were shadowed by the *rope of death*. Then before the shuddering and horror-stricken company Parson Chowne stepped to the Bible with its key, and told his people that the rites would begin. He twisted the terrible rope with his strong hands till it would twist no more; and then bidding each one keep his place, for the man or woman to whom the key pointed when it ceased to spin that was the culprit whom the powers unseen denounced, he let the Bible go, and away it went spinning round and round as if it would go on forever. They say the long suspense was agonizing to those present. "The thing seemed as if it were never going to stop," said one who was there; but all things have *some* end, and so with this. It did stop at last, plainly and unequivocally pointing to Jerry Chawler, one of Parson Chowne's whips, who thereupon burst out into vociferous howls, and with copious blubberings protested he was guiltless as the babe unborn. Jerry succeeded in establishing his innocence. No one, not even his brutal master, had the least suspicion of



his guilt; and the result of the ordeal was that every one was convinced, *not* that the means resorted to were not absolutely the best possible or conceivable, but that *the thief was not there*. "If he'd a' been there, parson ud 'a had him!"

Downright unmixed imposture without any self-deception or any faith in the ceremonial resorted to by the wise woman I believe to be rare. One case has come under my notice. Tinker Joe, who died this year at a very advanced age (though it may be doubted whether he lived to one hundred and ten, as his neighbors and relations assure you he certainly did), used to tell of a gipsy friend of his, Mrs. Smith. "She lay buried in Trawson churchyard, close by Ixworth—been a laying there close upon fifty year;" and how she travelled all over Arcadia "with a *sparrer* in a cage, and the sight o' money as she got out o' folks long as that there sparrer lived—lawk!—yer wouldn't credit it—nor wouldn't nobody else! She was a *wonder*, she was. She was a woman as 'd never tell you nothing the first time she came round. When folks came to her she'd go to that sparrer, and she'd say, 'Chippy, what do you know about it, eh?' and then she'd put her head under a sort of a great thing like a cart-cover, and she and Chippy would seem as if they was a-talking, and Chippy a-tellin' of her things; and she'd come out as often as not, saying as Chippy he wasn't kindly, and wouldn't say nothing; and she'd go to the public house, and it wasn't often as she didn't larn something to say there by the time she got back. There was a small shopkeeper at Hockley who'd been a-buying a piece of land with a bad title, and Mrs. Smith she'd somehow found it out; and one day soon after he'd got the land she went into the man's shop as cheerful as a grasshopper, and she says, 'If you please,' she says, 'I want a pen-orth o' sugar for my Chippy,' and the man was just a-handing it to her when Chippy began to chirp won'erful loud, and Mrs. Smith she set him down on the counter, and looked all o' a heap like—just as if she was 'mazed. 'What! you don't mean that, Chippy?' says she, and the sparrer he began a-rustling and a-chirpin' as if he wasn't right, and when she'd giv him a bit of sugar, he wouldn't have it if it was ever so! 'Well, then,' says Mrs. Smith at last: 'if he won't have it, he shan't; but I reckon as Chippy *du* know what he's a-talking about this time.' And then she began upon that poor man, and little by little she told him

all about the bit o' land; and he was that terrified that he gave her five and twenty shillings not to let folks know what Chippy had tould her, and she went away wi' it tu. I reckon as that sparrer came to a bad end a little arter this, and Mrs. Smith she never held up much when she hadn't her sparrer, though they was won'erful afeard on her mostly."

Has the reader had enough of these stories? Then, because enough is as good as a feast, he shall have no more! But I *could* a tale unfold of how Tanaquil came down from Macedon and took up her habitation for a while with a humble client, and how she slank into the lonely hovel of the withered Sagana, and asked how long old Servius would live, and now—but I am *not* going to tell that tale. Neither can I, turning to a remoter past, tell what John Freeman had done, who at the Assizes held at Norwich in March, 1585, was condemned to be hanged on a gibbet for witchcraft; nor why on the 19th of June, 1576, at the Sessions in the shirehouse, Margery Budd, the wife of John Budd, was "reprieved without bail for witchery and murder." Sure I am that the cunning man and the wise woman were in full swing long before Mrs. Budd's time; and that what John Boys, the dean of Canterbury, said fifteen years after her time may be said of some "worldlings" even now. For says he:—

It is the fashion of worldlings, if they lose goods out of their closet or cattle out of their close, presently to rake hell for help, consulting with abominable witches and other wicked agents of the devil. But (he adds with pious emphasis) shall I then forsake God who rideth upon the heavens and seek comfort at the hands of a conjurer by Black Arts and works of darkness?

No, Satan!

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

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From All The Year Round.  
GRIS LAPIN.

A STORY.

HERE is a little break in the forest, an opening that seems to have been cleared by woodcutters or charcoal-burners, but so long ago that it is now covered with a thick carpet of ivy and moss, upon which are heaped the dead leaves of yester-year. All is wonderfully still and silent in the wistful, expectant silence of early spring-time, though sometimes you may faintly



hear the far-off music of the hounds. And thus far we have followed the hunt, but some solitary old villain of a boar has carried the pack, as if on a bee-line, right over the hills and far away, and there they may stay for us, while, seated on a fallen tree-trunk, we enjoy the perfume of a pipe and the fresh and fitful breeze. It is early March, and the trees are still almost bare, but thickening with coming buds, so that the masses of the forest assume a misty softness. Faintly you may hear the sweet trill of larks high above the distant plain that shows like a cloud through the haze of twigs and branches, while the river winding through shows here and there a reach in silvery brightness.

Close by runs a hollow way all overgrown with trees and brushwood, and just at its verge, and on the edge of the clearing, stands the socket of an ancient cross, of the shaft of which some shattered fragments lie half concealed in the forest growth.

Then suddenly the stillness of the forest is broken by a great rustling and breaking of branches. Is it our friend the wild pig, who has doubled round upon us? Click! go the hammers of the gun, when a smothered voice exclaims, "Don't fire, monsieur; it is only I," as a huge animated bundle of dead wood comes crashing into the clearing. Beneath this great faggot is an old fellow in blue cotton blouse and overalls, with enormous sabots on his feet — sabots lined with a wisp of straw to make all snug and comfortable.

It is Toupet, the barber of the village down below — the superannuated barber, be it understood, for Toupet the younger now wields the razor and scissors, and rules the shop and café under the striped pole and dangling brass basin emblematic of the craft. But old Toupet is still hale and vigorous. You may see him beside a huge pile of refuse tan, executing wild gambadoes in his wooden shoes — not in mere lightness of heart, though that is not lacking either, but in the way of making round cakes for burning, which he will presently stack on wooden shelves all round his little cottage. And then he scours the forests to gather the dead wood with his wooden hook, like a nutting-stick, that he now trails behind him, and his *serpe*, or bill-hook, carefully concealed, for that is a little against the law. Then he has his little garden on the hillside, which furnishes the greater part of his diet.

He is a cheery and chirpy old soul, this

Toupet, and when he had placed his big faggot carefully against the trunk of a tree, and wiped his brows with the sleeve of his tattered blue blouse, he came forward with quite the air of a marquis, and offered his little snuff-box with a gracious bow. Yes, he will gladly take a little taste of cognac if monsieur will also partake; and we chink together our drinking receptacles with great cordiality. He has much to say about the *chasse*, with fervent hopes that the hunters will make an end of the whole race of savage animals, which are so harmful to agriculture and destructive to the humble kitchen garden. And then I interrupted his recital of the damage done by the wild animals of the forest by asking if he knew anything about the old stone cross.

At once Père Toupet's face assumed an expression of reserve and mystery. As for the cross — well, it had been there as long as he could remember; a relic of the old times, no doubt. But for him the stone had a more vivid interest. It marked the grave of a friend. It was not a thing to be talked about; but as monsieur was not of this country, and did not gossip, it could do no harm to tell him the story of Gris Lapin.

"They called him Gris Lapin because of his beard, which was thick and grey — pardon, monsieur, a rabbit has not a beard, I allow, but *enfin*, perhaps his prominent teeth — and did monsieur notice the prominent teeth of M. de Blenville, the master of the hounds? But nobody called him Lapin — and yet, if titles were hereditary — however, you shall hear. He was not of this country, the Gris Lapin, but from Brittany, and was once *valet de chiens* to the Comte de Blenville — with his hounds and his other distinctions. The count cut up all his estate, and presently the château was in the hands of the notary, to be sold, and the count in hiding, nobody knew where. As for Gris Lapin, he would not take another place; he loved his freedom, and to live after his own pleasure, and he set up as a woodcutter, a business at which he was very expert — too expert, perhaps, for the forest keepers, who suspected him of felling more wood than he paid for, but for a long time they could prove nothing against him.

"At this time, he would often come to my little café, and we became great friends, and he would tell me of all his affairs. Of his wife, whom he had left behind in Brittany, and who was housekeeper to a rich lady there, of a family it is said, who



made their money out of sardines; and of his boy, the little Eustase. As for his wife, he was quite content she should stay in Brittany, but he loved his boy, and would take sudden journeys just to get a look at him. And somewhere in those parts lived the count's sister, who was married to some gentleman of the country, and she had taken charge of the little Mlle. Agnès, the count's only child, for he had been married, but had lost his wife long ago. And so the Gris Lapin, when he went to see his own boy, would also pay a visit to the little daughter of his old master. The count's sister, being of the old *noblesse*, had but little to say to the rich people of the sardines. But she was well content, when her brother had eaten up all his estate, to arrange a marriage between him and the rich demoiselle of the sardines.

"It was Gris Lapin who brought us the news of all this, and soon we heard how the château was to be newly furnished and furnished up, and the count's old debts paid off; and presently we hear of nothing but M. de Blenville and Madame la Comtesse. And the new housekeeper at the château was no other than the wife of Gris Lapin; and their son, the little Eustase, was running about the place, a fine playfellow for Mlle. Agnès, who had now come back to her father's house. But this did not last long. The newly-married wife took a violent dislike to her step-daughter — being a jealous, ill-tempered woman, as was natural in one from her country. And so the demoiselle was sent to a convent to be educated, with the promise that she should become a sister when she was old enough to take the vows. And you may think that mademoiselle, who was very lively and amiable, did not like the prospect, nor her father any more, who in his way was very fond of his daughter. But what was he to do? He could not give her a dowry, for everything was in the hands of his wife, and madame would give nothing, except for the convent.

"As for the little Eustase, he went to school in the town with the *frères* and soon he learned all they could teach him; even the Latin, which madame would have him learn. And then said madame to her faithful Bretonne, '*Ma mie*, I will make the future of your son. He shall go to the seminary and be a priest, and I promise you that he shall not want for friends, and you may look to see him a bishop before you die.' The mother was charmed with the notion, but as for Gris

Lapin — for they were obliged to ask his consent — he did not care that his son should efface himself thus. 'If you will send him to college,' he said, 'let it be the military school, and make a soldier of him.' But madame would do nothing except in her own way. Eustase must be a priest, or she would have nothing more to say to him.

"And Gris Lapin had not prospered, for if he made money quickly he spent it all in drink, and would work no more till it was all gone. And then he was noted as a poacher. If there were a hare within a dozen miles he would snare her. He cleared the streams of their trout, the fields of the quail and partridge. As for me, I am a little of a naturalist; and if he found anything strange in bird or fish he would bring it to me — and thus we became great friends and comrades. And sometimes I had it in my power to do him a good turn. You know the little garden that I bought with my savings. The soil is good, but the forest is too near, and the deer and the sanglier like nothing better than my young cabbages and lettuces. And I had built myself a little hut, where I might lie at night and watch for the animals, I and my little dog. And while I was clearing the ground, I came upon a little cave, hollowed out of the chalk, which proved very handy, for I could keep a cask of cider there unknown to anybody, and more than once Gris Lapin had been glad to hide himself there when the gendarmes had run him close.

"But you may judge that this was not a very reputable father for young Eustase, always so well cared for and proper. And when our little monsieur came back from his college, with his long frock and his demure face like an abbé, I could have laughed to see the two together. But he was always kind and respectful to his father; for he had a heart of gold, that little Eustase, and I thought it a thousand pities it should be shut up in a cassock.

"Now, as ill luck would have it, when Eustase came home for his vacation, madame had gone to her own estate in Brittany, and the count had taken the opportunity to bring home his daughter from the convent to give her pleasure, and our young monsieur must needs become enamored of this Mlle. Agnès; for her father, thinking him already just as good as a priest, saw no harm in these two old playfellows being together; and perhaps they opened their hearts to each other and discovered how sad their lives would be without love. By-and-by, madame comes



home in a hurry and makes a fine disturbance, and our young monsieur is sent back to his seminary and mademoiselle to her convent.

"And then came the war, and those miserable Prussians burst upon us. Then there were holidays at all the schools and convents, and mademoiselle was sent back post haste to the château, but a little moment too late, for madame had fled to England the day before. As for monsieur, he had joined the army; for he was a brave man, and had served already. But before the day had closed of mademoiselle's arrival, the Prussians were upon us in force. There seemed to be no end of them as they marched past, square and solid, and soon they were swarming everywhere. The general, who was some prince I was told, took up his quarters at the château, and there was not a householder who was free from these profitless guests.

"Meantime how fares our Gris Lapin? Why, as bravely as possible. He has the forest to himself; the keepers have all taken flight—they are no more gendarmes—and he at work with his hatchet, and selling wood to the Prussians as fast as you please, wood that costs him nothing but the pains of felling. 'But, my brave,' I say to him, 'you will pay for this afterwards, when the forest inspector comes back and takes note of all the wood you have cut.' 'But who will tell of me?' asked Gris Lapin fiercely. 'Depend upon it,' I said, 'that some of these keepers are still prowling about in disguise.' 'Let me catch them,' cried Gris Lapin savagely. There were others to warn him—his wife, for example, who never saw him without giving him bad words; and even Mlle. Agnès, who loved him better than he deserved, would put her pretty little hands-together and implore him to have no dealings with the Prussians. 'But their money is good; it sounds well,' he would cry, chinking the coins in his pocket. And, *ma foi*, perhaps he had reason in that. For, look you, it was a good time also for the cafés, and I took more money in a week while the Prussians were with us than in a month at other times. There were three or four of these soldiers staying in my house—honest fellows enough, who made themselves useful about the place, with a heap of their comrades to smoke, drink, and sing all day long in my little café.

"And one day in the thick of it all, when you could hardly see across the room for smoke, a man came in dressed as a peasant in his blouse and gaiters,

with his bill-hook hanging at his girdle—an honest woodman as it would seem. Some of the soldiers laughed and made faces at him, and called him Herr Crapaud. But he did not seem to mind. A quiet, middle-aged man, with rather prominent front teeth, who reminded me in some way of Gris Lapin, only for the beard which was wanting; and as he paid me for his café, he contrived to give me a pressure of the hand and a look of intelligence, as much as to say, 'I want to speak to you.' 'You want your hair cut, monsieur,' I replied to his look in a loud voice. 'Good; will you walk into the salon?' and he followed me from the café into my little shop. The door between was wide open, and I did not venture to shut it lest suspicion should arise, and I began snipping away, calling out loudly at times to my son and daughter-in-law, who had taken my place in the café. All the while he talked to me in a low voice, and I replied in the same manner. In the mean time I had noticed that his hair was made up to look grey, and that his skin was smooth and fine—a young man in the disguise of an old one—so that I was not too much surprised when he whispered: 'I am Eustase. Find some way to get me into the château.' After all, I was not too well pleased with the business he wanted me to undertake. Why did not he go to his father, who was on the best terms with all the officers at the château? 'I passed by his hut,' said the young man, hanging his head, 'but my father was not fit.' I understood perfectly without more words. Our Gris Lapin was Lapin Gris. Drunk, intoxicated, alcoholized—don't you understand, monsieur? It was his habit when he had earned a little more than usual, and naturally the young man was ashamed.

"'But come,' I cried, recollecting myself and speaking out loudly so that all might hear—'yes, if you have pigeons to sell, you will find a market for them at the château.' For it occurred to me that some one from the château had been enquiring if I had any pigeons to sell, having a dovecote in my grenier. And the young man gave me a startled look, but presently took my cue and we began gabbling about pigeons like two half-crazed amateurs. And the big soldiers raised a laugh at us, shouting out, 'Pigeon—crapaud,' all together with their thick voices, in the middle of which I called to M. Eustase to follow me to my grenier, where I would show him pigeons to be astonished at. And no sooner were we



alone together — ‘Pere Toupet,’ cried Eustase, ‘you made a dangerously good shot with your pigeons. Look!’ and he drew forth from inside his blouse a beautiful white carrier of the Antwerp breed. ‘And now,’ he cried, ‘tell me about the château—is she safe? is she well—Mlle. Agnès?’ and he blushed like a young girl.

“Well, I had heard no ill news of mademoiselle, who lived in a corner of the château with la mère Bretonne. But had he come into all this danger to seek news of mademoiselle? Well, no; he had great affairs on hand, but he must find his way to the château without creating suspicion, and he looked to his old friend Toupet to help, as well for *la patrie* as for his own sake. It was not for Toupet to resist such a claim as that. But what better could be done than to start M. Eustase for the château with a basket and two pairs of fine young pigeons that I had intended for the New Year’s fête?”

“We knew little of what was going on at the time; but we heard all about the affair afterwards—how Eustase at the beginning of the war had cast aside the costume of a seminarist and joined the army as a volunteer, and he contrived so as to join the regiment of which his patron had been made colonel—this was under De Palladines, an old friend of M. le Comte—and managed so well that before long, thanks to his colonel, he was drawn from the ranks and received his epaulette as sous-lieutenant.

“And then there was fought a great battle, in which the Prussians got the worst of it, and it only remained for the army to march on and put the enemy all to flight. That was what the comte urged upon them; but the generals doubted that the Prussians were too strongly posted. And then the comte proposed to send a faithful scout who would mark the strength and position of the enemy; and he thought of Eustase and sent for him, offering that he should have his epaulettes if he succeeded; while, if he were discovered, he might make up his mind to a bullet through his head, or perhaps to be hung up to the nearest tree. And Eustase said that he would go; and he was taken to the general, and he shook him by the hand and promised him the cross as well as his epaulettes if he succeeded in his mission. And they gave him three carrier-pigeons which had been trained at the farm where the general’s quarters were, and would find their way home if it were from Paris. And the count would

have him put on the cassock of a priest, but Eustase said no, he would never wear the cassock again, but instead he would be an honest woodman, like his father.

“Well, Eustase knew the country, every inch of it, and made his way from forest to forest, and under his blouse the three white pigeons, and at each post he counted heads and made his calculations. One—two of the pigeons were cast loose and made their way like arrows back to the camp, but the third he kept till he should reach headquarters and find out the full state of the whole army-corps.

“You may fancy what joy there was at the château when la mère and the pretty Agnès found out who was the elderly pigeon-merchant who had brought the birds for the prince’s kitchen; and with all the loving messages from the count to his daughter, that Eustase took care should not lose in the telling; and, best of all, that in four-and-twenty hours, if all went well, the count himself, at the head of his braves, would be among them. And, by good luck, la Bretonne herself could tell her son everything about the army, for she had listened and kept watch all the time, and that most of the regiments had been sent off towards Paris, and it only remained for our men to fall on and win a splendid victory. And Eustase put all this in his despatch, which he placed in a quill and attached to the pigeon; and they let fly the pigeon from the very terrace of the château; and it circled high in the air and then flew away in the right direction just over the forest.

“‘And now,’ said Eustase proudly, looking into the dark eyes of Agnès, ‘I have won my epaulettes, I have won my cross, and perhaps I have won my mistress.’”

“And just then they heard a shot which made them all tremble.

“It was that same afternoon that I had a visit from Gris Lapin which a little surprised me, for from what his son had said I did not expect that he would be in a reasonable state that day. But he was quite himself and in high spirits. ‘You were quite right, old friend,’ he cried, ‘in the warning you gave me about the forest keepers. I have had one of those animals spying about me to-day, but I think I have settled his business.’ I must tell you that ever since my visit from Eustase those drolls of Germans had never ceased to make sport of me, coo-cooing like pigeons and croaking like frogs, though what there was to make fun of I never could make out. And when the Gris Lapin came into the café the chorus be-



gan again; and he looked around angrily, thinking there was some insult intended to himself; but I pacified him by telling him how it was my pigeons they were joking about. And I drew him into the little shop and whispered to him the news of his son, how he was an officer now, and likely to have the cross. But Gris Lapin would hardly believe me, and when he was convinced of the truth, 'Now,' said he, 'let me once see my son in his epaulettes, with the cross upon his breast, and I will never appear again to be a trouble and disgrace to him.' And as we were talking together in a low voice we heard the sound of a military party, tramp, tramp, tramp; and behold, there came along, at the double, an armed guard of Prussians, with a prisoner in the middle of them, his hands tied behind him, as pale as death, with a strange glazed look in the eyes. 'Ah,' cried my son, who had also run to the door to look, 'that is a poor fellow whom they have caught sending messages to our army by a carrier-pigeon, Heaven bless him.' And at that Gris Lapin staggered forward and threw himself among the soldiers with a loud cry, while the prisoner turned his head. 'Mon père,' he cried, springing towards him as well as he could, but the soldiers urged him along with their bayonets, and drove away Gris Lapin with blows, and he fell backwards among us more dead than alive.

"I well remember that night, when just as darkness was coming on, two women passed along the street closely veiled, and in the deepest black. And all the world had a sad heart, for the poor young man we had known from a child was to be shot at daybreak next morning, and it was mademoiselle and la Bretonne who were going to take a last farewell. And we heard that they had been ordered to leave the château before midnight, for that the prince was terribly incensed at them for having given information to poor Eustase. They were to leave the château, and be sent out of the Prussian lines, and Gris Lapin was to take charge of them to make their way out of the country as they best could. And people were looking everywhere for him, but he could not be found. He had hidden himself perhaps, so that none might see him in his misery. But in the course of the evening I heard somebody tapping at the door and opened, and there was Gris Lapin, very much changed in appearance, and quite white and haggard, and I began to bewail his son, and to try to comfort him, and he

bade me hold my tongue, for that I knew nothing about the matter. 'That might be,' I said, 'but I knew this much: that if I knew the traitor who had betrayed him, I would do my best to strangle him with these two hands of mine.' At this, Gris Lapin dashed at me, tearing the wrapper from his brawny throat. 'Do you say so? Then strangle me, for I am the traitor!'

"I would not believe him till he told me the sad story. How he had been lying half asleep in his hut, when a man came up to the place and peered about all round as if he were taking note of everything: the trees that were cut, the stacks of wood and all; and some evil spirit put it into his head that this was his old enemy, the forest-keeper, who had come back to plague him, and he followed the man at a distance and he watched him into the town, and again, when he left in the direction of the château. And he watched the château from his hiding-place in the woods. And when he saw the man come out and let fly the pigeon, he raised his gun and shot it. And he took the pigeon to the Prussians and sold it for fifty francs, with the little burden it carried. 'Yes; I have sold my son's life,' he groaned.

"For myself, I was frightened, overpowered; the thing seemed too horrible. I had not a word to say to my old comrade as he sat there in the darkness. I felt that the man was accursed. He was the first to break silence. 'Well, I am going away — I am going to take charge of mademoiselle and my wife. They need never know,' looking at me fiercely. 'No,' I said, 'they need never know — nor anybody else, for that matter. I should not betray you.' 'You will not betray me,' repeated Gris Lapin; 'but you will not touch hands upon that.' 'No,' I said, drawing back, 'I will not.' At that his mood changed, and he flung himself into the operating chair, and bade me light my lamp and shave his beard. In a new country he would be a new man. \*

"And indeed he looked a new man with his grey beard taken off and his hair shortened. A much younger man, for his hair was still black, or only speckled with grey. When I had finished he muffled up his face, saying with a bitter laugh, that it would not do to take a chill. 'And now,' he said, 'I am promised ten minutes with my son. It will be a pleasant interview, don't you think?' with a hollow laugh that made my blood run cold; 'and before daylight to-morrow,' he continued,



'I shall be far away from here, and we shall never meet again. Will you not touch hands?' 'My friend,' I said, 'may Heaven forgive you, but I cannot take your hand,' and Gris Lapin turned away and was lost to sight in the darkness.

"I slept soundly enough that night, for whatever people's troubles may be one must work, and work brings the need of repose; but just before daybreak I was aroused by the soldiers who were billeted upon me turning out. I got up to see what was the matter, when a sergeant, catching sight of me, made signs to me in a rough, authoritative way to take up a spade and follow him. I turned sick at what was going to happen, but these were people not to be trifled with, and I marched away to the forest with the rest.

"It was in this little clearing, monsieur, where the firing party was drawn up, with one solitary figure stripped to his shirt standing before them. I flung myself down on the ground and buried my face in the moss, and then the volley rang out loud and clear. And then the firing party marched off, and I was left with the sergeant, who was carelessly pacing up and down, and who motioned to me to dig the grave. But first I went up to the body to close the eyes that were staring wildly, with, I fancy, some little consciousness still left in them. But the face was quite different from what I expected. With the marks of my own razor upon it, and a gash that I made in my agitation the night before! It was the face of Gris Lapin. Ah, how I pressed his hand, and I fancied that the numbed fingers feebly returned the pressure! His crime was expiated, he might rest in peace. And, ma foi, I should like to lie here myself with the sound of the axe in the distance and the wood-pigeons cooing. But that is all folly, for when we are dead, what matters?

"Mind, I do not believe for a moment that the young man thought that he had left his father to die. He could not think it possible that they should shoot one man for another. Nor would they have done so but for the ruse of Gris Lapin in having his well-known beard taken off. But, anyhow, the young man escaped, and the guard did not recognize the change. And perhaps he does not know to this day, for when the war was over none could say what had become of Gris Lapin. And I also held my peace, for I thought that such would be the wish of my old comrade.

"But M. Eustase got his epaulettes

after all, and in the end the comte gave his permission that he should marry Mlle. Agnès. And madame, who was at first very angry, was afterwards reconciled, and when she died — both she and the comte are now dead — she left the bulk of her fortune to the young couple. And so the little Eustase is now M. de Blenville, and hunts the forest like a grand seigneur, but some of us remember that, after all, he is the son of Gris Lapin."

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From Longman's Magazine.

#### THE NORWAY FJORDS.

ON June 30, 1881, we sailed from Southampton Water in a steam yacht to spend ten weeks in the Norway fjords — fjords or friths, for the word is the same. The Scandinavian children of the sea carried their favorite names with them. Frith is fjord; our Cumberland Scale *Force* would be called Scale Foss between the North Cape and the Baltic. The yacht was spacious; over three hundred tons. Cabins, equipments, engines, captain, steward, crew the best of their kind. Our party was small; only four in all. My friend whose guest I was, and whom I shall call X —, two ladies, and myself. X — had furnished himself with such knowledge as was attainable in London, for the scenes which we were to explore. He had studied Norse. He could speak it; he could understand and be understood. He was a sportsman, but a sportsman only as subsidiary to more rational occupations. He was going to Norway to catch salmonidæ: not, however, to catch them only, but to study the varieties of that most complicated order of fish. He was going also to geologize and to botanize, to examine rocks and rivers and glaciers and flowers; while all of us were meaning to acquaint ourselves as far as we could with the human specimens still to be found in the crater of the old volcano from which those shiploads of murdering "Danes" poured out ten centuries ago to change the face of Europe.

And to see Norway, the real Norway, within moderate compass of time is possible only with such means as a steam yacht provides. There are great lines of road in Norway along the practicable routes, but very few *are* practicable; nine-tenths of the country, and the most interesting parts, are so walled off by



mountains, are so entrenched among the fjords, as to be forever unapproachable by land, while the water highways lead everywhere — magnificent canals, fashioned by the elemental forces, who can say how or when?

From the west coast there run inland with a general easterly direction ten or twelve main channels of sea, penetrating from fifty to a hundred miles into the very heart of the northern peninsula. They are of vast depth, and from half a mile to two miles broad. The mountains rise on both sides sheer from the water's edge; the lower ranges densely timbered with pine and birch and alder; above these belts of forest soar ranges of lofty peaks, five or six thousand feet up, the snow lying thick upon them in the midst of summer, glaciers oozing down the gorges, like cataracts arrested in their fall by the frost enchanter, motionless, yet with the form of motion. From the snow, from the ice when the glaciers reach a warmer level, melt streams which swell at noon, as the sun grows hot, descend in never-ending waterfalls, cascade upon cascade, through the ravines which they have cut for themselves in millions of years. In the evening they dwindle away, and at night fall silent as the frost resumes its power.

From the great central fjords branches strike out right and left, some mere inlets ending after a few miles, some channels which connect one fjord with another. The surface of Norway, as it is shown flat upon a chart, is lined and intersected by these water-ways as the surface of England is by railways. The scenery, though forever changing, changes like the pattern of a kaleidoscope, the same materials readjusted in varying combinations; the same rivers of sea-water, the same mountain walls, the same ice and snow on the summits, the same never-ending pines and birches, with an emerald carpet between the stems where the universal whortleberry hides the stones under the most brilliant green. The short fjords and the large are identical in general features, save that, lying at right angles to the prevailing winds, the surface of these lateral waters is usually undisturbed by a single ripple; the clouds may be racing over the high ridges, but down below no breath can reach. Hence the light is undispersed. The eye, instead of meeting anywhere with white water, sees only rocks, woods, and cataracts reversed as in a looking-glass. This extreme stillness, and the optical results

of it, are the cause, I suppose, of the gloom of Norwegian landscape-painting.

How these fjords were formed is, I believe, as yet undetermined. Water has furrowed the surface of the globe into many a singular shape; water, we are told, cut out the long gorge below Niagara; but water, acting as we now know it, scarcely scooped out of the hardest known rock these multitudinous fissures so uniform in character between walls which pierce the higher strata of the clouds, between cliffs which in some places rise, as in the Geiranger, perpendicular for a thousand feet; the fjords themselves of such extraordinary depth, and deepest always when furthest from the sea. Where they enter the Atlantic, there is bottom generally in a hundred fathoms. In the Sogne, a hundred miles inland, you find seven hundred fathoms. Rivers cutting their way through rock and soil could never have achieved such work as this. Ice is a mighty thaumaturgist, and ice has been busy enough in Norway. The fjords were once filled with ice up to a certain level; the level to which it rose can be traced on the sharp angles ground off the rounded stone, and the scores of the glacier plane on the polished slabs of gneiss or granite. But at some hundreds of feet above the present water-line the ice action ends, and cliffs and crags are scarred and angular and weather-splintered to where they are lost in the eternal snow. The vast moraines which occasionally block the valleys tell the same story. The largest that I saw was between four and five hundred feet high, and we have to account for chasms which, if we add the depth of the water to the height of the mountains above it, are nine thousand feet from the bottom to the mountain crest.

The appearance of Norway is precisely what it would have been if the surface had cracked when cooling into a thousand fissures, longitudinal and diagonal, if these fissures had at one time been filled with sea-water, at another with ice, and the sides above the point to which the ice could rise had been chipped and torn and weather-worn by rain and frost through endless ages. Whether this is, in fact, the explanation of their form, philosophers will in good time assure themselves; meantime, this is what they are outwardly like, which for present purposes is all that need be required.

A country so organized can be traversed in no way so conveniently as by a steam yacht, which carries the four-and-



twenty winds in its boiler. It is not the romance of yachting; and the steamer, beside the graceful schooner with its snowy canvas, seems prosaic and mechanical. The schooner does well in the open water with free air and sea room; but let no schooner venture into the Norway fjords, where slant winds come not by which you can make a course by a long reach, where there is either a glassy calm or a wind blowing up or down. If you reached the end of the Sogne you might spend a season in beating back to the sea alone, and, except in some few spots where you might not be able to go, you cannot so much as anchor for the depth of water. Shut in among these mountains, you may drift, becalmed in a sailing yacht for weeks together, while to a steamer the course is as easy and sure as to a carriage on a turnpike road. Your yacht is your house, and, like a wishing carpet, it transports you wherever you please to go, and is here and there and anywhere. You note your position on the chart; you scan it with the sense that the world of Norway is all before you to go where you like; you choose your next anchoring-place; you point it out to the pilot; you know your speed — there is no night in the summer months — you dine; you smoke your evening cigar; you go to your berth; you find yourself at breakfast in your new surroundings.

So then, on that June evening, we steamed out of the Solent. Our speed in smooth water was ten knots; our distance from Udsire light, for which our course was laid, was seven hundred miles. It was calm and cloudless, but unusually cold. When night brought the stars we saw the comet high above us, the tail of him pointing straight away from the sun, as if the head was a lens through which the sun's rays lighted the atoms of ether behind it. Sleep, which had grown fitful in the London season, came back to us at once in our berths unscared by the grinding of the screw. We woke fresh and elastic when the decks were washed. The floors of the cabins lifted on hinges, and below were baths into which the seawater poured till we could float in it. When we came up and looked about us we were running past the North Foreland. With the wind aft and the water smooth we sped on. I lay all the morning on a sofa in the deck cabin, and smoked and read Xenophon's "Memorabilia." So one day passed, and then another. On the evening of July 2 we passed through a fleet of English trawlers, a few units of

the ten thousand feeders of the London stomach, the four million human beings within the bills of mortality whom the world combines to nourish. We were doing two hundred miles a day. The calm continued, and the ladies so far had suffered nothing. There was no motion save the never-resting heave of the ocean swell. Homer had observed that long undulation; Ulysses felt it when coming back from Hades to Circe's island. The thing is the same, though the word ocean has changed its meaning. To Homer ocean was a river which ran past the grove of Proserpine. It was not till the ship had left the river mouth for the open sea that she lifted on the wave.\*

On the third afternoon the weather changed. The cold of the high latitude drove us into our winter clothes. The wind rose from the north-west, bringing thick rain with it, and a heavy beam sea. The yacht rolled twenty degrees each way. Long steamers, without sails to steady them, always do roll, but our speed was not altered. We passed Udsire light on the 3rd, at seven in the evening, and then groped our way slowly, for, though there was no longer any night, we could see little for fog and mist. At last we picked up a pilot who brought us safely into the roadstead at Bergen, where we were to begin our acquaintance with Norway. It stands fifteen miles inland, with three fjords leading to it, built on a long tongue of rock between two inlets, and overhung with mountains. There is a great trade there, chiefly in salt fish, I believe — any way the forty thousand inhabitants seemed, from the stir on shore and in the harbor, to have plenty to occupy them. We landed and walked round. There are no handsome houses, but no beggars and no signs of poverty. "You have poor here," I said to a coal-merchant, who came on board for orders, and could speak English. "Poor?" he said; "yes, many; not, of course, such poor as you have in England. Every one has enough to eat." To our sensations it was extremely cold; cold as an English January. But cold and heat are relative terms; and an English January might seem like summer after Arctic winters. The Bergen people took it to be summer, for we found a public garden where a band played; and there were chairs and tables for coffee out of doors. Trees and

\* *Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ποταμοῖο λίπεν ῥόον Ὠκεανοῖο  
Νηῦς, ἀπὸ δ' ἵκετο κύμα θαλάσσης εὐρυπόροιο.*  
*Odyssey, xii., 1, 2.*



shrubs were acclimatized. Lilacs, acacias, and horse-chestnuts were in flower. There were roses in bud, and the gardeners were planting out geraniums. We saw the fish-market; everywhere a curious place, for you see there the fish that are caught, the fishermen who catch them, with their boats and gear, the market-women, and the citizens who come to buy. It is all fish in Bergen. The telegrams on the wall in the Bourse tell you only how fish are going in Holland and Denmark. The trade is in fish. On the rocks outside the town stand huge stacks, looking like bean-stacks, but they are of dried cod and ling. The streets and squares smell of fish. A steamer bound for Hull lay close to us in the roadstead; which to leeward might have been winded for a mile. Lads stagger about the streets cased between a pair of halibuts, like the Chelsea paupers between two advertisement boards inviting us to vote for Sir Charles Dilke at an election. Still, excepting the odors, we liked Bergen well. You never hear the mendicant whine there. Those northern people know how to work and take care of themselves, and loafers can find no living among them. I do not know whether there is so much as a beggar in the whole town. They are quiet, simple, industrious folk, who mind their own business. For politics they care nothing, not supposing that on this road is any kind of salvation for them. They are Lutherans; universally Lutherans. It is the national religion, and they are entirely satisfied with it. Protestant dissent is never heard of. There is a Catholic Church in Bergen for the foreign sailors, but I doubt if the priests have converted a single Norwegian. They are a people already moderately well-to-do in body and mind, and do not need anything which the priests could give them. The intellectual essentials are well looked after—the schools are good, and well attended. The Bergen museum is a model on a small scale of what a local museum ought to be, an epitome of Norway itself past and present. Perhaps there is not another in Europe so excellent of its kind. In the gallery of antiquities there is the Norway of the sea-kings, Runic tablets and inscriptions, chain armor, swords and clubs and battle-axes, pots of earthenware, stone knives and hammers of a still earlier age. There are the traces of their marauding expeditions, Greek and Italian statuettes, rings, chains, bracelets, and drinking-cups, one or two of these last especially curious, for

glass was rare and precious when they were made. The glass has been broken, and pieced with silver. These obviously were the spoils of some cruise in the Mediterranean, and there is old church plate among them which also tells its story. By the side of these are the implements of the Norsemen's other trade—fishing: specimens of nets, lines, hooks, spears, and harpoons, for whale and walrus, and crossbows, the barbed arrow having a line attached to it for shooting seals. In the galleries above is a very complete collection of the Scandinavian mammalia—wolves, bears, lynxes, foxes, whales, seals, and sea-horses, every kind of fish, every bird, land or water, all perfectly well classified, labelled, and looked after. Superior persons are in charge of it, who can hold their own with the leading naturalists of France or England; and all this is maintained at modest cost by the Bergen corporation.

The houses are plain, but clean; no dirt is visible anywhere, and there is one sure sign of a desire to make life graceful. The hardiest flowers only will grow out of doors, but half the windows in the town are filled with myrtles, geraniums, or carnations. With the people themselves we had little opportunity of acquaintance; but one evening, the second after our arrival, we were on deck after dinner between ten and eleven in the evening. The sunshine was still on the hills. Though chilly to us, the air was warm to Bergen; the bay was covered with boats; family groups of citizens out enjoying themselves; music floating on the water and songs made sweet by distance; others were anchored fishing. X—rowed me out in the yacht's punt to a point half a mile distant. We brought up at an oar's length from some young ladies with a youth in charge of them. Some question asked as an excuse for conversation was politely answered. One of them spoke excellent English; she was a lively, clever girl, had been in Ireland, and was quick with repartee, well bred and refined. Their manners were faultless, but they fished as if they had been bred to the trade. They had oilskin aprons to save their dresses, and they pulled up their fish and handled their knives and baits like professionals.

Our first taste of Norway, notwithstanding the perfume of salt ling, was very pleasant; but we had far to go—as far as Lofoden if we could manage it—and we might not loiter. We left Bergen on the 6th with a local pilot. Trondhjem



or Drontheim was the next point where we were to expect letters, and two courses lead to it — either by the open sea outside the shoals and islands, or inland by the network of fjords, longer but infinitely the most interesting, with the further merit of water perfectly smooth. We started at six in the morning and flew on rapidly among tortuous channels, now sweeping through a passage scarcely wider than the yacht's length, now bursting into an archipelago of islets. The western coast of Norway is low and level — a barren, undulating country, with the sea flowing freely through the hollows. Here and there are green patches of meadow with a few trees, where there would be a bonder's or yeoman's farm. Prettily painted lighthouses with their red roofs marked our course for us, and a girl or two would come out upon the balconies to look at us as we rushed by within a gunshot. Eider-ducks flashed out of the water, the father of the family as usual the first to fly, and leaving wife and children to take care of themselves. Fishing-boats crossed us at intervals, and now and then a whale spouted: other signs of life there were none. Towards midday we entered the Sogne Fjord; we turned eastward towards the great mountain ranges; and, as in the fairy tale the rock opens to the enchanted prince, and he finds himself amidst gardens and palaces, so, as we ran on seemingly upon an impenetrable wall, cliff and crag fell apart, and we entered on what might be described as an infinite extension of Loch Lomond, save only that the mountains were far grander, the slopes more densely wooded, and that, far up, we were looking on the everlasting snow, or the green glitter of the glaciers.

On either side of us, as we steamed on, we crossed the mouths of other fjords, lateral branches precisely like the parent trunk, penetrating, as we could see upon our chart, for tens of miles. Norse history grew intelligible as we looked at them. Here were the hiding-places where the vikings, wickelings, hole-and-corner pirates, ran in with their spoils; and here was the explanation of their roving lives. The few spots where a family could sustain itself on the soil are scattered at intervals of leagues. The woods are silent and desolate; wild animals of any kind we never saw; hunting there could have been none. The bears have increased since the farming introduced sheep; but a thousand years ago, save a few reindeer and a few grouse and ptar-

migan, there was nothing which would feed either bear or man. Few warm-blooded creatures, furred or feathered, can endure the winter cold. A population cannot live by fish alone, and thus the Norsemen became rovers by necessity, and when summer came they formed in fleets and went south to seek their sustenance. The pine forests were their arsenal; their vessels were the best and fastest in the world; the water was their only road; they were boatmen and seamen by second nature, and the seacoasts within reach of a summer outing were their natural prey.

We were looking for an anchoring-place where there was a likelihood of fishing; we had seen an inlet on the chart, turning out of the Sogne, which looked promising. At the upper end two rivers appeared to run into it out of fresh-water lakes close by; conditions likely to yield salmon. It was our first experiment. A chart is flat. Imagination, unenlightened by experience, had pictured the fjord ending in level meadows, manageable streams winding through them, and, beyond, perhaps some Rydal or Grasmere lying tranquil among its hills. The pilot said that he knew the place, but could give us no description of it. Anticipation generally makes mistakes on such occasions, but never were fact and fancy more startlingly at variance. Lord Salisbury advised people to study geography on large maps. Flat charts are more convenient than models of a country in relief, but they are treacherous mislead-ers. Grand as the Sogne had been, the inlet where we struck into it was grander still. The forests on the shores were denser, the slopes steeper, the cliffs and peaks soaring up in more stupendous majesty. We ran on thus for eight or ten miles; then, turning round a projecting spur, we found ourselves in a landlocked estuary smooth as a mirror, the mountains on one side of it beautiful in evening sunlight, on the other darkening the water with their green purple shadows; at the far extremity, which was still five miles from us, a broad white line showed, instead of our "meadow stream," where a mighty torrent was pouring in a cataract over the face of a precipice into the sea.

At the foot of this fall, not three hundred yards from it (no bottom was to be found at a greater distance), we anchored half an hour later, and looked about us. We were in the heart of a primitive Norwegian valley, buried among mountains



so lofty and so unbroken that no road had ever entered, or could enter it. It was the first of many which we saw afterwards of the same type, and one description will serve for all.

We were in a circular basin at the head of a fjord. In front of us was a river as large as the Clyde rushing out of a chasm a thousand feet above us, and plunging down in boiling foam. Above this chasm and inaccessible, was one of the lakes which we had seen on the chart, and in which we had expected to catch salmon. The mountains round were, as usual, covered with wood. At the foot of the fall, and worked by part of it, was a large saw-mill with its adjoining sheds and buildings. The pines were cut as they were wanted, floated to the mill and made into planks, vessels coming at intervals to take them away. The Norwegians are accused of wasting their forests with these mills. We could see no signs of it. In the first place, the sides of the fjords are so steep that the trees can be got at only in comparatively few places. When they can be got at, there is no excessive destruction; more pines are annually swept away by avalanches than are consumed by all the mills in Norway; and the quantity is so enormous that the amount which men can use is no more likely to exhaust it than the Loch Fyne fishermen are likely to exhaust the herring shoals.

On the other side of the basin where we lay was the domain of the owner of the mill. Though the fjord ended, the great ravine in which it was formed stretched, as we could see, a couple of miles further, but it had been blocked by a moraine which stretched across it. The moraines, being formed of loose soil and stones deposited by ice in the glacial period, are available for cultivation and are indeed excellent land. There were forty or fifty acres of grass laid up for hay, a few acres of potatoes, a red-roofed, sunny farmhouse with large outbuildings, carts and horses moving about, poultry crowing, cattle grazing, a boathouse and platform where a couple of lighters were unloading. Here was the house of a substantial, prosperous bonder. His nearest neighbor must have been twelve miles from him. He, his children, and farm-servants were the sole occupants of the valley. The saw-mill was theirs; the boats were theirs; their own hands supplied everything which they wanted. They were their own carpenters, smiths, masons, and glaziers; they sheared their own sheep, spun and dyed their own wool,

wove their own cloth, and cut and sewed their own dresses. It was a true specimen of primitive Norwegian life complete in itself—of peaceful, quiet, self-sufficient, prosperous industry.

The snake that spoiled Paradise had doubtless found its way into Nord Gulen (so our valley was named) as into other places, but a softer, sweeter-looking spot we had none of us ever seen. It was seven in the evening when we anchored; a skiff came off, rowed by a couple of plain, stout girls with offers of eggs and milk. Fishing-lines were brought out as soon as the anchor was down. The surface water was fresh, and icy cold as coming out of the near glaciers; but it was salt a few fathoms down, and almost immediately we had a basket of dabs and whiting.

After dinner, at nine o'clock, with the sun still shining, X—— and I went ashore with our trout-rods. We climbed the moraine, and a narrow lake lay spread out before us, perfectly still, the sides steep, in many places precipitous, trees growing wherever a root could strike. The lake was three miles long, and seemed to end against the foot of a range of mountains five thousand feet high, the peaks of which, thickly covered with snow, were flushed with the crimson light of the evening. The surface of the water was spotted with rings where the trout were rising. One of the bonder's boys, who had followed us, offered his boat. It was of native manufacture, and not particularly water-tight, but we stowed ourselves, one in the bow and the other in the stern. The boy had never seen such rods as ours; he looked incredulously at them, and still more at our flies; but he rowed us to the top of the lake, where a river came down out of the snow-mountain, finishing its descent with a leap over a cliff. Here he told us there were trout if we could catch them; and he took us deliberately into the spray of the waterfall, not understanding, till we were nearly wet through, that we had any objection to it. As the evening went on the scene became every minute grander and more glorious. The sunset colors deepened; a crag just over us, two thousand feet high, stood out clear and sharp against the sky. We stayed for two or three hours, idly throwing out flies and catching a few trout no longer than our hands, thereby confirming evidently our friend's impression of our inefficiency. At midnight we were in the yacht again—midnight, and it was like a night in



England at the end of June five minutes after sunset.

This was our first experience of a Norway fjord, and for myself I would have been content to go no further; have studied in detail the exquisite beauty which was round us; have made friends with the bonder and his household, and found out what they made of their existence under such conditions. There in epitome would have been seeing Norway and the Norwegians. It was no Arcadia of piping shepherds. In the summer the young men are away at the mountain farms, high grazing-ground underneath the snow-line. The women work with their brothers and husbands, and weave and make the clothes. They dress plainly, but with good taste, with modest embroidery; a handsome bag hangs at the waist of the housewife. There is reading, too, and scholarship. A boy met us on a pathway, and spoke to us in English. We asked him when he had been in England. He had never been beyond his own valley; in the long winter evenings he had taught himself with an English grammar. No wonder that with such ready adaptabilities they made the best of emigrants. The overflow of population which once directed itself in such rude fashion on Normandy and England now finds its way to the United States, and no incomers are more welcome there.

But a steam yacht is for movement and change. We were to start again at noon the next day. The morning was hot and bright. While the engineer was getting up steam, we rowed to the foot of the great fall. I had my small trout-rod with me, and trolled a salmon fly on the chance. There were no salmon there, but we saw brown trout rising; so I tried the universal favorites — a March brown and a red spinner — and in a moment had a fish that bent the rod double. Another followed, and another, and then I lost a large one. I passed the rod to X —, in whose hands it did better service. In an hour we had a basket of trout that would have done credit to an English chalk stream. The largest was nearly three pounds weight, admirably grown, and pink; fattened, I suppose, on the mussels which paved the bottom of the rapids. We were off immediately after, still guided to a new point by the chart, but not in this instance by the chart only. There was a spot which had been discovered the year before by the Duke of —, of which we had a vague description. We had a log on board which had been kept by the

duke's mate, in which he had recorded many curious experiences; among the rest, an adventure at a certain lake not very far from where we were. The duke had been successful there, and his lady had been very nearly successful. "We had grief yesterday," the mate wrote, "her Grace losing a twelve-pound salmon which she had caught on her little line, and just as they were going to hook it, it went off, and we were very sorry." The grief went deep, it seemed, for the next day the crew were reported as only "being as well as could be expected after so melancholy an accident." We determined to find the place, and, if possible, avenge her Grace. We crossed the Sogne and went up into the Nord Fjord — of all the fjords the most beautiful; for on either side there are low terraces of land left by glacier action, and more signs of culture and human habitations. After running for fifty miles, we turned into an inlet corresponding tolerably with the duke's directions, and in another half-hour we were again in a mountain basin like that which we had left in the morning. The cataracts were in their glory, the day having been warm for a wonder. I counted seventeen all close about us when we anchored, any one of which would have made the fortune of a Scotch hotel, and would have been celebrated by Mr. Murray in pages of passionate eloquence. But Strömen or "the Streams," as the place was called, was less solitary than Nord Gulen. There was a large bonder's farm on one side of us. There was a cluster of houses at the mouth of a river, half a mile from it. Above the village was a lake, and at the head of the lake an establishment of saw-mills. A gunshot from where we lay, on a rocky knoll, was a white wooden church, the Sunday meeting-place of the neighborhood; boats coming to it from twenty miles round bringing families in their bright Sunday attire. Roads there were none. To have made a league of road among such rocks and precipices would have cost the State a year's revenue. But the water was the best of approaches, and boats the cheapest of carriages. We called on the chief bonder to ask for leave to fish in the lake. It was granted with the readiest courtesy; but the Norsemen are proud in their way, and do not like the Englishman's habit of treating all the world as if it belonged to him. The low meadows round his house were bright with flowers: two kinds of wild geranium, an exquisite variety of harebell, sea-pride, pansies, violets, and



the great pinguicola. Among the rocks were foxgloves in full splendor, and wild roses just coming into flower. The roses alone of the Norway flora disappointed me; the leaves are large, dark, and handsome; the flower is insignificant, and falls to pieces within an hour of its opening. We were satisfied that we were on the right spot. The church stood on a peninsula, the neck of which immediately adjoined our anchorage. Behind it was the lake which had been the scene of the duchess's misfortune. We did not repeat our midnight experiment. We waited for a leisurely breakfast. Five of the crew then carried the yacht's cutter through fifty yards of bushes; and we were on the edge of the lake itself, which, like all these inland waters, was glassy, still, deep, and overhung with precipices. The bonder had suggested to us that there were bears among them, which we might kill if we pleased, as they had just eaten seven of his sheep. So little intention had we of shooting bears that we had not brought rifle or even gun with us. Our one idea was to catch the duchess's twelve-pound salmon, or, if not that one, at least another of his kindred.

In a strange lake it is well always to try first with spinning tackle, a bait trolled with a long line from the stern of a boat rowed slowly. It will tell you if there are fish to be caught; it will find out for you where the fish most haunt, if there are any. We had a curious experience of the value of this method on a later occasion, and on one of our failures. We had found a lake joined to an arm of a fjord by a hundred yards only of clear running water. We felt certain of finding salmon there, and if we had begun with flies we might have fished all day and have caught nothing. Instead of this we began to spin. In five minutes we had a run; we watched eagerly to see what we had got. It was a whiting pollock. We went on. We hooked a heavy fish. We assured ourselves that now we had at least a trout. It turned out to be a cod. The sea fish, we found, ran freely into the fresh water, and had chased trout and salmon completely out. At Strömen we were in better luck. We started with phantom minnows on traces of strong single gut, forty yards of line, and forty more in reserve on the reel. Two men rowed us up the shore an oar's length from the rocks. Something soon struck me. The reel flew round, the line spun out. In the wake of the boat there was a white flash, as a fish sprang into the air.

Was it the duchess's salmon? It was very like it, anyway; and if we had lost him, it would have been entered down as a salmon. It proved, however, to be no salmon, but a sea trout, and such a sea trout as we had never seen; not a bull trout, not a peel, not a Welsh sewin, or Irish white trout, but a Norwegian, of a kind of its own, different from all of them. It was the first of many which followed, of sizes varying from three pounds to the twelve pounds which the mate had recorded; fine, bold, fighting fish, good to look at, good to catch, and as good to eat when we tried them. Finally in the shallower water, at the upper end, a fish took me, which from its movements was something else, and proved to be a large char, like what they take in Derwent-water, only four times the weight. Looking carefully at the water we saw more char swimming leisurely near the surface, taking flies. We dropped our spinning tackle, and took our fly rods; and presently we were pulling in char, the blood royal of the salmonidæ, the elect of all the finned children of the fresh water, as if they had been so many Thames chub.

What need to talk more of fish? The mate's log had guided us well. We caught enough and to spare, and her Grace's wrongs were avenged sufficiently. We landed for our frugal luncheon — dry biscuits and a whiskey flask — but we sate in a bed of whortleberries, purple with ripe fruit, by a cascade which ran down out of a snow-field. Horace would have invited his dearest friend to share in such a banquet.

The next day was Sunday. The sight of the boats coming from all quarters to church was very pretty. Fifteen hundred people at least must have collected. I attended the service, but could make little of it. I could follow the hymns with a book; but copies of the Liturgy, though printed, are not provided for general use, and are reserved to the clergy. The faces of the men were extremely interesting. There was nothing in them to suggest the old freebooter. They were mild and gentle-looking, with fair skins, fair hair, and light eyes, grey or blue. The expression was sensible and collected, but with nothing about it specially adventurous or daring. The women, in fact, were more striking than their husbands. There was a steady strength in their features which implied humor underneath. Two girls, I suppose sisters, reminded me of Mrs. Gaskell. With the Lutheran, Sunday afternoon is a holiday. A yacht in such



a place was a curiosity, and a fleet of boats surrounded us. Such as liked came on board and looked about them. They were well-bred, and showed no foolish surprise. One old dame, indeed, being taken down into the ladies' cabin, did find it too much for her. She dropped down and kissed the carpet. One of our party wondered afterwards whether there was any chance of the Norwegians attaining a higher civilization. I asked her to define civilization. Did industry, skill, energy, sufficient food and raiment, sound practical education, and piety which believes without asking questions, constitute civilization; and would luxury, newspapers, and mechanics' institutes mean a higher civilization? The old question must first be answered, What is the real purpose of human life?

At Strömen, too, we could not linger; we stopped a few hours at Daviken on our way north, a considerable place for Norway, on the Nord Fjord. There is a bishop, I believe, belonging to it, but him we did not see. We called at the parsonage and found the pastor's wife and children. The pastor himself came on board afterwards—a handsome man of sixty-seven, with a broad, full forehead, large nose, and straight, grizzled hair. He spoke English, and would have spoken Latin if we had ourselves been equal to it. He had read much English literature, and was cultivated above the level of our own average country clergy. His parish was thirty miles long on both sides of the fjord. He had several churches, to all of which he attended in turn, with boats in summer, and I suppose the ice in winter. We did not ask his salary; it was doubtless small, but sufficient. He had a school under him which he said was well attended. The master, who had a State certificate, was allowed 25*l.* a year, on which he was able to maintain himself. We could not afford time to see more of this gentleman, however. We were impatient for Trondhjem; the engineer wanted coals; we wanted our letters and newspapers; and the steward wanted a washerwoman. On our way up, too, we had arranged to give a day or two to Romsdal, Rolf the Ganger's country—on an island in Romsdal Fjord the ruins can still be seen of Rolf's castle. It was there that Rolf, or Rollo as we call him, set out with his comrades to conquer Normandy, and produce the chivalry who fought at Hastings and organized feudal England. This was not to be missed; and as little, a visit which we had prom-

ised to a descendant of one of those Normans, a distinguished Tory member of the House of Commons, and lord of half an English county. He had bought an estate in these parts, with a salmon river, and had built himself a house there.

Romsdal, independent of its antiquarian interest, is geologically the most remarkable place which we saw in Norway. The fjord expands into a wide estuary or large inland lake, into which many valleys open and several large streams discharge themselves. Romsdal proper was once evidently itself a continuation of the Great Fjord. The mountains on each side of it are peculiarly magnificent. On the left Romsdal's Horn shoots up into the sky, a huge peak which no one has ever climbed, and will try the mettle of the Alpine Club when they have conquered Switzerland. On the right is a precipitous wall of cliffs and crags as high and bold as the Horn itself. The upper end of the valley which divides them terminates in a narrow fissure, through which a river thunders down that carries the water of the great central ice-field into the valley. From thence it finds its way into the fjord, running through the glen itself which is seven or eight miles long, two miles wide, and richly cultivated and wooded. From the sea the appearance of the shore is most singular. It is laid out in level, grassy terraces, stretching all round the bay, rising in tiers one above the other, so smooth, so even, so nicely scarfed, that the imagination can hardly be persuaded that they are not the work of human engineers. But under water the formation is the same. At one moment you are in twenty fathoms, the next in forty, the next your cable will find no bottom; and it is as certain as any conclusion on such subjects can be, that long ago, long ages before Rolf, and Knut, and the vikings, the main fjord was blocked with ice; that while the ice barrier was still standing, and the valleys behind it were fresh-water lakes, the rivers gradually filled them with a *débris* of stone and soil. Each level terrace was once a lake bottom. The ice broke or melted away at intervals. The water was lowered suddenly forty or fifty feet, and the ground lately covered was left bare as the ice receded. We found our Englishman. His house is under the Horn at the bend of the valley, where the ancient fjord must have ended. It stands in a green, open meadow, approached through alder and birch woods, the first cataract where the snow-water plunges



through the great chasm being in sight of the windows, and half-a-dozen inimitable salmon pools within a few minutes' walk. The house itself was simple enough, made of pine wood entirely, as the Norway houses always are, and painted white. It contained some half-dozen rooms, furnished in the plainest English style, the summer house of a sportsman who is tired of luxury, and finds the absence of it an agreeable exchange. A man cannot be always catching salmon, even in Norway, and a smattering of science and natural history would be a serviceable equipment in a scene where there are so many curious objects worth attending to. Our friend's tastes, however, did not lie in that direction. His shelves were full of yellow-backed novels — French, English, and German. His table was covered with the everlasting *Saturday Review*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Times*, and *Standard*. I think he suspected science as part of modern Liberalism; for he was a Tory of the Tories, a man with whom the destinies had dealt kindly, in whose eyes therefore all existing arrangements were as they should be, and those who wished to meddle with them were enemies of the human race. He was sad and sorrowful. The world was not moving to his mind, and he spoke as if he was *ultimus Romanorum*. But if an aristocrat, he was an aristocrat of the best type — princely in his thought, princely in his habits, princely even in his salmon fishing. The pools in the river being divided by difficult rapids, he had a boat and a boatman for each. The sport was ample but uniform. There was an ice cellar under the house where we saw half-a-dozen great salmon lying which had been caught in the morning. One salmon behaves much like another; and after one has caught four or five, and when one knows that one can catch as many more as one wishes, impatient people might find the occupation monotonous. Happily there was a faint element of uncertainty still left. It was possible to fail even in the Romsdal. We were ourselves launched in boats in different pools at the risk of our lives to try our hands; we worked diligently for a couple of hours, and I at least moved not so much as a fin. It was more entertaining a great deal to listen to our host as he declaimed upon the iniquities of our present Radical chief. Politics, like religion, are matters of faith on which reason says as little as possible. One passionate belief is an antidote to another. It is impossible to continue to

believe enthusiastically in a creed which a fellow-mortal with as much sense as oneself denies and execrates, and the collision of opinion produces the prudent scepticism which in most matters is the least mischievous frame of mind.

Here, too, in these pleasant surroundings we would gladly have loitered for a day or two; but the steward was clamorous over his dirty linen, and it was not to be. Trondhjem, on which our intentions had been so long fixed, was reached at last. The weather had grown cold again, cold with cataracts of rain. Let no one go to Norway even in the dog-days without a winter wardrobe. The sea-water in our baths was at 47°; we had fires in the cabin stove, and could not warm ourselves; we shivered under four blankets in our berths. The mountains were buried in clouds, and the landscape was reduced to dull grey mist; but the worst of weathers will serve for reading letters, laying in coal, and wandering about a town.

Trondhjem ought to have been interesting. It was the capital of the old Norse kings. There reigned the Olafs. It lies half-way up the Norway coast in the very centre of the kingdom, on a broad, land-locked bay. The situation was chosen for its strength; for a deep river all but surrounds the peninsula on which the town is built, and on the land side it must have been impregnable. The country behind it is exceptionally fertile, and is covered over with thriving farms; but streets and shops are wearisome, and even the cathedral did not tempt us to pay it more than a second visit. It is a stern, solid piece of building; early Norman in type, with doors, windows, and arches of zigzag pattern. It had fallen out of repair and is now being restored by the State; hundreds of workmen are busy chipping and hammering, and are doing their business so well that the new work can hardly be distinguished from the old. But Catholic Christianity never seems to have got any hearty hold on Norway. St. Olaf thrust it upon the people at the sword's point, but their imaginations remained heathen till the Reformation gave them a creed which they could believe. I could not find a single tomb in the cathedral. I inquired where the old kings and chiefs were buried, and no one could tell me. I found, in fact, that they had usually come to an end in some sea battle, and had found their graves in their own element. Olaf Tryggveson went down, the last survivor in the last ship of his fleet, the rays of the sunset flashing on his



armor as the waves closed over him. St. Olaf died in the same way. The entire absence of monumental stones or figures in the great metropolitan church of Norway is strange, sad, and impressive.

The town being exhausted, we drove a few miles out of it to see a foss, one of the grandest in the country. We said "Oh!" to it, as Wolfe Tone did to Grattan. But waterfalls had become too common with us, and, in fact, the excitement about them has always seemed exaggerated to me. I was staying once in a house in the north of New York State when a gentleman came in fresh from Niagara, and poured out his astonishment over the enormous mass of water falling into the cauldron below. "Why is it astonishing?" asked a Yankee who was present. "Why shouldn't the water fall? The astonishing thing would be if it didn't fall."

In short, we left the washerwoman in possession of the linen, which we could return and pick up when it was done, and we steamed away to examine the great Trondhjem Fjord; fishing and making bad sketches as the weather would allow. The weather generally allowed us to do very little, and drove us upon our books, which we could have read as well in our rooms at home. I had brought the "Elective Affinities" with me. I had not read it for thirty years. Then it had seemed to me the wisest of all didactic works. "Unconscious cerebration," as Dr. Carpenter calls it, when I read it again, had revolutionized my principles of judgment. I could still recognize the moral purpose. There are tendencies in human nature, like the chemical properties of material substances, which will claim possession of you, and even appear to have a moral right over you. But if you yield you will be destroyed. You can command yourself, and you must. Very true, very excellent; and set forth with Goethe's greatest power of fascination; but I found myself agreeing with the rest of the world that it was a monstrous book after all. To put the taste out I tried Seneca, but I scarcely improved matters. Seneca's fame as a moralist and philosopher was due, perhaps, in the first instance, to his position about the court, and to his enormous wealth. A little merit passes for a great deal when it is framed in gold—once established it would remain, from the natural liking of men for virtuous cant. Those lectures to Lucilius on the beauty of poverty from the greatest money-lender and usurer in the

empire! Lucilius is to practise voluntary hardships, is to live at intervals on beggars' fare, and sleep on beggars' pallets, that he may sympathize in the sufferings of mortality and be independent of outward things. If Seneca meant it, why did he squeeze five millions of our money out of the provinces with loans and contracts? He was barren as the Sahara to me. Not a green spot could I find, not a single genial honest thought, in all the four volumes with which I had encumbered myself. His finest periods rang hollow like brass sovereigns. The rain would not stop, so we agreed to defy the rain and to fish in spite of it. We had the fjord before us for a week, and we landed wherever we could hear of lake or river. For twelve hours together the waterspout would come down upon us; we staggered about in thickest woollen, with macintoshes and india-rubber boots. With flapped oilskin hats we should have been weatherproof, but with one of these I was unprovided; and, in spite of collars and woollen wrappers, the water would find its way down our necks till there was nothing dry left about us but the feet. Clothes grow heavy under such conditions; we had to take our lightest rods with us, and now and then came to grief. I was fishing alone one day in a broad, rocky stream fringed with alder bushes, dragging my landing-net along with me. At an open spot where there was a likely run within reach I had caught a four-pound sea trout. I threw again; a larger fish rose and carried off my fly. I mounted a "doctor," blue and silver, on the strongest casting-line in my book, and on the second cast a salmon came. The river in the middle was running like a mill-slucice. I could not follow along the bank for the trees; my only hope was to hold on and drag the monster into the slack water under the shore. My poor little rod did its best, but its best was not enough; the salmon found his way into the waves, round went the reel, off flew the line to the last inch, and then came the inevitable catastrophe. The fish sprang wildly into the air, the rod straightened out, the line came home, and my salmon and my bright doctor sped away together to the sea.

We were none the worse for our wettings. Each evening we came home dripping and draggled. A degree or two more of cold would have turned the rain into snow. Yet it signified nothing. We brought back our basketfuls of trout, and the Norwegian trout are the best in the



world. We anchored one evening in a chasm with the mountain walls rising in precipices on both sides. The next morning as I was lying in my berth I heard a conversation between the steward and the captain. The captain asked the orders for the day; the steward answered (he was the wit of the ship), "Orders are to stretch an awning over the fjord that his lordship may fish."

But the weather so far beat us that we were obliged to abandon Lofoden. We were now at the end of July, and it was not likely to mend, so we determined to turn about and spend the rest of our time in the large fjords of south Norway. Trondhjem had been our furthest point; we could not coal there after all, so we had to make for Christiansund on the way. I was not sorry for it, for Christiansund is a curious little bustling place, and worth seeing. It is the headquarters of the North Sea fishing trade near the open ocean, and the harbor is formed by three or four islands divided by extremely narrow channels, with a deep, roomy basin in the middle of them. One of our crew was ill and had to be taken for two or three days to the hospital. The arrangements seemed excellent, as every public department is in Norway. The town was pretty. The Norwegians dress plainly; but they like bright colors for their houses, and the red-tiled roofs and blue and yellow painted fronts looked pleasant after our clouds of mist. The climate from the proximity of the ocean is said to be mild for its latitude. The snow lies up to the lower windows through the winter, but that went for nothing. There were stocks and columbines in the gardens; there were ripe gooseberries and red currants and pink thorn and laburnum in flower. The harbor was full of fishing-smacks, like Brixham trawlers, only rather more old-fashioned. Gay steam-ferry boats rushed about from island to island; large ships were loading; well-dressed strangers were in the streets and shops; an English yacht had come like ourselves to take in coal, and was moored side by side with us. There are fewer people in the world than we imagine, and we fall on old acquaintances when we least expect them. The once beautiful — was on board whom I had known forty-five years ago. She had married a distinguished engineer, who was out for his holiday.

We stayed at Christiansund or in the neighborhood till our sick man was recovered, and then followed (under better auspices as regarded weather) ten days of

scenery hunting which need not be described. We went to Sondal, Lærdal, Nordal, and I don't know how many "dals," all famous places in their way, but with a uniformity of variety which becomes tedious in a story. One only noticeable feature I observed about the sheds and poorer houses in these out-of-the-way districts. They lay turf sods over the roofs, which become thick masses of vegetation; and on a single cottage roof you may see half-a-dozen trees growing ten or fifteen feet high. For lakes and mountains, however beautiful, the appetite soon becomes satiated. They please, but they cease to excite; and there is something artificial in the modern enthusiasm for landscapes. Velasquez or Rubens could appreciate a fine effect of scenery as well as Turner or Stansfield; but with them it was a framework, subordinate to some human interest in the centre of the picture. I suppose it is because man in these democratic days has for a time ceased to touch the imagination that our poets and artists are driven back upon rocks and rivers and trees and skies; but the eclipse can only be temporary, and I confess, for myself, that, sublime as the fjords were, the saw-mills and farmhouses and fishing-boats, and the patient, industrious people wrestling a wholesome living out of that stern environment, affected me very much more nearly. I cannot except even the Geiranger, as tremendous a piece of natural architecture as exists in the globe. The fjord in the Geiranger is a quarter of a mile wide and six hundred fathoms deep. The walls of it are in most places not figuratively, but literally, precipices, and the patch of sky above your head seems to narrow as you look up. I hope I was duly impressed with the wonder of this; but even here there was something which impressed me more, and that was the singular haymaking which was going on. The Norwegians depend for their existence on their sheep and cattle. Every particle of grass available for hay is "secured; and grass, peculiarly nutritious, often grows on the high ridges two thousand feet up. This they save as they can, and they have original ways of doing it. In the Geiranger it is tied tightly in bundles and flung over the cliffs to be gathered up in boats below. But science, too, is making its way in this northern wilderness. The farmhouses, for shelter's sake, are always at the bottom of valleys, and are generally near the sea. At one of our anchorages, shut in as usual among the



mountains, we observed one evening from the deck what looked like a troop of green goats skipping and bounding down the cliffs. We discovered through a binocular that they were bundles of hay. The clever bonder had carried up a wire, like a telegraph wire, from his courtyard to a projecting point of mountain: on this ran iron rings as travellers which brought the grass directly to his door.

Twice only in our wanderings we had fallen in with our tourist countrymen: once at Lærdal, where a highroad comes down to a pier, and is met there by a corresponding steamer; the second time coming down from the Geiranger, when we passed a boat with two ladies and a gentleman, English evidently, the gentleman touching his hat to the Yacht Club flag as we went by. Strange and pleasant the short glimpse of English faces in that wild chasm! But we were plunged into the very middle of our countrymen at the last spot to which we went in search of the picturesque—a spot worth a few words as by far the most regularly beautiful of all the places which we visited. At the head of one of the long inlets which runs south, I think, out of the Hardanger Fjord (but our rapid movements were confusing) stands Odde, once a holy place in Scandinavian mythological history. There is another Odde in Iceland, also sacred—I suppose Odin had something to do with it. The Odde Fjord is itself twenty miles long, and combines the softest and grandest aspects of Norwegian scenery. The shores are exceptionally well cultivated, richer than any which we had seen. Every half-mile some pretty farmhouse was shining red through clumps of trees, the many cattle-sheds speaking for the wealth of the owner. Above through the rifts of higher ranges you catch a sight of the central ice-field glacier streaming over among the broken chasms and melting into waterfalls. At Odde itself there is an extensive tract of fertile soil on the slope of a vast moraine, which stretches completely across the broad valley. On the sea at the landing-place is a large church and two considerable hotels, which were thronged with visitors. A broad road excellently engineered leads down to it, and we found a staff of English-speaking guides whose services we did not require. We had seen much of the ice action elsewhere, but the performances of it at Odde were more wonderful even than at Romsdal. The moraine is perhaps four hundred and fifty feet high;

the road winds up the side of it among enormous granite boulders, many of them weighing thousands of tons, which the ice has tossed about like pebble stones. On reaching the crest you see a lake a quarter of a mile off; but before you come to it you cross some level fields, very rich to look at, and with patches of white-heart cherry-trees scattered about, the fruit, when we came there at the end of August, being actually ripe and extremely good. These fields were the old lake bottom; but the river has cut a dyke for itself through the top of the moraine, and the lake has gone down some twenty feet, leaving them dry.

The weather (penitent, perhaps, for having so long persecuted us) was in a better humor. Our days at Odde were warm and without a cloud, and we spent them chiefly by the lake, which was soft as Windermere. We had come into a land of fruit; not cherries only, but wild raspberries and strawberries were offered us in leaves by the girls on the road. The road itself followed the lake margin, among softly rounded and wooded hills, the great mountains out of sight behind them, save only in one spot where, through a gorge, you looked straight up to the eternal snow-field, from which a vast glacier descended almost into the lake itself, the ice imitating precisely the form of falling water, crushing its way among the rocks, parting in two where it met a projecting crag, and uniting again behind it, seeming even to heave and toss in angry waves of foam.

From this glacier the lake was chiefly fed, and was blue, like skimmed milk, in consequence. We walked along it for several miles. Fishing seemed hopeless in water of such a texture. As we turned a corner two carriages dashed by us with some young men and dogs and guns—cockneys out for their holiday. "Any sport, sir?" one of them shouted to me, seeing a rod in my hand, in the cheerful, familiar tone which assumed that sport must be the first and only object which one could have in such a place. They passed on to the hotel, and the presence of so many of our countrymen was inclining us to cut short our own stay. Some of the party, however, wished to inspect the glacier. We were ourselves assured that there were salmon in the lake, which, in spite of the color, could be caught there. It was the last opportunity which we should have, as after Odde our next move was to be Christiania. So we agreed to take one more day there and make the



most of it. We got two native boats, and started to seek adventures. Alas! we had the loveliest views; but the blue waters of Odde, however fair to look upon, proved as ill to fish in as at the first sight of them we were assured they must be. Our phantoms could not be seen three inches off, and the stories told us we concluded to be fables invented for the tourists. I, for my own part, had gone to the furthest extremity of the lake, where it ended in a valley like Borrodale. I was being rowed listlessly back, having laid aside my tackle, and wishing that I could talk to my old boatman, who looked as if all the stories of the Edda were inside him, when my eye was suddenly caught by a cascade coming down out of a ravine into the lake which had not been bred in the glaciers, and was limpid as the Itchen itself. At the mouth of this it was just possible that there might be a char or something with fins that could see to rise. It was my duty to do what I could for the yacht's cuisine. I put together my little trout-rod for a last attempt, and made my boatman row me over to it. The clear water was not mixing with the blue, but pushing its way through the milky masses, which were eddying and rolling as if they were oil. In a moment I had caught a sea trout. Immediately after I caught a second, and soon a basketful. They had been attracted by the purer liquid, and were gathered there in a shoal. They were lying with their noses up the stream at the furthest point to which they could go. I got two or three, and those the largest, by throwing my fly against the rocks exactly at the fall. X— came afterwards and caught more and bigger fish than I did; and our sport, which indeed we had taken as it came without specially seeking for it, was brought to a good end. The end of August was come, and with it the period of our stay in the fjords. We had still to see Christiania, and had no time to lose. But of all the bits of pure natural loveliness which we had fallen in with, Odde and its blue lake, and glacier, and cherry orchards, and wild strawberries has left the fairest impression; perhaps, however, only because it was the last, for we were going home; and they say that when a man dies, the last image which he has seen is photographed on his retina.

But now away. The smoke pours through the funnel. The steam is snorting like an impatient horse. The quick rattle of the cable says that the anchor is

off the ground. We were off, and had done with fjords. The inner passages would serve no longer; we had to make for open sea once more to round the foot of the peninsula. It is at no time the softest of voyages. The North Sea is not the home of calm sunsets and light-breathing zephyrs, and it gave us a taste of its quality, which, after our long sojourn in smooth water, was rather startling. If the wind and sea are ever wilder than we found them in those latitudes, I have no desire to be present at the exhibition. We fought the storm for twenty-four hours, and were then driven for refuge into a roadstead at the southern extremity of Norway near Mandal. The neighborhood was interesting, if we had known it, for at Mandal Mary Stuart's Earl of Bothwell was imprisoned when he escaped from the Orkneys to Denmark. The dungeon where he was confined is still to be seen, and as the earl was an exceptional villain, the authentic evidence of eyesight that he had spent an uncomfortable time in his exile would not have been unwelcome. But we discovered what we had lost when it was too late to profit by our information. We amused ourselves by wandering on shore and observing the effect of the change of latitude on vegetation. We found the holly thriving, of which in the north we had not seen a trace, and the hazel bushes had ripe nuts on them. There was still a high sea the next day; but we made thirty miles along the coast to Arendal, an advanced, thriving town of modern aspect built in a sheltered harbor, with broad quays, fine buildings, and a gay parade. It was almost dark when we entered; and the brilliant lights and moving crowds and carriages formed a singular contrast to the unfinished scenes of unregenerate nature which we had just left. The Norse nature, too, hard and rugged as it may be, cannot resist the effect of its occupations. Aristotle observes that busy sea towns are always democratic. Norway generally, though republican, is intensely conservative. The bonders who elect the representatives walk in the ways of their fathers, and have the strongest objection to new ideas. Arendal, I was told, sends to Parliament an eloquent young Radical, the admired of all the newspapers. There is, I believe, no likelihood that he will bring about a revolution. But there is no knowing, when the king is an absentee. We spent one night at Arendal. In the morning the storm had left us, and before sunset we were at anchor at Christiania.



It was Sunday. The weather was warm, the water smooth, the woody islands which surround and shelter the anchorage were glowing in gold and crimson. Christiania, a city of domes and steeples, lay before us with its fleets of steamers and crowded shipping. Hundreds of tiny yachts and pleasure-boats were glancing round us. There is no sour Sabbatarianism in Norway. One of the islands is a kind of Cremona. When night fell the music of the city band came floating over the water; blue lights blazed and rockets flashed into the sky with their flights of crimson stars. It was a scene which we had not expected in these northern regions; but life can have its enjoyments even above the sixtieth parallel.

There is much to be seen in Christiania. There is a Parliament house and a royal palace, and picture-galleries and botanical gardens, and a museum of antiquities, and shops where articles of native workmanship can be bought by Englishmen at three times their value, and ancient swords and battle-axes, and drinking-horns and rings and necklaces, genuine, at present, for all I know to the contrary, but capable of imitation, and likely in these days of progress to be speedily imitated. If the holy coat of Trèves has been multiplied by ten, why should there not be ten swords of Olaf Tryggveson? But all these things are written of in the hand-book of Mr. Murray, where the curious can read of them. One real wonder we saw and saw again at Christiania, and could not satisfy ourselves with seeing; and with an account of this I shall end. It was a viking's ship; an authentic vessel in which, while Norway was still heathen, before St. Olaf drilled his people into Christianity with sword and gallows, a Norse chief and his crew had travelled these same waters, and in which, when he died, he had been laid to rest. It had been covered in with clay which had preserved the timbers. It had been recovered almost entire — the vessel itself, the oars, the boats, the remnants of the cordage, even down to the copper cauldron in which he and his men had cooked their dinners; the names, the age, the character of them all buried in the soil, but the proof surviving that they had been the contemporaries and countrymen of the "Danes" who drove the English Alfred into the marshes of Somersetshire.

Our yacht's company were as eager to see this extraordinary relic as ourselves. We went in a body, and never tired of going. It had been found fifty miles

away, had been brought to Christiania, and had been given in charge to the university. A solid weather-proof shed had been built for it where we could study its structure at our leisure.

The first thing which struck us all was the beauty of the model, as little resembling the old drawings of Norse or Saxon ships as the figures which do duty there as men resemble human beings. White, of Cowes, could not build a vessel with finer lines, or offering less resistance to the water. She was eighty feet long, and seventeen and a half feet beam. She may have drawn three feet, scarcely more, when her whole complement was on board. She was pierced for thirty-two oars, and you could see the marks on the side of the rowlocks where the oars had worn the timber. She had a single mast, stepped in the solid trunk of a tree, which had been laid along the keel. Her knee timbers were strong; but her planks were unexpectedly slight, scarcely more than half an inch thick. They had been formed by careful splitting; there is no sign of the action of a saw, and the ends of them had been trimmed off by the axe. They had been set on and fastened with iron nails, and the seams had been carefully caulked. Deck she had none — a level floor a couple of feet below the gunwale ran from stem to stern. The shields of the crew formed a bulwark, and it was easy to see where they had been fixed. Evidently, therefore, she had been a warship; built for fighting, not for carrying cargoes. But there was no shelter, and could have been none; no covered forecastle, no stern cabin. She stood right open fore and aft to wind and waves; and though she would have been buoyant in a seaway and in the heaviest gale would have shipped little water, even Norsemen could not have been made of such impenetrable stuff that they would have faced the elements with no better protection in any distant expedition. That those who sailed in her were to some extent careful of themselves is accidentally certain. Among the stores was a plank with cross-bars nailed upon it, meant evidently for landing on a beach. One of our men, who was quick at inferences, exclaimed at once: "These fellows must have worn shoes and stockings. If they had been barelegged they would have jumped overboard and would not have wanted a landing-plank."

I conclude, therefore, that she was not the kind of vessel of which the summer squadrons were composed that came down



our English Channel, but that she was intended either for the fjords only, or for the narrow waters between Norway and Sweden and Denmark at the mouth of the Baltic. Her rig must have been precisely what we had been lately seeing on the Sogne or Hardanger; a single large sail on a square yard fit for running before the wind, or with the wind slightly on the quarter, but useless at a closer point. The rudder hung over the side a few feet from the stern, a heavy oar with a broad blade and a short handle, shaped so exactly like the rudders of the Roman vessels on Trajan's column, that the Norsemen, it is likely, had seen the pattern somewhere and copied it.

Such is this strange remnant of the old days which has suddenly started into life. So vivid is the impression which it creates, that it is almost as if some Sweyn or Harold in his proper person had come back among us from the grave. If we were actually to see such a man we should be less conscious perhaps of our personal superiority than we are apt to imagine. A law of compensation follows us through our intellectual and mechanical progress. The race collectively knows and can execute immeasurably greater things than the Norsemen. Individually they may have been as ready and intelligent as ourselves. The shipwright certainly who laid the lines of the viking's galley would have something to teach as well as to learn in the yard of a modern yacht-builder.

But enough now of Norway. Our time was out; our tour was over; we seated ourselves once more on our wishing carpet, and desired to be at Cowes; we were transported thither, with the care and almost the speed with which the genius of the lamp transported the palace of Aladdin; and we felt that we had one superiority at least which the viking would have envied us.

J. A. FROUDE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### JEWISH TALES AND JEWISH REFORM.\*

THE enterprise of travel, the facilities of communication, and the literary activity of the present age, have so far revealed every corner of Europe to the public, that they may well be amazed to find that they have still been left in comparative ignorance of the political and

social condition, the modes of thought, and the manners and customs of several millions of their fellow-beings who inhabit the Continent, with which they are supposed to be so familiar. The recent persecution of the Jews in Russia, the grievances of the same race in Roumania, and the *Judenhetze* of Germany, have called special attention to the position occupied by this people, more especially in the east of Europe; and the ready sale which the works of Sacher Masoch, of Bernstein, of Komperts, and of Franzos, have met with, shows that an interest has been excited among Christians as well as among the Jews of the West in the political, moral, and material condition of their Eastern co-religionists, which, had the real facts of the case been known sooner, would doubtless have been long since evoked.

Karl Emil Franzos's last volume, "The Jews of Barnow," which has been admirably translated by Miss Macdowall of Garthland, presents a most vivid and pathetic picture of life among the Jewish population of the small Podolian town in which the scene is laid, and which — though he calls it Barnow — if I mistake not, I passed through about twenty years ago on my way from Tarnopol to Zaleszczyki. Barnow, in fact, lying, as our author says it does, on the road from Skala to Lemberg, and about three hours north of the town with the almost unspellable name beginning with Z, which I will spare my readers the attempt to pronounce a second time, if it be not altogether imaginary, can be none other than Czortkow. I see, in a late review of this work, that the writer, who assumes Barnow to be Tarnow, takes Mr. Franzos to task for calling the district in which it is situated Podolia instead of Galicia; but the Jews of eastern Galicia always called that part of the province which is now Austrian Podolia by its old name, and indeed there is little to distinguish the Ghetto of a town here from one in Russian Podolia. We see the same curls and caftan, we hear the same jargon, and it is only when we get farther into the interior of Russia that we begin to find that the characteristics of the Russian Jew vary in some respects from those of his Polish brother. Among Jews themselves, Polish Jews are the least esteemed; but they are not on that account the less interesting as a study, and we must take into consideration their antecedents if we would do full justice to their present condition.

\* The Jews of Barnow: Stories by Karl Emil Franzos. Translated by M. W. Macdowall. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1882.



When, after an interval of nearly twenty years, I again visited the east of Galicia, I was struck with a marked improvement which had taken place among the Jews, owing to the enlightened policy which has characterized the Austrian administration of this province since it has been granted almost complete local independence. The legal disabilities which press so heavily upon Jews in Russia and Roumania do not exist here. They enjoy equal rights and privileges with other subjects of the empire. The Reichstag at Vienna is open to them as well as the local House of Assembly at Lemberg. They have taken so skilfully advantage of the privilege of holding land, that the small peasant properties are rapidly falling into their hands, and the Christian owners who have become ruined through their own improvidence are not unfrequently to be found cultivating, as day-laborers for the Jew proprietors, the farms which they themselves formerly possessed. The Christian schools are largely attended by Jewish children, and in the principal towns ultra-orthodoxy is fast losing its hold on the inhabitants. At Lemberg, for instance, the Kultus Gemeinde, which controls the affairs of the community, is practically in the hands of the liberal or advanced party, while the majority of the population are orthodox or Chassidim. It is against the bigotry and oppression of this narrow sect, whose influence, the farther east we get, becomes more powerful, that Mr. Franzos points the moral of his stories. Animated by that sincere love of his race which is the characteristic of all Jews who have not become demoralized by social and material success in the United States or the corrupt centres of the most advanced civilization, he dwells with an intense sympathy on the benighted condition of his co-religionists who are still held in the bondage of mediæval superstitions, and he portrays with a most touching pathos the terrible injustices and self-inflicted miseries to which a combination of ignorance, credulity, and intense devotional sentiment have given rise. Those who have come much in contact with the orthodox Eastern Jew must recognize in these tales the sensation which is felt far more acutely under the sphere of their personal influence. It is like entering some gloomy moral cavern; and taken in combination with the sufferings which they are still called upon to endure from Christian prejudice in some countries, and their crushed attitude generally, pro-

duces an effect of depression which at last becomes almost intolerable to one not of their own race, and not therefore trained to meet it. Mr. Franzos has done good service in presenting these pictures not merely to Christians but to Western Jews, — for a Jew who has never left England knows as little of orthodox Ghetto life in a Podolian town, and would be almost as much out of sympathy with the methods of the religious practice of their inhabitants, as any other Englishman.

To some of these, Mr. Franzos's stories must come as a revelation. Such, for instance, is that most skilfully told and pathetic of all, "Nameless Graves," where it is discovered that a woman, proud of her hair, had concealed it, with the connivance of her husband, on her wedding-day, instead of being cropped or shaved before her marriage wig was put on, as is the custom. When this is accidentally discovered, and the husband still refuses to comply with the regulation and sacrifice the locks of his wife, the punishment of the "great *cherem*," or excommunication, is inflicted upon him. *Cherem* is simply a Jewish mode of boycotting, and is prohibited by the Austrian law, as is not to be wondered at when we read our author's description of the penalty which it entails.

Whoever is thus excluded from the congregation is outlawed by them, and it is regarded as a good deed to do him as much harm as possible, both socially and in his business relations. Neither he nor anything that belonged to him might be touched except in enmity; his presence could only be permitted with the object of doing him an injury. *Cherem* loosens the holiest ties, and what in other cases would be a terrible sin, is under such circumstances regarded as a sacred duty. The wife may forsake her husband, the son may raise his hand against his father. It is a war of all against one, — a merciless war in which all means of attack are admissible. No love, no friendship, can venture to break down the barrier of excommunication, contempt, and loathing that encompasses the culprit. It is a fate too awful to contemplate — a punishment terrible enough to break the most iron will. He who falls under this ban generally hastens to make his peace with the Rabbi on any terms, however humiliating.

It thus follows that the thralldom of orthodox regulation may easily become more potent with a Jew than the law of the land, with which it perpetually comes into collision; and the State is as powerless to protect a Jew against persecution for a breach of religious observance by his own co-religionists, as one Jew is to



protect another against the persecutions of the Russian government. It is this power, exercised socially irrespective of the laws of the land, which constitutes a serious and legitimate grievance against the Hebrew communities on the part of Christian administrators; it is this rabbinical *imperium*, exercised in the civil *imperio*, which gives rise to complaints against the Jews in countries where the governments are most anxious to deal fairly with them. It is difficult to accord equal political rights to a people who are a law unto themselves, and resist all social incorporation; and it is in order to break down this barrier, and so deprive Christians of the pretext which it affords of political exclusion, that the more enlightened Jews oppose the views and practices of the orthodox party, as well as to relieve them from superstitions which operate not merely against their intellectual development, but tend to increase the burden of their sorrow. Thus the learning of high German, the study of profane literature, the very alteration of the costume from the caftan and curls to that of the ordinary citizen, is a heinous offence in the eyes of the strictly orthodox; and the rabbis of the sect, who know that their influence depends upon the degree of ignorance which can be maintained in their congregations, sternly set their faces against innovations which may tend ultimately to emancipate them from their thralldom. This influence culminates in the veneration, almost amounting to adoration, paid to the rabbi of Sadagóra — a personage frequently mentioned in the tales of Mr. Franzos, but the nature of whose influence can best be judged of by the remarkable tale called "The Child of the Atonement." This tale has, moreover, an especial interest, as illustrating one of the most characteristic doctrines of the ancient Jewish faith.

The cholera visited Barnow, and threw the people into consternation. And then the thought occurred to them — a fearful and crushing thought, and yet it brought comfort. Was not their God a God of vengeance? Was he not a jealous God, who exacted, for every offence, a fearful and inexorable atonement? And now, when He caused the evil and the good to suffer alike, was it not probably because the wicked sinned, and the good allowed their sins to pass unpunished?

"We will purify ourselves," the suffering people cried aloud in their agony. "We will seek the offender in our midst, and by his punishment we will atone, and save ourselves from the wrath of God. . . ."

And they purified themselves. . . .

A tribunal was formed by the people — an awful court, which tried in secret, judged in secret, and punished in secret. It was stern and inexorable in the execution of its decrees, and no one could escape from it. It "vindicated God's holy name," and caused the hour of retribution to strike for many criminals who had evaded the laws. But with how much innocent blood had these fanatics stained their hands! Deeds were done in those dark days of madness and terror that chill the blood, and make the historian who attempts to describe them, falter.

The pestilence became more and more terrible. The few doctors that remained folded their hands. They could not alleviate the suffering of the people, far less could they save their lives.

Men ceased to persecute each other for real or imaginary sins. The growing burden of misfortune took away their spirit, and made them faint-hearted. They even prayed no longer; a mediator had to pray for them.

The intercessor they chose was the Rabbi of Sadagóra, a little town in Bukowina. This man was called the "wonder-worker," on account of all that he had done, or was supposed to have done, for the people. To him the Podolian Jews turned in their dire necessity, imploring him to save them, by beseeching God in his own name — a powerful name; for it was believed that from his race the Redeemer was to spring: and it was said that he had upon the palms of his hands the stamp of the royal line of David. This mark was the outline of a lion imprinted upon the skin, and it was a sign that his mission was from God. Money and precious gifts were collected, and were given to the Rabbi to insure his intercession with God; even the poor gave all that they possessed.

The disinterested Rabbi promised to help the people. "You have all sinned against God," he said, "and you must all do penance."

He made a calendar of the days of expiation, and the days of fasting and mortification were punctually kept. Fear of death insured the fulfilment of all his injunctions. It may sound incredible, but it is literally true, that during this time the whole Eastern Jewish population only ate and drank every second day.

The rabbi of Sadagóra, regarding whom I shall have more to say presently, prescribed the forced marriages of a couple in each community in the local burying-ground. These marriages were called marriages of atonement. The cholera came again, and the man died who was married in the Barnow burial-ground, having previously lost two children. Then the rabbi of Sadagóra said "that the people they had dedicated to God did not please him, so their children died. Now the man has died as a sin-offering for you all. If the woman has another child, it will also only live to be a sin-offering." So when some years after, the rumor



went abroad that the cholera was coming a third time, the local rabbi went to the unhappy widow, who had a child then lying mortally ill of a fever, and told her that her child was doomed, because it was the child of atonement, and the rabbi of Sadagóra had predicted that if the cholera came again its death alone would save the people, — on which her nature revolts against the doctrine. "You want to be just," she indignantly exclaims, "and yet you demand that an innocent child should expiate your sins by its death." Still public feeling is so strongly pronounced on the subject, that she feels that her only chance is to go to Sadagóra to beg for the life of her child, and on that unhappy mission she sets forth.

The influence which Mr. Franzos attributes to the rabbi of Sadagóra is by no means exaggerated, though it is strange that so little should be known about him outside the countries over which that influence extends. It is some years since I first heard of the existence of this individual, but sought in vain to have my curiosity gratified in regard to him among Jews in western Europe. No one that I asked about him had ever heard of him. It was only at Vienna, as I approached the sphere of his influence, that I could gain any information, and then only to hear him spoken of in terms of contempt. A man, however, who wields an absolute spiritual control over the consciences of at least three millions of people — probably many more — I felt to be worthy of a visit; and as my route at any rate led me to his neighborhood, I determined to turn aside for that purpose. The town of Sadagóra — containing some four or five thousand inhabitants, mostly Jews — is situated about five miles from Czernowitz, the capital of the Austrian province of Bukovine, and not far from the Russian frontier. Hither from all parts of Austria, Poland, Russia, and Roumania, flock pilgrims to consult the holy man, to lay presents at his feet, to ask his advice, and receive the oracular responses which have procured for him the name of "the Wonder Rabbi." This appellation, and the vast stores of wealth which his miraculous pretensions obtained, were in fact chiefly earned by the present rabbi's father, who appears to have been a man of considerable intellectual attainments, and a certain mysticism of character calculated to impress the masses. His claims to be of direct descent from the house of David, as well as those attaching to his special gifts, are generally denied by the more liberal and

enlightened of the Jewish communities, and even by many of the rabbis of the neighborhood, who use the strongest language in regard to them. On the other hand, some of the most influential rabbis in Russia, Galicia, and Roumania, are his devoted adherents, and indeed would lose all credit with their congregations if they threw any doubt upon his pretensions. I have met persons of very moderate views and liberal practices who, while they would not themselves submit to his influence, nevertheless consider the rabbi's acceptance of the offerings made him as perfectly legitimate, who have given him the highest character for benevolence and personal charity, who regard his piety as perfectly genuine, and whose opportunities of judging of it have probably been quite equal to, if not greater than, those enjoyed by Mr. Franzos.

As I had given notice of our intended visit, the rabbi sent his own carriage for us — a handsome barouche, drawn by a pair of valuable horses, with coachman and groom with caftan and curls. As such incidents as the visit of a Christian and his wife to the Wonder Rabbi are rare, news of the event had got abroad, and when we reached Sadagóra we found the streets densely crowded with Jews, who compactly filled the whole courtyard of the large oblong building in which the rabbi resides. Here we were received by a group of young men, all in rigidly orthodox costume, but scrupulously clean and neat. These were the sons and sons-in-law of our host. We were led by them into the hall, where several ladies were standing, their young, and in some instances pretty, faces sadly disfigured by the heavy black wigs which came low down upon their foreheads. These took charge of my wife, while I was accompanied by my entertainers to a large and gorgeously upholstered apartment where heavy embroideries, handsome furniture, and costly decorations attested the wealth of the owner. Here I sat and conversed for some time before the great rabbi himself made his appearance, preceded by two functionaries, who ushered him in with great respect, all rising and remaining standing, very much as though in the presence of royalty. The trays upon which the refreshments were shortly afterwards served, and the vessels which contained them, were of solid gold, and the whole establishment was conducted upon a scale of opulence and grandeur for which I was totally unprepared. The Herr Gross Rabbiner himself was a man



with a white beard, apparently between sixty and seventy years of age, who conversed intelligently on the subject of the condition and prospects of the Russian Jews; but as I did not call on him in order to test his powers of divination, my visit did not enlighten me on that point. What I did desire to substantiate was the fact of his influence, and of that I have obtained indisputable evidence. That it is widespread there is also little doubt. Quite recently I fell in with a rabbi from Palestine, where he habitually lives. I found that he was conversant with all the incidents of my visit, and he assured me that the influence of the rabbi of Sadagóra was as great in Palestine as in Russia, and extended to Bokhara, to which country he was then himself bound.

As the rabbi is by no means the only individual I have come across in the course of my life claiming to have higher gifts than those of ordinary mortals, and as I am convinced that in some instances these persons were sincere,—and it would be rash, therefore, to assume that such specially endowed persons were all impostors,—I am by no means prepared to pass any opinion upon the claims of the rabbi.

A curious illustration of the sentiment which is entertained towards him came to my own notice not long since, when a young Jew of my acquaintance had occasion to receive ten florins from him. He was offered immediately afterwards a hundred florins for the money which had been sanctified by having been in such sacred keeping—an offer with which my friend, in whose eyes it did not possess any such mysterious value, willingly closed, thus turning the superstition of his co-religionist to immediate pecuniary account, and proving that, so far as the purchaser was concerned, the religious sentiment, however perverted, was stronger in the Jew than the love of money. Indeed, in this respect, notwithstanding his reputation to the contrary, the Jew compares favorably with the Christian. Money-making and prayer-making are the pursuits of all civilized people in certain proportions; but prayer-making with the orthodox Jew is a far more absorbing occupation than even with the orthodox Christian, who, besides money-making, indulges in politics and science, in book-making, love-making, and fame-making in various ways, all more or less to the detriment of his religious aspiration, and all denied to the Eastern Jew, to whom all careers of ambition are closed, and

whose thoughts are necessarily divided between his Talmud and his pocket, but who, it is fair to say, as a rule, puts, according to his lights, his spiritual before his material interests. Were it not so, he would be a more easily converted individual than he is, considering the great inducements which are held out to conversion, and the advantages which Jews obtain, just in the degree in which they are ready to waive their religious prejudices. I am sorry to say that several instances have come to my notice in which distinct bribes have been offered to Jews, especially by Protestants, to abandon their religion and be baptized; and I have known these offers resisted, when nothing short of absolute starvation seemed the inevitable consequence. I have said that love-making even was denied to the orthodox Jews. Nearly all Mr. Franzos's stories illustrate this peculiarity of their customs, and several of them are specially designed to portray the unhappy results, particularly the first two. All marriages are arranged by the parents; and in the majority of instances no other sentiment than that of mutual respect and esteem enters into the even current of their lives. "They were happy enough," says our author of one such couple whose happiness was destined to be disturbed, however, by the intrusion of an attractive Christian.

They were contented with their lot, and were happy enough. Happy enough,—why were they not quite happy? Because they did not love one another. They knew nothing of love, except that Christians, previous to marriage, fell in love, and what concern had a Jew in Christian usages? They were happy enough, and their married life seemed firmly founded on esteem for each other, and on their common interests and work.

It is not always so, however, and the lives of Jewish women, who cannot feel this respect and esteem for the husband they do not love, are as miserable as those of other women similarly situated, but they rarely seek the same consolations. The cases of unfaithful Jewesses are especially rare among the orthodox—but they suffer all the more acutely, says one of Mr. Franzos's characters, bitterly alluding to this state of things.

Yes, you are rich, and have the right to do as you will. You have therefore arranged that you should have a rich son-in-law. The girl is now nine years old; in six or seven years time you will give her to the wealthiest and most pious youth of the district, or perhaps to a widower, who is even richer and more pious.



She will not know him — but what of that? She will have plenty of time to make his acquaintance after marriage. Then she will probably fear him or hate him, or else he will be indifferent to her. But what of that? What does the Jewish woman want with love? What more does she need but to love God, her children, and — let me not forget to mention it — her little possessions?

The education of the orthodox Jewess is as a rule confined to learning to cook, to pray, and to count. This is enough for the house, for heaven, and for life. "When a Jewess girl knows how to pray," has come to be a proverb among these stern-natured men, "she needs nothing more to make her happy." The consequence is, that both among the men and the women the suppressed yearning of their affections finds expression in a passionate devotion to their children. No doubt many married couples do become strongly attached to each other after marriage, for by temperament they are an intensely affectionate people; but considering how limited their opportunities for enjoyment are, it seems a gratuitous and self-imposed addition to the gloom of their condition to forbid these young people the natural expansion of their hearts, and sternly prohibit them from falling in love with each other. The argument that the orthodox are among the most virtuous women in the world, because they *don't* marry for love — opens up invidious comparisons with countries where the same practice exists with a very different result. The real cause of their virtue under such a trying ordeal is to be found in the strength of their devotional sentiment, and in the powerful moral hold which their religion exercises over their consciences.

The philosophical question which here arises is, whether, when you let in the light upon the ignorance, bigotry, and superstition, of which Mr. Franzos draws such a gloomy picture, you do not weaken the influences by which people are held? When you emancipate women entirely from the thralldom of that religious bondage which appeals to the affectional and emotional part of their nature, and which causes them, so to speak, to hug the chains by which they are bound, you never improve their morality. Law without love is better than love without law; and this consideration carries us further, and opens up the whole region of speculation suggested by Mr. Franzos's interesting book. To the narrow bigotry and superstitious regard for religious observance

of the Chassidim, he attributes mainly the degradation of his race in those countries where they predominate, and where persecution is most rife. The ecclesiastical opposition to all knowledge in many instances only leads the more aspiring spirits to seek it secretly, and in their search after intellectual enlightenment they become victims to the dangers of the illicit pursuit.

As the twilight [he remarks] is more eerie than complete darkness, so a half education is more dangerous than absolute ignorance. Darkness and ignorance alike lay a bandage over the eyes, and prevent the feet from straying beyond the threshold of the known. Knowledge and light open the eyes of man, and enable him to advance boldly on the path that lies before him; while half-knowledge and twilight only remove part of the bandage, and leave him to grope about blindly, perhaps even cause him to fall.

The question is, whether knowledge and light arrived at by a partly intellectual process *do* open the eyes of man to moral truths, or whether the highest truth does not need the development of the affectional qualities in man? whether the love of good as a dominant instinct must not be the guide of the intellect in its search for truth? whether brain progress, irrespective of heart progress, leads to any good at all? whether, when you do away with the requirements of the moral law, even though they be associated with bigotry and superstition, before you have found a higher moral code to substitute for it, and allow the intellect to run riot without the moral restraints furnished by the conscience, even though the conscience be darkened, you do not run a greater risk than by adhering to the old paths? Sooner or later the religious instinct will become dissatisfied with these, — it will outgrow the standards of its theology, and in its craving for light and search for higher good will come to perceive the fallacies by which it has been held in bondage; but it will not be in the lucubrations of speculative philosophers that it will find relief. The only test of the value of knowledge of this description is in the life which it produces.

If intellectual culture invariably produced the highest moral results, there might be something to be said for it. But in practice we do not find the centres of civilization morally so much in advance of less enlightened countries, that we can be encouraged to believe in the effect of knowledge *per se* as a remedy for the moral disease of the world. The Jews of



Barnes, so far as a sincere acting up to their highest moral convictions is concerned, are probably more conscientious than those of either Petticoat Lane or Mayfair—and true religion consists not in a high condition of intellectual enlightenment, but in being thoroughly honest and uncompromising in the endeavor to realize the highest aspirations of the soul, even though it be a groping one deprived of intellectual culture. Civilization does not tend to this uncompromising honesty, but rather to that sham of it which has a distinctly prejudicial effect upon the character. Viewed from this standpoint, even superstition has its uses,—and while there is something infinitely pathetic in the blind groping or unreasoning obedience of a conscience misled by superstition, there is more ground for solid hope than in one which has been deadened by a release from all moral restraints, excepting such as have been suggested by an enlightened and selfish expediency. The Chassidim, like the bigoted sects among Christians, and especially among Romanists, cling to the ceremonials and superstitions of their religion, because they dread the spread of that rationalism to which the Jew is especially susceptible. And while they admit that it may make him a more successful man, and possibly a happier one, because it tends to remove causes of persecution, and enables him to assimilate more easily with the people among whom he lives—experience has not proved that it improves his morality. That there is much need among the Jews of religious reform is however admitted amongst the most orthodox. Conversing not long since with an Eastern Jew, learned in the mysteries of the Kabbalah, upon the existing state of Islam, he maintained that its present decaying condition arose largely from the fact that Mohammedans had fallen away from the original conception of their religion; and to my surprise he went on to say, “The same has been the case with Christians and with Jews; all three religions need a reform. And it is certain that if Mohammed, Christ, and Moses were to reappear upon earth, they would be the first to proclaim this fact.” The elements of this reform, he maintained, were to be found in the mysteries of the Kabbalah, which Western Jews have long since repudiated as a study. To find a group of Jews who still devote themselves to the examination of its esoteric philosophy, we have to go to Baghdad, where the most learned of the sect are congregated. Thus do the ex-

trêmes meet; and thus, while we find Mr. Franzos, who represents the most enlightened thought of his modern co-religionists, calling out for reform from his point of view, does the same cry issue from a band of mystics, representing what he would call the superstitions of the Dark Ages.

It has been this instinct for a reform which might be found under new conditions, which has given rise throughout Russia and Roumania to that agitation in favor of a return to the Holy Land, which has attained during this year such large proportions. It is a mistake to suppose, as the Western Jews who have shown themselves opposed to this movement maintain, that the result of such an exodus would be an increase of rabbinical influence, and a lapse into the bondage of a still narrower superstition than that by which the Eastern Jews are already held. Exactly the opposite effect would be produced by their emancipation from the social and political thralldom in which they are now enslaved in Russia and Roumania.

So long as an independent national existence is denied to the Jews, so long will they cling to the prejudices which have kept them separate as a people among the various nations of the world. It has been due to that very tenacity of ancient observances, to that rigid adherence to ceremonial rites, which Mr. Franzos so bitterly deprecates, that they have been able to maintain their distinct racial character amid all vicissitudes and all persecutions; but once secure for them an independent national existence, and the moral emancipation will follow as a matter of course. And I know rabbis of the Chassidim who would be the first to give it its impetus; but it would not necessarily be in the direction of the modern rationalism. There is room in the East for a higher moral growth which should correspond with, and even avail itself of, the higher intellectual growth of the West; and it is to a new nationality—the only nationality in the world whose name possesses a purely religious signification—that we must look for this development. Any scheme for the solution of the Jewish difficulty which tends to break down the barriers separating the Jews from the rest of the world, until they have formed themselves into a nation apart, and are strong and united enough materially to evolve into new and higher moral and social conditions, must inevitably tend to frustrate this consummation.



It is not to those scattered broadcast over America, nor to the wealthy and luxurious classes in western Europe, that we must look for the moral regeneration of the race. The tendency there is all in the opposite direction: it is to the assimilation of their ideas intellectually with the rational, and what is called the "advanced," thought of Christendom. As an illustration of this tendency, I may mention the formation of a Jewish sect in the French colony of Algiers, who style themselves "les libres penseurs Israelites," and who outraged their fellow-Jews, and inaugurated their free-thought, by giving a banquet on the solemn Day of Atonement.

The Judaism of to-day [writes a Western Jew, lamenting the religious indifference of his co-religionists] to the great majority of its adherents, is nothing more than a tribal bond worn for social purposes. They are born Jews and remain Jews, simply for fear of being ostracised by their friends and relations. They cluster round Judaism like barnacles round a ship's keel, but are no more Jews, if judged by Rabbinical Judaism—which, I suppose, is our Index—than the barnacles are sailors, if judged by the Admiralty code. In fact, Judaism is observed by the many just as it suits the individual.\*

At the same time, the discussion to which Mr. Claude Montefiore's recent paper has given rise in Jewish circles, affords ample evidence of the craving which exists among the more earnest minds in the West for such an adaptation of the spirit of their creed as should meet the aspirations of their co-religionists; and if any assurance could be given them that the restoration of the Jewish race from the countries of their bondage to the land of their ancestors would really result in a religious development which should benefit humanity, there can be no doubt that both among Western Jews and Christians the strongest possible encouragement and support would be given to a movement in this direction. At present they have no assurance that conditions exist under which any such new nationality could be created successfully, nor, if it were created, that the moral and religious results would be such as I have ventured to predict.

In regard to the first point, we shall probably not have to wait above a year for a complete revolution in the constituent national elements in the East. The conquest of Egypt by England means

the disintegration of the Asiatic dominions of the Ottoman Empire. If Egypt becomes independent of Turkey, it becomes the leading independent Arab state—the country destined to lead a Pan-Arabic movement against the Ottoman power—a movement which, according to a prophecy current throughout north Africa, is destined to spread from one T. to the other—from Tangiers in Morocco to Tripoli in Syria. That one of the first countries which must be affected by an independent Egypt is Palestine, which lies on its borders, is certain; that it must of necessity become the pivot upon which the destinies of the adjoining countries must turn, is no less self-evident. As our policy in Egypt develops,—as, under the pressure of circumstances, it is inevitably bound to develop, the assurances of the government notwithstanding,—with the virtual administration of the country by England, the national susceptibilities of France, Russia, and Italy, already strained almost beyond bearing, will find active expression. Compensations will be demanded which must infallibly be the prelude to conferences, or wars, or both; when the European powers will have to consider French claims in regard to Syria, Italian claims to Tripoli, Russian claims to Armenia, and the problem of Palestine and the holy places will present itself as the first for solution. We shall not therefore have long to wait before the fate of Palestine will become a burning European question, and it is in anticipation of this contingency that it is desirable that the public mind should be familiarized with the idea—the only one which will probably be found practical, regard being had to the jealousies existing among European powers on the subject,—of neutralizing the Holy Land under a European guarantee. But for this purpose it is necessary that it should be erected into a nationality; and this, in the absence of any local population worthy the name, can only become possible by the transference to it of the race to whom it formerly belonged.

The sacred associations which are attached to this consummation naturally here present themselves, as they exist so strongly both among Jews and Christians that they cannot be disregarded, if we would consider the question in all its bearings. It is singular that while I have found among Western Jews an inclination to shrink from this aspect of the subject, and even to oppose a movement tending to a reoccupation of their own country by

\* *Jewish Chronicle*, Oct. 6, 1882.



the Jews, on the ground that Providence does not need human instruments to carry out his designs — in itself a fallacy — I have found no such feeling among Eastern Jews, who all recognize the fact that if Palestine is to be reoccupied, it must be by their own efforts. The circumstance that the Bible contains prophecies predicting such a restoration has indeed been one of the principal reasons urged by enlightened Jews why it should not be attempted by practical organizations in a rational manner. According to them, God will bring it about in his own way, and at his own time, and all they have to do is to sit still and wait. I should rather have expected to have heard this not very enlightened view propounded by a fanatical member of the Chassidim; but quite the contrary, they are fully prepared to act in the matter as reasonable beings, and do not expect miracles to be performed in their behalf — at least, none of those with whom I have conversed on the subject have such an anticipation. The fact that prophecies on the subject exist, however, does not seem to me to add weight to the suggestions which I have here ventured to offer, and which would hold good whether they existed or not. A Western Jew once remarked to me that Christians looked in the Bible, found a prophecy, and then said, "Oh, here is a prophecy, let us go and fulfil it." The converse of this proposition, which was the one apparently acted upon by my friend, is, "Oh, here is a prophecy, *don't* let us go and do this thing, for fear if we do, we shall fulfil it," — and so he set his face against any effort to restore the Jewish race to the Holy Land. The only sound and safe way to look at the question is irrespective altogether of what may be the human interpretation of mystical utterances fifteen hundred years old; and, if it is a good thing in itself, try and accomplish it. At the same time it is not to be denied that the religious motive based upon the interpretation of certain passages of Scripture operates strongly in the minds of a certain class of Christians who have interested themselves in the movement, no less than with a certain class of Jews. I have heard a sermon preached in a Christian church on the subject of the Jewish restoration to Palestine, on the same text taken from a chapter in Isaiah which I have heard read in a Jewish synagogue in Galicia, upon which the rabbi preached a sermon in exactly the same sense as the Christian priest; and I have been surprised to find that far less scruple existed

among the orthodox about taking money to assist the movement than among the Western Jews, — but this no doubt arises largely from the fact that the former are apparently so much more eager for the accomplishment of the prophecy than the latter, that they wisely refrain from looking a gift horse in the mouth. I have found among them, nevertheless, strong suspicious of conversion projects underlying Christian munificence in this matter, which is not to be wondered at considering the aggressive tendency of certain missionary societies, and the means which are sometimes resorted to, and which have come to my personal knowledge, for making converts; and this has been taken advantage of by persons opposed to the movement to alarm their co-religionists — as it appears to me, quite unnecessarily. If there were any moral obligation incumbent upon Jews forming a colony with the assistance of Christian funds to become Christians, subscriptions from Christians to the Mansion-House Committee and other relief associations for the refugees the other day should have been refused. A colony of forty-five families has already been organized by the "Syrian Colonization Fund," of which the president, Lord Shaftesbury, is also president of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. At the request of the rabbi, his lordship purchased for the colony a handsomely bound scroll of the law, which, in his unavoidable absence, was presented to the rabbi by Lady Strangford, and the former on the occasion read an appropriate chapter in Hebrew from the Bible. It must be admitted that the rabbi of a highly orthodox congregation, receiving on behalf of that congregation a copy of the Torah from the president of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, is an extremely novel and most significant event. If no conversions result from it — and it rests with the Jews themselves to see that they don't — a very valuable precedent will have been created, which will go far to destroy the existing prejudice against taking subscriptions from Christians for the establishment of Jewish colonies in Palestine.

It is likely, however, that this colony, which is to be established in north Syria, together with another consisting of two hundred and eighty-eight families, organized by the Central Committee of Roumania, representing forty-nine sub-committees, and which has started for land selected for them on the plain of Hottin, near Lake Tiberias; and a third, the land



for which has been purchased by Mr. Lewontin, president of the Russian Society of the "Advanced Guard;" and a fourth, consisting of Russian students, who have selected land in Syria, — will all find serious obstacles thrown in their way by the Turkish government, which is firmly opposed to colonization in any part of Syria or Palestine. And it is not until the changes to which I have alluded alter entirely the existing conditions, that in my opinion any colony should be attempted to be established in either of those countries, for fear of their being overtaken by disaster, in the by no means improbable event of this region becoming a theatre of war.

In regard to the second branch of the question, — whether, supposing these changes to have taken place, and a Jewish nationality located, it would develop new moral and religious life? — I would ask those familiar with the Ghettos of eastern Europe whether it is possible to conceive of them transferred in all their hideous squalor to the land of promise? whether, when they felt that the day of their destiny had arrived, a new spirit would not seize their crushed and long-suppressed inhabitants? whether, with the consciousness of a new-born national existence, a new life would not be infused into them, under the stimulus of which the whole habits of their existence, which have, in fact, grown out of the exigencies of their position, would become revolutionized? and whether it would be possible for them to enjoy this material freedom without the impetus to a corresponding moral emancipation? whether the new-found energies, which would have to be called out in the development of the natural resources of the country, in the creation of an administration, in the expansion of commercial enterprise, would still submit to the rabbinical trammels which Mr. Franzos so eloquently describes? Can he imagine that when this young nationality was framing its laws, it would take those of the Ghetto of Barnow without reforming them?

The peculiarity of the Mosaic law is, that it is at once a religious and an administrative system, applicable to the conditions which existed twenty-four hundred years ago. Is it likely, on the one hand, that the new nationality will attempt to apply it literally now; or, on the other, inasmuch as its very essence is religious, that it will leave out the religious element altogether, and not rather that, keeping its religious basis, they will seek so to

adapt and modify it as to suit existing conditions? And what will this amount to but religious reform? — and more than this, a religious reform founded upon the truest principles? In this "Jewdom" possesses the great advantage over Christendom, that it does not, like the latter, draw a wide distinction between secular and religious life, but makes them inseparable. In Christendom laws are made for the protection of society irrespective of any sacred code — upon principles of enlightened selfishness. But the Jews believe that the laws which regulate their daily lives are from God, to such an extent that, as I have already said, the complaint made against them in this very Podolia of which Mr. Franzos writes is, that where the laws of the land conflict with their own code, they obey the latter. In their struggle to evolve a religious code in consonance with that delivered to them by Moses, but adapted to the wants and exigencies of the present day, what more likely than that, in their search for divine guidance, they should evolve a new and higher ethical standard which should be the rule of their daily lives? and what other nationality exists of whom the same conjecture can be made? It remains, of course, merely a conjecture, but it is one based upon possibilities such as are supplied by no other race in the world. Therefore I say, that given the political chances of this new nationality becoming the only practical solution open to Europe of a great difficulty; and given the especial moral conditions owing to the Jewish application of divine laws to daily life under which it must of necessity be founded, — it becomes the duty of every Jew who has the welfare of his people at heart — nay, more, of every man who is animated by the love of humanity — to consider whether this is a subject from which he can lightly turn aside, or whether it may not, in fact, be so pregnant with momentous issues to society at large, that those who are penetrated with their importance should shrink from no sacrifices in order to bring it about.

That the best Jewish minds are much exercised on this subject of reform is clear, not merely from Mr. Franzos's book, and from Mr. Montefiore's article, but from the efforts which have been made in this direction in America. Here, however, owing to the conditions under which it has been attempted, the nature of the surroundings and the exigencies of existence which Jews are called upon to meet, it has proved worse than an utter



failure, and has only resulted in a tendency towards gross materialism and infidelity. The *American Hebrew*, a leading New York Jewish newspaper, in an article on this subject headed "A New Departure," writes as follows:—

At last European Jews seem to awaken to the fact that Judaism is not, on the one hand, a toy to be used with childish caprice, nor, on the other hand, a fossil fit only to be placed in a museum of antiquities, but rather a living reality, which has entered, and must continue to enter, into the lives of men and women, making them better for its entrance. The *Jewish Chronicle*, which voices the best Jewish thought of Europe, finally realizes that much of the "Shulchan Aruch" has outlived itself, and must be remodelled to suit the demands of our modern life. In this conclusion the *Chronicle* is in unison with American Hebrews—at least, those who desire more the permanent weal of Judaism than the temporary convenience of Jews; and with the *Chronicle* to lead the movement, it will acquire an accession of strength everywhere. Two facts stare us in the face with a pertinacity that will not down. The first of these is that the so-called Reform movement is a failure; that it does not prevent an alienation from Judaism of the flower of our Jewish youth; that they who should constitute our bone and sinew have not been brought into accord with us either in thought or deed. The other is, that fossilized Judaism is as repugnant to cultured Jews as reform is insufficient and illogical. Between these two facts, and while the ministers of each party are widening the schism, Judaism is fast losing its hold on the hearts and minds of the young. In New York, however it may be elsewhere, every infidel orator draws a larger attendance of Jews than any synagogue or temple. Let us not deceive ourselves. This picture is true, and the sooner we understand it the better it will be for us. The remedy can lie only in a readaptation of Judaism—a reform, not only of ritual, which is secondary, but a fundamental reform as broad and comprehensive as the spirit of Judaism will permit—a reform which shall make Judaism really progressive. The time is past for haphazard destruction. We must have, and speedily, else will it be too late, a convention of Jewish scholars who shall represent all Judaism, who must consider the transitory state in which we now are, and must legislate wisely and well if Judaism shall maintain its historic place.

Here, then, we have the Jews, on the one hand, calling for "a fundamental reform as broad and comprehensive as the spirit of Judaism will permit," and admitting, on the other hand, that the reform which has been attempted in a country

where the laws for daily life do not pretend to have a divine origin, is "insufficient and illogical," and that "in New York, however it may be elsewhere, every infidel orator draws a larger attendance of Jews than any synagogue or temple." And yet, on the ground that Russian Jews needed enlightenment and civilizing, more than twenty thousand of them were sent by their western co-religionists to be scattered over the United States, to pick up advanced ideas from the lips of the infidel orators here alluded to. I do not for a moment mean to insinuate that the effort was not one of a perfectly pure and disinterested philanthropy. If it was mistaken, the error arose from an insufficient knowledge of the conditions which were awaiting the emigrants, and under the pressure of which so many hundreds have been returning. But when the author of the article above quoted suggests, as the machinery for this much-needed reform, "a convention of Jewish scholars, who shall represent all Judaism," he makes as great a mistake as his co-religionists who sent the refugees to America, if he thinks that such a convention will make "Judaism a living reality, which has entered, and must enter into the lives of men and women, making them better for its entrance." Erudition does not necessarily make good living; moral needs are not to be met by scholastic learning. It is in the effort of social reconstruction that these daily experiences occur which tell people what their moral needs are. An ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory in such matters; and in the struggle consequent upon the evolution of a new nationality, based upon a religious moral code, will be acquired such knowledge of how to incorporate morality in the daily lives of men, as no convention of scholars collected from all the countries of Christendom could ever imagine or suggest. Therefore I again insist that the great panacea for the race is to throw it upon its own national instincts and religious aspirations, and to trust to these for developing a higher moral and social life in accordance with its industrial, political, and administrative requirements. Let this conviction be shared in by those who now, by their great wealth, mainly control the destinies of the people, and they will have it in their power ere long to inaugurate a reform which shall be neither "insufficient nor illogical."



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## RESEMBLANCES IN LITERATURE.

FITZOSBORNE has somewhere said that modern Latin poems put him in mind of Harlequin's snuff, collected by borrowing a pinch from each man he met, and retailed to his customers under the pompous title of "*Tabac de milles fleurs*." In recurring to classical authors, gentlemen of Fitzosborne's day had the precedent of Tacitus, full of reminiscences of Horace's odes, or in their own country and in verse of George Herbert, whose "*Pro Supplici Evangelicorum Ministrorum in Angliâ*" regularly winds up with a Horatian phrase. But in each of these precedents there was something that should have warned modern snuff-makers they were not to be haphazard followed. Tacitus has snipped his pinches, but without detriment to the thought he was already working out, so that they have dropped into his composition and become part of it. And for Herbert, though something akin might readily be urged, his poached particles were probably intended rather to show that he had been visitant in the high regions whence they came, than to throw ridicule and satire on even the author of the "*Anti-Tami-Cam-Categoria*." Still, in these cases, as the granicules of now milder, now more pungent snuff passed from the hands of men not ashamed to lend into and through Harlequin's, and took their place in Harlequin's box, moulded into the *tabac*, just as his plastic wit adjudged, so with Tacitus, and in a fair sense with Herbert; what they have taken has become their own, been gathered of their own diligence, sifted and arranged by their own intellectual powers, and presented in a form indistinguishably and essentially one. But has it been always so? The proportion of borrowed matter leads one to fear not—to fear that thought and imagery, asported not appropriated, seized but unassimilated, have been used where the author's concern with them has been nothing more than that they are included in a compilation, whose subscription attests at once the risher and his want of skill. And why? Merely because to the copier there must always have appeared, and must always appear, something attractive in what he reproduces; while there can seldom have been, and can seldom be, the fitness arising out of association with his immediate subject and context, or out of exact harmony with the scope of thought individually his, which

alone can justify the reproduction. Whenever beauty or power is seen, let the world by all means be gladdened by its perpetuation or increase—and through the agency of him whose merit it is to have perceived the beauty or the power; but will the world be gladdened, will a right be wisely exercised, unless there is observed conformity to a principle pervading true imitation in, not literature alone, but all the arts?

There is difficulty in the precise formulizing of the principle, but its nature is readily understood; the thing itself is not at all remote. It is seen crystallizing whatever is of genius in the sculptured Hercules of the ancients; in the painted Menippus of Velasquez; in the fugues of Bach; the "*Barbier de Seville*" of Beaumarchais; or in the garden whose cultivated, luxuriant richness mocks the tutored bush and geometrical parterre, or the *human* pantomime, or such a parody as Mr. Calverley's "*Arcades Ambo*," or such a character as David Copperfield, or such maxims as Rochefoucauld's, or such descriptive pieces as are many of Sir Walter Scott's. The thing presented may be specific—instinct, electric with the peculiar and the individual: for cognizance by man it *must* have form; but the production is not worthy if, consciously or unconsciously—the unconsciousness is often nothing less than the rapidity of genius—the artist's mind has not discerned and proceeded on *apt generalization*. There is indeed, we know, a something which passes as imitation, and has its merit and mechanical skill; but its unvarnished name is copying. And it is to this that Aristotle refers when in his "*Rhetoric*" he says: "Everything is pleasant which has been correctly imitated, although the original object of which it is the imitation may not in itself be pleasant, for one does not feel pleasure on that account, but there is an inference that 'this means that,' and thus it happens we learn something."

If, then, there is a universal principle that imitation in all the arts is only properly carried out after generalization—the particular form which the imitator seeks as his exponent being determined by the thing on which he is engaged—there is importance, no doubt, in attention to it in its application to literature. The importance lies in this: that since in the original the idea will be found embedded in all its peculiarities, if the writer is unable to perform the generalization, and fix the expression proper to the place in which



he uses the idea, his different context will give the peculiarities of the writer he copies, no longer modified by their proper context, an exaggeration, with this result — that instead of idealization, the issue of highest genius, there will be unintended caricature, the hardly yielding evidence of inability or carelessness. Should we, in what follows, not recurrently apply the rule now stated, it will be merely because we are of no doubt that the wit of the reader will unerringly apply it, and thus give its true connection to what may seem somewhat out of joint.

Rapin says of Terence, who himself is modest, —

Qui bene vertendo, et eas discribendo male  
Ex Græcis bonis, Latinas fecit non bonas, —

that he wrote in a manner “et si naturelle, et si judicieuse, que de copie il est devenue origine.” This is exactly the reverse of what Boileau has affirmed concerning writers who revolve forever about themselves, “D’un original on fait une copie.” But the *ratio* of the dicta is one. And it is in closest harmony, as well with the enunciated proposition as with the rule of Condillac, that the art of writing well consists in tolerating nothing which is not in association with what precedes. Take an example. Cowley, in what he conceived and misconceived to be his masterpiece, is laboring to impress upon us the bottomlessness of the bottomless abyss. It is, he says,

Beneath the dens where unflecht tempests lie,  
And infant winds their tender voices try.

Now what does Young, so many of whose “Night Thoughts” had been by others already brought to the light of day, make of this? Why, careless of sublimity, he bids us “elance our thought”

above the caves

Where infant tempests wait their growing  
wings,  
And tune their tender voices to that roar.

It had served equally well if, bidding one examine a star, he had desired him to look above the ditch. The example, however, is not yet to be lost. There was nothing very meritorious in Cowley’s performance, however it may compare with Young’s; and this Dryden perceived. In his “Macflecknoe” he accordingly throws it into ridicule : —

A nursery erects its head,  
Where queens are formed, and future heroes  
bred ;

Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,

Where infant punks their tender voices try,  
And little Maximins the gods defy.

Mrs. Barbauld, mistaking the parody for serious poetry, big with thought and prediction, transferred it to her rhymes addressed to some grammar school : —

Its modest front it rears,  
A nursery of men for future years ;  
Here infant bards and embryo statesmen lie,  
And unfledged poets short excursions try, —

unless, indeed, she was in part inspired by Shenstone’s “Schoolmistress :” —

Nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !  
E’en now sagacious foresight points to show  
A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
And there a chancellor in embryo,  
Or bard sublime, if bard may e’er be so,  
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne’er shall  
die ! \*

Ah ! would that writers would bear in mind the advice given by Swift in his “Letter to a Young Poet” ! Do you not use the ancients “as unlucky lads do their old fathers, and make no conscience of picking their pockets and pillaging them. Your business is not to steal from them, but to improve upon them, and make their sentiments your own, which is an effect of great judgment, and thought difficult, yet very possible, without the scurvy imputation of filching. For I humbly conceive, though I light my candle at my neighbor’s fire, that does not alter the property, or make the wick, the wax, or the flame, or the whole candle, less my own.” The distinction is just. The doctrine of traduction, *ut lumen de lumine*, applies not only to souls. One does not object when Ben Jonson sings, —

I sent thee late a rosy wreath.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent it back to me.  
Since which it grows and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee,

because Martial had more tersely said, —

Intactas, quare mittis mihi, Pollo, coronas ?  
A te vexatas malo tenere rosa.

But here the song has its entirety; the one thought makes it. There is no question of any awkward, *unprepared* sentiment — so suggestive of adoption from an outside source. But *when* it is otherwise — that is, suggestive — a single instance, all the better if free from any biassing

\* Isaac Disraeli thought there was more than casual likeness between this passage of Shenstone and the reflection in Gray’s “Elegy” — “Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,” etc.



contention of mere plagiarism, makes plain. In Mrs. Edward Liddell's recently published "Songs in Minor Keys"—a volume cheerful in its simplicity, and with a power of peering beneath the surface, especially in natural objects—is a piece called "The Outlook." The second verse runs thus:—

On the old window-sill she leans,  
Her warm hands pressed upon the stone;  
The tall carnations breathe their prayer  
Of fragrance on the evening air,  
And soon for Day the skies shall weep,  
Passed gently to the realms of sleep.

To the last two lines it has been objected, and properly, that "the bright sky of starlight does not weep for a bright day passed, nor is it in any sense appropriate to the subject of the picture to represent the sky as likely to weep for the passing of the day." But what, so far as the authoress is concerned, was the true cause of this blemish, has not been perceived. It lies in the fact that the image of the lines is borrowed. In the ninth book of "Paradise Lost," Milton has this beautiful thought:—

Sky lowered, and, mutt'ring thunder, some sad  
    drops  
Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
Original,

which Wordsworth (of nice acquaintance with whose writings Mrs. Liddell discovers many instances), in contrasting imagination and fancy, opposes to a conceit attributed to Lord Chesterfield:—

The dews of the evening most carefully shun;  
They're the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

But this mode of transplantation is practised in respect of nothing more than the simile. At times the foreign flower (or shrub) is so tended as to appear indigenous; at others it attracts, but only to its withered life: better far were it that, unseen forever, it had shed its leaves about its native bed. All this is illustrated in the history, previous and subsequent, of that celebrated passage in the "Essay on Criticism," which concludes, —

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

"The comparison," says Samuel Johnson, "of a student's progress in the sciences with the journey of a traveller in the Alps, is perhaps the best that English poetry can show. . . . [It] has no useless parts, yet affords a striking picture by itself; it makes the foregoing position better understood, and enables it to take

faster hold on the attention; it assists the apprehension and elevates the fancy." As, Warton pointed out, the simile and the panegyric belong to Drummond:—

All as a pilgrime who the Alps doth passe.

When he some heaps of hills hath over-went,  
Begins to think on rest, his journey spent,  
Till, mounting some tall mountaine he doth  
    finde

More heights before him than he left behinde,

But whether Pope's or Drummond's, the "Essay" was hardly published before the "Spectator" (who chagrined Dennis by praising the "Essay" much about this time) is found making use of it: "We are complaining," the writer says, "of the shortness of life, and are yet perpetually hurrying over the parts of it, to arrive at certain imaginary points of rest. . . . Now let us consider what happens to us when we arrive at these. . . . Are we not marking out new points of rest, to which we press forward with the like eagerness, and which cease to be such as fast as we attain them? Our case is like that of a traveller upon the Alps, who should fancy that the top of the next hill must end his journey, because it terminates his prospect; but he no sooner arrives at it, than he sees new ground and other hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as before." The simile no doubt passed through many hands before it became the possession of that gentleman who literally translated his "*Contrat Social*" from Huber's "*De Jure Civitas*," Libri iii. and indulged in several other similar vagaries. In the fourth book of "*Emile*," Rousseau discovers that all conquerors are not killed; all usurpers do not fall victims to their designs. On the contrary, he says, to the populace these evil-doers oftentimes seem happy; but he who, challenging appearances, judges of happiness by piercing to the heart, will trace sorrows in the midst of their successes: "Il verra leurs désirs et leurs soucis rongeurs s'étendre et s'accroître avec leur fortune; il les verra perdre haleine en avançant, sans jamais parvenir à leurs termes: il les verra semblables à ces voyageurs inexpérimentés qui, s'engageant pour la première fois dans les Alpes, pensent les franchir à chaque montagne, et, quand ils sont au sommet, trouvent avec découragement de plus hautes montagnes au-devant d'eux." Few could hope to vie with Jean Jacques in turning an affiliated idea to honor and advantage: Sir Walter Scott was not among them. By 1808 the



successes of Napoleon had impressed the most resolute of his enemies that it was not the will of Providence they should continue to resist their predestined master. "Austerlitz," wrote his knightly biographer, anxious to fulfil his engagements with "the great Napoleon of the realms of print," "had shaken their constancy; Tilsit destroyed it; and with few and silent exceptions, the vows, hopes, and wishes of France seemed turned on Napoleon as her heir by destiny. Perhaps he himself, only, could finally have disappointed their expectations. But he was like the adventurous climber on the Alps, to whom the surmounting the most dangerous precipices and ascending to the most towering peaks only shows yet dizzier heights and higher points of elevation." What with indifferent English, and the notion misapplied, really the poet of the Pelicans is not materially worse: —

Ocean, breaking from its black supineness,  
Drowned in his own stupendous uproar all  
The voices of the storm beside: meanwhile  
A war of mountains raged upon his surface;  
Mountains, each other swallowing; and again  
New Alps and Andes, from unfathomed valleys  
Upstarting, joined the battle.

Quite in another spirit is the use made by Sir John Herschel, in the introduction to his "Outlines of Astronomy," of this (to borrow an expression from Perrault) long-tailed comparison: —

No man can rise from ignorance to anything deserving to be called a complete grasp of any considerable branch of science, without receiving and discarding in succession many crude and incomplete notions, which, so far from injuring the truth in its ultimate reception, act as positive aids to its attainment by acquainting him with the symptoms of an insecure footing in his progress. To reach from the plain the loftiest summits of an Alpine country, many inferior eminences have to be scaled and relinquished; but the labor is not lost. The region is unfolded in its closer recesses, and the grand panorama which opens from aloft is all the better understood and the more enjoyed for the very misconceptions in detail which it rectifies and explains.

It would be a curious problem in the doctrine of chances, worthy of the mathematico-literary tastes of the late Professor De Morgan, to ascertain what is the likely number of these authors, who, if Drummond had not put "Alps" first in his category of mountains, or if Pope had not pitched on Alps, would have supplied some other range: the general structure of their sentences would no doubt have been the same.

Indeed a well-addressed simile so admirably embodies a truth, and is so communicative of it, that where one has to deal with a subject the cardinal point of which has been so presented, he would be unjust to those he offers to teach in repressing it. And if he be a man of weight, he will not need the authority of the name of its originator to support it. Accordingly, Hazlitt, though he has not, like Coleridge, either in his "Lectures on the Literature of the Elizabethan Age," or in any other work, translated Schlegel wholesale, has yet, in the delivery of one of these lectures, seen well to appropriate a passage from the German critic's "Lectures on Dramatic Literature," thus rendered by Mr. Black: "The Pantheon is not more different from Westminster Abbey or the Church of St. Stephen at Vienna, than the structure of a tragedy of Sophocles from a drama of Shakespeare." This, Hazlitt has at once condensed and adapted to his audience with admirable skill: "Sophocles differs from Shakespeare as a Doric portico from Westminster Abbey." But clearly as an idea must be seized before it is pithily expressed, where an author has and uses the power of expanding without enervating, the grasp is as decisive and the invention more in play. Here, with the critic most resolved for the just distribution of literary fame — perhaps here alone — the lips that, the justness of that distribution threatened, open but to crush, must be set wide to praise.

Hesiod describes the rise of Aphrodite from the sea, and tells that

where her delicate feet  
Had pressed the sands, green herbage flowering  
    spring.

Persius, in characteristic close-set words, refers to the tradition in making the superstitious grandam pray that the footsteps of her cradle-child may press the springing rose: "Quicquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat." But Ben Jonson revels in the thought. He knows how lingering\* is melancholy joy, and will have us, in "Sad Shepherd," to perceive how appetizing is this reflection to a sorrowed mind: —

Here she was wont to go, and here, and here,  
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets  
    grow,  
The world may find the spring by following  
    her,  
For other print her airy steps ne'er left,  
And where she went the flowers took thickest  
    root,  
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.



In the "Ode to Duty," Wordsworth, though with exquisite choice of words, does not approach the older singer. For he suffers himself to call before the reader's mind another and as rich a source of floral birth : —

Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,  
And fragrance in thy footing treads.

A later writer has returned to the older thought. Dr. Westland Marston calls his piece, "Three Dreams of Death." The dreams are related by a girl in her last illness to her betrothed : —

What heralds sent  
From self-subsisting affluence of light  
Visit our pensioned world? O happy pair!  
Beneath our steps are crushed the casual  
flowers  
Which theirs bequeath as memories.

Butler, seizing the comic aspect of the episode, finds in it irony directed against lovers' praises of their mistress : —

Where'er you tread, your foot shall set  
The primrose and the violet.\*

Thus is there broad application of what, upwards of two centuries since, Rymer said of a dramatist, to whom we have already so referred as to show the good sense of his remark: "I cannot be displeased with honest Ben, when he chuses rather to borrow a melon of his neighbor, than to treat us with a pumpkin of his own growth."

Among the things to be learnt from tracing the same thought in various writers, and noting the resembling closeness of its vestures, are these — which of his predecessors a writer read, and in what spirit he read or studied them. The influence on one of an appreciated writer is recognized; such influence has led in great measure to the formation of distinctive schools. In writing a life of Goethe, it was therefore found well to examine the entries at public libraries that showed what books he had perused. And it is evident that if we know the self-chosen masters, we know something of those that have learned from them. No man who is great is utterly self-stocked; and however

resource and vigor of mind and soul may mould the objective as it presses upon us, the nature of the objective influence is material. It is, then, markedly in this point, more strongly even than in that already instanced, that the principle of true imitation, the study of plagiarisms, and the study of the history of literature, are connected. "We are indebted," says "January Searle," in speaking of the difference in manner obtaining between Emerson's earlier and later essays, "we are indebted to Montaigne for this change in Emerson's style and mode of thought. It is clear that Emerson has studied him, that he has to some extent adopted his scepticism, and become more catholic than he was wont to be." The mention of Montaigne suggests a number of names — the names of those who, in one form or another, have reproduced some part of the thoughts loosely lying but richly scattered there. Nothing could better illustrate his relation to later literature than the manner in which his treasures (mostly borrowed, and from Plutarch and from Seneca) have been used by Pascal, Sterne, Emerson, and Prior; and at the same time, of the characters of these four men there are reflections, not much broken, in the modes in which their works present the thoughts derived through him. To turn to the last of the batch. "If Prior's poetry be generally considered," Johnson has said, "his praise will be that of correctness and industry, rather than of compass of comprehension, or activity of fancy. He never made any effort of invention: his greater pieces are only tissues of common thoughts; and his smaller, which consist of light images or single conceits, are not always his own. I have traced him among the French epigrammatists, and have been informed that he poached for prey among obscure authors." What a correspondence there is between the first part of this judgment and the remainder! It was even closer than Johnson supposed; for the design of the longer pieces was no more original than was that of the shorter. Thus "Alma," the philosophy of which has provoked sufficient praise from Dugald Stewart, is an expansion of some lines in Montaigne on "Drunkenness," professedly not his: "The natural heat first seats itself in the feet, that concerns infancy; thence it mounts into the middle region, where it makes a long abode, and produces, in my opinion, the sole true pleasure of human life — all other pleasures, in comparison, sleep. Toward the

\* In Dr. Percy's "Essay on the Metre of Piers Plowman's Visions," an old poem called "Death and Life" is given as a specimen of alliterative versification. In a description of "Our Lady Dame Life," of exceptional beauty, occur the following lines: —

"And as she came by the bankes, the boughes eche one  
They lowted to that ladye and layd forth their  
branches:  
Blossoms and burgens breathed full sweete,  
*Flowers flourished in the frith where she forth  
stepped,*  
*And the grasse that was gray grened belive."*



end, like a vapor that still mounts upward, it arrives at the throat, where it makes its final residence, and concludes the progress." Now compare what Matthew explains to Richard as "my scheme:" —

My simple system shall suppose  
That Alma enters at the toes;  
That then she mounts by just degrees  
Up to the ankles, legs, and knees.  
Next, as the sap of life does rise,  
She lends her vigor to the thighs;  
And, all these under-regions past,  
She nestles somewhere near the waist;  
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,  
As we shall show at length hereafter.  
Mature, if not improved by time,  
Up to the heart she loves to climb;  
From thence compelled by craft and age,  
She makes the head her latest stage.

There are three circumstances confirming the suggestion that Prior — effectively enough, it must be allowed — has borrowed from the essayist: (1.) The alternative title of "Alma" is "The *Progress* of the Mind;" the concluding word of the passage quoted from Cotton's translation. (2.) When Prior inquired of Pope what he thought of his "Solomon," and Pope insisted in reply on the merits of "Alma," Prior pooh-poohed him. (3.) We know that Prior was familiar with Montaigne, for we find him writing verses in a copy of his works. But if Prior could philosophize on a hint by the page, he could follow one couplet in another; and Alleyne, the author of a poetical history of the times of Henry VII., having said, —

For nought but light itself, itself can show,  
And only kings can write what kings can do,

Prior could vary the conceit, and retain its prettiness: —

Your music's power, your music must disclose,  
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.

Facts, however, culled from the natural outside world — and the truth common to Alleyne and Prior is one of them — do belong to the great general magazine of thought. "Poussin is not accused of plagiarism for having painted Agrippina covering her face with both hands at the death of Germanicus, because Timanthes had represented Agamemnon closely veiled at the sacrifice of his daughter — judiciously leaving the spectator to guess at the sorrow inexpressible, and that mocked the power of the pencil." And the spirit of the criticism extends to whatever has found expression in proverbial form. Epigrammatical force

makes his the line Wordsworth is conveying to posterity, —

The child is father to the man.

It is not unoriginal, because Dryden had already said, —

Men are but children of a larger growth;  
because Pope had said, —

The boy and man an individual makes;  
because Lloyd had said, —

For men, in reason's sober eyes,  
Are children but of larger size;

because Mallet had said, —

She kissed the father in the child;

or because in France the sentiment had for two centuries been recognized, —

C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,  
C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant.\*

One of the most curious results comparison of authors tends to show is, that the world is better than its literature would tell. The result is well marked. To all but ultra-pessimistic philosophers it is pleasant. There is a Chinese saying that marble for being polished is no whit less cold, is no whit less hard: that so it is with courtiers. La Bruyère puts it thus: "La cour est comme un édifice bâti de marbre; je veux dire qu'elle est composée d'hommes fort durs, mais fort polis." A different application had been made by Tasso. The harshness of his verses is reproached against him. He replies: "Son duri, e pur son belli i marmi." Mirabeau, coming back to courtiers, is as brief: "Hommes de marbre, hommes durs et polis!" Poor Mirabeau! unscrupulous in self-concerns, a statesman of unyielding honesty, in everything resistless — in what depths is there solved the problem of thy life! An episode of Romilly's helps to tell. In 1788, Romilly visited the Bicêtre, and was disgusted with what he saw there. Meeting Mirabeau, he mentioned the impression made on him; and Mirabeau urged him to put his thoughts in writing, and give them to him. This Romilly did. Mirabeau translated the notes into French, published them as a pamphlet, "*Lettre d'un Voyageur Anglais sur la Prison de Bicêtre*," to which he affixed his name. On the other hand, Romilly afterwards printed his original letter as a translation from Mirabeau's French. Nor is it to be supposed

\* Cf. *Tirocinium*, l. 149: "The man approving what had charmed the boy."







to add together the rhetorical flashes of such Christian authors as his researches brought to him; while, to guard against any imputation of plagiarism, it was invariably by the middle of a phrase that he commenced his excursions into these foreign fragments, and in the middle of a phrase he as invariably terminated them. "He consulted me," says Sismondi, "on one of these sermons, without first divulging his secret. And I was not a little astonished," adds that excellent historian, "at these bombastic periods, whose ends

John xiii. 21-30. — Announcement of the treachery of Judas: his departure from the supper-room. — *Dean Alford.*

Now, seeing that our Lord did not depart at all, the words are, as the dean says, at least startling. But how did they arise? The suggestion is, that the doctor caused the dean's comments to be read aloud to him, paraphrasing, in the mean while, as it suited him; that, in this process, "treachery of Judas" became "Judas's treachery." The "his," then outstanding, had to be definitized, and was wrongly transformed into "our Lord's;" and "the supper," read as "this upper," the sensitive scholarship of the doctor transmuted to "that upper."

The sacrifice to truth this mode of procedure — the use of an author not understood — occasionally involves, has the advantage of leading one to the originals. But where the matter is biographical, the general reader is often without the means of detecting error. The borrower, however, is for the most part a compassionate creature, and of this comparative helplessness is willing to take account. He resolves accordingly, by way of compensation for the errors in fact he introduces, to copy as correctly as he can the reflections and descriptions, and everything which gives life to fact. Some very amusing examples of this occur in private magazines we have before us; but the custom extends to works offered to the public as the fruits of honest industry. There is indeed, in some instances, the modification that the source applied to is available to all; and then, no doubt, the writer's expectation that every one will solve the riddle, "Here's eloquence, where did I get it?" not only does away with everything like fraud, but entitles the copyist to the gratitude of amused society. One is disposed, therefore, to think the comments of a Saturday Reviewer on one of the contributors to "Worthies of the World," lately edited by Dr. Dulck-

never corresponded with the beginnings, and whose several members had never been constructed to go together." A process not very dissimilar in results seems to have been followed by Dr. Blomfield. At least Dean Alford has thought it worth while to point out that there is a passage in the original work of his own Greek Testament to which a passage in an advanced edition of the doctor's Greek Testament bears a remarkable resemblance, but from which in manner yet more remarkable it differs: —

John xiii. 21-30 — Announcement of Judas's treachery: our Lord's departure from that upper room. — *Dr. Blomfield.*

en, a little severe and unimaginative. "He goes" — these are the reviewer's words — "beyond blunders, and is guilty of the most shameless literary larceny." And he bases this accusation on passages in one S. I. A.'s sketch of Pitt, compared with "passages in Macaulay, on which the robbery has been committed." But there is really no particular reason why this instance should be singled out, when but a little later a single day put before readers (through different magazines) complaints by Mr. Hartshorne that Mr. Downs, in his "Records of Buckinghamshire," had improperly availed himself of "Notes on an Effigy, attributed to Rich. Wellesborne de Montford, and other Sepulchral Memorials in Hughenden Church," published some while before in the *Archæological Journal*; showed Mr. Hogg writing threatening letters, seemingly — we know not if with justice — provoked by the "De Quincey" of a present distinguished scholar and professor; and found a journalist holding up Mr. Griffin Vyse's "Egypt" as "a specimen of really scientific plagiarism," and saying that "it is necessary, in the interests of literary morality, to protest against such attempts to foist on the public mere worthless compilation as original work." Truly, as an old writer well phrased it in his day, there are "many modern bunglers, which are rather *exscriptores* than *scriptores*;" and, as it was merrily said, bad springs of water, but good leaden spouts."

Unfortunately there is no need to burrow among the obscure. There are too many of weight to whom one may have recourse. Who can tell what is the exact title of Benjamin Franklin to the translation of "*De Senectute*" done by Logan; or to the counsel against intemperance copied out of the works of Jeremy Taylor;



or to the fable against persecution translated at second hand from the Hakacet in the Boostan? And does not the same sort of difficulty attach to the connection of Schultz, not Porson, with readings in Æschylus; of Bombet-Bayle with Carpani's "Letters on Haydn;" of Rouge-mont with "*Raphael d'Aguilar*;" of Descartes with many "new" propositions found in our own Harriot; of David Pareus with the "*Medulla historiæ profanæ*;" of Molière with "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," acted in substance two years before by the Italian comedians; or of John André with the additions to Durant's "*Speculum*," that already seemed contained in Oldrade's "*Consilia*"? Is not much of John Corey's "Generous Enemies" from Sir William Lower's "Noble Ingratitude," itself adapted from the French; of Thomas Durfey's "Commonwealth of Women" from Fletcher's "Sea Voyage" — of his "Trick for Trick" from the "Monsieur Thomas" of the same author and his colleague Beaumont — of his "Sir Barnaby Whigg" from Shakerley Marmion's "Fine Companion" and the novel "Double Cuckold;" and of Thomas Shadwell's "Royal Shepherdess" from J. Fountain's "Reward of Virtue"? "The Country Innocence; or, the Chambermaid turn'd Quaker," a play acted and printed in the year 1677, was first published by its genuine author, Anthony Brewer, many years before. Of modern playwrights we fear to speak. According to the *Edinburgh Review*, George Dalgarno's "*Ars Signorum*" was copied by Wilkins in his "Essay towards a Philosophical Language." Pierre Breslay published in 1574 "*L'Anthologie, ou Recueil de plusieurs discours notables*;" next year ("C'était un peu prompt," naively adds one of M. Querard's supplementers) Jean des Caures followed him word for word in his "*Œuvres Morales*," levying like contributions on Grevin, Coras, and other authors of the day. Zschokke's "Warlike Adventures of a Peaceful Man," translated into French in three volumes in 1813, appeared without acknowledgment of source in the "*Revue de Paris*" in 1847. Paul Ferry had not long printed "Isabelle" in his first poetical works, before De la Croix transferred it to his "Climene." On the misdoings of Moore, Pope, Mason, Gray, and several others, entire books or lengthy papers have been written. Lord Francis Gower was the subject of unwelcome criticism in the *Athenæum*; and of a sometime Lord Wm. Pitt Lennox, *Punch* sagaciously di-

vined that his favorite authors were Steele and Borrow. Rogers's "Human Life" is more than based on Gay's "Birth of the Squire," a piece confessedly in imitation of the "Pollio" of Virgil. Longfellow has so accurately translated the Anglo-Saxon metrical fragment "The Grave," that his version agrees almost verbally with the Rev. J. J. Conybeare's; and Mr. Bohn objects because Mr. W. C. Hazlitt has alleged that his "English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases" are collected "from the most authentic sources." In this list the classes of literature affected and the ages stained — and the list presents but a hardly appreciable fraction of that which a full list would embrace — are various and far apart enough; yet it does not justify the rhymes: —

The trade of knowledge is replete,  
As others are, with fraud and cheat;  
Such cheats as scholars put upon  
Other men's reason, and their own;  
A sort of drapery, to ensconce  
Absurdity and ignorance;

but it does go far to justify Horace Smith's definition of originality as "undiscovered or unconscious imitation." "Ah, how often," said the books to the clergy of the day of the author of "Philobiblion," "do you pretend that we who are old are but just born, and attempt to call us sons who are fathers, and to call that which brought you into clerical existence the fabric of your own studies? In truth, we who now pretend to be Romans, are evidently sprung from the Athenians: for Carmentis was ever a pillager of Cadmus; and we who are just born in England shall be born again to-morrow in Paris, and being thence carried on to Bononia, shall be allotted an Italian origin, unsupported by any consanguinity."

When Fadlallah, prince of Mousel, was tricked by the dervish who had the power of reanimating a dead body and flinging his own soul into it, so that the soul of the dervish occupied the body and the dervish himself gained the throne of the unhappy Fadlallah, while the late prince tenanted the body of a nightingale, the affections of Queen Zemroude were centred in the bird, though she paid to the dervish the honor due to her royal lord. In the same manner, there have been those who, entombing the thoughts of the truly great in their unfit names, have attracted to their persons the honor that seemed naturally to accompany the admiration of the thoughts supposed to be their own. But the ultimate fate of the



dervish should have been remembered; for just as circumstance had no sooner transplanted Fadlallah's soul to his original body, and thrown the dervish's into the nightingale's, than Fadlallah twisted the neck of the nightingale, so, immediately upon the discovery of the imposture, the impostor's name is tarnished and left to point a moral down through posterity. This has been the case with Peter Alcyonius. Cicero's "*De Gloria*," referred to in one of the letters to Atticus, was known to have been in existence in the fourteenth century, for Petrarch had seen it. By bequest it came into the possession of a house of monks, who held it early in the sixteenth century. Now, in the sixteenth century, Peter (he died 1527) produced a treatise, "*De Exsilio*," which attracted immediate attention on account of the extraordinary outbursts of eloquence, sustained sometimes for a page or two, and strikingly in contrast with the general dulness of the book. It was then remembered that Peter, and he alone, had had free access to the monastic library; it was found that the precious manuscript was no longer in its place; and it was eventually proved, that to satisfy his thirst for fame, this miserable man, having stolen what pleased his fastidious taste, had burnt the priceless book, whose worth he had sought to make a trumpet to his fame.

The Bishop of Ugento, Augustin Barbosa, presents a much more imitable example to book-sinners. The good bishop's cook had brought home a fish wrapped in a leaf of Latin MS. Something in it aroused the prelate's attention: he greedily attacked the leaf; ran into the market, and peered from stall to stall till he found the book of which he had the fragment. He presently published, "to the greater glory of God," his "*De Officio Episcoporum*." The work is better known, when in a little less bulky state, as "*De*

*Officiis*." But then, as Martial argumentatively puts it:—

Carmina Paulus emit, recitat sua carmina  
Paulus,  
Nam quod emit, possit dicere quisque suum.

One of the freaks most difficult of prediction that arises from the use of thoughts common to one's self and an earlier writer, is instanced in the life and the continuation of the life of Dr. John Haywardes. Elizabeth, the sovereign under whom he lived, was not a little displeased with a treatise written on the de-thronement of Richard II. and the transfer of the crown to Henry IV. The doctor was sent to the Tower, and there was talk of bringing him to the scaffold. In this state of things the queen consulted her chancellor as to whether or not the publication contained treason. "No, not treason," was the answer of Lord Bacon, a friend of the author, and a student of the humors of his royal mistress, "but a good deal of felony." "Felony! how so?" "Because he hath stolen most of his expressions and conceits from Cornelius Tacitus." And the queen relented.

With Bacon himself, similarities have led to results in a quite different direction. The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, which so affected the wits of Lord Verulam's namesake, the poor Miss Delia Bacon, and has been thought worthy of being pushed by men so gifted as Judge Holmes and Lord Palmerston, seeks countenance, among other things—perfectly regardless of the assertion of Meres in "*Wit's Treasury*," that "they that have once tasted poetrie cannot away with the studie of philosophie"—from the remarkable number of parallelisms the writings of the great dramatist and of the great philosopher offer. A single example is inadequate to put such a momentous issue to the test, but the one given is fairly selected:—

I set down the character and reputation, the rather because they have certain tides and seasons, which, if they be not taken in due time, are difficult to recover, it being hard to restore the falling reputation. — *Advancement of Learning*.

There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries. — *Julius Caesar*.

The sentiment is surely common to a host of writers. But this is not always a sufficient answer. It is not when there are a number of unrelated passages brought together in one, and afterwards in another work. Thus, Voltaire's "*La Pucelle*" has here and there throughout,

sets of lines closely translated from "*Hudibras*." The subject matter of some of them does not allow their reproduction; but if the two pieces are perused, it will be out of question shown that authors of power and repute are sometimes at the trouble of appropriating what, at any



rate out of its context, is of little merit. Here are unobjectionable passages, less closely like than others, yet not unlike:—

And as an owl, that in a barn  
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,  
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,  
As if he slept, until he spies  
The little beast within his reach,  
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch, etc.

*Hudibras.*

Ainsi qu'un chat qui, d'un regard avide  
Guette au passage une souris timide,  
Marchant tous doux, la terre ne sent pas  
L'impression de ces pied delicats,  
Dès qu'il l'a vue, il a sauté sur elle, etc.

*La Pucelle.*

Still Voltaire has ever been allowed to be among those "good pilferers" to whom Lord Byron, confessing his indebtedness to Scott and other writers—even his beautiful address to the ocean is based on a chapter in "Corinne"—desired to be commended; for "you may laugh at it as a paradox," said he, "but I assure you the most original writers are the greatest thieves."

There are three points disregarded by writers on this subject, in which literature comes in contact with this aspect of the character of its creators. In the first place, it is an element distinctly requiring recognition in forming opinions of our institutions, as well as in seeking to trace the history of these and of the people. Thus, Dr. Carl Güterbock has supplied ample materials for showing that Bracton has influenced, has indeed given an altered complexion to our law, by perfectly unauthorized, in many places quite inappropriate, introductions from the Roman law. Not only is the substance, but the arrangement and phraseology are borrowed; so that it is not to be disguised that this lawyer, favored by circumstances which allowed his method of writing "English" law to pass at the time undetected, has imposed a system upon us, which in great part was not ours. The first two books of Littleton's "Tenures" are, on the other hand, from Norman sources; while again, in Scottish law, its most ancient treatise, the "*Regiam Majestatem*," is plainly copied from English Glanvill. Now, when we remember how the body of law under which we are to-day has been developed out of that of our ancestors; or how, with results of yet greater moment, the parts unsuited to later times, which would not admit of logical development, or of development in any sense, but required breaking down to fit them to the needs of society that will not yield, have issued in some of those great upheaving movements that mark the eras of a nation's history,—we can but consider that this borrowing is not as insignificant as most affect to think. And to carry this remark from institutions to

the chroniclers of them, the intelligent industry of living historians has alone made unnecessary. But, in the second place, unacknowledged copying bears on literature through the history of that in which it finds expression—language. Euphuism is an element whose importance, except at the hands of Professor Morley and Professor Arber, has probably been underestimated. It is not, indeed, due or confined to Lyly; but he is its chief exponent, and the work is frequently quoted in illustration of the Elizabethan speech. It is worthy of notice, then, that many phrases, and some passages, are from "A petite Pallace of Pettie his plesure,"—an agreeable collection of Italian stories, several of which—as, for example, the first, "Sinnorix and Camma"—have in other forms been represented on our stage within the last ten years. Not merely, however, our own literature, but, in the third place, the dead languages derive light from observation of parallelisms. The passages in the "*Satyricon*," that have resemblance to expressions of Martial and Statius, tend to show the relative dates of those writers and of Petronius Arbiter.

Notwithstanding, however, that there are these great fields in which this pleasant study might be almost without limit pursued; that there remains almost untouched the drama, old and modern—the modern drama might commence with "The Heiress of General Burgoyne," in which is seen, since the plot is from Diderot, the characters from Mrs. Lennox, some of the sentiments from Rousseau, a variety of forms of adaptation—and that there are still uninstanced such examples of literary fraud as that of Dr. Pierrotti, who appended his name to sketches of ruins and buildings, in which the same persons in the same positions were represented as appeared in published work of earlier draughtsmen; notwithstanding these facts, and an attempt to have consciousness of what they import, the impression a candid study of literature, and particularly of English literature, will leave upon the student's mind,



there can be no difficulty in asserting. For all Pope Ganganelli's dogma, it is not that much is borrowed, but that there is a stupendous, uninterrupted expenditure of genuine, original, self-outwrought thought. It is as Pascal—who, though he borrowed right and left, has still a title to be heard—says with pith: "A mesure qu'on a plus d'esprit, on trouve qu'il y a plus d'hommes originaux. Les gens du commun ne trouvent pas de différence entre les hommes."

It is, indeed, unquestionably true, that "faded ideas float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams; and imagination, in its fullest enjoyment, becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted." And Sheridan—for he it is who has it so—is illustrated in an interesting case found in the poems of Isaac Hawkins Browne. In the pastoral soliloquy entitled "The Fireside," the poet evidently thinks, as he makes, the notion of these lines his:—

I have said it at home, I have said it abroad,  
That the town is man's world, but that this is  
of God.

Cowley, who died forty years before Browne was born, has in his "Garden" this line—

God the first garden made, the first city Cain,  
supposed, rather fancifully,—and though Cowper (but this, so far as we know, has not been before noted) wrote seven years after the publication of "The Fireside,"—to be the origin of the thought, standing out quite distinctly towards the close of "The Sofa,"—

God made the country, and man made the town.

The idea, wherever got, is, after all, nothing more than that Varro in "*De Re Rusticâ*" expresses thus: "Nec mirum quod divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes." Curiously enough, it is in this, its original form, that at least in Quebec—if we are to trust to the unsuspecting Montreal *Daily Star*, April 15,

As when a storm in vernal skies  
The face of day doth stain,  
And o'er the smiling landscape flies  
With mist and drizzling rain;  
If chance the sun look through the shower  
O'er hill and flowery dale,  
Reviving nature owns his power,  
And softly sighs the gale.

MR. KEIGHTLEY.

1882—it has become a "gem of thought:" "Divine Providence made the country, but human art the town." As to Hawkins Browne, however, there is evidence that he was not a believer in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, or one might have suspected that he conceived himself to have "said at home" in the person of Cowley, and "abroad" in that of Varro.

But we cannot yet leave either Browne or Cowper. Not Browne, because, in his poem on "Design and Beauty," he has a passage demonstrating how authors may have present to their minds the same constituent ideas, and yet arrive at an opposite result—a point which strongly argues the likelihood of like sets of thoughts, and of course with the issue of a like result. The passage is this:—

In sound, 'tis Harmony that charms the ear,  
Yet discords intermingled here and there,  
Still make the sweet similitude appear;  
and is to be compared with the

Discord oft in music makes the sweeter lay  
of Spenser, and the

For discords make the sweetest airs,  
And curses are a kind of prayers,

of Butler. Nor can we quite part from Cowper, for there are in "The Task" a couple of lines,—

There is a pleasure in poetic pains  
Which only poets know,—

cited by Mr. Keightley as having resemblance to these from Dryden's "Spanish Friar:"—

There is a pleasure sure in being mad,  
Which none but madmen know,

that remind us that that gentleman gives from his own experience an instance of unconscious likeness, perfectly credible, possibly not even capping all else in the region of credibility. He was, he tells us, at a time very familiar with Milton; but it was only some while after writing the lines placed below to the left of our page, that he was "struck with the similarity" to those on the right:—

As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'er-  
spread

Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element  
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow, or  
shower,

If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.

MILTON: Par. Lost, Bk. ii.



Perhaps, these few instances in view, one cannot better conclude than by transcribing the terms in which La Fontaine, avowing that he was no slavish imitator of Virgil, proposed to find a rule for practice. It is in essential harmony with that laid down at the commencement of this paper:—

Je ne prends que l'idée, et les tours et les lois  
Que nos maîtres suivaient eux-mêmes autre-  
fois.

Si d'ailleurs quelque endroit plein chez eux  
d'excellence

Peut entrer dans mes vers sans nulle violence,  
Je l'y transporte, et veux qu'il n'ait rien  
d'affecté,

Tâchant de rendre mien cet air d'antiquité.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE UNPOPULARITY OF CLOUGH.

THE appearance of Mr. Waddington's admiring and sympathetic "monograph" on Clough,\*—why call, by the way, a publication of this kind a monograph, which properly means a study of something artificially separated from its natural context?—affords us a good opportunity of asking why Clough is not better known than he is in modern English literature; why his fame is not greater, and his often magnificent verse more familiar to modern ears. In Mr. Haweis's hasty and scrappy book on the "American Humorists," Mr. Haweis scoffs parenthetically at the present American minister's "curious notion that Clough was, after all, the great poet of the age" ("American Humorists," p. 83); and even one of Clough's most intimate friends, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, has lent some sort of authority to Mr. Haweis's scoff, by the remark,—to us as amazing as it appears to some good critics candid,—that "one feels a doubt whether in verse, he [Clough] chose the right vehicle, the truly natural mode of utterance." We can only say, in reply, that Clough seems to us never to touch verse without finding strength, never to attempt to speak in prose without losing it, and becoming half-articulate. But there clearly must be some reason or quasi-reason in a view which a whole generation of lovers of poetry have not disproved, but to some extent verified, by the relative neglect in which, during a

time when verse has secured an immense amount of attention, Clough's touching and often stirring and elevating poetry has been left. Mr. Waddington, we are sorry to see, does not address himself to this question, and throws but little light on it. And with all his genuine appreciation of Clough, his study is wanting in the strong outlines and massiveness of effect which might have done something to secure for Clough the public esteem which he will certainly one day secure. Mr. Waddington is too discursive, and does not bring the great feature of his subject into sufficiently strong relief. His essay might increase the vogue of a public favorite, but will hardly win popularity for one who has never yet emerged from the comparative obscurity of a singer delightful to the few, though his name even is hardly recognized by the many.

For our own parts, though we should not assert that Clough is the great poet of our age, we should agree heartily with Mr. Lowell that he will in future generations rank among the highest of our time, and that especially he will be ranked with Matthew Arnold, as having found a voice for this self-questioning age,—a voice of greater range and richness even, and of a deeper pathos, though of less exquisite sweetness and "lucidity" of utterance, than Matthew Arnold's own,—a voice that oftener breaks, perhaps, in the effort to express what is beyond it, but one also that attempts, and often achieves, still deeper and more heart-stirring strains. Clough had not Mr. Arnold's happy art of interweaving delicate fancies with thoughts and emotions. Poems like "The Scholar Gipsy" and "Thyrsis," like "Tristram and Iseult," "The Sick King of Bokhara," and the stanzas on "The Author of 'Obermann,'" were out of his reach. And no doubt it is precisely poems of this kind, into which, across the bright web of rich and stimulating fancy, Mr. Arnold has woven lines of exquisitely-drawn and thoroughly modern thought and feeling, that have gained for Mr. Arnold his increasing, though not as yet, overwhelming, popularity. Clough had nothing of this fanciful art. He was realist to the bottom of his soul, and yet, though realist, he looked at all the questions of the day from the thinker's point of view, and not from the people's point of view. He did not frame his pictures, as his friend does, in golden margins of felicitous fancy. He left them almost without a frame, or, at any rate, with no

\* *Arthur Hugh Clough: a Monograph.* By Samuel Waddington. London: George Bell and Sons.



other frame than that furnished by the plain outline of his story. This might have but increased his popularity, had Clough's subjects been like Burns's subjects, the common joys and sorrows of the human heart. But it was not so. His subjects, for the most part, have a semi-scholastic ring, but do not embody those elaborate, artistic effects which soften a scholastic ring to the ear of the people. He was a self-questioner, who did not cast over his questionings that spirit of imaginative illusion which, in Mr. Arnold's poetry, sometimes makes even self-questionings sound like the music of a distant and brighter sphere. Clough's poetry is full of direct, home-thrusting questioning — concerning character in the making, faith in the making, love in the making; and powerful as it is, this analytic poetry no doubt needs more than any kind of poetry, for its immediate popularity, the glamor which Mr. Arnold's artistic framing throws round it.

Nor is this the only difference. The charm of Clough's humor, the strength of his delineation is so great that, if the only difference between him and Matthew Arnold were the difference between a plain and an attractive setting, that advantage of Mr. Arnold's might, we think, have been counterbalanced by the deeper pathos of Clough's pictures, and the stronger lines in which he draws. But there is another difference. Matthew Arnold, negative as the outcome of his thought too frequently is, never leaves you in any kind of doubt as to what he means. His lines are always sharply chiselled. He is dogmatic even in his denials of dogma. Lucid and confident to the last degree, he never leaves the mind without a very sharply marked impression of a clear thought. And even where that thought is not popular, — even where it is the reverse of popular, — such sharp, distinct lines, gracefully graven, are likely to gain more readers and admirers, than lines of freer sweep, but more uncertain drift. Compare, for instance, some of Mr. Arnold's finest lines on the dearth of true revealing poets, with some of Mr. Clough's finest on the same subject. Mr. Arnold, after bewailing the loss of Goethe and Wordsworth, turns to the hermit of the Alps, M. de Sénancour (his "Obermann"), and addresses him thus: —

And then we turn, thou sadder sage,  
To thee! we feel thy spell!  
— The hopeless tangle of our age,  
Thou too hast scann'd it well!

Immovable thou sittest, still  
As death, composed to bear!  
Thy head is clear, thy feeling chill,  
And icy thy despair.

Yes, as the son of Thetis said,  
One hears thee saying now:  
*Greater by far than thou are dead;  
Strive not! die also thou!*

Ah! two desires toss about  
The poet's feverish blood;  
One drives him to the world without,  
And one to solitude.

*The glow, he cries, the thrill of life,  
Where, where do these abound? —  
Not in the world, not in the strife  
Of men, shall they be found.*

He who hath watch'd, not shared, the strife,  
Knows how the day hath gone.  
He only lives with the world's life,  
Who hath renounced his own.

Now hear Clough, on the same subject: —

Come, Poet, come!  
A thousand laborers ply their task,  
And what it tends to, scarcely ask,  
And trembling thinkers on the brink  
Shiver, and know not how to think.  
To tell the purport of their pain,  
And what our silly joys contain;  
In lasting lineaments portray  
The substance of the shadowy day;  
Our real and inner deeds rehearse,  
And make our meaning clear in verse:  
Come, Poet, come! for but in vain  
We do the work or feel the pain,  
And gather up the seeming gain,  
Unless before the end thou come  
To take, ere they are lost, their sum.

Come, Poet, come!  
To give an utterance to the dumb,  
And make vain babblers silent, come;  
A thousand dupes point here and there,  
Bewildered by the show and glare;  
And wise men half have learned to doubt  
Whether we are not best without.  
Come, Poet; both but wait to see  
Their error proved to them in thee.

Come, Poet, come!  
In vain I seem to call. And yet  
Think not the living times forget.  
Ages of heroes fought and fell  
That Homer in the end might tell  
O'er grovelling generations past  
Upstood the Doric fane at last;  
And countless hearts on countless years  
Had wasted thoughts, and hopes, and fears,  
Rude laughter and unmeaning tears,  
Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome  
The pure perfection of her dome.  
Others, I doubt not, if not we,  
The issue of our toils shall see;  
Young children gather as their own



The harvest that the dead had sown,  
The dead forgotten and unknown.

One feels the difference at once between the picture of the lucid insight of solitary renunciation, and the ardent invocation addressed to a new teacher of a dimly anticipated lesson. The one poet is distinct, the other vague, and though the more distinct teaching is the less hopeful, it sinks more easily into the reader's mind. Yet, for our parts, we find a richer music in the vague hope of Clough, than even in the sweet, sad despondency of Arnold.

Further, Clough not only sings finely of the immature stage of moral character, but of the immature stage of faith, and the immature stage of love. He studies both in the making, — admitting it to be a riddle how that making will end. Here, for instance, is a fine poem on faith in the making, which will be popular one day, as describing a stage which many will then have passed through, but which has not found its popularity yet : —

What we when face to face we see  
The Father of our souls, shall be,  
John tells us, doth not yet appear ;  
Ah, did he tell what we are here !

A mind for thoughts to pass into,  
A heart for love to travel through,  
Five senses to detect things near,  
Is this the whole that we are here !

Rules baffle instincts — instincts rules,  
Wise men are bad — and good are fools ;  
Facts evil — wishes vain appear,  
We cannot go, why are we here ?

O may we for assurance' sake,  
Some arbitrary judgment take,  
And wilfully pronounce it clear,  
For this or that 'tis we are here ?

Or is it right, and will it do,  
To pace the sad confusion through,  
And say : It doth not yet appear,  
What we shall be, what we are here ?

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,  
The heart still overrules the head ;  
Still what we hope we must believe,  
And what is given us receive.

Must still believe, for still we hope  
That in a world of larger scope,  
What here is faithfully begun  
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we  
That ampler life together see,  
Some true result will yet appear  
Of what we are, together, here.

And here, once more, is a curiously subtle passage on love "in the making," which must wait, we suppose, for its popularity till the human heart understands itself better, and is franker with itself, but which will have its popularity then. It is from "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," the most buoyant and humorous poem of the higher kind produced in England during the present century. The enthusiast of the poem is descanting on the beauty which physical labor adds to the charm of women : —

Well, then, said Hewson, resuming ;  
Laugh if you please at my novel economy ;  
listen to this, though ;  
As for myself, and apart from economy wholly,  
believe me,  
Never I properly felt the relation between men  
and women,  
Though to the dancing-master I went perforce,  
for a quarter,  
Where, in dismal quadrille, where good-looking  
girls in abundance,  
Though, too, schoolgirl cousins were mine —  
a bevy of beauties —  
Never (of course you will laugh, but of course  
all the same I shall say it),  
Never, believe me, I knew of the feelings be-  
tween men and women,  
Till in some village fields in holidays now get-  
ting stupid,  
One day sauntering "long and listless," as  
Tennyson has it,  
Long and listless strolling, ungainly in hob-  
badiboyhood,  
Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless, bon-  
netless maiden,  
Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden  
uprooting potatoes.  
Was it the air ? who can say ? or herself, or the  
charm of her labor ?  
But a new thing was in me ; and longing deli-  
cious possessed me,  
Longing to take her and lift her, and put her  
away from her slaving.  
Was it embracing or aiding was most in my  
mind ? hard question !  
But a new thing was in me, I, too, was a youth  
among maidens :  
Was it the air ? who can say ? but in part 'twas  
the charm of the labor.  
Still, though a new thing was in me, the poets  
revealed themselves to me,  
And in my dreams by Miranda, her Ferdinand,  
often I wandered,  
Though all the fuss about girls, the giggling  
and toying and coying,  
Were not so strange as before, so incompre-  
hensible purely ;  
Still, as before (and as now), balls, dances, and  
evening parties,  
Shooting with bows, going shopping together,  
and hearing them singing,  
Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves  
on the dreary piano,



Offering unneeded arms, performing dull farces  
 of escort,  
 Seemed like a sort of unnatural up-in-the-air  
 balloon-work  
 (Or what to me is as hateful, a riding about in  
 a carriage),  
 Utter removal from work, mother earth, and  
 the objects of living.  
 Hungry and fainting for food, you ask me to  
 join you in snapping —  
 What but a pink-paper comfit, with motto ro-  
 mantic inside it?  
 Wishing to stock me a garden, I'm sent to a  
 table of nosegays;  
 Better a crust of black bread than a mountain  
 of paper confections,  
 Better a daisy in earth than a dahlia cut and  
 gathered,  
 Better a cowslip with root than a prize carna-  
 tion without it.  
 That I allow, said Adam.

But he, with the bit in  
 his teeth, scarce  
 Breathed a brief moment, and hurried exult-  
 ingly on with his rider,  
 Far over hillock, and runnel, and bramble,  
 away in the champaign,  
 Snorting defiance and force, the white foam  
 flecking his flanks, the  
 Rein hanging loose to his neck, and head pro-  
 jecting before him.

Oh, if they knew and considered, unhappy  
 ones! oh, could they see, could  
 But for a moment discern, how the blood of  
 true gallantry kindles,  
 How the old knightly religion, the chivalry  
 semi-quixotic,  
 Stirs in the veins of a man at seeing some  
 delicate woman  
 Serving him, toiling — for him, and the world;  
 some tenderest girl, now  
 Over-weighted, expectant, of him, is it? who  
 shall, if only  
 Duly her burden be lightened, not wholly re-  
 moved from her, mind you,  
 Lightened, if but by the love, the devotion  
 man only can offer,  
 Grand on her pedestal rise as urn-bearing  
 statue of Hellas;  
 Oh, could they feel at such moments how man's  
 heart, as into Eden  
 Carried anew, seems to see, like the gardener  
 of earth uncorrupted,  
 Eve from the hand of her Maker advancing,  
 an help meet for him,  
 Eve from his own flesh taken, a spirit restored  
 to his spirit,  
 Spirit but not spirit only, himself whatever  
 himself is,  
 Unto the mystery's end sole helpmate meet to  
 be with him;  
 Oh if they saw it and knew it; we soon should  
 see them abandon  
 Boudoir, toilette, carriage, drawing-room, and  
 ball-room,

Satin for worsted exchange, gros-de-naples for  
 plain linsey-woolsey,  
 Sandals of silk for clogs, for health lacka-  
 daisical fancies!  
 So, feel women, not dolls; so feel the sap of  
 existence  
 Circulate up through their roots from the far-  
 away centre of all things,  
 Circulate up from the depths to the bud on  
 the twig that is topmost!  
 Yes, we should see them delighted, delighted  
 ourselves in the seeing,  
 Bending with blue cotton gown skirted up over  
 striped linsey-woolsey,  
 Milking the kine in the field, like Rachel,  
 watering cattle,  
 Rachel, when at the well the predestined be-  
 held and kissed her,  
 Or, with pail upon head, like Dora beloved of  
 Alexis,  
 Comely, with well-poised pail over neck arch-  
 ing soft to the shoulders,  
 Comely in gracefulest act, one arm uplifted to  
 stay it,  
 Home from the river or pump moving stately  
 and calm to the laundry;  
 Ay, doing household work, as many sweet  
 girls I have looked at,  
 Needful household work, which some one,  
 after all, must do,  
 Needful, graceful therefore, as washing, cook-  
 ing, and scouring,  
 Or, if you please, with a fork in the garden  
 uprooting potatoes.

That is not a picture of love, but a picture  
 of the initial stages of love, and of that  
 which often prevents love from ripening.  
 Nor can such pictures be popular while  
 the mind shrinks from looking in the face  
 the poor beginnings of its own highest  
 powers. One day, however, Clough will  
 vindicate the justice of Mr. Lowell's judg-  
 ment on him, though that day may not be  
 yet. Arnold will, perhaps, grow to even  
 greater popularity, before the growth of  
 Clough's popularity begins. But begin it  
 will, and wax, too, to a point as high, per-  
 haps, as Arnold's ever will be, for  
 Clough's rapture and exultation, when  
 they reach their highest points, are be-  
 yond the rapture and exultation of Ar-  
 nold, though his music is less carefully  
 modulated, and his pictures less exqui-  
 sitely framed.

---

From The Queen.

THE VICE OF PROMISCUOUS CHARITY.

THE evils fostered by the practices of  
 street alms-giving and promiscuous charity



were prominently displayed at the late meeting of the Surrey Sessions, where Mr. Hardman and a full bench of magistrates had to dispose of no less than eight cases of professional street beggars, who were indicted as incorrigible rogues and vagabonds. The evidence in the first case showed that a man, whose age was only thirty-one, had been convicted no less than twenty-three times, so that a great part of his life since his childhood must have been passed in imprisonment. Another, who had moved in a respectable position, had taken to drink and followed beggary as the readiest means of procuring intoxicating liquors. The third, a violent ruffian, who had been previously convicted no less than nine times—who was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and twenty-four strokes with a birch rod—received an intimation that on his next appearance at that court he would, if again convicted, be welcomed with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Another violent character, who had no less than twenty-three convictions recorded against him, was sentenced to a similar punishment; and one who was not violent, but had been convicted thirty times during his thirty-six years of life, was allotted a similar term of imprisonment without the corporal punishment. The remaining prisoners, a man and his wife, were sentenced to six months' hard labor. If the inquiry is made as to the cause of this state of things, and the source to which we may trace the foundation and perpetuation of professional beggary, there can be but one answer. The vice, with all its hideous accompaniments, is dependent on the mistaken charity of silly, sentimental people, men and women alike, who gratify their own unreasoning impulses by giving away money in the streets. To relieve a really necessitous person is an action which gratifies certain moral instincts which are inherent in every human being; it gives a sense of personal satisfaction; there is a feeling in the breast of the donor that a good deed has been done, and a satisfactory self-complacency pervades the mind at having performed it. When such a desirable mental state can be procured at any time by the expenditure of a bronze coin or indulged in *in excelsis* for sixpence, it is not surprising that people whose moral sentiments are

stronger than their intellectual powers should pursue this pleasant mental recreation—the evil they do is altogether beyond their knowledge; they gratify their own feelings with the idea that they may have relieved distress, and indulge in much smug self-sufficiency in congratulating themselves on the good they have done. These promiscuous alms-givers would not hesitate to denounce the drunkard who, to gratify his desires, beggars himself and starves his wife and family, nor the idler, who prefers indolence and poverty to industry and competence. But they do not refrain from doing evil for the gratification of their own feelings, and this under the false pretence that they are doing good. All persons who have taken the trouble to make the slightest inquiry into the subject know that the necessitous poor never beg; that the whole of the beggars of the metropolis and tramps of the country districts belong to a distinct class—in great part an hereditary caste—which is supported by the maudlin sentimentality of those who encourage this vicious mode of life. By so doing they tend to perpetuate one of the most serious of the social evils which afflicts the nation. They foster and encourage the idle and dissolute class of vagrants who infest the country, and disseminate vice, disease, and moral as well as physical degradation amongst the population. By these beggars servants are often tempted to become pilferers of their employers' property; and the knowledge and practice of petty vice and practical dishonesty is carried into places where they were formerly unknown. If persons wish to gratify their charitable feelings, and they are really desirous of doing good and not evil, let them seek out the deserving poor; there is no lack of them to be found when sought. Or, should they be too much occupied with town life, and live too remote from the dwellings of the humbler classes, they can give their alms to the poor-boxes of the police magistrates, in the full confidence that they will be bestowed only on the most worthy objects. But let them abstain from pleasing themselves by giving money to sturdy beggars in the streets, which demoralizing practice is none the less injurious from being performed with the idea of doing good.



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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From Beginning,  
Vol. CLV.

## CONTENTS.

I. ANTS, . . . . .	<i>Church Quarterly Review,</i> . . . . .	771
II. NO NEW THING. Part XL., . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . . .	780
III. CHARLES DICKENS, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . . . .	793
IV. THE LADIES LINDORES. Part XVI., . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	803
V. PROFESSOR CLERK MAXWELL, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	817
VI. IMMORTALITY WITHOUT GOD, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	820
VII. ANIMAL PARTNERSHIPS, . . . . .	<i>English Mechanic,</i> . . . . .	823

\*.\* Title and Index to Volume CLV.

## POETRY.

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A GHOST, . . . . .	770		

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## AN AUTUMN MORNING.

AFTER a night of storm, the morning breaks,  
 Grey, soft, and still,  
 Each little bird within its bush awakes,  
 A voice in feathers, and with right good will  
 Tunes up for the sweet music birds have played  
 Since the glad day when little fowls were made.

The swarthy crow alights upon the field  
 Mid silver dews;  
 His keen eye marks the savory grub concealed,  
 Nor fears he for the wetting of his shoes;  
 Woe to the worm who crawls abroad, a prey  
 Where hunger waits with cruel beak to slay.

Hunger, imperious lord, thy stern decree  
 Brooks no dispute;  
 Never a despot wielded spell like thee,  
 O'er reasoning man, and ruminating brute—  
 Old serpent, in thy coign of vantage curled,  
 Thy well-poised lever moves the mighty world!

Who whets the sickle for the golden corn  
 On yonder hill?  
 Who wakes the reaper in the misty morn,  
 To garner crops for sleepers lying still?  
 Restless and ruthless master, at thy call,  
 Harvests are reaped, and Sloth will leap a wall.

Who gives a savor to the poor man's bread  
 No monarch tastes?  
 Wins the rare pearl thro' peril dark and dread?  
 Plants a fair garden in deserted wastes?  
 'Tis thou, great motive power of mortal toil;  
 And fruit is plucked when thou dost stir the soil.

Yea, fruit is plucked—what cries of muffled  
 glee  
 Arouse mine ear?  
 Away, ye mannikins, that apple-tree  
 Bears fruit forbidden! Ah, the case is clear,  
 The roystering wind last night hath wrought  
 me ill,  
 And boys are boys, with many a void to fill.

In ragged breeches, pockets have no holes,  
 An instinct wise  
 In thrifty mothers—they, poor patient souls,  
 Must build up life with small economies;  
 They mend their nets, and have their sure re-  
 ward,  
 Rough winds blow dumplings to the frugal  
 board.

But, lo! the gallant sun comes forth to cheer  
 All hearts and eyes;  
 Across the stream's bright mirror, shining clear,  
 The little dabchicks skim with joyful cries;  
 And in cool depths, below the bridge's rail,  
 The old trout lies, and moves a cautious tail.

The cows that pasture by the river's brim,  
 Contented eat;  
 And feeding, in the distance, golden dim,  
 On the hill acre where we cut the wheat,  
 Sheep,\* stepping slowly through the stubble,  
 seem  
 A flock in fairy-land, where poets dream.

O Autumn Morning, sweet enchantress, rest,  
 Fly not so soon!  
 Whisper thy secret to this troubled breast,  
 For all the world is listening ere the noon;  
 Alas, already shines the perfect day,  
 The magic morn hath vanished away!  
 Temple Bar. C. B.

## A GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. JERNINGHAM'S  
 JOURNAL."

LOVE, will you let me in?  
 I am knocking at the door.  
 Love, can I shelter win  
 Close beside you as of yore?  
 Of my grave I am weary,  
 Narrow, narrow, dark and dreary;  
 Wildly from its clasp I flew,  
 Love, just to look at you.

I am so white and chill:  
 Love, will you shrink away?  
 If you will not kiss me still  
 Do not let me in, I pray.  
 I have cross'd the mighty river:  
 Will you fear me? Do you shiver?  
 If your arms refuse to woo,  
 Death is more kind than you.

Love, if *you* were a ghost  
 And *I* were alive and warm—  
 Ah, perhaps—I will not boast—  
 I might shudder at your form;  
 I might flee before the presence  
 Of an unembodied essence.  
 Hush! hush! it is not true,  
 Love, I should know 'twas *you*!

Longman's Magazine.

## ADVERSE CRITICISM.

WHAT flowers I had in one fair knot were  
 bound,  
 And so I laid them on a public stall,  
 Wondering would any one take note at all,  
 Or taking note, to praise them would be found.  
 A keen-eyed critic turned the nosegay round,  
 Then cried, "No true flowers, these!" and  
 let it fall:  
 "Mere weeds that grow against the Church's  
 wall!  
 And what coarse thread about the stalks is  
 wound!"

'Tis true, I fear me, dandelions and grass  
 I culled, mistaking them for garden bloom,  
 And half-believing that they so might pass;  
 And now my critic has pronounced my doom,  
 Half-undeceived I shall not grudge my lot,  
 If friends may find one true Forget-me-not.  
 Spectator. I.



From The Church Quarterly Review.

ANTS.\*

FROM the earliest times of which any record remains, there have been some minds attracted by the mysteries of animal life. We cannot, of course, expect to find in the records of the remote past any traces of an intelligent investigation of the habits and the mental faculties of the subject creation. There is a general agreement as to the fact that in its early stage the human mind was incapable of any exact analysis of its own powers, or of the phenomena which it witnessed either in animate or inanimate nature. But it is natural to suppose that even in the pre-historic period man was struck by the resemblances as well as by the differences between himself and the lower animals. He felt, if he did not mentally grasp the fact, that emotions wondrously similar to his own—love, fear, joy, rage—were exemplified in the living world around him; while the absence of any language common to himself and the lower animals served to wrap them in impenetrable mystery. That such was the case seems to be clearly proved by the important position occupied by various animals in some very ancient religions. We commend this topic to the consideration of any who may be disposed to derive all ancient religious ideas from solar phenomena.

It is interesting to observe that the earliest methodical investigation of nature, the earliest approach to a definite classification, appears to have been in Palestine. We are not now referring to the broad and general description of crea-

tion contained in the first chapter of Genesis, nor to the important distinction there drawn between man and nature. But that chapter must have exerted a most powerful influence upon the Jewish mind, for the simple reason that it placed the mind at the outset in the right attitude for the investigation of nature. It placed all nature before man as a system capable of being investigated, as an order of things distinct from, but subject to, the mind, as to be subdued by man, and consequently requiring in some degree to be understood. It is surely no visionary notion, but one of the plainest of truths, that familiarity with that authoritative record must have facilitated the advance of the Jewish intellect for some distance on the road of science.

We should not expect to see the full effect in this direction of that venerable record until the Hebrew nation, after its wanderings and its internal struggles, had finally settled down under a powerful and orderly government, and was in the enjoyment of the leisure which attends prosperity and peace. It is, however, evident that the fruit of which that record was the germ did ripen when those favorable circumstances had arrived. Though no scientific writings have come down to us from the period, it is clear that science must have been one of the characteristics of a portion of the nation when at the height of its power in Solomon's days, and that classification was carried out to a considerable extent. To record the diligence of that king himself as a student of natural history was not deemed unworthy even by the sacred historian, and we may fairly infer that the royal author was not alone in the study. Had he been so, it would have profited no one that "he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall;" or that "he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."\* We shall have to refer later on to one portion of his natural-history teaching.

We do not deny that amongst other peoples a spirit of inquiry grew up in

\* 1. *Harvesting Ants and Trap-door Spiders. Notes and Observations on their Habits and Dwellings.* By J. TREHERNE MOGGGRIDGE, F.L.S. London, 1873.

2. *Supplement to Harvesting Ants and Trap-door Spiders.* By J. TREHERNE MOGGGRIDGE, F.L.S., F.Z.S. *With specific Description of the Spiders* by the Rev. O. PICKARD-CAMBRIDGE. London, 1874.

3. *An Introduction to Entomology, etc., etc.* By WILLIAM KIRBY, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., and WILLIAM SPENCE, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S. Seventh Edition. London, 1856.

4. *Ants, Bees, and Wasps. A Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera.* By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., President of the British Association, etc., etc. Second Edition. London, 1882.

\* See 1 Kings iv. 33.



course of time. It may indeed be inferred from the passage which has suggested these remarks that in some of the neighboring nations it was so, and the library, consisting of inscribed tablets, collected by the Assyrian kings some three centuries after Solomon's time, and especially by Assur-bani-pal, contained, we are told, "an interesting division formed by the works on natural history. These consisted of lists of animals, birds, reptiles, trees, grasses, stones, etc., etc., arranged in classes, according to their character and affinities as then understood."\*

Resisting the temptation to linger in the vast field and amongst the *embarras de richesses* presented by the history of the study of nature, and coming to our own times, we observe that the fascination of that study appears to have reached its height. Every year brings out some fresh work, the result of patient observation, written in a more or less popular style, and detailing new and most interesting facts about plants or about animals. Such a supply implies the existence of a demand. It implies that there is a large number of readers who take a delight in knowing all that can be known about the animated world around them. It would seem as if men are beginning at last to follow literally the general direction to study creation implied in the words "Consider the lilies."

The late Mr. Darwin remarked as follows: "It is a significant fact, that the more the habits of any particular animal are studied by a naturalist, the more he attributes to reason and the less to unlearned instincts."† The truth which underlies these words appears to be that in almost if not all animals there is more play than used to be supposed of a faculty akin to human reason in its power of choice, in its varied action when circumstances vary; not that there is not also a large number of unlearned instincts, such as that which guides the bird in nest-building or in periodical migration, and the bee in the construction of the honeycomb.

\* See Ancient History from the Monuments: Assyria. By the late George Smith, of the British Museum, London, p. 182.

† See The Descent of Man, 1871, vol. i., p. 46.

Again, it was formerly supposed that instinct and reason are always in inverse ratio to one another; that the more of free intelligence any species possessed the less was the amount, so to speak, or the number of its instincts, and *vice versa*. This was a hasty inference from the fact that in man the power of instinct seems to be entirely dwarfed by intelligence. It is one of the features of intelligence as distinguished from instinct that it has to learn, and that it profits by experience; and we all know that no human being can construct a habitation for himself without learning the way, an accomplishment which to many of the lower creatures comes by nature. But the doctrine that reason and instinct are in inverse ratio certainly does not hold good generally. Of insects, for example, the *social Hymenoptera*, ants, bees, and wasps, are the highest in the scale of intelligence. Yet it is precisely these insects which possess the most wonderful instincts.\*

The bees have long enjoyed a full share of attention, arising from the service which they render to man in collecting honey. The knowledge of the habits of ants is not so widely diffused; yet, as we shall endeavor to show, they are highly interesting in many ways. Moreover their habits admit of being studied with greater ease than those of bees.

Sir John Lubbock remarks that "there are a number of scattered stories about ants which are quite unworthy of credence."† He has given us in a recently published volume an interesting *résumé* of facts about ants, many of them the results of his own patient and ingeniously directed observation. Before selecting and remarking upon some of these facts, as we propose to do, we will give two examples, the one of a marvellous story that falls under the category of those unworthy of credence, the other of a belief respecting ants, which, after being scouted by modern science as a popular delusion, has been reinstated in the full dignity of scientific truth by later observation.

\* See The Descent of Man, vol. i., p. 37.

† Ants, Bees, and Wasps, preface.



The father of history, Herodotus, is responsible for the introduction to the Western world of the fable which forms our first example. Certain Indians, he tells us, were in the habit of procuring large quantities of gold from the ant-heaps in a desert to the east of the Indus. The ants which inhabited this desert were intermediate in size between a dog and a fox. They made their habitations in the ground precisely as did the ants known to the Greeks, and the sand which they threw up in the process abounded in grains of the precious metal which could easily be separated from it. The difficulty, however, was to obtain the sand. For these ants were ferocious, apt to congregate in large numbers, and excessively swift in pursuit. If overtaken by them neither man nor camel could escape destruction. It was the practice of the gold-hunters to visit the ant-heaps early in the morning, when, according to Herodotus, the heat of the sun is greater in that region than at midday, and when, consequently, the ants were all underground, and hastily loading their camels with sackfuls of the valuable sand, to hurry off, and so obtain a good start before the ants, apprised by scent of the presence of marauders, launched themselves in pursuit.\* Other ancient writers repeated the account, which naturally lost nothing in the process. One of them declares that the skins of the ants resemble those of panthers.

This story is not an invention on the part of Herodotus. He only repeated, according to his wont, what he had heard. Nor was it altogether fiction. It was fiction founded upon facts. Facts were exaggerated, distorted, and made the basis of a too hasty generalization, and then imagination came in to supply the element of terror. This is perhaps the natural history of many a myth. In the present instance modern scholarship has been able to discover the original germ from which the fable sprang. In the Mahabharata, the Homer of the ancient Aryan Indians, mention is made of "ant-gold" brought from the northern region.

The story therefore is clearly of Indian origin. We know, too, that gold-dust was found in a sandy table-land north of India. But whence came the notion of the monstrous ants? The same region is inhabited by numerous marmot-like animals with spotted skins, which burrow in the sandy soil; and modern travellers have seen them sitting on their hind legs, as if keeping guard before their holes. Doubtless the northern tribes carried away, for the sake of the gold, the loose sand thrown up by these animals; and the southerners, familiar with the habits of ants in their own country,\* but not knowing the marmot, concluded that the burrowing creatures must be ants, whose formidable strength and speed were proportionate to the size of their bodies. The whole story is thus satisfactorily explained, or, if a further *rationale* be required of the supposed ferocity and swiftness of the ants, the actual tenants of the desert holes having no such qualities, we may suppose that the northern traders added these details in order to enhance the value of the gold.

In the foregoing story we have an example of the way in which, in an unscientific age, the want of experience and the operation of a too hasty logic invested the ant with fabulous powers. It is not so long since the very same causes betrayed writers of considerable scientific pretensions into the opposite error — that of denying to the ant an instinct and habit which some of the species actually possess.

Every one is familiar with the exhortation in the book of Proverbs, "Go to the

\* It may help to understand the growth of the fable if we remember that the ant-heaps in warmer climates are much larger than any in ours. Kirby and Spence tell us that the largest in our country, those constructed by *Formica rufa*, the horse-ant, "are mere mole-hills when compared with the enormous mounds which other species, apparently of the same family, but much larger, construct in warmer climates. Malouet states that in the forests of Guiana, he once saw ant-hills which, though his companion would not suffer him to approach nearer than forty paces for fear of his being devoured, seemed to him to be fifteen or twenty feet high, and thirty or forty in diameter at the base, assuming the form of a pyramid truncated at one-third of its height; and Stedman, when in Surinam, once passed ant-hills six feet high and at least one hundred feet in circumference." (Introduction to Entomology, p. 270.)

\* See Herodotus, iii. 102-105.



ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."\* It was not in Palestine alone that the ant was believed to store up grain for future use. Hesiod speaks of a time "when the provident one (the ant) harvests the grain." Horace compares the thoughtful industry with which men provide for the needs of old age to that of the ant in accumulating her store:

Parvula (nam exemplo est) magni formica  
laboris  
Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit  
acervo  
Quem struit, haud ignara ac non incauta fu-  
turi.†

Virgil, as might have been expected, does not leave the practice unnoticed, and though in the passage referred to‡ he is evidently borrowing from Apollonius Rhodius, it seems equally evident that he is describing what he has himself observed.

The hasty manner in which the concurrent testimony of these and other southern writers was set aside in modern times in deference to the dictum of some northern observers, and the subsequent reversal of that hasty verdict, ought to teach caution for the future. A little exercise of that faculty of suspending the judgment, which some modern teachers exalt as a high intellectual virtue, would here have been in place. Instead of pronouncing at once, because our northern ants do not habitually store up grain, that the ancients were all mistaken as to a matter which fell under their own observation — that in fact they mistook the *pupæ* carried about by the ants § for grain — it might have been suspected that differences in the climate might account for differences in the facts observed. This scientific caution was observed indeed by Kirby and Spence, who remarked as follows: —

Till the manners of exotic ants are more accurately explored it would be rash to affirm that no ants have magazines of provisions; for although during the cold of our winters in this country they remain in a state of torpidity, and have no need of food, yet in warmer regions, during the rainy seasons, when they

are probably confined to their nests, a store of provisions may be necessary for them.\*

But this commendable prudence was not exhibited by some other writers. For example, some of the commentators on Virgil, and, what is of more importance, a writer in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," asserted in almost identical terms that modern observation of the habits of ants does not confirm the belief that they store up seed in their nests. The writer of an article on the "Natural History of the Bible," in the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1863, was betrayed into the same error, which he endeavors to support by the suggestion that most probably the ants lie dormant during the winter in Palestine, where the cold is severe.

Other naturalists had already established the fact that harvesting ants were to be found in India. Mr. Moggridge has shown that they are also to be found in the warmer parts of Europe. Having occasion to spend the winter and spring of 1871-2 at Mentone, he devoted himself to the investigation of the question. He found that out of the one hundred and four species of European ants then known, two in particular were regularly addicted to the practice, viz., *Atta barbara* and *Atta structor*, and he explains the familiarity of ancient writers with it by the fact that these two species abound on the shores of the Mediterranean, and are particularly noticeable from their habits.† Some other ants show traces of the instinct by occasionally collecting seeds, a statement which Sir John Lubbock corroborates from his own observation.

Mr. Moggridge proceeds to inform us that the true harvesting ants just mentioned are found also in Palestine; and it would seem from the Mishna and other Jewish writings that the quantities of grain amassed in their nests were sometimes considerably greater than any observed in Europe. It was a question among the Jews to whom belonged the grain found in an ant's nest — whether to the owner of the crop or to the gleaners. The Mishna decides in favor of the former if it be found while the crop is standing; but if the reapers have passed, then the upper portion of the store, probably because presumably taken from ears that would have gone to the gleaners, was to belong to the latter.

There is an interesting fact, if it be a

\* Prov. vi. 6-8. See also xxx. 25.

† Horace, Sat. i. i. 33-36.

‡ Æn. iv. 402-407.

§ The ancients were not ignorant of this practice, though they mistook the *pupæ* for eggs. See Virgil, Georg. i. 379, 380.

\* Introduction to Entomology. Seventh edition, p. 313.

† See supplement to Harvesting Ants, etc., p. 164.



fact, in regard to the seed carried by ants into their subterranean dwellings: namely, that so long as they have access to it it neither germinates nor decays. But if either the seed be removed from the superintendence of its thrifty owners, or they be excluded from the nest, then, according to Mr. Moggridge, it will germinate. What means the ants possess of checking germination was left an unsolved problem by Mr. Moggridge, and Sir John Lubbock informs us that it remains a mystery still.\* It must be added that the last-named writer quotes other authorities in opposition to Mr. Moggridge's statement of the facts. According to one writer the ants gnaw off the radicle, while another asserts that they permit germination to commence for the sake of the sugar which is developed in the process, as in the familiar conversion of barley into malt.

Some ants, we are told, exhibit a more wonderful instinct than the mere storage of grain. They are true farmers. They cultivate their own crops. The *Pogonomyrmex barbatus*, a species inhabiting Texas, is said to extirpate from the ground to a distance of five or six feet from their nests all other species of plants except *Aristida oligantha*, the grains of which they carefully stow away in their barns, and which is consequently called ant-rice.† Sir John Lubbock corroborates this statement in some measure by the remark that he has himself "observed in Algeria that certain species of plants are allowed by the ants to grow on their nests."‡ That in the actual process of harvesting their grain the ants have learnt the use of division of labor was observed by some very ancient naturalists. Ælian describes how one party perform the operation of reaping, and another that of carrying, the former severing and throwing down the spikelets of corn "to the people below," τῷ δήμῳ τῷ κάτω. This statement has been corroborated by Mr. Moggridge, who has seen "ants engaged in cutting the capsules of certain plants, drop them, and allow their companions below to carry them away."§

The English ants do not store up grain, but they show an equally remarkable proof of foresight, or of what would be foresight, if it were not, as we believe, the result of an instinct, and involving no

knowledge of the consequences. It is well known that different species of aphides provide food for ants. The aphides secrete a sticky sweet juice, which they emit on being stroked by the antennæ of the ant, and which the latter instantly devours. Sir John Lubbock has added to our previous knowledge of the singular relations between the ants and their domestic animals—their "cows," as they have been called—by showing that ants collect the autumn-laid eggs of aphides and carry them into the shelter of their nests, where they tend them with the greatest care through the long winter months. In March the young aphides are brought out and placed on the young shoots of the plant which serves as their natural habitat as well as their food. In the case observed the ant was no other than the common English yellow meadow ant (*Lasius flavus*), and the plant from which the eggs were removed, and on which the young live stock were deposited, was no other than the common daisy.

Perhaps the most striking fact that the modern study of natural history in general, and of ants in particular, has brought us to, is not to be found amongst the details—the individual habit or instinct—but in the circumstance that a scientific naturalist should venture to affirm the general principle which Sir John Lubbock infers from the *tout ensemble* of the characteristics of ants. It is a principle which seems to run counter to what we might naturally have expected, and it is one which deserves thoughtful consideration in all its bearings, whether scientific or religious. We should naturally have supposed—and the general principles of evolution would seem to point in the same direction—that the nearest approach to the intelligence and other characteristics of man would be found amongst the mammalia, and, in particular, amongst the anthropoid apes, whose bodily structure bears the closest resemblance to that of man. But, according to Sir John Lubbock, the fact is otherwise. We are to look for our nearest parallel, in his opinion, to the minute order of creatures whose ways he has been observing for the past ten years. No other order presents in such a remarkable degree as the ants the social organization, the co-operation of large multitudes, whether for the needs of daily life, for defence, or for aggression, and at the same time such intelligent engineering as his clients display in the construction of their roadways, and of their elaborate habitations. Nor does

\* See supplement to *Harvesting Ants, etc.*, p. 171; and *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, p. 61.

† See *Harvesting Ants, etc.*, p. 12.

‡ See *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, p. 62.

§ See *Harvesting Ants, etc.*, p. 18.



this exhaust their claims to rank next after man. They have succeeded in establishing such relations between themselves and some other orders of insects, as in the example mentioned above, that they may be said to possess domestic animals. Some of the species even possess slaves.

We doubt whether Sir John Lubbock's contention will be generally admitted to its full extent. Wonderful as the performances of ants are, it seems to us that reasoning power on the part of the individual has so small a share in effecting them in proportion to the part played by instinct, that we should hardly be disposed to place the ant next to man in the scale of creation. We are not intending to depreciate instinct. If there were no other difficulty in the way of accepting a theory of mechanical evolution, instinct would, in our judgment, oppose an insurmountable barrier to it. Nor, again, do we purpose discussing the difference between instinct and reason. On this point it must suffice to say that instinct appears to us to be a kind of stereotyped reason, suited to the narrow range of circumstances by which a given species of the subject creation is conditioned, and that being thus strictly limited, thus confined to particular grooves, it differs widely from that grand faculty of man which causes him at least to aspire to be the measurer of all things.\* At the same time it is difficult not to see in many instincts the traces of a conscious intelligence; and if, as doubtless is the case in regard to many of the wise adaptations of means to ends on the part of insects and other creatures, we must deny the possession by the individual animal of any conscious prevision of those ends, we are content to trace the operation of Supreme Intelligence. Many of the instinctive actions of ants, of which we are now about to furnish some examples, appear to us inexplicable by the mere operation of natural selection or survival of the fittest, and in fact to present an insoluble problem on any theory which denies or ignores the divine Creator and Ruler of the world.

In the second stage of ant life, the insect, after it has emerged from the egg, is absolutely dependent upon the ministrations of its fully developed sisters. It is a *larva*, a small, white, legless grub,

voracious, but quite incapable of feeding itself. Not only do its worker sisters perform this operation for it; but they also carry it about from chamber to chamber of the nest in order, Sir John Lubbock thinks, to secure for it the most suitable amount of warmth and moisture. This nursing duty cannot have been learnt; for it is performed by the very young ants whose skin is not sufficiently hardened to allow of their undertaking out-of-door work.\*

After a period of five to six weeks or more, during which the larva continues to feed, or, more strictly, to be fed, and to grow, it turns into a *pupa* or *chrysalis*, when feeding ceases, to be resumed, however, by the perfect insect; but growth ceases altogether. Immense changes take place in the chrysalis stage; there is a development of the various organs, but no addition to size or weight. When the fully developed insects are ready to emerge, extraneous aid is again, in many cases, required, and were it not given they would perish, just as the human infant would perish if neglected. "It is very pretty," Sir John Lubbock says, "to see the older ants helping them to extricate themselves, carefully unfolding their legs, and smoothing out the wings with truly feminine tenderness and delicacy."†

Of the insects thus developed the males and females are provided with wings, of which they divest themselves after the marriage flight—the former, however, only to die almost immediately; while the latter, if circumstances are favorable, become the mothers of a numerous progeny, and may, as Sir John Lubbock has proved, live for at least seven years.‡ The remainder of the new generation, considerably exceeding in number the males and females, consists of the wingless workers or neuters. These are said to be really undeveloped females, and there is some foundation for this view. It is a familiar fact that bees, which belong to the same order of insects as ants (the *Hymenoptera*), are able so to treat an egg which in the ordinary course would give rise to a neuter, as to obtain a fertile queen instead. Sir John Lubbock, differing here from Mr. Dewitz, is of opinion that ants possess a corresponding power and instinct. The last-named naturalist remarks that "it is very difficult to understand how the instinct, if it is to be called instinct, which would enable the working

\* If Professor Max Müller's derivation of "man" from a root meaning "to measure" be correct, it is interesting to observe that at the earliest dawn of language, or at any rate of Aryan speech, man's prerogative of reason was so distinctly recognized.

\* See *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, pp. 6 and 23.

† See *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, p. 7.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 9.



ants to make this difference, can have arisen."\* We venture to add that in the case of bees (which certainly, even by the admission of Mr. Dewitz, possess the instinct), and in the case of ants (if, as is possible, they also possess it), such an instinct is incapable of being explained, except by reference to over-ruling mind. Such an instinct is an example of a class of facts, which are far from being rare, which testify to a restorative power in or above nature, a remedial agency operating in the case of accidental wants. To the same class of facts belongs the wonderful recuperative power of the animal body in the case of injury by accident or disease. The religious teacher may reasonably point to such facts as being at least in harmony with, if not in some degree suggestive of, the remedial process which he proclaims to be needed, and to be attainable in a higher order of things — the spiritual.

There is a class of instincts — or perhaps, to speak more correctly, of habits — in the subject creation, just as there is a class of habits indulged in by man, which to the moral sense of man when duly instructed and cultivated are distressing to contemplate and even revolting. To this class belongs the practice of slave-making followed by some ants. It is so extraordinary an instinct that, as Mr. Darwin remarked, "any one may well be excused for doubting its existence." The statements, however, of Pierre Huber, who was the first to discover it (in 1804), have been fully confirmed. Huber's account of the discovery is so interesting that we venture to introduce it here, slightly condensed. He was walking in the environs of Geneva, between four and five in the evening, when he noticed traversing the road a legion of rufescent ants (*Polyergus rufescens*). He says: —

They moved in a body with considerable rapidity, and occupied a space of from eight to ten inches in length by three or four in breadth. In a few minutes they quitted the road, passed a thick hedge, and entered a pasture ground. At length they approached a nest inhabited by dark ash-colored ants. Some of its inhabitants were guarding the entrance; but, on the discovery of an approaching army, darted forth upon the advanced guard. The alarm spread at the same moment in the interior, and their companions came forth in numbers from their underground residence. The Rufescent ants, the bulk of whose army lay only at the distance of two paces, quick-

ened their march; the whole battalion in an instant fell upon and overthrew the ash-colored ants, who, after a short but obstinate conflict, retired to the bottom of their nest. The Rufescent ants now ascended the hillock, collected in crowds on the summit, and took possession of the principal avenues, leaving some of their companions to work an opening in the side of the ant-hill with their teeth. Success crowned their enterprise, and by the newly-made breach the remainder of the army entered. Their sojourn was, however, of short duration, for in three or four minutes they returned by the same apertures which gave them entrance, each bearing off in its mouth a larva or a pupa.\*

The larvæ and pupæ, thus carried off, become, when developed into workers, the industrious slaves of their captors, and do all the work of the home, tending the young, providing the supplies of food, even feeding their masters, whom they carry away on their backs when the colony changes the situation of its nest.

Later observations have shown that the slave-making instinct has assumed four different forms in as many genera. It exists in its mildest form in *Formica sanguinea*, which may be found in the southern counties of England. Sir John Lubbock draws a woful picture of the degrading effect of the habit. We do not stop to inquire how he reconciles with his rather sweeping doctrine of the degeneracy produced by slavery the fact that ancient civilizations and, until very recent times, modern civilizations also, have advanced in spite of the practice. But the ants, at all events, furnish, according to him, a terrible example. The four different forms of slaveholding amongst them represent, he says, so many stages, one below another, in its degrading tendency.

*Formica sanguinea*, which may be assumed to have comparatively recently taken to the practice, has not been materially affected. They can still "do" for themselves, if necessary, though they are too prone to indulge in the luxury of compelling slaves to work for them. Much appears to depend upon the facility with which they can obtain the unlawful luxury. For in Switzerland, as we learn from Mr. Darwin, more work is done by the slaves than in this country, the reason being probably that the slaves are captured in greater numbers in Switzerland.†

*Polyergus* comes next in the scale of debasement. They are, indeed, bold and powerful marauders, but that is all that

\* See Ants, Bees, and Wasps, p. 40.

\* See The Origin of Species (1882), p. 217.

† See Ants, Bees, and Wasps, p. 81 seq.



can be said in their favor. They have lost their knowledge of art; that is to say, they do not construct their own habitations. They have lost also, as already stated, their natural affection for their young, and even their instinct of feeding.

Then comes *Strongylognathus*. These have lost even more. Slavery has told on the bodily strength. When roused, they will however fight, but they fight in vain; and but for the exertions of their slaves they would evidently be exterminated.

Beneath this lowest depth there is yet a lower depth. *Anergates* is the name of the miserable creature. If Sir John Lubbock is right in the novel suggestion by which he explains the mysterious fact that it continues to exist at all, a male and female *Anergates* stealthily enter the nest of *Tetramorium* and assassinate the queen. The result of this dastardly manoeuvre is that in the following year the community consists of the murderous couple, their young, and only the workers of *Tetramorium*, who, though they would never submit to be captured by such weak creatures, yet tend their helpless invaders with the utmost care. *Anergates* is an awful warning. It is a parasite. It has lost its real independence, its arts, and many of its instincts. "The individuals are weak in body and mind, few in numbers, and apparently nearly extinct — the miserable representatives of far superior ancestors."\*

Now it must be admitted that such an instinct as that of slave-making is difficult at first sight to reconcile with our *à priori* notions of divine design, though surely it is not more so than any other rapacious and cruel instincts in the animal creation, or than the presence of evil at all in the world. But it may be well to point out that whatever the difficulty may be, there appears to be an equal difficulty on the hypothesis of mechanical evolution. For it is a clear case of a well-developed instinct that is not, apparently, beneficial to the species. It may, of course, be said that if an injurious instinct happens to be developed and to become persistent, it must lead to the final extinction of the species affected, and that the slave-making ants are an example to the point. We take leave, however, to remark that there is no proof whatever that the ants ever possessed the various useful instincts which they are said to have lost. Conjecture as to particular orders of beings is too frail a foundation for a

general principle with regard to all orders.

There is, however, another remark to be made in reference to the repugnance which the slave-making instinct in ants is said to merit from us. The same remark will apply to some other instincts which are said to militate against the belief in divine government, such as the impulse which amongst bees leads the workers to put to death the drones after these have fulfilled their single function of securing the continuance of the race. It is strange, certainly. But the repugnance which is professed or felt in presence of such facts arises, surely, from an error. The error consists in looking at them from a merely human point of view — from not realizing that it is not a world of human beings that we are regarding, but of totally different beings. It is an error to attribute to what we call the victims in such cases the feelings which we should naturally attribute to our fellow-men so circumstanced. If we could accurately represent to ourselves the actual consciousness of the various species of animals, it may well be that all the difficulties now arising from the contemplation of the war of nature would shrink to very small proportions, or disappear altogether.

With regard to the rise of the instinct of slave-making, the suggestion is offered by Mr. Darwin, and repeated by Sir John Lubbock, that since it is a common practice with ants, even of species that do not make slaves, to carry off the pupæ of other species, if scattered near their nests, "such pupæ originally stored 'as food might become developed; and the foreign ants thus unintentionally reared would then follow their proper instincts, and do what work they could."\* Out of such circumstances it is possible that the instinct may have grown. But both this instinct and all the instincts peculiar to neuters being neither inherited directly from either parent, nor transmitted by the possessors, present one of the greatest difficulties to the theory of evolution by natural selection.

We turn now to some of the particular results of Sir John Lubbock's observation of his favorites. It will surprise those readers who now learn the fact, that the library of a studious man may be shared without inconvenience to himself by numerous communities of insects so much addicted to travelling about as ants. The range of their peregrinations may, how-

\* See *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, p. 89.

\* See *The Origin of Species*, p. 219.



ever, be limited by very simple means. A shallow trough filled with water is as impassable to them as was the Styx of old to the unfortunate shades for whom the last rites had not been duly performed. Sir John Lubbock has had for some years thirty to forty communities under observation. Each community inhabited a space about a quarter of an inch deep, filled with fine earth, between two glass plates, and enclosed at the edges by slips of wood, with a small aperture in one corner for a doorway. Some of the nests were placed like shelves one above another, and supported by a single upright post. Beneath the lowest was suspended a platform larger every way than the nests, in order to intercept any individuals that fell, and having a watery ditch at its edges. There was thus free passage between the nests and to the top of the pole; but all the communities were cut off by the water from communication with the outer world. It is sad to learn that this ingenious device for saving space involved special difficulties. The ants knew their own nests perfectly well, but were so pugnacious, that great care had to be exercised in assorting the nests. Between fellow-citizens the utmost harmony prevails, but the members of different communities always regard one another as enemies.

Mention has been made already of division of labor amongst some harvesting ants. By the adoption of a simple method for ensuring recognition, our author has been able to observe the performances of individual ants, and claims to have shown that they differ amongst themselves in character and disposition, and that division of labor is carried out amongst them to a greater extent than was supposed. When it was desired to watch the proceedings of a particular ant, he marked it with a small dab of paint on the back, an operation which sometimes had to be repeated, as, the ants being very cleanly animals, the strange mark would sometimes be licked off by fellow-citizens.

In order to ascertain whether particular individuals are charged with the duty of bringing in the small supplies of food required in winter, a nest of *Formica fusca* was watched, and an hourly register kept, with few intermissions, for nearly two months, from November 20 to January 15. From the observations made in this and other cases, it seemed clear "that certain ants are told off as foragers, and that during winter, when little food is

required, two or three are sufficient to provide it."\* The food in this case, it should be added, was honey, of which ants are particularly fond. Not the least interesting portion of the book before us is the chapter in which the various contrivances are described by which ants are prevented from gaining access to the honey of flowers, and so depriving them of their means of attracting the visits of bees and other flying insects, which, as Mr. Darwin has shown, are in many cases of great importance in promoting cross-fertilization. But we must not linger on this topic.

Another point on which Sir John Lubbock has made elaborate observations is the power which ants have of recognizing one another and of intercommunication. All the members of one community are able to distinguish between a fellow-citizen and an interloper, even after the former may have been excluded from the nest for nearly two years. They even recognize as fellow-citizens ants brought up from the pupa state among strangers. It has been asserted by some naturalists that ants, and likewise bees, make use of some kind of language, of which the antennæ serve as the instruments, and that by means of it they can communicate with one another as to the approach or absence of danger, or describe localities where, for example, specially attractive food may have been discovered. The latest observer, though he would certainly be the last to deny to his interesting pets the possession of any remarkable and particularly any manlike faculty which he had good reason to assign to them, does not confirm this view. Ants, as he shows, recognize one another, but it is not by means of language, nor is the recognition personal. That is to say, an individual is perceived in consequence of some subtle quality, possibly some special odor, to be a relation. Numerous experiments tend to show likewise, that though ants track one another by scent, and, consequently, may follow to a store of food the first discoverer of it, the power of communicating with one another is very limited,† though not quite absent.

We must now draw to a close, though many interesting topics, such as the na-

\* See Ants, Bees, and Wasps, p. 47. In some foreign species certain individuals in each nest are so formed that their abdomen is capable of enormous distension. They act as receptacles of the honey, which they retain and redistribute when required. They are said never to leave the nest, and in fact are merely animated honey-pots. (Ibid., pp. 47, 49.)

† See Ants, Bees, and Wasps, p. 171.



ture of the senses of ants, still remain unnoticed. The points to which we have chiefly confined ourselves are those which exhibit the societies of ants as regularly organized communities. It is in this aspect that the subject appears to us to have more importance at the present time than in any other aspect. Attempts are rife to reassure those persons (amongst whom we reckon ourselves) who would view with alarm the decadence of belief in and reverence for a divine and authoritative standard of duty. Strange to say, the arguments used seem to be based not upon what we know of man, but upon what we observe among the social animals below us. The question is much too large for us to enter upon its general discussion at the end of an article. But our subject has been an order of beings which furnishes examples of the most highly organized societies next after man; and, consequently, if the theory which regards the social bond as sufficiently efficacious by itself in maintaining order without the sanction of religion can find support anywhere in the subject creation, it is to be presumed that the communities of ants would furnish such support in abundance.

It is worth while to note, therefore, the broad gulf that separates such societies as those with which we have been occupied from the society of men, and which renders it absolutely impossible to reason from one to the other in the manner suggested. Whatever be the amount of intelligence exhibited by ants, no one will contend that in seeking the common good they are actuated by anything higher than instinctive impulse, and from this impulse they cannot free themselves; nay, they cannot form the idea or the wish to free themselves from it. Man's reasoning power gives him, indeed, the opportunity of choosing nobly, of devoting himself, at personal self-sacrifice, to the good of others, but it also offers him the temptation of choosing precisely the reverse — of endeavoring to secure his own gratification, no matter what the cost to others.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
NO NEW THING.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### PHILIP GOES INTO SOCIETY.

AT the moment when Mr. Brune was giving way to mercenary aspirations, as

recorded above, the subject of his regrets was sitting before a blazing fire in the smoking-room at Longbourne, smoking one of the excellent cigars of which a stock was always to be found in that well-ordered establishment, and enjoying, or appearing to enjoy, the creature comforts incidental to the situation. It was his sister-in-law who had suggested to him that, as they were alone in the house, they should betake themselves to this cosy little apartment immediately after dinner, asserting, as kind-hearted ladies do sometimes (and Heaven only knows whether they are speaking the truth, or whether it is not an act of selfish brutality to take them at their word), that she liked the smell of tobacco, and that to spend the evening in the smoking-room, instead of in the drawing-room, was an unwonted treat to her.

It reminded her, she said, of old days, when she used to sit with Jack after dinner. Perhaps she wanted an excuse for talking about Jack; and on ordinary occasions Tom, who had had a sincere affection for his younger brother, would have been willing enough to gratify her; but this evening his thoughts were, not unnaturally, centred upon himself, and with a very little encouragement he would have related the whole history of his disappointed hopes. Thus, these two people, who had become excellent friends, and who were both inclined just now to claim a little of the sympathy to which friendship is entitled, remained for some time at cross purposes, each throwing out hints to which the other failed to respond, until it became evident that some topic of common interest must be resorted to. This was in Tom's favor; for when the conversation languished, it was inevitable that the adventure of the day should suggest itself as the ground for a fresh start, and so he soon found an opportunity of remarking, in a casual manner, that he supposed so pretty a girl as Miss Brune would not be likely to remain Miss Brune much longer.

"I don't think she will be in a hurry to marry," responded Margaret. "Nellie has a good deal of character, and she will be sure to think well before she chooses."

"If she has not chosen already."

"Yes, if she has not chosen already. There are perhaps half-a-dozen marriageable young men hereabouts, and I believe they are all of them devoted to her in an off-and-on sort of way."

"Is there anybody in particular, should



you suppose?" inquired Mr. Stanniforth, staring up at the cornice.

Margaret poked the fire, and made no reply; so he went on, "I used to fancy that young Marescalchi was paying her a good deal of attention, but perhaps it didn't mean anything."

Margaret laughed; whereupon her interrogator withdrew his eyes from the ceiling with great promptitude, glanced inquiringly at her, saw it all, and immediately dropped into a gloomy reverie.

"I am glad you noticed that," said the unconscious Margaret, "for I have always thought that those two were exactly suited to one another, and hoped that something might come of it some day. But I have given up match-making," she added with a shake of her head. "I have made one or two attempts in that way, and the results have not been encouraging. I suppose people must be allowed to choose for themselves."

But Mr. Stanniforth was no longer anxious to pursue the subject, and indeed had not distinctly heard the last few words. "Oh, yes, certainly, I quite agree with you," he said; and then began to talk very fast about habitual drunkards, in which unfortunate class of society he had been lately stirred up to take a keen interest. He had a comprehensive scheme for dealing with them in their double character of afflicted fellow-creatures and responsible members of the community; but as the carrying out of this project would have involved the expenditure of some millions of the public money, besides interfering with the liberty of the subject after a fashion conceivable only to enlightened Radical brains, the reader need not be wearied with its provisions. Margaret listened to them patiently, argued against them, was triumphantly silenced, and ultimately went to bed with a consolatory assurance that she had done what was expected of her.

At breakfast the next morning, Mr. Stanniforth, who had passed a bad night, looked up from a pile of opened letters that lay before him, and said that he was very sorry, but he was afraid he must be off. He had spent the first half of the recess in unwonted idleness, and would now have to work hard to make up time. The habitual drunkards, it appeared, were clamoring for attention; the anti-vivisectionists were about to hold meetings in various places at which the presence of the member for Blackport would be indispensable; the insufficiency of railway servants, and consequent alarming in-

crease of accidents, was likewise a subject that seemed to require looking into; so that, upon the whole, it came to this, that he would have to leave by the twelve o'clock train.

Margaret expressed her surprise and regret at this sudden change of plans, but was hardly so much afflicted by it as she might have been, had not the post brought her her own share of disquieting correspondence in the shape of an announcement from Philip that he had finally made up his mind to abandon the law in favor of the operative stage.

"I have been thinking about this for a long time," he wrote, "but I would not tell you until I was tolerably sure of success, because I wanted to spare you needless worry, and I knew you would be rather horrified at first. Don't breathe a word about it to anybody just yet—it would only set the whole pack of them baying at you if you did—but think it over quietly, and I am sure you'll agree that I might do worse. Old Steinberger (perhaps you have never heard of him, but he is a celebrity nevertheless)—Steinberger says my high notes only want practice to be as good as Wachtel's (I dare say you have never heard of Wachtel either); and if all goes well, I ought, in a few years' time, to jump to the top of the tree at one bound. Is there any other profession in the world in which such a *coup* as that would be at all possible? As for the social position, anybody will tell you that great singers are received everywhere in these days; and between ourselves, my dear old Meg, who am I to give myself airs? The nuisance of it is that living in London, and having the best masters, and all that, costs a lot of money; but I must economize, and I dare say I shall manage to get on somehow. The rapidity with which a five-pound note melts away here is awful. Cab-hire alone"—etc., etc.

The remainder of the letter contained a good many hints of this delicate nature, for Philip seldom asked directly for money, that being a course of procedure which went against his finer feelings.

Money, however, was what he was at this time in urgent need of; and, but for this circumstance, it is probable that Margaret would have been allowed to remain for some time longer in ignorance of his schemes. One reason in particular he had for desiring that his coffers should be replenished: namely, that he contemplated a change of domicile. The remote situation of Coomassie Villa—



half a day's journey from the club, as he would often pathetically remark — was causing him daily inconvenience, and he no longer dreaded the risk attaching to residence in a more frequented quarter; for he was beginning to feel convinced of the truth of the common saying that one is never so much alone as in a crowd. It was, however, quite certain that the suburban butcher, baker, and grocer would not suffer him to depart until their several little accounts had been defrayed; and therefore it was that he awaited Margaret's answer with no small impatience, and that, when the answer came, he was a great deal more anxious to examine the figure of the cheque contained in the envelope than the accompanying eight pages of manuscript. But he did read the latter as soon as he had ascertained the satisfactory nature of the former, and was a good deal touched by Margaret's kindness and generosity.

Nothing, indeed, could have been more moderate than the tone of her reply. She did not deny that Philip's news had startled her, nor that she had certain misgivings as to the social position about which he had expressed himself so confidently; but she admitted that he was better able to judge of such questions than she could be, and further, that he had a perfect right to choose his calling in life for himself; the one essential thing, for him and everybody else, was to have a calling of some kind or other. She then went on to make some very true, if not very original, observations on the solaces of labor, which Philip skimmed over rapidly, and concluded by thanking him for having taken her into his confidence. In a postscript she added that she was sure his expenses must be heavier than he could conveniently manage, and that she therefore enclosed a trifle, which she hoped would help to lighten them for a time.

There was a pleasing, provisional sort of sound about the last three words which Philip did not fail to note and appreciate.

"Fan," said he gravely, as he folded up the letter, "if the baby should die, and I should be cut off in my prime, immediately after realizing a handsome fortune on the boards of the Italian Opera, don't you take it into your foolish little head to adopt an orphan. Unless he turned out to be very unlike some other orphans whom I have heard tell of, he would be a burden to you all your life, he would take your last penny from you with absolute complacency, and at the bottom of his

heart he would think you rather a fool for giving it to him."

The awful possibilities foreshadowed in this speech were too much for Mrs. Marescalchi, who began to cry.

"Now, now, Fan," remonstrated Philip, "you ought to know me better by this time than to take every word I say so seriously. I'm not really such an ungrateful beggar as I make myself out; and as for dear old Meg, it's a positive delight to her to throw her money out of window. If I didn't pick it up, you may be sure that somebody else would — perhaps a less deserving person."

"Oh, but Philip," sobbed Fanny, "how could you talk like that about — about your dying? And dear baby, too! I can't bear to hear you say such things."

"Oh, is that it?" said Philip, much amused. "I think you may feel reassured, then. In point of physical health I can safely speak of myself in the highest terms, and I don't see a symptom of anything wrong with baby, unless it's excess of fat. So dry your eyes, Fan, and I'll go out and search for lodgings in some more civilized district."

Of this task Philip discharged himself with due circumspection. It might be permissible to be bold, but it would not do to be too bold; and therefore he decided to eschew such favorite localities as Clarges Street and the like, where people from Crayminster or the neighborhood might at any time establish themselves next door to you for a week or two. The other side of Bond Street was quite as handy and less dangerous; and chancing upon a tolerably commodious first floor in Conduit Street, which at that season of the year was to be had for a moderate weekly rental, he agreed to take it. Thither, in the course of a few days, he transplanted his belongings, and there for a time he dwelt in prosperity and contentment, no man forbidding him.

When Philip walks down Conduit Street nowadays the smile with which he habitually faces the world and all that therein is fades from his expressive countenance, and as he passes a certain house, and glances up at its first-floor window, he does not fail to pay the tribute of a sigh to the memory of hours gone, never to return. He may have forgotten, as most of us do, when looking back upon the past, many a small rub, anxiety, or annoyance; but the fact still remains that his life during the first part of that winter season was one that agreed with his tastes to a nicety. The lodgings, though



not actually luxurious, were as comfortable as London lodgings ever are; they were kept by a worthy couple whose hearts were at once conquered by the baby, who were kind to Fanny, and not as inquisitive as the servants at Coomassie Villa had been; and if the cooking left something to be desired, this was but a small drawback to Philip, since he was frequently obliged to dine away from home.

It was not only to the Temple that he went when he thus absented himself, nor was the obligation in question by any means of a stringent nature; but, as Philip was careful to explain, it was not on that account the less real. It would never do for him to refuse invitations, he said, and to allow people to forget him. Social interest and social influences were of the greatest importance to a man who had to make his own way in the world, and counted for more in the profession that he had chosen than the uninitiated might suppose. He gave instances of artists who had obtained the most lucrative engagements by securing the good word of a certain melomaniac nobleman, and of others who had met with all manner of slights and obstacles simply through having failed to please the same potent individual.

But, indeed, he need not have taken so much pains to excuse himself. Fanny was, in the first place, firmly convinced that her lord and master could do no wrong; and, in the second, she would have put up with any amount of personal inconvenience rather than have defrauded him of the least of his amusements. Any one who should have suggested to her that she was a neglected wife would have occasioned her quite as much surprise as anger. For her own part, she had never been able to accustom herself to late dinner, and greatly preferred a cup of tea and some hot buttered toast at six o'clock. When the baby had been tucked up for the night, and the nurse, after an hour or so of pleasant gossip over the cradle, had also gone to bed, Mrs. Marescalchi would get out some of the books by means of which she was perfecting her education, draw up her chair to the fire, and prepare for a solitary evening, without the faintest suspicion that she was a person whose lot any one would venture to pity.

Sometimes Philip did not come in until long after midnight; for there were evening parties as well as dinners at which he felt it his duty to be present; but, early

or late, he always found his wife sitting up for him on his return — a little pale perhaps, but ever in the best of spirits, and not in the least sleepy, as she unhesitatingly declared, if he remonstrated with her on not having gone to bed. There was a cheerful fire, there were his slippers and his velvet smoking-coat, and his particular armchair all ready for him; on the table were the little cut-glass decanters which Fanny had purchased for him out of her own pocket-money, knowing that he liked pretty things, and the seltzer-water, and a plate of sandwiches, in case he should feel exhausted after all the labors of the evening.

When Philip had made himself quite comfortable, Fanny would seat herself upon a footstool beside him, with her little flaxen head resting against his knee, and coax him to tell her about all the lords and ladies; and then he would indemnify himself for many hours of enforced self-restraint by taking off the little peculiarities of those to whose coat-tails and apron-strings he was clinging in the hope of being upheld by them until he should be in a position to dispense with such aid. His keen sense of the ridiculous stood in need of some vent of this kind; and it was as much to amuse himself that he acted as to amuse Fanny, upon whom some of the finer touches of his mimicry were somewhat thrown away. Yet it is probable that her enjoyment of these midnight performances was greater even than his; and upon one occasion the old gentleman who lodged on the second floor came down in his dressing-gown to say that, if there was a joke, he should take it as a favor if he might be let into it, so that, since it appeared that he was to be deprived of sleep by the noise of laughter from below, he might at least have the satisfaction of being able to laugh too.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when London in the winter was a city of the dead, so far as people who wished to be considered fashionable were concerned; but all that is changed now. Society has greatly enlarged itself; people whose professions require them to spend the greater part of the year in the metropolis are allowed to call themselves fashionable in spite of that necessity; other people, who are in the proud position of requiring no profession, occupy their town houses every now and again, and receive their friends there: there is less of a crowd and bustle than in the spring, but there is more sociability; and



a young man who has talents of a certain kind and a sufficiently large acquaintance, need have no fear that his time will hang heavily upon his hands. Philip's talents were of the most popular order, being such as contributed directly to the amusement of his fellow-creatures, and it soon became understood that he was living in London, and that a note addressed to his club would find him. Hitherto he had been chiefly known as a good-looking young man with a turn for amateur theatricals; he had now acquired a fresh claim to attention in the possession of a wonderful tenor voice; and this gift served him as a passport into many houses which would otherwise have remained closed to him. He accepted all invitations from great and small alike; and this would doubtless have been good policy upon his part, if he had been pursuing a policy at all; but the probability is that he was doing nothing of the sort. He was not really ambitious, nor was it in him to look far ahead. He went everywhere, because it amused him to do so, and because he had no particular leaning towards one class of society more than another. He did not inform his friends and patrons that he proposed eventually to appear upon the stage, judging that the time was not yet ripe for that announcement; but when some of them suggested to him that a voice like his ought to be public property, and that if he decided to make it so, he might almost command his own price for it, he thanked them for their hint, laughed, and said—well, perhaps that might be worth taking into account. In the mean time he was good-naturedly willing to eat their dinners and amuse their other guests, and sing for them as often as they asked him to do so.

Herr Steinberger, whose avocations took him to most of the musical parties and private concerts that were going, did not altogether approve of all this. One evening, after hearing Philip sing a *duo* from the "*Traviata*" with the famous Signora Tommasini before some three or four hundred people, he caught his pupil by the elbow, and having led, or rather pushed, him into a corner, began to scold him roundly.

"What do you mean by this?" said the irascible little man. "It is a preach of contract! Did I not tell you I would not have you sing in public?"

"Don't be rude and disagreeable, Steinberger," said Philip, who was now on terms of familiarity with his master and was not at all afraid of him; "this isn't

singing in public. I am here by invitation, and so, I suppose, are you."

"I am nodding of the sort," returned the other. "I am paid; and if I was not paid I would be smoking my pipe at home. Do you think I come out at night to hear you sing '*Parigi, O cara*'?"

"Well, well," said Philip; "I am not paid, at all events, and the question of payment was what our agreement referred to, wasn't it? I quite understand that you will expect to have a percentage off my earnings, when I make any."

"I do not want your money," growled the German, reddening; "I want that you should be a *credit* to me. And that you will never be, if you let yourself be flattered by the old Tommasini and spoilt by all these laties, and give up your work. You work no more as you did; you are getting lazy and goneited—you will go to the teffel!" And he turned on his heel and walked off, fuming.

But when Philip went to take his lesson as usual, the next morning, Steinberger recurred to the subject.

"You think you learn to sing that way? You think, because they all clap last night, that you sing like the Tommasini? The Tommasini she is old, she is past her day; but if she would have let out her voice, she would have lift the roof off that measurable little room; while you!—one could not hear you on the stairs. How often must I tell you to open your mouth wide—so!—as if you would *schwallow* the audience? When will you learn to do like this?"

And Steinberger opened his own great jaws to their utmost capacity, struck a terrific din out of the piano with his fat fingers, and attacked the same air that his pupil had warbled so sweetly on the previous night—"Ba-harichi, o-ho ga-ra!"

Philip burst into a shout of laughter. "No, no, Steinberger; I shall never be able to sing like that."

"Ah, you may laugh," said the other, whose voice in truth was more powerful than melodious; "but what is your English proverb?—'Let him laugh who wins.' And we have a German proverb too, which says, '*Zeit ist Geld*.' And you will never win anything at all, my vrient, if you spend your time at evening barters."

Philip did not allow his peace of mind to be disturbed by any such prognostications as these. He knew that Steinberger was fond of scolding, and would have found something else to grumble at in default of the present pretext. He him-



self thought he was getting on famously. And then it was such a jolly life! Nobody bothered him; nobody asked questions; nobody wanted to know where he lived, or what he was doing when he was not at the club or in society. Even Walter, whom he saw occasionally, had not inquired his address. Walter, fortunately, was busy from morning till night, and was quite content to dine with his friend at the club on Sundays, and refresh himself with a talk about Oxford and cricket. Philip, after having for many years of his life looked up to Walter with reverence and some little awe, now found their respective positions reversed, and was rather disposed to patronize his former protector, who was only a clerk in a bank, entirely "out of it" as regarded the gay world, and ridiculously ignorant of London and its ways. Brune would get up and say good-night with a grave face, when Lord Salford dropped in after dinner and proposed to Philip to adjourn to another club, where they could play poker. No doubt he was thinking that Sunday evening might be better employed than in this manner, and that Philip could hardly have been worse employed, on any evening of the week, than in staking his slender purse against Lord Salford's inexhaustible one.

The latter young man used sometimes to allude to Fanny in a way which it could not have been very pleasant for her husband to listen to, and once he threw our poor hero into a cold perspiration by suddenly fixing his little red eyes upon him, and saying, "I believe you know more about her than anybody else, Marescalchi." But this was probably only a random shot; and as Philip kept his countenance, and declared that he had neither seen nor heard of the girl for more than a year, the subject dropped, and there seemed little fear of his secret being discovered.

The discovery of such secrets as his can, however, only be a question of time; and, considering how few precautions Philip had thought it necessary to take, it was rather strange that he should have been able to remain a matter of two months in Conduit Street without any of his friends suspecting him of being a married man. One old friend found him out at last in the simplest and most natural manner in the world.

Colonel Kenyon, after having been baked and enervated for ten years in the Madras presidency, had been sent by a considerate country to recruit himself on

the heights of Shorncliffe, where the wind is always in the east, except when it blows a strong gale from the south-west, and where the general aspect of things during the winter time is about as cheerful as that of a central Asian steppe. Pinched and shivering in this high-lying region, and brooding daily over the puzzle of existence and the hardships of a soldier's life, the poor man would have been almost inclined to gratify several promising brother officers by resigning his commission, had not a letter from Longbourne come, from time to time, to cheer him up. These communications were at first somewhat stiff and formal; but as the replies which they elicited were quite as constrained in character, and a great deal more awkward, it was but natural that Margaret should try to make some advance towards the renewal of a friendship so unhappily disturbed, and to show that she, on her side, was ready to forgive and forget. Thus by degrees the tone of this long-sustained correspondence slipped back into its accustomed groove, and before the year was out, Hugh could look forward to receiving his weekly budget of news just as of old.

It was in the month of January that Margaret for the first time informed him of Philip's change of plans. She had not mentioned it before, she said, because she had not felt quite at liberty to do so; "and I should not mention it now," she added, "only that I know I am perfectly safe in telling you anything; and I should so very much like to hear what you think of it all. Do you ever go up to London for a day or two? If you do, I wish you would try to see Philip one day at the — Club, and let me know how he is looking, and whether he seems in good spirits about himself. I don't like to bother him with questions; but I have felt uneasy about him lately. He writes very seldom, and he never came to see me at Christmas, though it had been arranged that he was to come down for a week. I give you full leave to laugh at me; but I can't help having a feeling that something is wrong," — etc., etc.

Colonel Kenyon did not laugh. He thought it exceedingly likely that something might be wrong, and for his own part was not particularly anxious to find out what that something might be. It is not pleasant to pry into the private affairs of one's neighbors, nor is it pleasant to be the bearer of bad news. He did not, however, suffer these considerations to weigh with him, but, like the docile slave that he was, took a return-ticket to Lon-



don, and presented himself at Philip's club that same afternoon. Mr. Marescalchi was not there, and the colonel, having only a few hours to spare, asked for his address. This was readily given to him by the porter, who had not been told to observe any secrecy in the matter; and so it came to pass that Colonel Kenyon reached Conduit Street just in time to see Philip step out of a hired brougham, followed by a young lady, who carried a baby in her arms. The young lady Hugh at once recognized as the same whom he had encountered in Philip's company on a former occasion, and the presence of the baby was a fact the significance of which there was no misinterpreting. The whole truth flashed instantly into the intelligence of the astounded spectator.

"Oh, you unspeakable young ass!" he muttered; "you have done for yourself now, and no mistake. Mercy upon us! how am I to tell Margaret of this? I won't tell her — I'll be hanged if I will! Let the young beggar do it himself. The question is, shall I go and have it out with him, or shall I wash my hands of the whole business?"

While Hugh was standing doubting on the pavement, Philip and Fanny had entered the house. Neither of them had noticed, in the gloom of the winter afternoon, the tall figure that had remained motionless within a few yards of them as they hurried in out of the cold. The colonel took two turns up and down the street, and considered of it. Finally he decided that he would not attempt to see Philip that day. It would hardly be fair, and it would certainly be most embarrassing, to walk straight into the presence of Mrs. Philip; moreover, a man must have a little time to prepare himself for interviews of this disagreeable kind. No; he would come up to town another day, and try the club again; and in the mean time surely he was not bound to tell Margaret what he had accidentally seen.

Now it so happened that a series of trivial accidents prevented Colonel Kenyon from carrying out his intention as speedily as he could have wished. To begin with, he was short of officers, having good-naturedly allowed too many of them to go away on leave. Then the general commanding the district took it into his head unexpectedly to hold a field-day. Then came three courts-martial within a few days of each other; and then occurred the vexatious case of Driver Jennings.

Driver Jennings, a mild-mannered man, having obtained permission to remain at Folkestone till midnight in order to soothe the last moments of an aged relative, returned to camp, very drunk, at an advanced hour, and was seized with a notion that it might contribute to the general hilarity if he were to "set the 'ole blooming place afire." He accordingly collected many furze-faggots, piled them up as neatly as could have been expected from one in his condition, applied matches and paper to the bottom of the structure, and then proceeded to lie down upon the top of it himself, like an Indian widow. Here he would doubtless have perished miserably, had he not been dragged off by the heels, in a somewhat charred condition, by Colonel Kenyon himself, close to whose door this *auto-da-fé* had been kindled. A very pretty blaze was by this time lighting up the surrounding district; and although no great damage was done, the whole camp had turned out to extinguish the flames, and Driver Jennings was led away, weeping bitterly, to be locked up. The whole affair gave the good colonel much annoyance; for the man had been his own servant, and between Jennings drunk and Jennings sober there was all the difference in the world. Moreover, Mrs. Jennings washed for him, and there were numerous little Jenningses. He therefore felt bound to remain upon the spot, and see what could be done in a quiet way towards mitigating the punishment due to so heinous an offence; and so, with one thing and another, a fortnight slipped away before Colonel Kenyon again inquired for Philip at his club. Once more he was disappointed of finding the object of his search; and this time the porter added that he had not seen Mr. Marescalchi for three or four days, and believed he must be out of town.

Hugh sighed, and walked straight off to Conduit Street, inwardly hoping that the porter's conjecture might prove correct. Should it be so, he would have done all that could be required of him, and might write to Margaret explaining that he had failed to discover anything about the young man, good, bad, or indifferent.

However, the fat landlady who opened the door for him said yes; Mr. Marescalchi was at home.

"And — er — Mrs. Marescalchi?" asked the colonel hesitatingly.

"Yes, sir; they're both in. But I don't know as they'd care for to see any one."



The woman's eyes were red, and her tone was so lugubrious that Hugh naturally asked whether anything was the matter.

"Oh, dear me, yes, sir; they've had a sad misfortune, pore things. The dear little baby was took with convulsions day before yesterday, sir, and died in a few hours. Such a fine, healthy child too! — but you never can tell how 'twill go with their first teeth; and 'tis the will of Heaven, which we must all submit to."

"God bless my soul! I am very sorry to hear this," said the tender-hearted Hugh, much concerned. "It must be a terrible blow to — to the poor mother."

He had had time to reflect, rather unjustly, that the calamity was not one which would be likely to afflict Philip very much.

"Ah, you may say that, sir. And to Mr. Marescalchi too, pore gentleman! — he do take on terrible about it. Should I just mention as you was here, sir? It might cheer him up like to see a friend."

"No thank you — no," answered Hugh hurriedly. "Under the circumstances, it would be better not. No, I won't leave a card; I — it's of no consequence. Call again, you know." And he retreated hastily, leaving the landlady with a strong suspicion in her mind that the millinery-looking gentleman was a dun in disguise.

It being now beyond a doubt that Philip Marescalchi was married, was it Colonel Kenyon's duty to write and inform Margaret of the fact? Readers may judge for themselves upon the point, which is one that seems to admit of a diversity of opinion. Hugh considered it carefully during a whole night and day, and then arrived at the conclusion that he might hold his peace. Rightly or wrongly, he had a very strong feeling that there was something underhand in surprising another man's secrets; and he could not help hoping that, with a little judicious pressure, Philip might be induced to tell his own tale — which would be so much the better solution of the difficulty.

It was with this end in view that he penned a laboriously ambiguous missive, in which he told Margaret that he had not managed to see Philip, but that, from certain rumors which had come to his ears, he was inclined to think that there was ground for her misgivings, and that something had gone wrong. But she must not alarm herself, he added, nor imagine that things were worse than they were. It

was quite possible that he might have formed a mistaken notion; and, in short, the best thing she could do was to write to the young man himself, and urge him to make a clean breast of it.

The perversity of women is at the root of nine-tenths of the worries which make this world such an uncomfortable place to live in. When Margaret read Hugh's well-meant letter, she said to herself that people had no business to make accusations, unless they were prepared to substantiate them; that she was not going to force herself upon Philip's confidence; that Hugh was a great deal too ready to suspect evil, and that she was sorry she had ever written to him about the matter. And for some time after this there was a marked coolness in the letters that were addressed to our patient colonel at Shorncliffe.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### SIGNORA TOMMASINI.

THE old gentleman who lodged on the second floor in Conduit Street might go to bed as early as he pleased now, without any fear of his rest being disturbed by noise of laughter from below. Those merry evenings were gone and done with: they were as dead as the poor little dead baby who lay six feet deep in Kensal Green — as dead as the last century — as dead as yesterday. Life is nothing else than perpetual death and birth, gain and loss; "that which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been." Mirth and sorrow come and go, and are forgotten; and perhaps, if we would admit it, grief is the shortest-lived of all our passions.

But that is what no one can bear to acknowledge; and Philip and his wife were firmly persuaded that they would never be merry together any more in the old fashion, never any more be tickled by the old jokes (which, to be sure, had not been intrinsically excellent), never recover the happiness, the thoughtlessness, the childishness which had been so suddenly swept out of their lives. And it so chanced that they were right; though the causes of the present and future change were not what they supposed or could foresee. If the second-floor lodger had listened attentively in the silence of the night, his ear might have caught a faint echo of other and sadder sounds, arising from his neighbors' drawing-room, than those to which he had become accustomed. The landlady, who was not exempt from the



failings of landladies in general, and saw no great sin in standing rather close to a shut door, told her husband that she could hear "them pore Marescalchis crying and sobbing, night after night, as if their pore hearts 'd break," and added that it broke her own heart to listen to them. Her heart, however, continued to perform its functions much as usual; as did that of one, at least, of the mourners, who stopped crying at the end of ten days or so. A man can't go on weeping forever; and perhaps there are not a great many men in the world who would weep over a dead baby even for so long a time as ten days. Philip's temperament being what it was, sorrow was an emotion in which he could indulge just so long as there was something pleasurable in it, and no longer. When it grew painful, weary, monotonous, he began to seek for relief from it just as naturally as he would have looked about him for sticking-plaster if he had cut his finger. He picked up the thread of his daily life again where he had let it fall; and surely no reasonable person can blame him for doing what all reasonable persons urge their friends to do under such circumstances.

But poor Fanny was by no means reasonable at this time. Had she been in her ordinary condition of mind and body, she would have been the first to acknowledge that her husband's loss was not, and could not be, as great as hers; but she was out of health, her spirits were broken and her nerves shattered; and so it came to pass that community of misfortune, which often reunites estranged couples, had the melancholy effect of creating a breach between this husband and wife, who had hitherto been the best of friends. The original fault, it must be acknowledged, lay with Fanny. She made it a great grievance that Philip declined to wear mourning; although he pointed out to her how hazardous it would be for him to appear in black without any ostensible reason for so doing. He ought not to have minded running that risk, she thought; she, who would have taken it as a matter of course if her husband had considered it prudent to pass her without recognition in the street; she who had already, by reason of her ambiguous position, been forced to bear a hundred petty indignities which she never spoke of, could not forgive this imaginary slight to the memory of her dead child. In the same way, she did not complain, either in word or in thought, of being left alone all day; but it did seem to her a terrible and

unnatural thing that her husband should be able to go to the club, to resume his singing lessons, and to show himself at dinners and concerts just as usual. Philip, in short, ceased to be infallible in her eyes; and that was a pity for both their sakes.

If there was one thing that Mr. Marescalchi hated more than another, it was settled gloom. A violent outburst of grief he could understand and participate in; but a phase of affliction which expressed itself in gazing blankly for a whole afternoon at a baby's frock or a pair of tiny shoes was altogether beyond the range of his sympathies. It was by virtue of her constant cheerfulness that Fanny had maintained her hold upon him so long as she had done. Now that she was no longer cheerful, no longer cared to hear about the outer world, no longer laughed with him, and often forgot to flatter him, she became simply a dull and rather vulgar little woman, whose good looks were fading away daily, and who had absolutely no intellectual charms to supply their place. He did not actually say this to himself; but he felt it; and he felt, too, as he had never done before, what a terrible mistake he had made in marrying beneath him. He shuddered when he thought of the future which he had laid up for himself; for, careless as he was, he did sometimes think of this now. He could not help wondering how it would have been if he had done as he believed he might have done, and engaged himself to Nellie Brune. Margaret had been writing to him a good deal about her lately, mentioning with transparent artfulness that the girl seemed depressed and unlike herself. The inference was obvious and it was not displeasing to Philip. Depressed?—well, no doubt she might be a little depressed; but it would be in a modified and interesting fashion, he thought. Nellie was not the girl to mope, like some others whom he knew of. Wasn't it essentially plebeian to mope? Well-bred people control their emotions, keep their troubles under lock and key, and do not obtrude them upon the world, which naturally cares not a straw whether they have troubles or not; and Nellie was unquestionably well-bred. He had certainly been very much in love with her at one time; perhaps he had never really been in love with any one else. Now that he came to think of it, he was almost sure that he never had been. Supposing—there was no harm in supposing impossibilities—that he had been engaged to



her now, how different everything would have been! What an interest she would have taken in his prospects! how she would have stirred him up to work! No one knew so well as Nellie did the way to apply that gentle goad of which his languid energies stood in need. And then, when the victory was won, and money was pouring in by the sackful on the gifted *primo tenore*, what a wife she would have made! — a wife of whom any man might be proud. "Whoever Nellie's future husband may be, he'll be a deuced lucky chap, and I congratulate him in advance," says Philip to himself with much magnanimity.

He used to turn these things over in his mind as he sat by the domestic hearth, with Fanny staring at the baby's shoes opposite to him. When he was away from home he had other things to think about, and probably forgot that there were such persons as Mrs. Marescalchi and Miss Brune in existence. This outer life of his continued to be a gay one; though it also had its own troubles. The result of high play with Lord Salford and other young men of his calibre was what it generally is when earthen vessels essay to whirl down stream in company with brazen ones. Philip was not particularly unlucky; but when he won he spent his winnings, and when he lost there was apt to be a little difficulty about paying. He was not, of course, called upon to hand over the amount due in any hurry; but Lord Salford, who always paid punctually himself, was not so pleasant as he might have been to those who remained in his debt, and was given to reminding them of how matters stood in a business-like way which Philip, for one, did not relish. Salford had a habit of pulling out a note-book, every evening, as he sat down to the card-table, and beginning with: "Now let's see; you haven't paid me for three weeks. I make out that I'm so and so to the good. Just look and see if that's right, will you?"

"Oh, it's all right, old fellow; deal away," Philip would answer hastily; but Lord Salford would not be put off like that.

"Ah, but you look and see if you make it the same as I do," he would persist. "I like to start square; because sometimes — don't you know? — fellows will tell you they don't remember things — don't you know?"

Philip used to long to kick Lord Salford when he made insinuations of this kind; but he couldn't afford to kick his friend, as perhaps that amiable nobleman was

aware; so he had to grin and bear it. Considering how high the stakes were, he pulled through better than might have been expected. Fortune favored him sometimes; and Margaret sent him another cheque — that being the most practical answer that she could discover to Colonel Kenyon's warning letter — which tided him over a bad week. And then, from time to time, he was favored with a loan by a friend of whom a few words must now be said.

Signora Tommasini had been for so many years known to the public under that designation that her friends had long ago given up addressing her as Mrs. Thompson. It must be presumed that there had been a Mr. Thompson once upon a time; but no one had ever seen him or recollected to have heard his widow mention his name; nor perhaps was it generally remembered that she was an Englishwoman by birth; for in her wanderings about the world she had picked up many foreign customs and languages, and was indeed accustomed to say of herself that she was a cosmopolitan. Her great triumphs lay in the past; though she had not yet ceased to gather laurels, nor (which may have been a more important matter in her eyes) to receive handsome salaries. She had once had the finest contralto voice, and had been one of the handsomest women, in Europe; and, though so much as this could no longer be said for her, there were people who still maintained that she was unapproachable in "The Huguenots," while as for her face, there were no more wrinkles discernible upon it, when seen from beyond the footlights, than there had been twenty years before. The portliness of her person rendered her, it is true, a somewhat incredible Africaine to the artistic eye, but on the other hand she made a very imposing Azucena. In private life she was a most good-natured, lively, and agreeable person, fond of amusement, fond of society, given to a profuse style of living and careless of her money, after the traditional fashion of great singers. Many a struggling colleague had had reason to be grateful for her generosity, and no one had ever accused her of jealousy of her younger rivals, towards whom she was accustomed to bear herself with a great deal of kindly sympathy. It would hardly, however, have been in human nature that she should take quite so hearty an interest in the rising young women as in the rising young men, and it was as a member of the latter class that she had first no-



ticed Philip and sought his acquaintance. The acquaintance, once made, ripened quickly into a warm friendship; insomuch that Philip, who loved feminine admiration more than anything in the world, had been encouraged to let Signora Tommasini into the great secret that he was studying for the stage. After this he had proceeded, as time went on, to tell her of other things — of everything, indeed, that there was to tell about himself, barring the trifling circumstance of his marriage — and had found her an exceedingly cheering and comforting confidante.

"She is in love with you, that fat woman," Herr Steinberger would growl scornfully. "One of these fine days she will marry you; and then you will work no more. No! you will live upon her money for a few years, and then her voice will go, and then you will both of you *starf* in a garret. Or perhaps she will grind an organ in the streets, and you will dance, instead of the monkey — ho! ho!"

There was a Teutonic heaviness about Steinberger's pleasantries which might have irritated some people; but Philip took them very good-humoredly. He rather prided himself upon being able to stand chaff; and, for that matter, Herr Steinberger was not the only one who rallied him upon the stout signora's evident partiality, and predicted that she would either lead him to the altar or bring an action for breach of promise against him before all was over. He himself partly believed that she had a weakness for his handsome person, and used sometimes to laugh with Fanny over the extravagant compliments which she was in the habit of paying him, and which he rather unkindly repeated. After the baby's death, when things were so sad and dreary at home, he had solaced himself with a good deal of the signora's society, and had even been led, as we have seen, to give her so true a token of friendship as to dip into her purse upon occasion.

Signora Tommasini was at this time fulfilling an engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, where a winter opera season was going on, and was living in a gorgeous suite of apartments on the first floor of a fashionable hotel. In these Philip spent much of his spare time, being sometimes alone with their occupant, who had graciously given him to understand that he was at liberty to knock at her door at any hour of the day, and sometimes one among a crowd of free-and-easy visitors. Philip availed himself liberally of the permission

accorded to him; for the Bohemian company which he encountered in this way diverted him immensely, and he had a sincere liking for his open-handed and impulsive hostess. In his heart he thought her rather an old fool; but then he thought that of so many people whom he liked.

One evening towards the end of January Philip, having, for a wonder, no engagement, went to the opera to see Signora Tommasini in the "Favorita." He made his entrance between the first and second acts, and recognized many acquaintances in different parts of the house, though none happened to be seated within speaking distance of his stall. This he was not sorry for; for he was in a melancholy vein and did not feel disposed for social intercourse. He sat down, and began wondering what would become of him if a run of ill-luck which had pursued him for more than a week should continue much longer. He already owed a large sum to Lord Salford — a sum so large that it made him sick to think of it, and that he was almost inclined to resolve upon abandoning play altogether, when once he should have pulled back his losses. Unfortunately, this process of "pulling back" was sure to be a slow and precarious one, and it might at any time be checked if Lord Salford should suddenly discover — as he was by no means unlikely to do — that he had had enough of London, and was going in for hunting by way of a change. That, Philip was very much afraid, would mean settling, or at all events a confession of inability to settle. Contemplated from any point of view, the outlook was not a cheerful one, and he was growing very mournful over it when the sound of his own name, pronounced close to his ear, recalled him to the present.

"Marescalchi — Philip Marescalchi, the man who acts, don't you know? They say he's going to marry the old girl."

"Marry the Tommasini! Well, there's no accounting for tastes."

"My good fellow, it ain't a question of taste. It's neck or nothing with him."

"Oh, I see — wants the coin, eh? Who is Marescalchi, by the way? Know him at all?"

Philip glanced over his shoulder, and saw in the row of stalls behind him two specimens of the modern type of juvenile precocity, whose smooth, vacuous moon-faces, surmounting very stiff collars, were entirely unknown to him. He was rather amused, therefore, when the first speaker answered calmly, —



"Know him? oh, yes, I know him. He's the sort of man who goes everywhere now. His father was — let me see; what was his father? Something in the City, I think. Left him thirty thousand pounds, which he made precious short work of. Hasn't a penny now."

"What's he living on, then?"

"Oh, if you come to that, what are half the fellows one knows living on? He does a little bit of Mister Jew, I expect; but that sort of game can't be carried on long when you're nobody's heir, you know. Owes a good lot too, I believe, here and there. Salford has cleaned him out of something like ten thousand, and can't get him to pay up. I suppose Marescalchi thinks it's about time for him to marry his grandmother — no fool either!"

"Well, I can't understand a fellow selling himself like that," says the second youth, who was perhaps a little less sophisticated than his companion.

"Oh, it don't do to be too particular. Tommy isn't half a bad sort, and she was a deuced good-looking woman in her time," replies the other man of the world, who could hardly have been out of the nursery at the epoch alluded to. "Got any amount of the needful too. Careful old soul, old Tommy; been saving up these twenty years," he continues. "Gad! I'd marry her myself if she'd ask me."

The rising of the curtain put an end to this dialogue, the greater part of which had caused Philip more amusement than annoyance. He had no objection to the innocent gossip of these young gentlemen; only that allusion to his losses at play had not been agreeable to him. "What a cad Salford is!" he thought angrily. "If only I can get it back to even money, I'll never sit down to a card-table with him again as long as I live."

But it was principally in order to banish Lord Salford and cards from his recollection that Philip had betaken himself to the theatre; and feats of that kind were generally well within his capacity. This evening he achieved his object with the greater ease because he had a genuine appreciation of musical talent, and because Signora Tommasini happened to be singing her very best. Her rendering of "*O mio Fernando*" was worthy of her most palmy days, and by no one in the audience was she applauded more rapturously than by her young friend in the stalls, upon whom she had already contrived to bestow a gracious smile of recognition. The English public, which likes artists of well-established renown, and is

kinder to favorites who have grown old in its service than any other public in the world, never failed to accord a warm welcome to Signora Tommasini; and she was greeted with prolonged clapping from all parts of the house when she came before the curtain, at the end of the act, to bow her acknowledgments.

A lady to whose box Philip paid a passing visit handed him her bouquet, and begged him to throw it to "that dear Tommasini;" adding, with a meaning smile, "She will value it the more coming from your hand."

"What, you too!" cried Philip. "I have just overheard an individual who says he knows me intimately — though I never to my knowledge set eyes on him before — telling his brother booby that I am about to espouse my dear old fat friend; and now you are going to put me to open ridicule by making me cast these flowers at her feet in the presence of a whole theatre-full of people."

"I won't ask you to go through such an ordeal as that," said the lady laughing. "Give me them back."

"Oh, I don't mind," answered Philip; "I'm not shy." And accordingly he did throw the bouquet at the end of the final duet.

It was quite true that he was not shy; yet he might perhaps have stayed his hand if he had anticipated the little scene that was to follow. He had intended that his bouquet should be launched just before the fall of the curtain; but in this he had calculated without the audience, which loudly demanded an encore; and when the signora advanced, all smiles, to gratify this legitimate wish, what must she needs do but select Philip's flowers from among a host of others, and press them against that part of her ample bodice beneath which her heart might be supposed to be fluttering, while she threw a killing glance at the donor. The poor lady probably meant no harm by this gesture, which she must have indulged in many hundreds of times before; but under all the circumstances it was a trifle embarrassing. Philip was aware that during the succeeding few minutes he was being gazed at by a great number of inquisitive eyes, and he was not sorry when it was all over. He had, however, the gratification of turning round and facing the well-informed youth behind him, who had by this time evidently discovered the identity of his neighbor, and who looked exceedingly hot and uncomfortable.



Philip sauntered out, whistling "*O mio Fernando*" softly, and presently went behind the scenes to congratulate Signora Tommasini on her triumph. After a time she came out of her dressing-room, and gave a cry of satisfaction on recognizing him.

"Ah! this is lucky," she exclaimed; "you are just the person whom I wanted to meet. Let me drive you home, and we can talk as we go. I saw Lord — to-day, and he was asking about you, and said he wished to make your acquaintance. You know he is a man who can do a great deal for people whom he fancies. He seemed to have an idea that you thought of the stage; I didn't tell him; but he said he had heard a rumor of it. He asked why you did not go to Italy. Why don't you go to Italy? I shall be singing at Naples and Florence in the spring; and if you were there at the same time, I could introduce you to all the musical people, and to your native country into the bargain. You ought to see Florence in May; there is no city like it in the world. Were you pleased with me to-night? I suppose you were, or you would not have thrown me those beautiful flowers. I have brought them away with me, you see."

Signora Tommasini's idea of conversation was of rather a one-sided kind. Her ideas moved even more quickly than her tongue, and she was forever pouring out a stream of queries, without ever expecting any answer, or listening to it if she obtained one. However, just as she was stepping into her brougham, she put one question which demanded a prompt and definite reply.

"By-the-bye," said she suddenly, "where do you live? You have never mentioned your address to me."

"And don't mean to mention it now," said Philip to himself. He added aloud, "Oh, I'm not going home yet. You might set me down at the club, if it wouldn't be taking you too much out of your way."

"How mysterious you are!" cried the signora reproachfully, as they drove off; "you never tell me anything."

"Never tell you anything! Haven't I laid bare the innermost secrets of my soul to you? Haven't I confessed to you what I have never breathed a word of to any one else — about my losses at cards, I mean?"

"Ah, those cards!" sighed the signora, falling into the trap, and forgetting all about her immediate subject of com-

plaint; "how I wish I could induce you to give them up! You are going to your club to play now, I suppose."

"Only for half an hour or so before I go to bed. According to all the rules of chance, my luck ought to be on the turn now, and I can't afford to lose time."

"I wish you would amuse yourself in some other way; I wish you would not play with Lord Salford. He is not a nice young man, that. I hear more than you might suppose, and I hear that he says unpleasant things about you."

"I know he does, confound him!" cried Philip; "but what can I do? It's a case of pay or play; and as I can't pay, why I —"

"You think you must keep on playing — I know! And when you have won your money back, if you ever do, he will want his revenge; and so it will go on until one of you is ruined. And it is not very difficult to guess which one that is likely to be. I am an impertinent old woman, am I not?"

"You are not in the least impertinent, and you are certainly not old," said Philip.

"Don't talk nonsense," returned the signora, not ill-pleased. "Anybody can see that I am old and fat; but I am glad you don't think me impertinent. I want to be your friend —"

"You have shown yourself to be so," put in Philip.

"And friends must be allowed to claim some privileges. Now, will you make me a promise?"

"A hundred if you like."

"One will be enough for the present; only you must not break it. Will you promise that, if you should find yourself in sudden need of a sum of ready money, you will come to me? I am one of those people who always have lots of ready money — more than they know what to do with."

"My dear Signora Tommasini —"

"My dear Mr. Marescalchi, if we are to be friends, one of us may very well accept a loan of a few hundred pounds from the other. You will owe the money to me, instead of to Lord Salford, that is all. You will pay me as soon as you would have paid him; and in the mean time I shall not go about London telling everybody that you are in my debt. Here is your club. Good-night; and don't forget our bargain."

And the signora, who had a powerful arm, pushed Philip out on to the pavement, and slammed the door of the



brougham before he could utter a word of answer or protest.

He mounted the steps, half touched, half amused, saying to himself that women were strange creatures, and entered the club, where he found Salford and some others, as he had expected to do. They sat down to play at once; and if Philip, with whom things went extraordinarily well, had gone home at the end of the first hour, he would have wiped off nearly the half of his debt. But he was unwilling to desert his luck, and stayed on for another hour, thereby losing all that he had gained. This would not do at all; so he remained yet another hour, and finally rose up the winner of a small sum.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
CHARLES DICKENS.

It is stated, and on the very best authority, that within the twelve years that have passed since Dickens's death no less than four million two hundred and thirty-nine thousand volumes of his works have been sold in England alone! A long way the first on this astonishing list stands "Pickwick," while "David Copperfield," the second, is almost equally far in front of "Dombey and Son;" "Little Dorrit" has found nearly as many readers as "Martin Chuzzlewit," while, with the exception of "Edwin Drood," "The Tale of Two Cities" and "Great Expectations" take the lowest place. Nor has his popularity been confined to England or to English-speaking people. French, German, and Italian, Russian and Swedish translations of his works appeared during his lifetime; when he was still but a young man the pages of "Boz" were devoured, we have been told, with enthusiasm in Silesian villages; "Pickwick," it is said, and on no less circumstantial authority, was found equal, when all else failed, to the task of soothing the sleepless nights of Mehemet Ali; Mr. Forster has published a story of a strange, half-human recluse who had built his cell amid the eternal snows of the Sierra Nevada, and who found in "Pickwick" and in "Nicholas Nickleby" the only intercourse with humanity that he desired. If it were true, as has been said by one who has certainly managed to refute his own words,\* if it were true that present popularity is the only safe presage of future glory, what an

eternity of glory should await Charles Dickens!

And yet present popularity, a vogue, how brilliant and irresistible soever it may be, or what manner of prologue it may furnish to future glory, is quite another matter from that glory itself, from the real definitive glory, the one thing, as M. Renan tells us, which has the best chance of not being altogether vanity. That posterity will regard Dickens as he was regarded in his lifetime, or even as we now regard him, is of course out of the question. "To the public," said Professor Ward, in a lecture delivered at Manchester in the year of Dickens's death, "to the public his faults were often inseparable from his merits; and when our critical consciences told us that he was astray in one of his favorite directions, the severest censure we had for him was that he was growing 'more like himself' than ever." That the critical conscience of posterity will have far severer censure for Dickens than this one cannot doubt, nor indeed can any one thoughtful for the fame of English literature desire that it should not. "No man," it has been well said, "can trust himself to speak of his own time and of his own contemporaries with the same sureness of judgment and the same proportion as of times and men gone by." Even Goethe could not criticise Byron as he criticised Shakespeare or Molière. Not, indeed, that Dickens rested from criticism during his lifetime. So sudden and universal a popularity as his, so original, so self-contained and self-reliant a genius, could not but attract criticism, or what often passes by the name of criticism among contemporaries, both kindly and otherwise. He found, indeed, plenty of both, but all or almost all the criticism he encountered in his lifetime took a bias of one kind or other, the bias of enthusiasm or the bias of opposition, the one perhaps an irresistible consequence of the other—the enthusiasm seeing all things in him because of his marvellous popularity, the opposition seeing nothing in him but that popularity, which, according to its wont, it made every effort to explain away. Neither bias is, of course, so strong now, and particularly the bias of opposition, which is in most cases the soonest counteracted by death. Nevertheless, to form a just estimate of his work, to weigh its merits and its defects and to strike a balance between them, is still perhaps impossible, must certainly, even for us of a later generation, be very difficult. Brought up, as

\* Jeffrey.



most of us have been, in the faith of Dickens, whose earliest laughter has been stirred by Sam Weller and Dick Swiveller and Mr. Micawber, whose earliest tears have flowed for the sordid wretchedness of David Copperfield's forlorn childhood, or for Florence Dombey toiling up the "great wide vacant stairs," with her brother in her arms, and singing as she goes — who have stolen trembling after Jonas Chuzzlewit through that awful wood, or stared with face as pale as Pip himself at that grim midnight visitor in the lonely Temple chambers; to such it must surely seem little short of profanity to consider too curiously the old familiar pages, to stand afar off, contemplating with cold, impartial scrutiny the old familiar figures, as though, like Trabb's boy, we did not know them.

And besides such sentimental hindrances, the temporary and, as one may say, local hindrances to all criticism, there are others which must always render more than commonly difficult, if indeed possible at all, an absolute judgment on works of fiction which deal so primarily, if not wholly, with the emotions as do the works of Dickens. "It is impossible to resist feeling," said George Henry Lewes, ten years ago in this very review, in his paper on Dickens which moved the scandalized Forster almost to vituperation, "it is impossible to resist feeling. If an author makes me laugh, he is humorous; if he makes me cry, he is pathetic. In vain will any one tell me that such a picture is not laughable, is not pathetic; or that I am wrong in being moved." There are no doubt some passages in imaginative writing which one may fairly say *should* stir the heart of every man. One could hardly, for example, think very nobly of the soul of him who could read how Priam knelt at the feet of Achilles, "and kissed those hands, the terrible, the murderous, which had slain so many of his sons,"\* without feeling that he was in the presence of a more than common sorrow; or who could not recognize the incomparable pathos that breathes in such verse as

Do not laugh at me,  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

Nevertheless, with works of a lower class, with works rather of the fancy than the imagination, we cannot in reason quarrel either with those who indulge in

the "luxury of woe" over passages which leave ourselves unmoved, or with those who can read dry-eyed the words which unlock for us "the sacred source of sympathetic tears." And so with Dickens's humor. It is conceivable that human souls exist who do not laugh at Dick Swiveller or Mrs. Gamp. We should not, some of us, perhaps care greatly for travelling in far countries with such, or for passing many hours in commune with them anywhere; but it would be vain to attempt to demonstrate to them that they should laugh, or to insist upon regarding them as lost to all sense of literary or artistic decency because they did not. Wordsworth could find Voltaire dull; and what Carlyle thought of Charles Lamb we all know.

Of course, with the other qualities or characteristics of Dickens's work, as of all work — his powers of description, for example, of observation, his powers of narration and composition, his style and his literary workmanship generally — the case will be different. But these two, the qualities of humor and of pathos, so largely predominate all his work, that it seems to me almost impossible for any judgment to be *absolute*, to use Lewes's phrase; it must, I think, be *individual*. Still, from many individual judgments a deduction may perhaps be made which, though not in itself absolute, nor even tending to the absolute, yet may be of avail in promoting a sounder estimate, in counteracting the bias both of enthusiasm and opposition.

Merely personal considerations, that "soul of good nature and kindness," which Mr. Matthew Arnold has found so irresistible in "David Copperfield," and which his friends loved so wisely and so well in the man, largely as such influences must always inform contemporary judgment, will not avail with posterity, nor is it right that they should. Despite M. Scherer's high recommendation, the historical method of criticism, the "analysis of the writer's character and the study of his age," will not really insure the "right understanding" of his work. It may enable us, no doubt, to *account* for much of his work, but not necessarily to understand, and surely still less to judge it. It will help us often to understand how the particular good comes to be so good, and the bad so bad; but to assist us in discriminating the good and bad it must surely be of little worth. Nevertheless, a clear knowledge of Dickens's life and character, of his age and his position

\* Iliad xxiv. 478-9.



with regard to his age — to which knowledge Mr. Forster's very full biography, ardent admirer and affectionate friend as he was, must always largely contribute — will go far to explain and to account for many things in his writings which may puzzle posterity, which would certainly puzzle a posterity which had derived its knowledge only from that other friend of his who has described him as "followed, admired, courted, lionized, almost idolized, by almost all that was wealthy and dignified and beautiful in society." It will go far, for instance, to account for the extraordinary one-sidedness and the consequent ineffectualness of so much of his satire, and especially of his satire on the governing classes and the upper classes of society generally. It will go far to explain whence it happens that, despite his own disclaimer of "placing in opposition those two words, aristocracy and people," he yet seems so often unable to resist the temptation of the contrast, and always, or nearly always, to the disadvantage of the former; to explain whence it comes, though he has avowed that he "would not on any account deprive either of a single just right belonging to it," that the rights of the one seem to him so much more just, so much more certain than the rights of the other. "I believe," he said, speaking at Boston during his first visit to America, "I believe that virtue dwells rather oftener in alleys and byways than she does in courts and palaces." A judicious use of the historical method will no doubt help to explain the grounds for this belief, to explain the lack of firmness in the step, of keenness in the eye, of sureness in the touch, as he gets farther away from the alleys and byways, and nearer to the courts and palaces; but to say that this method will be necessary to enable the reader to *detect* the faults which arise from the prevalence of these sentiments, and their too aggressive advocacy, is surely to attribute to him an incapacity for judging which no method of criticism hitherto revealed to man could really hope to counteract. Professor Ward has told us in his interesting and sensible little book,\* that there was "something singular in the admiration that Dickens and Carlyle felt for one another." He has pointed out how many are the proofs in the former's works of his "readiness to accept the teachings of one whom he declared he would go at all

times farther to see than any man alive." He has reminded us how Carlyle, after an acquaintance of almost thirty years, spoke of Dickens as a "most cordial, sincere, clear-sighted, quietly decisive, just, and loving man;" and he adds: "There is not one of these epithets but seems well considered and well chosen." "But," he also adds, "neither Carlyle nor Dickens possessed a moral quality omitted in this list, the quality of patience, which abhors either 'quietly' or 'loudly' deciding a question before considering it under all its aspects, and in a spirit of fairness to all sides." One may observe, perhaps, in passing, that a man who did not possess the patience necessary to consider fairly all sides of a question could not well be called *clear-sighted* in the best sense of the word. But to know this, to know how deep the admiration Dickens felt for Carlyle, and his readiness always to accept the latter's teachings, will no doubt help the future student to *account* for much of Dickens's work, but will hardly help him to judge it.

Again, the historical method, to keep it with us a while longer, may undoubtedly avail to enable the reader to account for that note of extravagance which is too rarely absent from Dickens's work, and which, it seems to me, is likely to tell most strongly against it in the future — the want of a capacity of self-judgment and restraint. He tells us, through the mouth of David Copperfield,\* that his two "golden rules" were, "never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self; and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was." Two golden rules, no doubt, but without the power of seeing and judging that work as it really is, no less certainly capable of leading the workman at times a little astray. We can hardly doubt that they sometimes led Dickens astray. Every one who has read Mr. Forster's biography will remember the exuberant delight with which Dickens recounts the increasing sale of each successive work, without any apparent thought of their respective deserts. That his bad work should sell as well as his good suggested nothing to him, because to him there seemed no difference between the two; the work he was for the moment engaged on was to him the best. "'Little Dorrit,'" he writes, "has beaten even 'Bleak House' out of the field. It is a most tremendous start, and I am overjoyed at it;" and "you

\* English Men of Letters: Dickens. By A. W. Ward. Macmillan & Co.

\* David Copperfield. Ch. xlii.



know," he adds, "that they sold thirty-five thousand of number two on New Year's day." He can see no reason why this should not be; he sees no distinction, or he does not care to see any, between perhaps the worst book he ever wrote and one which is certainly among his best. We are told that he was extraordinarily sensitive both to praise or blame. No great writer has ever really despised or ignored either, whatever indifference he may have affected in moments of pique; but with Dickens it is clear, from many things Mr. Forster tells us, and from much in his own letters, this only meant that he swallowed every sort of praise and rejected every sort of blame; that, in short, he was rather minded to regard the critics who did not accept all his outpourings unreservedly much as Mr. Micawber regarded his wife's family, as, "in the aggregate, impertinent Snobs; and, in detail, unmitigated Ruffians." We may detect the same note, too, in what Mr. Ward calls his "innocent ecstasies" over the success of his readings, ecstasies which, as Mr. Ward so truly says, would in any other man have furnished him with inexhaustible subjects for parody. And still more clearly do we find it in his feverish descriptions to Forster of the manner in which he flung himself into his characters, and of the reality which their counterfeit emotions aroused in him. I will not instance his well-known letter about little Nell, for with that was interwoven the recollection of a real sorrow which removes it without the pale of criticism. But the death of little Paul affected him in an equal manner, and he seems to have regarded it as an equal masterpiece of pathetic writing. "Paul's death," he writes, "has amazed Paris" (it was written in Paris), "and all sorts of people are open-mouthed with admiration;" and elsewhere he is described as throughout the greater part of the night of the day on which it was written wandering about the streets "desolate and sad." As far as the little girl is concerned, perhaps the balance of opinion leans towards Dickens; but certainly nowadays the majority of readers experience a sense mostly of relief at the premature blighting of the other of these two "opening buds." Jeffrey, to be sure, thought it, as Dickens tells us, "the best thing, past, present, and to come;" and, indeed, he himself has told us how he "cried and sobbed over it," and felt his heart "purified by those tears:" but Jeffrey was then, we must remember, in his seventy-fifth year,

and man, when past the threescore years and ten, is apt to be a little *ὑπρίδακρυς*, as Medea says. Again, we find Dickens writing from Genoa, "This book ('The Chimes') has made my face white in a foreign land. My cheeks, which were beginning to fill out, have sunk again; my eyes have grown immensely large; my hair is very lank; and the head inside the hair is hot and giddy. Read the scene at the end of the third part twice. I wouldn't write it twice for something." Such a diagnosis as this is, perhaps, the most striking instance on record of what Mr. Ruskin has so happily styled the "pathetic fallacy."

All that we know of Dickens forbids us to doubt that he wrote such things in perfect sincerity, and not merely with a view to effect, as so many distinguished men have written to a sympathetic friend in whom they foresaw a future biographer: to doubt that he really was, or—which is practically the same—really believed himself to be, in the mental and bodily condition he has described, whether in sober earnest he was so or not. And with this assurance do we not come at once to the secret of that want of proportion, of the artistic sense of limitation and restraint, which, now showing itself in this phase and now in that, is the one capital defect of Dickens's work? A man who could write about himself as he has so often written to Forster, and write in perfect honesty, could not, one feels, have the shaping power, the control of the true artist so important in all works of the imagination, so vital to an imagination of such astonishing fertility and vividness working without a basis of training and education—an imagination which many, by no means inclined to accept Dickens without reservation, have thought is not to be surpassed outside the works of Shakespeare. And just as Mr. Arnold has shown us how we do not conceive, or should not at least conceive, of Shakespeare as pre-eminently the *great artist* in that sense, which is the real sense, of the word, the sense of "pure and flawless workmanship," so, it seems to me, we cannot properly conceive of Dickens, often as the word has been applied to him, often, no doubt, as it will be. It is not necessary to compare him with Thackeray in the sense in which such comparisons may be said to be odious, to affect to decide which is the greater of two so great writers. Hereafter, of course, such a comparison will have to be made, as it must inevitably be made in the case



of all fellow-workers of importance in any field; but for us now, standing so close to them as we do, it were better, perhaps, to remember the saying of Goethe: "For twenty years the public has been disputing which is the greatest, Schiller or I; and it ought to be glad that it has got a couple of fellows about whom it *can* dispute." Nevertheless, that unthinking partisanship which we so often meet with among the admirers of Dickens, and which "stares tremendous with a threatening eye" at the very name of Thackeray, is surely no less idle. To compare these two men — friends, contemporaries, each working in the same field of letters, to examine their different modes of handling similar, or nearly similar, subjects — to compare them, in short, in the sense of illustrating the one by the other, must surely be as inevitable as it should be fruitful. And so, in thinking of Dickens's position as the *artist*, of the quality of his workmanship, in considering him, if I may coin the word, *architectonically*, there inevitably rises also in one's thoughts the predominance of this quality in Thackeray. Profound as is my admiration for Thackeray, and ever fresh the pleasure with which I go back again and again to his writings, it seems to me impossible to deny that Dickens was the more abundantly gifted of the two; he had, I mean, a larger proportion of the gifts which go to make the writer of fiction, and those he had in which the other was wanting, or possessed, at least, in a less degree, are precisely those which commend themselves most immediately and vividly to the majority of readers, which take soonest hold of the popular imagination and sympathy, and keep them longest. But the true artist's touch, the sense of limitation, of symmetry, the self-control, the sure perception, in a word, of the exact moment when "the rest *should be* silence," which so powerfully impresses us in Thackeray's best work — in such work as "Vanity Fair," and "Esmond," and "Barry Lyndon" — we never, or hardly ever, find in Dickens. And is it not by this quality, in this secret of consummate workmanship, that the novelist has, after all, the best chance of surviving; that the works which show this pre-eminently, or even conspicuously, are likely to keep sweet the longest? The fictions which paint the manners and humors of contemporary life, which deal with portraits rather than with types of humanity, with the individualities of nature rather, and not with her universal and eternal proper-

ties, must inevitably lose, for an age which cannot recognize the fidelity of the painting, cannot, perhaps, comprehend the possibility of fidelity, much of that which once constituted its chiefest charm. But the charm of perfect workmanship can never die. "Tom Jones" will outlive the palace of the Escorial, not because it is a picture of humor and manners, but because it is an *exquisite* picture.

It has been the fashion with us to depreciate M. Taine's criticism of Dickens; and there is, undoubtedly, something comical to an English reader in hearing that Dickens had not "the quality of happiness." English wit, M. Taine says, consists in saying light jests in a solemn manner, and so "Dickens remains grave while drawing his caricatures." Undoubtedly, too, it is a little startling to an Englishman to find that "French taste, *always measured*, revolts against affected strokes and sickly prettinesses;" and to find the critic gravely ignoring the one quality in which to most English readers Dickens stands pre-eminent — the quality of humor; though this, to be sure, will be less inexplicable to those who remember how gravely M. Taine has quoted the cant use among young people of the word *governor*, as an instance of the high authority and dignity with which the father is invested in an English household. But M. Taine's criticism is very far indeed from being all as wayward as this; on the contrary it is often remarkably just and acute. On this defect, for example, this want of controlling and shaping power, he seizes at once, and illustrates it very happily. "In a writer of novels," he says, "the imagination is the master faculty; the art of composition, good taste, appreciation of truth, depend upon it; one degree more of vehemence destroys the style which expresses it, changes the character which it produces, breaks the framework in which it is enclosed. Consider that of Dickens, and you will perceive therein the cause of his faults and his merits, his power and his excess." And the effect of this "one degree more of vehemence" he often points out with signal felicity. He shows how the source of those extraordinary minute descriptions of localities, and of phases of nature — a windy day, a storm, and so forth — which impress the reader at first with what seems their marvellous reality, is in very truth the imagination. We often talk of Dickens's astonishing powers of observation, and astonishing indeed they are; but too often they produce no



more than a half result, because he had not at the same time perception, which is the crucible of observation. His observation kept him constantly supplied with a crude mass of material, on which his imagination worked often with wonderful power and effect, but the capacity for refining this mass, for selecting and shaping it, he had not.

"An imagination," M. Taine says again, "so lucid and energetic cannot but animate inanimate objects without an effort. It provokes in the mind in which it works extraordinary emotions, and the author pours over the objects which he figures to himself something of the ever-willing passions which overflow in him." Mr. Forster has expended a great deal of somewhat clumsy irony in ridiculing this passage, but in truth it is only saying in other words that Dickens had in an eminent degree the temperament which admits the "pathetic fallacy," the temperament, to use Mr. Ruskin's words, "of a mind and body in some sort too weak to deal fully with what is before them; borne away, or overclouded, or over-dazzled by emotion." Mr. Ruskin, it will be remembered, makes use of this phrase, the pathetic fallacy, to point the difference between the ordinary, proper, and true appearance of things to us, and their extraordinary or false appearance when we are under the influence of emotion or contemplative fancy — false appearance, that is to say, as being entirely unconnected with any real power or character in the object, and only imputed to it by us. And this fallacy, he says, is of two kinds — there is the fallacy of wilful fancy, which involves no real expectation that it will be believed; or else it is a fallacy caused by an excited state of the feelings, making us for the time more or less irrational.

It would be easy to fill a volume with instances of this fallacy from Dickens's works. M. Taine gives one from "The Chimes,"\* a description of the wind blowing in a church at night, and the famous description of Venice is full of them.† But, indeed, Dickens hardly ever describes the aspects or the workings of nature without having recourse to it, at first unintentionally, as "borne away, or overclouded by emotion;" latterly because he found it very popular (for, as Mr. Ruskin says, much of our favorite

writing, though he is dealing only with poetry, is full of it, and we like it all the more for being so), and because the vividness of his fancy made it very easy to him. For, powerful as his imagination was, his fancy was yet more powerful. In all great writers the fancy at first overbears the imagination; in Shakespeare's early work, for example, in the "Venus and Adonis" and the "Lucrece," the fancy is almost supreme; but with the greatest, in time the imagination prevails. In Dickens, on the contrary, as time wore on, the imagination became weaker, and the calls upon the fancy in consequence more frequent and urgent: instead of the death of Nancy we get the death of Miss Haversham, and Mr. Sapsea instead of Mr. Pecksniff.

Scott, when he describes a scene or an incident, does so in a few broad strokes; Dickens with an extraordinary number of minute touches, each one of astonishing accuracy and fineness, such as would have occurred probably to no other man. In reading Scott we are not at the moment struck with the felicity or the power of any particular touch, but the general impression left upon our imagination is singularly precise and luminous. On the other hand, in reading Dickens, we are continually pausing to wonder at the quickness, the accuracy, the range of his vision, but the general impression is often vague and confusing from this very many-sidedness. He seems, as it were, to see too many things, and to see them all too instantaneously, to allow his reader to get a clear recollection of any one. He catalogues rather than describes. Admirable in their way as are the pictures of the French Revolution in "The Tale of Two Cities," or of the Gordon Riots in "Barnaby Rudge," the impression of them we keep with us as we lay the book down is hardly so clear and strong as the impression left on us, for example, by the description of the death of Porteus in the opening chapter of "The Heart of Midlothian." The most profuse and elaborate embellishments of Dickens's fancy cannot vie with the stern and grand straightforwardness of the incomparable scene in Wandering Willie's tale, where Steenie Piper goes down into hell to win the receipt back from his old master.\* Hazlitt says somewhere of Crabbe's poetry, that he "describes the interior of a cottage like a person sent there to dis-train for rent." The illustration is not

\* The Chimes, first quarter. "For the night wind has a dismal trick of wandering round and round a building of that sort," etc.

† Pictures from Italy; an Italian dream.

\* Redgauntlet, letter xi.



inapplicable sometimes to the method of Dickens.

And yet at other times how large and free that method can be in painting scene or incident! Here, as elsewhere, Dickens can himself supply the antidote no less surely than the bane. He himself can show us how differently he works when he is describing, as M. Taine says, like Scott, "to give his reader a map, and to lay down the locality of his drama;" and when "struck with a certain spectacle, he is transported, and breaks out into unforeseen figures." If any one will turn to "Great Expectations" and read the description of that fruitless journey down the river from Mill-Pond Stairs to the Nore,\* or to almost any of the descriptive passages in "Oliver Twist,"† and then turn to "Dombey and Son" and read the description of Carker's return to England,‡ he can make the contrast for himself.

It is only natural that this want of proportion and control, this riot of fancy, should be most conspicuous on the romantic and sentimental side of Dickens's work. But we may trace it with more or less distinctness everywhere. We find it even in his own particular domain, in the scenes where he walks supreme, the mighty master of a humor incomparable and his own. There we are so completely in his power that he has but to wave his wand and we are prostrate. Yet it is impossible not to feel even here that he uses this power too indiscriminately, intemperately sometimes, and unreasonably. It is so rich and so wonderful, that humor of his, that we cannot but welcome it whenever and wherever it greets us. Yet when the "burst of joyful greetings" is over, reflection will sometimes obtrude. There is an instance in "David Copperfield" — in which delightful book, by the way, instances of this or of any other of the writer's defects are few and far between. It is in the scene where that "HEEP of villany" has forced his suspicions on the old doctor, and has dragged David in as his unwilling witness. David, it will be remembered, concentrating years of distrust and loathing into one moment, has struck the scoundrel in the face, and the singularly calm reception of the insult has not improved his temper.

Then he leaves him: "merely telling him that I should expect from him what I always had expected, and had never yet been disappointed in. I opened the door upon him, *as if he had been a great walnut put there to be cracked*, and went out of the house."\* One cannot but smile at the quaintness of the fancy here, and one cannot but feel how sadly out of place it is in so serious, so pitiful a scene. In "Martin Chuzzlewit" there is a still more painful instance in the description of the poor old clerk's grief for his dead master, where he mixes up recollections of the counting-house with his sorrow in the strangest and most incongruous manner. "Take him from me, and what remains?"† Every one must be conscious what a terribly false note is struck here. It is in such writing as this that Dickens's vulgarity lies. He is not vulgar because he deals with common subjects — subjects which are called vulgar by his genteel depreciators, the Mr. and Mrs. Wititterleys of our day — but because he too often deals with great subjects in a vulgar, an ignoble manner. There is extraordinary humor and wit too, in the old clerk's wail of despair, "Take him from me, and what remains?" but in the circumstance how cruel it is! how brutal, one feels inclined almost to say! It is, to use Joubert's phrase, a monstrosity of literature. Professor Ward talks of Dickens's characters being as true to nature as the "most elaborated productions of Addison's art." But there is a production of Addison's art in which an old servant bewails his master's death in a very different fashion to this — I mean the letter in the 517th number of "The Spectator."

But who would speak harshly of Dickens, of that "soul of good nature and kindness"! There are instances in plenty of this want of perception and proportion, where it exists only, and does not shock; where, too, it not seldom has an effect, though an inharmonious, an isolated effect of its own. Take, for example, that so common trick of his, of pointing, of underlining, as it were, his characters' comical sayings with an explanation of his own — comical, too, in itself often enough — as though he were so delighted with the fun (and who can blame him for it!) that he could not leave it. The immortal Mrs. Gamp supplies an instance of it, in her magnificent apos-

\* Great Expectations, chap. liv.

† The journey of Sikes and Oliver to Chertsey, for example, in chap. xxi., or the description of Jacob's Island in chap. l., and, indeed, the whole of that wonderful scene.

‡ Dombey and Son, chap. lv.

\* David Copperfield, chap. xlii.

† Martin Chuzzlewit, chap. xix.



trophe to the "Ankworks package." "And I wish it was in Jonadge's belly, I do," cried Mrs. Gamp, *appearing to confound the prophet with the whale in this miraculous aspiration.*\* If this were our first introduction to Mrs. Gamp, possibly some explanation might be due. But already, when we meet her among the steamboats, we know her well, her marvellous phraseology, her quaint illustrations, her irrelevant turns of thought. Nothing could be happier than the explanation, but it is a mistake. "I wish it was in Jonadge's belly, I do;" this ends it. Thackeray, let me say, is singularly free from this fault, which is of course by no means common to Dickens. Thackeray never explains. He will talk often enough in his own person, too often, perhaps, some may think; but while his characters are talking he stands aside and lets them speak for themselves. Take the scene at Rosenbad, where Warrington tells, for Pen's edification, the great mistake of his life.

"By gad, sir," cried the major, in high good-humor, "I intended you to marry Miss Laura here."

"And by gad, Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds," Warrington said.

"How d'ye mean a thousand? It was only a pony, sir," replied the major simply, at which the other laughed.†

Does not one feel here how comical Dickens would have been over the major's simplicity, how comical and how superfluous? And cannot one, too, conceive into what an ingenious labyrinth of explanations he would have led us as he followed that astonishing housekeeper over the galleries of Carabbas Castle?‡ But Dickens himself can sometimes be nobly free from this defect, and when free how far more effective he is! In one of Montagu Tigg's speeches there is a capital instance in the speech where he seeks to impress upon Pecksniff his earnestness and good faith, and the necessity for their all banding together in the common cause, the cause being the money-bags of old Martin Chuzzlewit, then lying sick at the Dragon. "I give you my brightest word of honor, sir, that I've been looking through that keyhole, with short intervals of rest, ever since nine o'clock this morning."§ How admirable is that touch, "I give you my brightest word of honor"! How the rogue stands before us in his

unblushing impudence! Volumes could not say more; and, happily, it comes here in the middle of the speech, and Dickens cannot stop to add any words of his own to it. "Underlining," he once wrote to Mr. Wilkie Collins, "is not my way." Alas! is there another writer of equal genius who goes astray by this way more often than he?

How far a regular education would have supplied the one thing wanting to Dickens, or whether it would not rather have tended to restrict and weaken his native gifts without any counterbalancing advantages, has always been, and probably always will be, a disputed point. Mr. Bagehot was root and branch opposed to the notion.\* Men of regular and symmetrical genius, he allows, may be benefited by it, but Dickens's genius, he says, was irregular and anomalous. It would have been absurd, he argues, "to have shut up his observant youth within the walls of a college. They would have taught him nothing about Mrs. Gamp there; Sam Weller took no degree." A regular education, in the sense in which the phrase is too commonly understood, might have done little to cultivate the peculiar faculties with which Dickens worked, and might possibly have given them a wholly different ply. It is clear that a nice appreciation of the Ethics of Aristotle would have added no touch to Mrs. Gamp; that Sam Weller would have profited nothing by his creator's capacity for turning a page of "The Spectator" into Ciceronian prose. And Dickens, as he is, is so wonderful, so delightful, that it is, perhaps, no more than natural to distrust any proposition which might have tended to make him other than he is.† Nevertheless his defects exist, and are what they are; and, remembering what they are, it is surely impossible to doubt that some stricter intellectual and æsthetical discipline than fell to his share would not have greatly lessened, if not altogether removed them. This prime defect, the defect from which all his others spring, the want of artistic perception and control, is precisely such as a larger and deeper acquaintance with "the best that has been said and thought in the world" would have been most instrumental in removing. It would have tempered his fancy and strengthened his

\* Literary Studies: Charles Dickens, vol. ii.

† "Personne," says M. Edmond Scheres, "personne ne reconnaît plus que moi ce qu'il y a d'injuste, pour ne pas dire d'absurde, à demander d'un auteur autre chose que ce qu'il a voulu donner, ou pire encore, à lui reprocher de ne pas être un autre homme que la Nature ne l'a fait."

\* Martin Chuzzlewit, chap. xl.

† Pendennis, chap. lvii.

‡ Book of Snobs, chap. xxviii.

§ Martin Chuzzlewit, chap. iv.



imagination; it would have fertilized a soil naturally rich and productive, but inevitably weakened by a system which drained without renewing the gifts of nature. When those splendid and untiring spirits which count so eminently in his earlier work died, as in the course of nature they could not but die away, it would have given him in their stead a second harvest, less easy to gather perhaps, and less alluring to the eye, but of larger grain and mellow growth. Reading alone does not, it is true, make a full man. "Reading," wrote Burke to his son, "and much reading, is good; but the power of diversifying the matter infinitely in your mind, and of applying it to every occasion that arises, is far better." But the power of diversifying the matter is of little avail without the matter. That Dickens's acquaintance with any kind of literature was extremely superficial even Mr. Forster is obliged to confess; and though that thoroughgoing friend has sought to show that Dickens's judgments on such literature as he had read were sound, he does not really prove much more than that he had read very little. No doubt the influence of his great forerunners, Fielding and Smollett, may be detected in his writings—of Goldsmith, the traces that Professor Ward discovers are hardly so clear—but it seems to me that it was less the way in which they worked that had influenced him than the material with which they worked. "His writings," says Mr. Bagehot, "nowhere indicate that he possesses in any degree the passive taste which decides what is good in the writings of other people, and what is not, and which performs the same critical duty upon a writer's own efforts when the confusing mists of productive imagination have passed away. Nor has he the gentlemanly instinct which in many minds supplies the place of purely critical discernment, and which, by constant association with those who know what is best, acquires a secondhand perception of that which is best." Hard speaking, perhaps, but indisputably true. The constant association with what is best must be fruitful of good to every man, whatever his natural gifts may be, whatever the field in which he employs them. And high as must be our admiration for the work of Dickens's unaided genius, to deny that education would have removed from that work so much of what is not best, and which too often cramps and hinders what is, adds nothing to his praise; to allow it, takes nothing away.

I have said that in "David Copperfield" Dickens is freer from defect than in any other of his works. It is rarely that public opinion has ratified an author's judgment so completely as it has here. As we all know, this was Dickens's favorite, and the reason we all know. It may be noted in passing how characteristic of the two men is their choice. To Dickens "David Copperfield" was, to use his own words, his favorite child, because in its pages he saw the reflection of his own youth. Thackeray, though he never spoke out on such matters, is generally believed to have looked not a little into his own heart when he wrote "Pendennis." Yet his favorite was "Esmond," for "Esmond" he rightly felt to be the most complete and perfect of his works; in that exquisite book his *art* touched its highest point. With "David Copperfield," no doubt the secret of the writer's partiality is in some sense the secret of the reader's. Though none, perhaps, have been so outspoken as Hogg, every man takes pleasure in writing about himself, and we are always pleased to hear what he has to say; egotism, as Macaulay says, so unpopular in conversation, is always popular in writing. But not in the charm of autobiography alone lies the fascination which this delightful book has exercised on every class of readers. It is not only Dickens's most attractive work, but it is his best work. And it is his best for this reason, that whereas in all his others he is continually striving to realize the conception of his fancy, in this alone his business is to idealize the reality; in this alone, as it seems to me, his imagination prevails over his fancy. In this alone he is never grotesque, or for him so rarely that we hardly care to qualify the adverb. Nowhere else is his pathos so tender and so sure; nowhere else is his humor, though often more boisterous and more abundant, so easy and so fine; nowhere else is his observation so vivid and so deep; nowhere else has he held with so sure a hand the balance between the classes. If in the character of Daniel Pegotty more eloquently and more reasonably than he has ever done elsewhere, even in honest Joe Gargery, he has enlarged on his favorite abiding-place for virtue, he has also nowhere else been so ready and so glad to welcome her in those more seemly places wherein for the most part he can find no resting-place for her feet. Weak-minded as Doctor Strong is, fatuous, if the reader pleases, we are never asked to laugh at the kindly, chiv-



alrous old scholar, as we are at Sir Leicester Dedlock; Clara Pegotty is no better woman than Agnes Wickfield. And even in smaller matters, and in the characters of second-rate importance, we may find the same sureness of touch. It has been made a reproach against him that his characters are too apt to be forgotten in the externals of their callings, that they never speak without some allusion to their occupations, and cannot be separated from them. In the extraordinary number and variety of characters that he has drawn, no doubt one can find instances of this. For so many of these characters, nearly all, indeed, of the comic ones, real as he has made them to us, are not, when we come to examine them, realities, but rather conceptions of his fancy, which he has to shape into realities by the use of certain traits and peculiarities of humanity with which his extraordinary observation has supplied him. Major Pendennis, and Costigan, and Becky Sharp are realities whom Thackeray idealizes, makes characters of fiction out of. But Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp are the children of fancy whom Dickens makes real, partly by the addition of sundry human attributes, but even more so by the marvellous skill and distinctness with which he brings them and keeps them before us. But in order to do this he is obliged never to lose sight, or to suffer us to lose sight, of those peculiarities, whether of speech, or manner, or condition, which make them for us the realities that they are. And in so doing it cannot but happen that he seems to thrust those peculiarities at times somewhat too persistently upon us. In "David Copperfield" this is not so, or much less so than anywhere else, except, of course, in "The Tale of Two Cities," Dickens's only essay at the romance proper, where the characters are subordinate to the story. We may see this, for example, by comparing Omer, the undertaker, in "David Copperfield," with Mould, the undertaker, in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Mould and all his family live in a perpetual atmosphere of funerals; his children are represented as solacing their young existences by "playing at buryin's down in the shop, and follerin' the order-book to its long home in the iron safe;" and Mr. Mould's own idea of fellowship is of a person "one would almost feel disposed to bury for nothing, and do it neatly, too!" On his first introduction, after old Anthony's death, he sets the seal on his personality by the remark that Jonas's liberal orders for the

funeral prove "what was so forcibly observed by the lamented theatrical poet—*buried at Stratford*—that there is good in everything."\* That touch is very comical, but also very grotesque; it is a touch of fancy, not of nature. But when David Copperfield, as a man, recalls himself to the recollection of the good-hearted Omer, who had known him as a boy, the undertaker is revealed in a very different fashion. "To be sure," said Mr. Omer, touching my waistcoat with his forefinger; "and there was a little child too! *There was two parties. The little party was laid along with the other party.* Over at Blunderstone it was, of course. Dear me! And how have you been since?"† Every one must be conscious of the difference here.

"Coragio! and think of 2850," wrote Macaulay in his diary, to console himself for some bitter pill of American criticism he had been forced to swallow. We need not cast our thoughts quite so far into the future to see that much of what gave Dickens his popularity, and still keeps it with so many of us, will avail him nothing then. Those qualities which so endeared his writings to the great mass of his contemporaries, and won the respect even of those who could not always admire the method and direction of their employment, will have for posterity no more attraction than will many of the subjects on which he so lavishly and dauntlessly expended them. Our descendants will have, we may be very sure, too frequent and too real claims upon their compassion to let them spare many tears for those rather theatrical personages which Dickens too often employed to point his moral. Harsh as it may seem to say, whatever his writings may actually have done to reduce the sum of human suffering will tell against rather than for them. It will always be so with those who employ fiction for the purpose of some particular social or political reformation; for the wrongs they help to remove, and the evils they help to redress, will seem slight and unreal in the pages of fiction, because they have so long ceased to form a part of actual existence. A soul of good-nature and kindness is a quality we are right to recognize in contemporary work, and for that work it constitutes a special and a noble title to our praise; but posterity will judge the writings of one whom their forefathers called a great writer by the

\* Martin Chuzzlewit, chap. xix.

† David Copperfield, chap. xxi.



sheer value of the writing, and such praise, if it be found to rest on no more practical foundation, will seem to them, to use the words of one of Dickens's own characters, pious, but not to the purpose. It is inevitable that much of his serious and sentimental work will have for future generations neither the attraction nor the solidity that it had for his own. For the tears he sought to draw, the graver feelings he sought to move, he went too often, if I may use the word, to local sources, too often to artificial. What Lamb said of comedy is surely true to a certain extent of all fiction: our "fireside concerns," attractive as they are to us, cannot in reason have the same attraction for those who have never warmed themselves at our hearth. Each age has its own fireside; each age provides its own tears. The "familiar matter of to-day" will not be the familiar matter of to-morrow. It is the splendid sorrows of a Priam or a Lear that touch the heart of Time.

The cease of majesty  
Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth draw  
What's near it with it; it is a massy wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser  
things  
Are mortised and adjoin'd: which when it falls  
Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

But the quality of a humor founded in the roots of our common humanity can never wax old nor die, and it seems impossible to imagine a day when the world will refuse to laugh with Dickens. The careless glance of curiosity, or the student's all-ranging eye, may turn a century hence upon the little Nells and Pauls, the Joes and the Trotty Vecks; but the Wellers and the Pecksniffs, the Swivellers and the Micawbers must surely abide forever, unchanging and immortal—immortals of lesser note, and with more of mortal mixture, but still of the same lineage with Falstaff. And then with the laughter that they stir will be remembered and confessed the real worth of the noble praise Dean Stanley gave to their creator's memory, praise whose significance our own age has in truth too ample means for judging: "Remember, if there be any who think you cannot be witty without being wicked; who think that in order to amuse the world, and to awaken the interest of hearers or readers, you must descend to filthy jests, and unclean suggestions, and debasing scenes, so wrote not the genial, loving humorist we now mourn.

However deep his imagination led him to descend into the dregs of society, he still breathed an untainted atmosphere around him; he was still able to show by his own example that, even in dealing with the darkest scenes and most degraded characters, genius could be clean and mirth decent."

MOWBRAY MORRIS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE LADIES LINDORES.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

THE drive home would have been very embarrassing to the ladies had not Millefleurs been the perfect little gentleman he was. Rintoul, though he ought to have been aware that his presence was specially desirable, had abandoned his mother and sister; and the consciousness of the secret, which was no secret, weighed upon Lady Lindores so much, that it was scarcely possible for her to keep up any appearance of the easy indifference which was her proper *rôle* in the circumstances, while it silenced Edith altogether. They could scarcely look him in the face, knowing both the state of suspense in which he must be, and the false impression of Edith's feelings which he was probably entertaining. Lady Lindores felt certain that he was aware she had been informed by her husband of what had passed, and feared to look at him lest he might, by some glance of intelligence, some look of appeal, call upon her sympathy; while on the other hand, it was all-essential to keep him, if possible, from noticing the pale consciousness of Edith, her silence and shrinking discomfort, so unlike her usual frank and friendly aspect. Millefleurs was far too quick-sighted not to observe this unusual embarrassment; but there was no more amiable young man in England, and it was his part for the moment to set them at their ease, and soothe the agitation which he could not but perceive. He talked of everything but the matter most near his heart with that self-sacrifice of true politeness which is perhaps the truest as it is one of the most difficult manifestations of social heroism. He took pains to be amusing, to show himself unconcerned and unexcited; and, as was natural, he got his reward. Lady Lindores was almost piqued (though it was so great a relief) that Edith's suitor should be capable of such perfect calm; and Edith herself, though with a dim perception of the heroism in it, could not but



console herself with the thought that one so completely self-controlled would "get over" his disappointment easily. Their conversation at last came to be almost a monologue on his part. He discoursed on Tinto and its treasures as an easy subject. "It has one great quality—it is homogeneous," he said, "which is too big a word for a small fellow like me. It is all of a piece, don't you know. To think what lots of money those good people must have spent on those great vases, and candelabra, and things! We don't do that sort of thing nowadays. We roam over all the world, and pick up our *bric-à-brac* cheap. But, don't you know, there's something fine in the other principle—there's a grand sort of spare-no-expense sentiment. I'd like to do it all over again for them—to clear away all that finery, which is mere *Empire*, and get something really good, don't you know. But at the same time, I respect this sort of thing. There is a thoroughness in it. It is going the 'whole animal,' as we say in America. Mr. Torrance, who is a fine big man, just like his house, should, if you'll allow me to say so, have carried out the principle a little further; he should not have gone so entirely into a different *genre* in his wife."

"You mean that Carry is—that Carry looks—— She is not very strong," said Lady Lindores, with involuntary quickening of attention, taking up instantly an attitude of defence.

"Dear Lady Lindores," cried little Millefleurs, "entirely out of keeping! A different *genre* altogether; a different date—the finest ethical nineteenth century against a background *Empire*: preposterous altogether. We have no style to speak of in china, or that sort of thing—which is odd, considering how much we think of it. We can't do anything better than go back to Queen Anne for our furniture. But in respect to women, it's quite different. We've got a Victorian type in that, don't you know. I am aware that it is the height of impertinence to make remarks. But considering the family friendship to which you have been so good as to admit me, and my high appreciation—Lady Caroline, if you will allow me to say so, is a different *genre*. She is out of keeping with the decoration of her house."

"Poor Carry!" Lady Lindores said with a sigh; and they were thankful to Millefleurs when he ran on about the china and the gilding. It was he, with those keen little beady eyes of his, who saw John Erskine disappearing among

the trees. He had possession of the stage, as it were, during all that long way home, which to the ladies seemed about twice as long as it had ever been before.

Lord Lindores had not accompanied the party. He did not come in contact with his son-in-law, indeed, any more than he could help. Though he had taken up Tinto so warmly at first, it was not to be supposed that a man of his refinement could have any pleasure in such society; and though he made a point of keeping on scrupulously good terms with Torrance, even when the latter set himself in opposition to the earl's plans, yet he kept away from the spectacle afforded by his daughter and her husband in their own house. If Lord Lindores's private sentiments could have been divined, it would probably have been apparent that in his soul he thought it hard upon poor Caroline to have married such a man. There were reasons which made it very desirable, even necessary; but it was a pity, he felt. In the present case, however, there was nothing but congratulations to be thought of. Edith was, there could be no doubt, a thoroughly fortunate young woman. Nobody could say a word against Millefleurs. He had shown himself eccentric, but only in a way quite approved by his generation; and there was no doubt that a wife, at once pretty and charming, and sufficiently clever, was all that he wanted to settle him. Not Carry—Carry was too intellectual, too superior altogether, for the democratic little marquis; but Edith had just the combination of simplicity and mental competence that would suit his position. It was the most admirable arrangement that could have been devised. Lord Lindores sat in his library with much satisfaction of mind, and thought over all the new combinations. He had no doubt of the duke's content with the alliance—and through the duke, the whole ministry would be affected. It would be felt that to keep a man of Lord Lindores's abilities in the hopeless position of a mere Scotch lord, would be a waste prejudicial to the country. With Millefleurs for his son-in-law, a mere representative seat in the House of Lords no longer seemed worth his while—an English peerage would be his, as a matter of course. He had said a few words to Rintoul on the subject before the party left the house. There could be no harm in drawing the bonds tighter which were to produce so admirable an effect. "There is Lady Reseda, a very charming girl," he said. "It is time you were thinking



of marrying, Rintoul. I don't know any girl that has been more admired."

"One doesn't care for one's wife having been admired," said Rintoul, somewhat sulkily. "One would rather admire her one's self."

His father looked at him with some severity, and Rintoul colored in spite of himself. Perhaps this was one reason why his temper was so unpleasant at Tinto, and moved him to fling off from the party in the midst of their inspection of the place, and declare that he would walk home. In his present temper, perhaps he would not have been much help to them, whereas Millefleurs managed it all capitally, being left to himself.

They got home only in time to dress for dinner, at which meal Rintoul did not appear. It was unlike him to stay behind and dine at Tinto; but still there was nothing impossible in it, and the minds of the four people who sat down together at table were all too much absorbed by the immediate question before them to have much time to consider Rintoul. Lady Lindores's entire attention was given to Edith, who, very pale and with a thrill of nervous trembling in her, which her mother noted without quite understanding, neither ate nor talked, but pretended, at least, to do the first, veiling herself from the eyes of her lover behind the flowers which ornamented the centre of the table. These flowers, it must be allowed, are often a nuisance and serious hindering of conversation. On this occasion they performed a charitable office. There was one plume of ferns in particular which did Edith the most excellent service. She had been commanded to repair to the library when she left the table, to await her father there. And if she trembled, it was with the tension of high-strung nerves, not the hesitation of weakness, as her mother thought. Lord Lindores, for his part, watched her too, with an uneasy instinct. He would not allow himself to imagine that she could have the folly to hesitate even; and yet there was a sensation in him, an unwilling conviction that, if Edith resisted, she would be, though she was not so clever, a different kind of antagonist from poor Carry. There arose in him, as he glanced at her now and then, an impulse of war. He had no idea that she would really attempt to resist him: but if she did! He, too, had little to say during dinner. He uttered a formal sentence now and then in discharge of his duty as host, but that was all; and by intervals, when he had leisure to think of

it, he was angry with his son. Rintoul ought to have been there to take the weight of the conversation upon him: Rintoul ought to have had more discrimination than to choose this day of all others for absenting himself. His mother was of the same opinion. She, too, was almost wroth with Rintoul — to leave her unsupported without any aid at such a crisis was unpardonable. But Millefleurs was quite equal to the emergency. He took everything upon himself. The servants, closest of all critics, did not even guess that anything was going on in which "the wee English lord" was involved. They made their own remarks upon Lady Edith's pallor and silence, and the preoccupation of Lady Lindores. But Millefleurs was the life of the company; and not even the butler, who had seen a great deal in his day, and divined most things, associated him with the present evident crisis. It was amazing how much he found to say, and how naturally he said it, as if nothing particular was going on, and no issues of any importance to him, at least, were involved.

When the ladies left the table, Lady Lindores would have detained her daughter with her. "Come into the drawing-room with me first, Edith. Your father cannot be ready for you for some minutes at least."

"No, mamma. I must keep all my wits about me," Edith said, with a faint smile. They were in the corridor, where it was always cold, and she shivered a little in spite of herself.

"You are chilly, Edith — you are not well, dear. I will go myself and tell your father you are not able to talk to him to-night."

Edith shook her head without saying anything. She waved her hand to her mother as she turned away in the direction of the library. Lady Lindores stood looking after her with that strange struggle in her mind which only parents know, — the impulse to take their children in their arms as of old, and bear their burdens for them, contradicted by the consciousness that this cannot be done, that the time has come when these beloved children can no longer be carried over their difficulties, but must stand for themselves, with not another to interfere between them and fate. Oh the surprise of this penetrating the heart! Lady Lindores went back to the drawing-room with the wonder and pain of it piercing her like an arrow, to sit down and wait while Edith — little Edith — bore her trial



alone. It was intolerable, yet it had to be endured. She stood aside and let her child do what had to be done; any trial in the world would have been easier. The pang was complicated in every way. There seemed even an ingratitude in it, as if her child preferred to stand alone; and yet it was all inevitable—a thing that must be. She waited, the air all rustling round her, with expectation and suspense. What would the girl find to say? Caroline had wept and struggled, but she had yielded. Edith would not weep, she would stand fast like a little rock; but, after all, what was there to object to? Millefleurs was very different from Torrance of Tinto. Why should he not please the girl's fancy as well as another? He had so much in him to please any girl's fancy; he was clever and amusing, and romantic even in his way. If Edith would but content herself with him! True, he was little; but what did that matter after all? He would no doubt make the best of husbands—unquestionably he would make the best of sons-in-law. And then, your mind must be impartial indeed if you are impervious to the attractions of an English dukedom. Who could be indifferent to that? With a little laugh of nervous pleasure, Lady Lindores permitted herself to think how amusing it would be to see her little girl take precedence of her. Alas! things were far from being so advanced as that; but yet she could not help more or less being on the side of ambition this time. The ambition that fixed upon Torrance of Tinto was poor enough, and shamed her to think of it; but the Marquis Millefleurs, the Duke of Lavender, that was an ambition which had some justification. Not love him! Why should not she love him? Lady Lindores even went so far as to ask herself with some heat. He was delightful; everything but his stature was in his favor. He was excellent; his very failings leant to virtue's side.

While, however, her mother was thus discussing the question with so strong a bias in favor of Millefleurs, Edith was standing in her father's library waiting for him, not entering into any argument with herself at all. She would not sit down, which would have seemed somehow like yielding, but stood with her hand upon the mantelpiece, her heart beating loudly. She had not summoned herself to the bar of her own judgment, or asked with any authority how it was that she neither could nor would for a moment take the qualities of Millefleurs into consideration.

The question had been given against him before even it was put; but Edith would not allow herself to consider why. No doubt she knew why; but there are occasions in which we do not wish to see what is going on in our spirits, just as there are occasions when we turn out all the corners and summon everything to the light. She heard the door of the dining-room open, then the voices of the gentlemen as they came out, with a sudden tightening of her breath. What if little Millefleurs himself were coming instead of her father? This idea brought a gleam of a smile over her face; but that was driven away as she heard the heavy, familiar step approaching. Lord Lindores, as he came along the corridor, had time enough to say to himself that perhaps he had been foolish. Why had he determined upon speaking to Edith before he allowed her lover to speak to her? Perhaps it was a mistake. He had his reasons, but it might be that they were not so powerful as he had supposed, and that he would have done better not to have interfered. However it was now too late to think of this. He went into the library, shutting the door deliberately, asking himself why he should have any trouble about the matter, and what Edith could feel but happiness in having such a proposal made to her; but when he turned round and met Edith's eye his delusions fled. Surely there was nobody so unfortunate as he was in his children. Instead of their perceiving what was for their own interest, he was met by a perpetual struggle and attempt to put him in the wrong. It was inconceivable. Was it not their interest solely which moved him? and yet they would resist as if he were plotting nothing but wrong. But though these thoughts passed through his mind with a sweep of bitterness, he would not indulge them. He went up to Edith with great urbanity, putting down all feelings less pleasant. "I am glad to find you here," he said.

"Yes, papa; you wanted me, my mother told me."

"I wanted you. As I came along the corridor, I began to ask myself whether I was doing right in wanting you. Perhaps I ought to have let you hear what I am going to say from—some one who might have made it more agreeable, Edith."

"Oh, let me hear what you want, please, from yourself, papa."

He took her hand, which trembled in his hold, and looked down on her with fatherly eyes—eyes which were tender, and



admiring, and kind. Could any one doubt that he wished her well? He wished her everything that was best in the world — wealth and title, and rank and importance, — everything we desire for our children. He was not a bad man, desiring the sacrifice of his child's happiness. If he had, perhaps, made something of a mistake about Carry, there was no mistake here.

"Edith, I want to speak to you about Lord Millefleurs. He came here, I believe, on your own invitation —"

At this Edith started with sudden alarm, and her hand trembled still more in her father's easy clasp. She had an indefinite pang of fear, she could not tell why.

"He has been here now for some time. I was glad to ratify your invitation by mine — nothing could have pleased me better. I like his family. His father and I have always thought alike, and the duchess is a most excellent woman. That your mother and you should have taken him up so much, was very good for him, and quite a pleasure to me."

"I don't know why you should say we took him up very much," said Edith, with some confusion. "He took us up — he came to us wherever we were. And then he was Robin's friend. It was quite natural — there was nothing —" She paused, with a painful eagerness to excuse herself; and yet there was nothing to excuse. This changed the position for the moment, and made everything much more easy for the indulgent father, who was so ready to approve what his child herself had done.

"It is perfectly natural, my dear — everything about it is natural. Lord Millefleurs has been quite consistent since he first saw you. He has explained himself to me in the most honorable way. He wishes — to marry you, Edith. I don't suppose this is any surprise to you?"

Edith was crimson; her temples throbbed with the rush of the blood, which seemed to rise like an angry sea. "If it is so, he has had opportunity enough to tell me so. Why has he taken so unfair an advantage? Why — why has he gone to you?"

"He has behaved like an honorable man. I see no unfair advantage. He has done what was right — what was respectful at once to you and to me."

"Oh, papa, — honorable! respectful!" cried the girl. "What does that mean in our position? Could he have been any-

thing but honorable — to me? You forget what kind of expressions you are using. If he had *that* to say, it is to me he ought to have come. He has taken an unkind — a cruel advantage!" Edith cried.

"This is ridiculous," said her father. "He has done what it is seemly and right to do — in his position and yours. If he had gone to you, as you say, like a village lad to his lass, what advantage could there have been in that? As it is, you have your father's full sanction, which, I hope, you reckon for something, Edith."

"Father," she said, somewhat breathless, collecting herself with a little effort. The wave of hot color died off from her face. She grew paler and paler as she stood firmly opposite to him, holding fast with her hand the cool marble of the mantelpiece, which felt like a support. "Father, if he had come to me, as he ought to have done, this is what would have happened, — I should have told him at once that it was a mistake, and he would have left us quietly without giving you any trouble. How much better that would have been in every way!"

"I don't understand you, Edith. A mistake? I don't see that there is any mistake."

"That is very likely, papa," she said, with returning spirit, "since it is not you that are concerned. But I see it. I should have told him quietly, and there would have been an end of the matter, if he had not been so formal, so absurd — so old-fashioned — as to appeal to you."

This counterblast took away Lord Lindores's breath. He made a pause for a moment, and stared at her; he had never been so treated before. "Old-fashioned," he repeated, almost with bewilderment. "There is enough of this, Edith. If you wish to take up the *rôle* of the advanced young lady, I must tell you it is not either suitable or becoming. Millefleurs will, no doubt, find an early opportunity of making his own explanations to you, and of course, if you choose to keep him in hot water, it is, I suppose your right. But don't carry it too far. The connection is one that is perfectly desirable — excellent in every point of view."

"It is a pity, since you think so, that it is impossible," she said in a low tone.

Lord Lindores looked at her, fixing her with his eye. He felt now that he had known it all along — that he had felt sure there was a struggle before him, and that his only policy was to convince her that he was determined from the very first. "There is nothing impossible," he said,



"except disobedience and folly. I don't expect these from you. Indeed I can't imagine what motive you can have, except a momentary perverseness, to answer me so. No more of it, Edith. By tomorrow, at least, everything will be settled between you and your lover —"

"Oh, papa, listen! don't mistake me," she cried. "He is not my lover. How can you — how can you use such a word? He can never be anything to me. If he had spoken to me, I could have settled it all in a moment. As it is you he has spoken to, why give him a double mortification? It will be so easy for you to tell him: to tell him — he can never be anything to me."

"Edith, take care what you are saying! He is to be your husband. I am not a man easily balked in my own family."

"We all know that," she cried with bitterness; "but I am not Carry, papa."

He made a step nearer to her, with a threatening aspect. "What do you mean by that? Carry! What has Carry to do with it? You have a chance poor Carry never had — high rank, wealth, — everything that is desirable; and a man whom the most fantastic could not object in any way to."

There is scarcely any situation in the world into which a gleam of ridicule will not fall. It takes us with the tear in our eye — it took Edith in the nervous excitement of this struggle, the most trying moment which personally she had ever gone through. Millefleurs, with his little plump person, his round eyes, his soft lisp of a voice, seemed to come suddenly before her, and at the height of this half-tragical contention she laughed. It was excitement and high pressure as well as that sudden flash of perverse imagination. She could have cried next moment — but laugh she did, in spite of herself. The sound drove Lord Lindores to fury. "This is beyond bearing," he cried. "It seems that I have been deceived in you altogether. If you cannot feel the honor that has been done you — the compliment that has been paid you — you are unworthy of it, and of the trouble I have taken."

"I suppose," said Edith, irritated too, "these are the right words for a girl to use to any man who is so good as to think she would suit him. I was wrong to laugh, but are you not going too far, papa? I am likely to get more annoyance by it than honor. Please, please let me take my own way."

She had broken down a little when she

said this, in natural reaction, and gave him a pitiful look, with a little quiver of her lip. After such a laugh it is so likely that a girl will cry, as after a sudden self-assertion it is to be expected that she will be subdued and humbled. She looked at him with a childlike appeal for pity. And he thought that now he had her securely in his hands.

"My love," he said, "you will regret it all your life if I yield to you now. It is your happiness I am thinking of. I cannot let a girl's folly spoil your career. Besides, it is of the highest importance to everybody — to Rintoul, even to myself — that you should marry Millefleurs —"

"I am very sorry, papa; but I shall never — marry Lord Millefleurs —"

"Folly! I shall not allow you to trifle with him, Edith — or with me. You have given him the most evident encouragement — led him on in every way, invited him here —"

Edith grew pale to her very lips. "Papa, have pity on me! I never did so; it was all nothing — the way one talks without meaning it — without thinking —"

"That is all very well on our side, but on the other — I tell you, I will permit no trifling, Edith. He has a right to a favorable answer, and he must have it —"

"Never, never! if I have been wrong, I will ask his pardon —"

"You will accept him in the first place," said Lord Lindores sternly.

"I will never accept him," Edith said.

Her father, wound up to that pitch of excitement at which a man is no longer master of what he says, took a few steps about the room. "Your sister said the same," he cried, with a short laugh, "and you know what came of that."

It was an admission he had never intended to make, — for he did not always feel proud of his handiwork, — but it was done now, and could not be recalled. Edith withdrew even from the mantelpiece on which she had leaned. She clasped her hands together, supporting herself. "I am not Carry," she said in a low tone, facing him resolutely as he turned back in some alarm at what he had been betrayed into saying. He had become excited, and she calm. He almost threatened her with his hand in the heat of the moment.

"You will obey your parents," he cried.

"No, papa," she said.

He remembered so well, too well, what Carry had done in the same circum-



stances — she had wept and pleaded. When he demanded obedience from her she had not dared to stand against him. He recollected (too well for his own comfort sometimes) every one of those scenes which brought her to submission. But Edith did not weep, and was not shaken by that final appeal. She was very pale, and looked unusually slight and young and childlike standing there with her hands clasped, her steadfast eyes raised, her little mouth close — so slight a thing, not stately like Carry. He was confounded by a resistance which he had not foreseen, which he could not have believed in, and stood staring at her, not knowing what next to say and do. Matters were at this point when all at once there arose a something outside the room, which not even the solid closed doors and heavy curtains could keep out, — not positive noise or tumult, but something indescribable — a sensation as of some unknown dread event. Ordinarily all was still in the well-ordered house, and my lord's tranquillity as completely assured as if he had been prime minister. But this was something that was beyond decorum. Then the door was hastily opened, and Rintoul ghastly, his face grey rather than pale, his hair hanging wildly on his forehead, came into the room.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THIS extraordinary interruption put a stop at once to the struggle between the father and daughter. They both came to a sudden pause, not only in their conversation, but in their thoughts, which were suspended instantly by the breaking in of something more urgent. "What is it? What has happened?" they both cried in a breath; and Edith, after a moment added, "Carry — there is something wrong with Carry," scarcely aware what she said.

Rintoul came to the table on which stood a crystal jug of water. He filled himself out a large glass and drank it. He was in a tremor which he attempted to conceal from them, though with no success. Then he said, "There is nothing the matter with Carry; but a dreadful accident has happened," — and stopped, his mouth being parched, his very articulation difficult.

"What is it? what is it? The children —"

Rintoul turned his face away from Edith and directed himself towards his father. He made a great effort over himself, as if what he had to say was almost

beyond his powers. Then he said with a strange hoarseness of voice, "Torrance — has been killed."

"Torrance! — killed! Good God! Rintoul."

"It is so. Instantaneous, they say. He cannot have suffered much, thank God."

Rintoul was not emotional or used to show very much feeling, but the lines of his face were drawn and his lip quivered as he spoke.

"Killed! But how did it happen? where? Was it accident or — For heaven's sake tell us all!" cried his father. Edith stood by struck dumb, yet with a host of sudden rising thoughts, or rather images, in her breast. It was to her sister that her mind suddenly reverted, with a perception of everything involved so clear and vivid that her very spirit was confused by the distinctness of her sight.

"Accident," said Rintoul almost with a stammer, stumbling on the word. "He must have been riding home by the Greenlaws road, which was his favorite way. He and his horse were found at the foot of the Scaur. The brute must have reared and lost his footing. The ground was soft with the rain. That's all that any one knows."

"And he is dead? Good God!"

A shiver came over Rintoul. Who would have thought he had so much feeling? and concerning Torrance, whom he had never been able to endure. "It's dreadful," he said in a low tone; "but it's true. One moment never to be recalled, and that big fellow with all his strength — O Lord, it's terrible to think of it. It has taken all the strength out of me."

Edith hurried to him, trembling herself, to clasp his arm in hers and soothe her brother. She was almost too much excited and agitated to be aware that he repulsed her, though unconsciously, but this increased the general impression of pain and horror on her mind. There was so strong a thrill of agitation in him that he could not bear to be touched or even looked at. He put her away, and threw himself down into the nearest chair. A hundred questions were on the lips of both; but he looked as if he had said all that was possible — as if he had no power to add anything. Lord Lindores, after the first pause of horror, of course pursued his inquiries, and they gathered certain details as to the way of finding "the body," and the manner in which horse and man seemed to have fallen. But Rintoul evidently had been too much im-



pressed by the sight to be able to dwell on the subject. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead and took again large draughts of water as he brought forth sentence after sentence. "Get me some wine, or brandy, or something—I am done," he cried; but when his father rang the bell, Rintoul recoiled. "Let Edith fetch it; don't let us have any prying servants about here." "There is no reason why we should be afraid of prying servants," said Lord Lindores, with surprise and disapproval. "It is not a matter to be concealed. I suppose there is nothing to conceal?" "Oh no, no," said Rintoul, with a groan, "nothing to be concealed; you can't conceal a dead man," and he shuddered, but added directly, raising himself to meet his father's eye, "it was accident—nothing but accident,—everybody has warned him. I said myself something was sure to happen sooner or later at the Scaur." Edith, who had flown to bring him the wine he asked for, here came back with it, having sent away the officious butler, anxious to hear all about it, who hovered near the door. Her brother took the decanter from her hand without a word of thanks, and poured out the wine lavishly, but with a shaking hand, into the glass from which he had been drinking water. It brought a little color back into his cheeks. To Edith the emotion he showed was a new revelation. She had never expected from Rintoul so much tenderness of feeling. But Lord Lindores went on with his questions.

"Something sure to happen? Yes—to children or people incapable of taking care of themselves; but Torrance, who knew it all like his own hand! had he—been drinking, poor fellow?"

"Not that I know of; but how can I tell? Nobody knows."

"Some one must have seen him before the accident happened. There must be some one who can tell. Of course everything must be investigated. Where had he been? Why was he not with you, when you went by appointment to see the place? It was surely very extraordinary——"

"He was with us at first," said Rintoul, "but he took offence at some of Millefleurs's criticisms; and then John Erskine——"

"What had John Erskine to do with it?"

"They had some words. I can't remember; something passed. Erskine left early too. Now that I think of it," said Rintoul suddenly, "Erskine must

have gone that way, and perhaps—— But no, no; I mistake—they did not meet."

"They had no words," said Edith eagerly; "there was no quarrel, if that is what you mean. Mr. Torrance was annoyed because Lord Millefleurs—— But Mr. Erskine had nothing to do with it," she added, her color rising. Lord Lindores paced up and down the room stopping at every turn to ask another question. Rintoul sat leaning his head upon his hand, his face concealed by it; while Edith, to whom this reference had given animation, stood between them, her senses quickened, her mind alert. But they were both too deeply occupied to notice the change in her which was made by the mention of this name.

"Of course there must be a thorough investigation into all the circumstances," Lord Lindores said.

"Who can do that? I thought there were no coroners in Scotland?" said Rintoul, rousing himself. "I was thinking, indeed, what a good thing for poor Carry to be spared this. Besides, what can investigation do? He went off from among us excited. Very likely, poor fellow, he had been drinking. He rode off in haste, thundering down that dangerous road, as was his custom. Everybody knows it was his custom. It was his way of blowing off steam. Coming back, the road was soft with the rain, and he still excited and in a nervous state. He pushed Black Jess a step too close. She reared, and—— I don't know what you can find out more by any investigation." Rintoul wiped his forehead again and poured himself out more wine.

"That may be, but there must be an investigation all the same," said Lord Lindores. "A man of importance like poor Torrance does not disappear like this in a moment without any notice being taken of it. If he had been a ploughman, perhaps——"

Here the door was opened hastily, and Lady Lindores hurried in. "What is this?" she cried; "what is this I hear?—the servants are full of it. Something about Torrance and a bad accident. What does it mean?"

Edith ran to her mother, taking her by the arm, with the instinct of supporting her against the shock; and Lord Lindores gave her the information, not without that almost pleasure in recounting even the most terrible news, which is the instinctive sentiment of those whose hearts are not deeply concerned. Lady Lindores



heard it with horror, with the instant and keen self-question as to whether she had done justice to this man, of whom no one now could ask pardon,—whose wrongs, if he had any, could never be remedied,—which, in a generous mind, is the first result of such a tragedy. Out of keen excitement and horror she shed a few tears, the first that in this house at least had been expended on the dead man. A pang of wondering pity was in her heart. The sight of this softer feeling stilled the others. She arrested every other sentiment in a natural pause of terrified compassion. She who had never called him by it in his life, suddenly found his Christian name come to her lips: "Oh, poor Pat! poor Pat! like that—in a moment—with his home close by that he was so proud of, and all his good things,—summoned in a moment. O God, have mercy upon him!" she cried.

"It is too late for that," said Lord Lindores gravely, for the moment ashamed of all other questions. "Short as the time is, and dreadful as it is to think of it, his account must be made by this time. It is a terrible lesson to us all——"

"O God, have mercy upon him! I cannot think it is ever too late for that," cried Lady Lindores through her tears. And there was a pause. She did not, so far as we know, entertain any heterodox ideas about the after state; but nature spoke in her, which is stronger than creeds. And they were all silent, ashamed to have thought of anything else than this. Rintoul still sat with his head hid in his hands. He had not looked at his mother. He did not say anything to help out the narrative which his father, of course, had given minutely. He had made a great effort to get over his personal agitation and the tremor of his nerves, but he was not used to such violent emotions, and it was hard to get them under control.

Then Lady Lindores rose from the chair upon which she had sunk in the first shock. "I must go to Carry at once," she said. "Poor Carry! how must she be feeling? In a moment—without time for a word——"

Now at this there was a slight movement on the part of the two men—even in Rintoul, though he was so much overcome. They thought it was the usual feminine hypocrisy. Carry had never pretended to be a fond or loving wife. The shock was great, but it brought her deliverance. A touch of indignation and of wonder at what they considered that

incomprehensible female nature, which one moment brought them back by sheer natural tenderness to a loftier state of feeling, and the next disgusted them with mere conventionalism and make-believe, stirred in their minds. They durst not say anything, for of course it was needful to the world to keep up this fiction, and take it for granted that Carry was heart-broken; but in their hearts they despised the false sentiment, as they thought it. Nobody understood that divine compunction in Lady Lindores's heart—that terrible and aching pity for the unworthy on her own part—that sense of awful severance from a human creature with whom there had been nothing in common, with whom there could be no hope of reunion, which, she felt, must be in her daughter's mind. God help poor Carry! What could she be but glad to be free? Her mother's heart bled for her in this awful satisfaction and misery. Meanwhile her husband rang the bell and ordered the carriage for her, with a sensation not quite unlike contempt, though he was pleased, too, that she should be able to keep up the natural superstitions, and go through all traditional formalities so well. He made a pause, however, when he found Edith hastily preparing to go too.

"There is Lord Millefleurs to be thought of? What am I to do," he said, "with Millefleurs?"

"At such a moment surely everything of the kind must be suspended," said Lady Lindores. "You cannot think that Edith could—go on with this—while her sister——"

Millefleurs himself made his appearance on the stairs while she was speaking. It was a curious scene. The great hall door was open, the night wind blowing in, making the light waver, and penetrating all the excited group with cold. Lady Lindores, wrapped in a great cloak which covered her from head to foot, stood below looking up, while Edith paused on the lower steps in the act of tying a white shawl about her head. The servants, still more excited, stood about, all anxious to help, by way of seeing everything that was going on. Rintoul stood in the doorway of the library, entirely in shadow,—a dark figure contrasting with the others in the light. To these actors in the drama came forth Millefleurs in his exact evening costume, like a hero of genteel comedy coming in at the height of the *imbroglio*. "I need not say how shocked and distressed I am," he said,



from his platform on the landing. "I would go away at once, but that would not help you. Never think of me; but I feel sure you would not do me the injustice to think of me in presence of such a catastrophe."

Lady Lindores waved her hand to him as she hurried out, but he overtook Edith on the stairs. It was impossible that he should not feel that she knew all about it by this time; and after all, though he was so humble-minded, Millefleurs was aware that the heir of a great duke is not usually kept in suspense. "Lady Edith," he said in an undertone, "should I go away? I will do what you think best."

He had faded entirely out of her mind in the excitement of this new event. "Lord Millefleurs—oh, I cannot tell," she said; "it will be painful for you in the midst of this horror and mourning—"

"You cannot think that is what I mean," he said anxiously. "If I could be of any use; a cooler person is sometimes of use, don't you know—one that can sympathize and—without being overwhelmed with—feeling."

"We shall not be overwhelmed. Oh, you have seen, you know, that it is not so much grief as— It is Carry we all must think of—not—poor Mr. Torrance. I am sorry—I am sorry with all my heart—but he did not belong to us, except by—"

"Marriage—that is not much of a tie, is it?" said little Millefleurs, looking at her with a mixture of half-comic ruefulness and serious anxiety. "But this is not a moment to trouble you. Lady Edith, do you think I may stay?"

At this moment her mother called her from the door, and Edith ran hastily down the steps. She scarcely knew whether she had said anything, or what she had said. It was only "Oh," the English ejaculation which fits into every crisis; but it was not "No," Lord Millefleurs said to himself, and he hastened after her to close the carriage-door, and bid Lady Lindores good-night. As the carriage drove off he turned and found himself in face of Lord Lindores, who had a somewhat anxious look. "I have been asking if I should go or stay," he said; "I know your hospitality, even when you are in trouble—"

"There is no trouble in having you in the house, even in the midst of this calamity; but what did they say to you?" asked Lord Lindores.

"Nothing, I think; but I will stay if you will let me, Lord Lindores, till we can

see. And may I hear the details of the accident—if it was an accident."

"You think there is something more in it?" cried Lord Lindores quickly.

"No; how can I tell? I should like to hear everything. Sometimes a looker-on, who is not so much interested, sees more of the game, don't you know?"

"It is a tragic game," said Lord Lindores, shaking his head; "but there is no agrarian crime here, no landlord-killing, no revenge. Poor Torrance had not an enemy, so far as I know."

All this time Rintoul stood motionless in the doorway, concealed by the shadow; but here he seemed piqued to speak. "He had plenty of enemies," he said hastily. "A man of such a temper and manners, how could he help having enemies?"

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," said his father,—"say no harm of the dead—"

"That is all very well; but it is of more importance to do no injustice to the living," said Rintoul, with a sort of sullen solemnity; and he suddenly gave place to the others and went off in the direction of his own den, a little room in which he smoked and kept his treasures. Lord Lindores took his guest into the library, gravely apologetic. "I have never seen Rintoul so upset; his nerves seem to have received a shock. I don't think he cares to go over the melancholy story again."

"It is very natural," said little Millefleurs. "A man who has been always at home, who has never roughed it in the world, naturally loses his head when he first comes in contact with tragedy, don't you know? I did myself in California the first time I touched actual blood. But that was murder, which is a different sort of thing."

"Very different," said Lord Lindores; and he proceeded to satisfy his guest with an account of all the particulars, to which Millefleurs listened very seriously. He had the Scaur described to him with much minuteness, and how it might be possible that such an accident could happen. Instinctively Lord Lindores made it appear that the wonder was it had not happened before. "I warned poor Torrance repeatedly," he said; although he had in equal good faith expressed his amazement that such a thing could happen to a man who knew the place so well, only a short time before. Millefleurs listened to everything very gravely, giving the profoundest attention to every detail.

The house was full of agitation and ex-



citement, and Lord Lindores sent repeatedly for his son to consult with him over what ought to be done; but Rintoul was not to be found. He had gone out, the servants said; and the general impression was that he had returned to Tinto, though he could only have done that by a long walk through the gloomy night. Millefleurs went out into the grounds while this question was proceeding. He had a great many things to think about. He lit his cigar and wandered about, thoughtfully discussing with himself various questions. Did Edith mean that he should stay? Had he any right to stay in the circumstances of the family? He had a strong desire to do so that was not entirely connected with Edith. To be sure, the suspense in which he was kept, the impossibility of addressing her at such a moment, would have made a passionate lover very restless; but Millefleurs was not the sort of stuff out of which passionate lovers are made. He thought Edith would make him a delightful wife, and that with such a wife he would be a very happy man; but he did not feel that heaven and earth would be changed to him without Edith, and therefore other motives were free to come in. He had something in his mind which for the moment almost obliterated all thoughts of her. He walked up and down in the darkness, turning it over and over in his mind. Vaguely, one way or another, this thought was associated with Edith too. After some time he perceived another red spark in the darkness, and became aware of some one else smoking like himself a thoughtful cigar. He called out to Rintoul and came upon him at the end of an alley. Millefleurs had an internal conviction that Rintoul wished to avoid him, so he went up to him quickly and caught him by the arm.

"It was thought that you had gone back to Tinto," he said, putting his arm familiarly through his. He had to reach up on tiptoe to do it, but this was what pleased Millefleurs.

"What! walking at this time of night? I am not so eager about it," said Rintoul. "Besides, what should I do there? Everything is settled so far as it can be for to-night, and my mother and Edith have gone to Carry: there is no need for me."

"I wish you would tell me all about it, my dear Rintoul."

"Didn't my father tell you?"

"Yes, in his way; but that is different. You want the details from an eyewitness, don't you know? You want to see it

through the eyes that have seen it. I have a great curiosity about that kind of thing ever since I have been in California, where it is an incident of every-day life."

"It is not an incident of every-day life here, and I'm sick of it," cried Rintoul. "Don't question me any more—it's too terrible. It must have been instantaneous, they say; that is the only comfort about the business—everything else is hideous from beginning to end."

"Ah, from the beginning—that is just what I want to talk to you about," said Millefleurs.

He felt a thrill in the arm he held, and an inclination as if to throw him off, but he was not to be thrown off; he was small but very tenacious, and clung to his hold.

"That is what I want to know. The beginning. Did he meet any one? had he any dispute or altercation in the wood?"

"None that I know of," said Rintoul. He spoke sulkily, almost in an undertone, so that Millefleurs had to concentrate his attention upon the voice, which was interrupted by all the sounds in the air, the rustling of the trees, the sough of the river far away.

"Did you see any one about?" said Millefleurs.

The two men were in the dark,—they could not see each other's faces, yet they stopped and looked at each other, anxiously, suspiciously, each at the red end of the other's cigar, which disclosed a moustache, a shadow above.

"Any one about? I don't think there was any one about," said Rintoul, still more sullenly. "What should put that into your mind? You were not there?"

This was a curious question, but Millefleurs made no note of it, his mind being possessed by an entirely different idea. He said, "No, I was not there. I drove home with your mother, don't you know? To think we should have passed, without the least knowing it, the place which so soon was to be the scene of such a tragedy."

"Don't romance about it. It's bad enough as it is. You did not pass the scene. It was on the other road, a long way from yours."

"At which side?"

"The left side," said Rintoul carelessly. "I wish, if you don't mind, that you would change the subject. My nerves are all wrong. I didn't know I was such a feeble beggar. I'd rather not dwell upon it, if you don't mind."



"The left side?" said Millefleurs, with a sigh—and then there was a pause. "You are quite sure," he added anxiously, "that you did not see any one in the wood?"

Rintoul almost thrust this question away. "I tell you I won't be questioned," he said. Then, composing himself with an effort, "I beg your pardon, Millefleurs—I never liked the man, though he was my brother-in-law; and to see all at once a fellow whom perhaps you had been thinking badly of two minutes before, wishing no good to—to see him lying there stiff and stark——"

"I beg you a thousand pardons, Rintoul," Millefleurs said gravely. And they went in together, saying no more.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

LADY LINDORES and Edith were carried along through the darkness of the night with that curious sense of rapid, unseen movement which has in it a kind of soothing influence upon suspense and mental distress. They spoke to each other in the darkness of Carry—poor Carry! how would she take it? but yet never ventured, even to each other, to express the innermost feeling in their minds on this subject. As they drove along, the gleam of other lamps went rapidly past them close to the gate of Dalrulzian, leading back their thoughts for a moment to other interests. "It is John Erskine's dog-cart. Is he going away? is it some one arriving? has he been dining somewhere?" Lady Lindores said, with the unconscious curiosity of the country. Then she said with a little shudder, "I wonder if he can have heard?"—that first question which always suggests itself in the face of a great event. "How strange to think that some one has been peacefully dining out while *that* has been happening—so near!" Edith answered only by pressing her mother's arm in which her own was entwined, as they sat close together for mutual consolation. She had other troubled, wandering thoughts aching in her own heart; but of these she said nothing, but watched the lamps turning up the Dalrulzian avenue with a thrill of mingled feeling, half angry that he should not have divined she was in trouble, half glad that he thus proved his ignorance of all that had occurred. Thus unknowing, Carry's mother and sister crossed in the dark another new actor in Carry's history, of whom no one as yet had thought.

Carry was seated in her own room

alone. It was her natural refuge at such a moment. A fire had been lighted by the anxious servants—who saw her shiver in the nervous excitement of this great and terrible event—and blazed brightly, throwing ruddy gleams of light through the room, and wavering ghostly shadows upon the wall. The great bed, with its tall canopies and heavy ornaments, shrouded round with satin curtains, looped and festooned with tarnished gold lace and every kind of clumsy grandeur, stood like a sort of catafalque, the object of a thousand airy assaults and attacks from the fantastic light, but always dark,—a funeral object in the midst; while the tall, polished wardrobes all round the room gave back reflections like dim mirrors, showing nothing but the light. Two groups of candles on the high mantelpiece, twinkling against the dark wall, were the only other illuminations. Carry sat sunk in a big chair close to the fire. If she could have cried,—if she could have talked and lamented,—if she could have gone to bed—or, failing this, if she had read her Bible,—the maids in the house, who hung about the doors in anxiety and curiosity, would have felt consoled for her. But she did none of these. She only sat there, her slight figure lost in the depths of the chair, still in the white dress which she had worn to receive her guests in the morning. She had not stirred—the women said, gathering round Lady Lindores in whispering eagerness—for hours, and had not even touched the cup of tea they had carried to her. "Oh, my lady, do something to make her cry," the women said. "If she doesn't get it out it'll break her heart." They had forgotten, with the facile emotion which death, and especially a death so sudden, calls forth, that the master had been anything but the most devoted of husbands, or his wife other than the lovingest of wives. This pious superstition is always ready to smooth away the horror of deaths which are a grief to no one. "Your man's your man when a's done, even if he's but an ill ane," was the sentiment of the awe-stricken household. "Ye never ken what he's been to ye till ye lose him." It gave them all a sense of elevation that Lady Caroline should, as they thought, be wrapped in hopeless grief,—it made them think better of her and of themselves. The two ladies went into the ghostly room with something of the same feeling. Lady Lindores felt that she understood it—that she had expected it. Had not her own mind been



filled by sudden compunction — the thought that perhaps she had been less tolerant of the dead man than she ought; and how much more must Carry, poor Carry, have felt the awe and pang of an almost remorse to think that he was gone without a word against whom her heart had risen in such rebellion, yet who was of all men the most closely involved in her very being? Lady Lindores comprehended it all; and yet it was a relief to her mind that Carry felt it so, and could thus wear the garb of mourning with reality and truth. She went in with her heart full, with tears in her eyes, the profoundest, tender pity for the dead, the deepest sympathy with her child in sorrow. The room was very large, very still, very dark, save for that ruddy twilight, the two little groups of pale lights glimmering high up upon the wall, and no sign of any human presence. "Carry, my darling!" her mother said, wondering and dismayed. Then there was a faint sound, and Carry rose, tall, slim, and white, like a ghost out of the gloom. She had been sitting there for hours, lost in thoughts, in dreams, and visions. She seemed to herself to have so exhausted this event by thinking of it, that it was now years away. She stepped forward and met her mother, tenderly indeed, but with no effusion. "Have you come all the way so late to be with me, mother? How kind, how kind you are! And Edith too —"

"Kind!" cried Lady Lindores, with an almost angry bewilderment. "Did you not know I would come, Carry, my poor child? But you are stunned with this blow —"

"I suppose I was at first. Yes, I knew you would come — at first; but it seems so long since. Sit down, mother; you are cold. You have had such a miserable drive. Come near to the fire —"

"Carry, Carry dear, never mind us; it is you we are all thinking of. You must not sit there and drive yourself distracted thinking."

"Let me take off this shawl from your cap, mamma. Now you look more comfortable. Have you brought your things to stay? I am ringing to have fires lit in your rooms. Oh yes, I want you to stay. I have never been able to endure this house, you know, and those large rooms, and the desert feeling in it. And you will have some tea or something. I must give orders —"

"Carry," cried her mother, arresting her hand on the bell, "Edith and I will see to all that. Don't pay any attention

to us. I have come to take care of you, my dearest. Carry, dear, your nerves are all shattered. How could it be otherwise? You must let me get you something, — they say you have taken nothing, — and you must go to bed."

"I don't think my nerves are shattered. I am quite well. There is nothing the matter with me. You forget," she said, with something like a faint laugh, "how often we have said, mamma, how absurd to send and ask after a woman's health when there is nothing the matter with her, when only she has lost —" Here she paused a little, and then said gravely, "Even grief does not affect the health."

"Very often it does not, dear; but, Carry, you must not forget that you have had a terrible shock. Even I, who am not so nearly involved — even I —" Here Lady Lindores, in her excitement and agitation, lost her voice altogether, and sobbed, unable to command herself. "Oh, poor fellow! poor fellow!" she said, with broken tones. "In a moment, Carry, without warning!"

Carry went to her mother's side, and drew her head upon her breast. She was perfectly composed, without a tear. "I have thought of all that," she said; "I cannot think it matters. If God is the Father of us all, we are the same to him, dead or living. What can it matter to him that we should make preparations to appear before him? Oh, all that must be folly, mother. However bad I had been, should I have to prepare to go to you?"

"Carry, Carry, my darling! It is I that should be saying this to you. You are putting too much force upon yourself — it is unnatural; it will be all the more terrible for you after."

Carry stood stooping over her mother, holding Lady Lindores's head against her bosom. She smiled faintly, and shook her head. "Has it not been unnatural altogether?" she said.

To Edith standing behind, this strange scene appeared like a picture — part of the phantasmagoria of which her sister had for years been the centre; her mind leapt back to the discussions which preceded Carry's marriage, the hopeless yielding of the victim, the perplexity and misery of the mother. Now they had changed positions, but the same strange haze of terror and pity, yet almost indignation, was in her own breast. She had been the judge then — in a smaller degree she was the judge now. But this plea stopped her confused and painful thoughts. Has it not been unnatural altogether?



Edith's impulse was to escape from a problem which she could not deal with. "I will go and see the children," she said.

"The children — poor children! have you seen them, Carry? do they know?" said Lady Lindores, drying the tears — the only tears that had been shed for Torrance — from her cheeks.

Carry did not make any reply. She went away to the other end of the room and took up a white shawl in which she wrapped herself. "The only thing I feel is cold," she said.

"Ah, my love, that is the commonest feeling. I have felt sometimes as if I could just drag myself to the fire like a wounded animal and care for nothing more."

"But, mother, you were never in any such terrible trouble."

"Not like this — but I have lost children," said Lady Lindores. She had to pause again, her lip quivering. "To be only sorrow, there is no sorrow like that."

She had risen, and they stood together, the fantastic firelight throwing long shadows of them all over the dim and ghastly room. Suddenly Carry flung herself into her mother's arms. "Oh, my innocent mother!" she cried. "Oh, mother! you only know such troubles as angels may have. Look at me! look at me! I am like a mad woman. I am keeping myself in, as you say, that I may not go mad — with joy!"

Lady Lindores gave a low, terrible cry, and held her daughter in her arm, pressing her desperately to her heart as if to silence her. "No, Carry — no, no," she cried.

"It is true. To think I shall never be subject to all *that* any more — that he can never come in here again — that I am free — that I can be alone. Oh, mother, how can you tell what it is? Never to be alone: never to have a corner in the world where — some one else has not a right to come, a better right than yourself. I don't know how I have borne it. I don't know how I can have lived, disgusted, loathing myself. No, no; sometime else I shall be sorry when I have time to think, when I can forget what it is that has happened to me — but in the mean time I am too happy — too —"

Lady Lindores put her hand upon her daughter's mouth. "No, no, Carry; I cannot bear it — you must not say it," she cried.

Carry took her mother's hands and kissed them, and then began to sob — the

tears pouring from her eyes like rain. "I will not say anything," she cried; "no — nothing, mother. I had to tell you to relieve my heart. I have been able to think of nothing else all these hours. I have never had so many hours to myself for years. It is so sweet to sit still and know that no one will burst the door open and come in. Here I can be sacred to myself, and sit and think; and all quiet — all quiet about me." Carry looked up, clasping her hands, with the tears dropping now and then, but a smile quivering upon her mouth and in her eyes. She seemed to have reached that height of passionate emotion — the edge where expression at its highest almost loses itself, and a blank of all meaning seems the next possibility. In her white dress, with her upturned face and the wild gleam of rapture in her eyes, she was like an unearthly creature. But to describe Lady Lindores's anguish and terror and pain would be impossible. She thought her daughter was distraught. Never in her life had she come in contact with feeling so absolute, subdued by no sense of natural fitness, or even by right and wrong. Her only comfort was that Edith had not been present to hear and see this revelation. And the truth was that her own heart, though so panic-stricken and penetrated with so much pity for the dead, understood too, with a guilty throb, the overwhelming sense of emancipation which drove everything else from Carry's mind. She had feared it would be so. She would not allow herself to think so; but all through the darkness of the night as she drove along, she had been trembling lest she should find Carry not heart-broken but happy, yet had trusted that pity somehow would keep her in the atmosphere of gloom which ought to surround a new-made widow. It hurt Lady Lindores's tender heart that a woman should be glad when her husband died, however unworthy that husband might have been. She did her best now to soothe the excited creature, who took her excitement for happiness.

"We will talk of this no more to-night, Carry; by-and-by you will see how pitiful it all is. You will feel — as I feel. But in the mean time you are worn out. This terrible shock, even though you may think you do not feel it, has thrown you into a fever. You must let me put you to bed."

"Not here," she said with a shudder, looking round the room; "not here — I could not rest here."

"That is natural," Lady Lindores said



with a sigh. "You must come with me, Carry."

"Home, mother—home! Oh, if I could! not even to Lindores,—to one of the old poor places where we were so happy——"

"When we had no home," the mother said, shaking her head. But she, too, got a wistful look in her eyes at the recollection. Those days when they were poor, wandering, of no account; when it mattered little to any one but themselves where they went, what the children might do, what alliances they made,—what halcyon days these were to look back on! In those days this miserable union, which had ended so miserably, could never have been made. Was it worth while to have had so many additional possessions added to them—rank and apparent elevation—for such a result? But she could not permit herself to think, with Carry sitting by, too ready to relapse into those feverish musings which were so terrible. She put her arm round her child and drew her tenderly away. They left the room with the lights against the wall, and the firelight giving it a *faux air* of warmth and inhabitation. Its emptiness was scarcely less tragic, scarcely less significant, than the chill of the other great room—the state chamber—in the other wing, where, with lights burning solemnly about him all night, the master of the house lay dead, unwatched by either love or sorrow. There were gloom and panic, and the shock of a great catastrophe in the house. There were even honest regrets; for he had not been a bad master, though often a rough one: but nothing more tender. And Carry lay down with her mother's arms round her and slept, and woke in the night, and asked herself what it was; then lay still in a solemn happiness—exhausted, peaceful—feeling as if she desired nothing more. She was delivered: as she lay silent, hidden in the darkness and peace of the night, she went over and over this one certainty, so terrible yet so sweet. "God forgive me! God forgive me!" she said softly to herself, her very breathing hushed with the sense of relief. She had come out of death into life. Was it wrong to be glad? That it was a shame and outrage upon nature was no fault of poor Carry. Sweet tears rolled into her eyes, her jarred and thwarted being came back into harmony. She lay and counted the dark silent hours striking one by one, feeling herself all wrapped in peace and

ease, as if she lay in some sacred shrine. To-morrow would bring back the veils and shrouds of outside life—the need of concealment, of self-restraint, almost of hypocrisy—the strain and pain of a new existence to be begun; but to-night—this one blessed night of deliverance—was her own.

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From The Spectator.

PROFESSOR CLERK MAXWELL.\*

IT is well known, at least among educated men, that the late Professor Clerk Maxwell was not only unsurpassed, but unrivalled, in certain departments of physical science. The readers of this volume will learn, in addition, that he was profoundly versed in metaphysical science; had an accurate and unusually extensive knowledge of English literature; and combined with a scholarly knowledge of Latin and Greek a fluent mastery of French, German, and Italian. They will also learn that he was a man of most amiable and winning character. But only those who knew him personally can fully appreciate the incommunicable charm of the singular modesty, and humor, and love of fun which were united in him with the highest intellectual gifts and acquirements; and, let us add, with the most genuine, though unobtrusive, piety. No one who had the privilege of his acquaintance will accuse his biographers of exaggeration when they describe him as "a man of profound original genius, who was also one of the best men who have lived, and, to those who knew him, one of the most delightful and interesting of human beings."

Mr. Clerk Maxwell came of an old Midlothian family, and was connected with some of the best blood intellectually in the south of Scotland, including the Drummonds, of Hawthornden, and the family of Sir Walter Scott. His own direct ancestors had been for generations remarkable for their talents and accomplishments, which were seasoned, like his own, with a considerable spicing of humorous eccentricity. His grandfather, a naval captain in the service of the East

\* *The Life of James Clerk Maxwell.* With a Selection from his Correspondence and Occasional Writings, and a Sketch of his Contributions to Science. By Lewis Campbell, LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrew's; and William Garnett, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Natural Philosophy in University College, Nottingham. London: Macmillan and Co. 1882.



India Company, was an expert player on the bagpipes, a set of which he always kept with him on board ship, and which, on one occasion, was the means of saving his life from a double danger. Being wrecked in the Hooghly, he used the bag of his pipes to keep him afloat while swimming ashore; and when he landed he "played an unco fit" to cheer the survivors, and succeeded at the same time in frightening away some tigers which were stalking the party. Maxwell's father was an advocate by profession, but was also, though a second son, the owner of a small landed property. His modest competency may possibly have slackened his zeal in the prosecution of his profession. At all events, his practice at the bar never became a serious business, and on his marriage he retired with his wife to his property of Glenlair, in Kirkcudbrightshire. Here he developed that turn for mechanical ingenuity which his son applied with so much skill to the elucidation of the most abstruse problems in mathematical science. He was particular as to the necessity of having plenty of room for his toes, and had his shoes made under his own directions by a country shoemaker, and on a last of his own make. He also cut out his own and his son's shirts, and was his own architect and master mason in the buildings which he put upon his property. His illustrious son was born in Edinburgh in the year 1831, but his childhood was spent at Glenlair. Before he had reached his third year his mother describes him as exercising his curiosity on "doors, locks, keys," etc., and "Show un how it doos" is never out of his mouth. "He also investigates the hidden course of streams and bell-wires, the way the water gets from the pond through the wall and a pend, or small bridge, and down a drain into the river Orr." Throughout his childhood his constant question was "What's the go o' that? What does it do?" Nor would he be put off with a vague or an evasive answer, but would press home the question with "But what's the particular go of it?" At the age of two years and a half his nurse gave him a tin plate to play with. Observing the reflection of the sun following the motion of the plate round the room, the child called his father and mother, and sent the reflection across their faces, explaining at the same time that he had "got the sun in with the tin plate." At the age of eight he lost his mother, and was very unfortunate in the tutor whom his father then provided for

him. The tutor pronounced his pupil dull; but the dulness was doubtless due to the tutor's method of teaching rather than to young Maxwell's capacity to learn. The nervous hesitation of manner which always slightly marked Clerk Maxwell is said to have been caused by the unmerciful ear-boxing and ear-pulling to which he used at that time to be subject; and one of the first uses to which he put his turn for mechanics was in contriving an amusing means of escape from his tutor's rough treatment. He taught himself to paddle about in an ordinary wash-tub, and in this novel kind of canoe he used to push out into the middle of a deep duck-pond till the tutor came to terms. In a letter written at the age of ten he tells his father, with great pride, how he had taught one of the laborers' boys to sail with him in the tub; "and we are improving, and I can make it go without spinning."

In the year 1841 Clerk Maxwell, aged ten, was sent to the Edinburgh Academy. Here his rustic dress and eccentric ways procured him the sobriquet of "Dafty." To a chorus of tormentors who demanded "Who made those shoes?" "Dafty" readily answered, in broad Galloway *patois*:—

Did ye ken, 'twas a man,  
And he lived in a house,  
In whilk was a mouse?

He bore the teasing of his school-fellows, however, with excellent humor, till one day when, being more than usually provoked, he retaliated with unexpected vigor on his assailants, and was thenceforth let alone. Gradually, also, he began to show the extraordinary ability which lay hidden under the humorous eccentricities of "Dafty." In his fourteenth year he got the eleventh prize for scholarship, the first for English, the prize for English verse, and the mathematical medal. At the age of fifteen young Maxwell made a discovery in conic sections, of which Professor Forbes thought so highly that he read a paper on it before the Edinburgh Royal Society. The boy found himself suddenly famous; but he seems to have thought no more of the distinction he had achieved than he did of the art of paddling a wash-tub without making it spin.

At the age of sixteen he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he spent three years. He went through the ordinary curriculum, took great interest in the study of logic and metaphysics under Sir W. Hamilton, and was an omnivorous



reader. But amid his multifarious studies he found time to pursue his researches into physical science, especially the properties of light and color, galvanism, rolling curves, and compression of solids. On some of these subjects he wrote papers which were read by distinguished men before the Edinburgh Royal Society, for it was not considered quite proper to let them be read by a lad in a short jacket. In his nineteenth year he became an undergraduate of Peterhouse, Cambridge, but soon migrated to Trinity. "I well remember," says one of his twin biographers and fellow-students, "my surprise, not unmixed with jealousy, on finding in the following summer that Maxwell had all at once made a troop of friends." He studied much, though somewhat discursively; and he also took much bodily exercise, chiefly in bathing and sculling, in both of which he excelled; but also in other ways, of which the following is an example:—

From 2 to 2.30 A.M. he took exercise by running along the corridor, down the stairs, along the lower corridor, then up the stairs, and so on, until the inhabitants of the rooms along his track got up, and lay *perdus* behind their sporting-doors, to have shots at him with boots, hair-brushes, etc., as he passed.

But nothing could ever put Clerk Maxwell out of humor, and his abounding fun was so genuine and fresh that it was impossible ever to be seriously offended with him. He was an excellent versifier, both in the grave and comic style. Here is a parody on the laws of the impact of solid bodies:—

Gin a body meet a body,  
Flyin' through the air,  
Gin a body hit a body,  
Will it fly? and where?  
Ilka impact has its measure,  
Ne'er a ane hae I;  
Yet a' the lads they measure me,  
Or, at least, they try.

Gin a body meet a body  
Altogether free,  
How they travel afterwards,  
We do not always see.  
Ilka problem has its method,  
By analytics high;  
For me, I kenna one o' them.  
But what the waur am I?

Still more amusing are his "Notes of the President's (Tyndall's) Address," at the meeting of the British Association in Belfast, in 1874. Here is a sample:—

Thus the pure elementary atom, the unit of mass and of thought,  
By force of mere juxtaposition to life and sensation is brought;  
So, down through untold generations, transmission of structureless germs,  
Enables our race to inherit the thoughts of beasts, fishes, and worms.  
We honor our fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, too;  
But how shall we honor the vista of ancestors *now* in our view?  
First, then, let us honor the atom, so lively, so wise, and so small;  
The atomists next let us praise, Epicurus, Lucretius, and all;  
Let us damn with faint praise Bishop Butler, in whom many atoms combined  
To form that remarkable structure it pleased him to call—his mind.  
Last, praise we the noble Body to which for the time we belong,  
Ere yet the swift whirl of the atoms has hurried us, ruthless, along,  
The British Association—like Leviathan, worshipped by Hobbes,  
The incarnation of wisdom, built up of our witless nobs,  
Which will carry on endless discussions when I, and probably you,  
Have melted in infinite azure—in English, till all is blue.

The fun of the whole parody can only be appreciated by comparing it with Professor Tyndall's presidential address.

If Maxwell's reading at Cambridge had been less discursive, there is little doubt that he would have come out first wrangler. As it was, he took the second place, but was soon afterwards bracketed equal with the first wrangler as Smith's prizeman. A fellowship at Trinity followed as a matter of course, and Maxwell settled down as a college tutor. After two years of that work, however, he was appointed professor of natural philosophy in Marischal College, Aberdeen, a post which he retained till the abolition of his chair by the fusion of Marischal and King's Colleges into one university. This was in 1860, and in the same year Maxwell was appointed to the vacant professorship of natural philosophy in King's College, London. In 1871 the chair of experimental physics was founded in the University of Cambridge, and Clerk Maxwell was appointed as *facile princeps* the fittest man for the post. He held it till he died, in 1879.

This is not the place to appraise Clerk Maxwell's contributions to physical science. It was said with truth, in one of the obituary notices of him, that "it is seldom that the faculties of invention and



exposition, the attachment to physical science and capability of developing it mathematically, have been found existing in one mind to the same degree." His prize essay on the rings of Saturn is a palmary instance of this. The late astronomer royal characterized that essay as "one of the most remarkable applications of mathematics to physics that I have ever seen." The marvellous lucidity of Maxwell's reasoning enables even the non-mathematical reader to follow him. Nothing escaped his keen observation, and even in ordinary society he was on the watch for hints or illustrations on the subjects which interested him. "When at table, he often seemed abstracted from what was going on, being absorbed in observing the effects of refracted light in the finger-glasses, or in trying some experiments with his eyes, seeing round a corner, making invisible stereoscopes, and the like." In a letter to a friend he says he found "the curve which Sir David Brewster makes when he squints at a wall." The discovery thus humorously mentioned he turned to a practical use, for in a subsequent letter he says that he had "constructed a pair of squinting spectacles, and am beginning operations on a squinting man."

Maxwell was a very good judge of character, and possessed the happy knack of hitting off at a glance the salient points of persons he had casually met for the first time. Here is his description, dashed with some slight exaggeration, of a lady who has since risen to considerable literary reputation. The description is written within a few hours of meeting her for the first time:—

Our gay litter(ar)y widow, charming never so wisely, with her hair about her ears, and her elbows on her knees, on a low stool, talking Handel, or Ruskin, or Macaulay, or general pathos of unprotected female, passing off into criticism, witticism, pleasantry, unmitigated slang, sporting and betting. . . . The young widow fixed on Colin, and informed him that if Solomon were to reappear with all his wisdom, as well as his glory, he would yet have to learn the polka; and that the mode of feasting adopted by the Incas of Peru reminded her strongly of a custom prevalent among a Merovingian race of Kings of France. Living in the Pampas she regarded as an enviable lot, and she was at a loss to know the best mode of studying Euclid, for the advantage of being able to teach a young brother of six years old.

Maxwell was devoted to animals, and "seemed," as one who knew him well ex-

presses it, "to get inside them more than other people." He had a favorite terrier, which had a trick of howling whenever the piano was played. Maxwell completely cured it of the habit. "I took 'Coonie' to the piano," he said, "and explained to him how it went: that was all." He declared "he could not" vivisection.

It remains only to add that Clerk Maxwell was a most humble-minded and devout Christian. It was with suppressed scorn that he regarded the attempts made to assail Christianity by the misapplication of scientific arguments. When his fatal illness got hold of him, he was beginning a review of Professor Clifford's "Lectures and Essays," which, he said, "wanted trouncing," though "the trouncing had to be done with extreme care and gentleness,—Clifford was such a nice fellow." All theories which would account for the existence of the world without a personal Creator he pronounced "unworkable;" and in an elaborate paper on molecules he showed that "no theory of evolution can be found to account for the similarity of molecules, for evolution necessarily implies continuous change, and the molecule is incapable of growth or decay, of generation or destruction." Molecules "continue this day as they were created, perfect in number, measure, and weight; and from the ineffaceable characters impressed on them we may learn that those aspirations after accuracy in measurement and justice in action which we reckon among our noblest attributes as men, are ours because they are essential constituents of the image of Him who in the beginning created, not only the heaven and the earth, but the materials of which heaven and earth consist." The premature death of such a man was a grievous loss, not only to science, but to Christianity.

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From The Spectator.

#### IMMORTALITY WITHOUT GOD.

MR. ST. GEORGE STOCK, an accomplished Oxonian, who believes, though not without having found many cases of imposture, in those manifestations of invisible agents which are classed generally under the head of modern Spiritualism, has just published a book, called "Attempts at Truth,"\* which invents for

\* Published by Trübner and Co.



sceptics a new horror, a horror such as the scepticism of ancient times hardly ever conceived. A great many thinkers have contended that while there is the most absolute proof of the existence of a spiritually perfect God, there is no proof whatever of the continued existence after death of human beings. A great many have contended that there is proof of both, — the existence of a spiritually perfect God, and the continued existence after death of the beings whom he created in his own image. But it has been reserved for modern times to invent the horrible creed that while there is the most convincing evidence that human beings survive death, — and cannot, whether they will or not, help surviving death, — the belief in the spiritually perfect God, or in any God who deserves the love and trust of human beings, is not only a guess in the dark, but a guess in the dark decidedly inconsistent with all the convergent lines of our actual knowledge. And this, if we understand his book aright, is certainly Mr. St. George Stock's creed. "We have examined theism as a theory of the universe," he writes, "and have found it inadequate and unsupported. Further, we have satisfied ourselves that the origin of the delusive theory may be clearly traced out." And again, "We are learning to regard with aversion any hypothesis which, instead of reconciling moral difficulties, simply adds one more to the number, — and such an hypothesis is theism." We are not going into the reasons alleged by Mr. Stock for this assertion. They are reasons with which all those who look into discussions of this kind are sufficiently familiar, and which, though ably stated by Mr. Stock, have been even more ably stated by others, both those who have regarded them as final, and those who have estimated them as mere dust in the balance, when compared with the reasons on the other side. What we do want to call attention to is the extraordinary horror which seems to us to be lent to atheism by the belief in the continued existence of men after death, — in other words, an involuntary immortality in a universe of the key to which we are declared to know nothing, except that that key is not a divine character. We say an involuntary immortality because, though Mr. Stock would certainly insist, and does insist, that even Spiritualism is no evidence of immortality, but only evidence against the finality of earthly death, and that for anything we know, there may

be some final extinction in store even for those who have passed through earthly death without extinction, still, we shall find very few people willing to believe that if the only kind of death of which we know anything, and the only kind within our reach, is not death at all, but a mere introduction to life of a subtler kind, there may yet be in the future some mode of really quenching our personal consciousness of which we have had absolutely no experience here. We should never have had the idea of death at all, but for the death of the body. If that proves to be no death, the hope — for if modern speculative tendencies are to be confirmed, it might easily become a hope, — of getting rid of the burden of life by virtue of some future change of which we have no glimpse here, would not burn very strong in any human soul. The prospect which Mr. Stock's book sets before the eyes of those who have no deeply-rooted belief in God is, therefore, as we said, that of an involuntary personal immortality, over the course of which no divine purpose or love presides. Why that destiny might not be one of excruciating agony which no one and no remedy could by any possibility relieve, and this not merely for the evil, but for the good, — indeed, for any, whether evil or good, whom the particular ins-and-outs of the inscrutable law of evolution might happen to strike with misery, — it seems to us simply impossible, on Mr. St. George Stock's principles, to assign any sort of reason.

We are aware that Mr. Stock himself does not concede this. "Our real belief," he says, "is in progress, in development, in the tendency of the human soul, with all things else, upwards; in a triumph, slow, but sure, over moral and physical evil." And again, he says: "Loyalty to a divine person will some day become extinct as a manifestation of the feeling which ought to sway us in our relations to that whereof we form so insignificant a part; but its place will be taken by a conscious and cheerful accordance with the laws which make for the well-being of the universe." But Mr. St. George Stock is here as disloyal to that pure reason to which he professes so thorough an allegiance as the most bigoted theologian on whom he looks down. What can he mean, on his theory, by talking of the progress "slow, but *sure*," over all moral and physical evil? What can he mean by calmly assuming laws which "make for the well-being of the



universe"? Is he referring simply to the lessons of experience? Why, the lessons of experience, even if they be as favorable as he holds, which — apart from intuition and revelation — they certainly are not, give us so very minute a fraction of the orbit on which we are launched, that it is simply impossible from it to compute the remainder. If the origin of the universe be unknown, and probably unknowable, as Mr. Stock evidently thinks, if it be childish anthropomorphism to attribute creation and its laws to divine goodness, who shall pretend to say that even with the help of those alarming glimpses into the chequered amiability and malignity, shrewdness and imbecility, of the world of spirits in the truth of which Mr. Stock believes, we can put the least confidence in the "sure" triumph over physical and moral evil, or in the existence of laws which must "make for the well-being of the universe"? All we can say with any confidence on that view is that no one knows more than an infinitesimal fragment of the endless life of the human race, or more than an infinitesimal fragment of the endless life of any one individual of the human race. We do know that mighty physical worlds are sometimes in conflagration; that our own world was once a desert, and will some day be a desert again; and that if what is called "Spiritualism" can be trusted at all — as Mr. Stock thinks it can — to give us news of the invisible, there is enough knavery and silliness in the world of spirits to make rational men quake at the thought of the new stimulus which disembodiment may give to lying and crafty and malignant characters, and the new license which it may confer on chattering gossips, when once rid of both head and heart. And this, apart from our faith in God, is nearly all we know. There is absolutely nothing apart from that faith to show that whole tribes and armies of immortal spirits may not be condemned, through some obstruction or knot, as it were, in a limping law of evolution, to live forever in that condition of permanent and hopeless melancholy into which we too often see even the best amongst the aged sink, as the vital powers fail and the time of bodily dissolution draws near. If evolution be not the form of God's government, but, as Mr. Stock thinks, rather the germ of the best substitute for God of which he can find any trace, then we have absolutely no more reason to expect the evolution of immortally good and happy beings, than of immortally good and unhappy beings, or

than of immortally evil and happy beings, or than of some capricious mixture of the two.

Mr. Stock assumes the true utilitarian principle as the sole basis of his ethics, yet argues against the cutting off of feeble children with a view to promote the "natural selection" of a healthy physical type, on the ground that "we should be happier in a world where all were cripples and all kind, than in a world where every one was blessed with physical organs which he employed to the detriment of his neighbors." But he does not observe that it is hardly detrimental to your neighbor, in any true sense, to send a cripple with no prospect of anything but ill-health here; somewhat earlier into a world where he is presumably rid of his physical deformity; so that with perfect confidence in Spiritualism, and no belief in the being or laws of God, this practice of destroying the feeble infants might very easily be justified. But we have quoted this remark, not so much for the sake of this comment, as because it suggests at once the question why, in a universe of which the ultimate origin and goal are unknown and probably unknowable, we might not actually encounter a condition of things in which not only great numbers should be cripples, but great numbers should be spiritual and immortal cripples, keenly sensible of their crippled minds and of their absolute and eternal inability to rid themselves of the pain they suffer. Mr. St. George Stock evidently contemplates calmly the possibility that in the future the physical development of hereditary diseases, coupled with our growing disposition to cherish the weak and the suffering, might tend to a universal crippledom upon earth. But surely the life of earth should be to him a fair sample of the endless life; at least, apart from his superstitious faith in a "law of progress" which neither he nor any other man can verify for more than a few inches in the vast sweep of an infinite arc, there is absolutely no reason to anticipate that there would not be in the world of spirits in which he believes, the closest possible analogies to the misfortunes of our physical world; and, if so, a spiritual world in which mental sufferers should constitute the great majority, would be at least as likely as an earth in which physical sufferers should constitute the great majority. As well might the inhabitants of Pompeii, just before the eruption which destroyed the town, have talked of the "law of progress" as securing them a great future for Pompeii, as we, poor creatures, just be-



cause death had not ended our existence, count upon "the law of progress" to secure us a great future in the spiritual life. Apart from faith in God, immortal life should be the most fearful of terrors to us all, should be what Shelley makes Beatrice Cenci conceive as "the wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world," in which we might meet with any destiny however fearful, because a destiny controlled neither by wisdom nor love. It is awful enough to think of seventy years without God; but to think of eternity passed not only without God, but subject to the caprice of laws of the origin and end of which you know nothing, except that they will yield you, in all probability, no escape from your conscious existence, no such possibility, even as death, is a conception of too grotesque a horror to be permanently consistent with the reason of mankind. To us, at least, it suggests a spiritual Bedlam or Earlwood, from which there could be no release, since the steady expectation of an endless existence to be lived under the absolute despotism of a soulless, purposeless, and enigmatic fate, would inevitably drive all beings whose minds could by any possibility be unhinged to either insanity or idiocy; or, if that be impossible, in spiritual existence, then to chill, grey, hopeless melancholy.

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From The English Mechanic.  
ANIMAL PARTNERSHIPS.

AN intimate connection subsisting between different animals is that known as *commensalism*; commensals being creatures which may be said to sit at the same table, but which do not prey upon one another. Of late years naturalists have become acquainted with numerous examples of this form of animal partnership, and in the newly issued volume of the "Transactions and Proceedings of the New Zealand Institute," a fresh instance occurring where they seem to be rarest, namely, among the higher animals, is recorded. In one of the Chicken Islands, off the New Zealand coast, lately visited, a curious lizard known as the tuatara and certain species of petrels were found inhabiting the same burrows, apparently on the best of terms. In rare cases the burrow, which consists of a passage two or three feet long, ending in a chamber a foot and a half long, one foot broad, and six inches high, is the work of the bird; as a rule, however, the lizard is the excavator. Each builds its nest on opposite

sides of the chamber, the lizard almost invariably choosing the right, and the petrel the left side. The former sits with its head close to the entrance so as to defend it, and if a hand or a stick be inserted into the passage, the creature bites at it furiously. The tuatara feeds partly on worms and beetles, and partly on the remnants of fishes and crustaceans brought to their common table by the petrel; both animals being thus benefited by the co-partnery. So much probably cannot be said of the prairie dog, whose underground home on the plains of North America is frequently shared by the rattlesnake and the burrowing owl. These were at one time supposed to form a "happy family," but considerable doubt has been cast on the point by the discovery of young prairie dogs in the stomach of the rattlesnake. In certain parts of South America the rabbit-like viscacha has a messmate in a little burrowing owl, which is thus saved the labor of excavating a home for itself; but in Banda Oriental, where the viscacha does not occur, the owl has to do its own burrowing. Among insects a few cases of commensalism are on record; but the first known instance of its occurrence among caterpillars was recently recorded by Fritz Müller. He found two caterpillars in Brazil living on the leaves of the mulberry. The larger one was protected by a covering of long, stinging hairs or thorns; and like most caterpillars similarly protected, its coloring was exceedingly bright and conspicuous. The other—a small blackish form—sat across the back of its gaudy partner, enjoying the protection afforded to both by the surrounding stinging hairs. On removing the smaller caterpillar from its retreat, Mr. Müller found that it made its way back again as quickly as it could. Under an anæsthetic administered to it, the larger caterpillar died, and its hitherto attached friend was then observed to leave it and to make its way to the back of a living specimen.

It is among marine animals, however, that the phenomenon of commensalism has been most frequently observed. The remora is a feeble fish, little able to make its way alone in the world of waters, yet there are few fishes which have a wider distribution. It owes its success in life to the powerful alliances it forms. One of its fins has been transformed into a sucker, placed right on the top of its head, by means of which it attaches itself firmly to any passing shark, whale, or even ship—no doubt taking the latter for some huge sea monster. By these it is



transported, without further exertion on its part, over great distances, meanwhile picking up such food as may come in its way. According to Beneden, the fishermen of Mozambique make use of the remora for fishing purposes. Passing a ring, to which a cord is attached, through the tail of the creature, they send it in pursuit of any passing fish or turtle, and so tenacious is its hold that the object of its attachment is usually secured. Few fishes are better fitted to succeed in the struggle for existence than the angler or fishing frog, which, hiding itself for the most part in the mud of the sea bottom, hangs out its fishing-rod with tempting bait, right over its capacious mouth. In the branchial sac of this fish, as found in the Mediterranean, an eel is said to reside, and to share in the abundant food supply of the lucky angler. Several small fishes have also been found habitually to lodge in the mouth cavity of a Brazilian catfish, sharing such food as the latter may succeed in capturing. The marine enemies of the smaller fish are so numerous that it is only by retreating to places inaccessible, or at least distasteful, to their foes that they have a chance of survival. A favorite shelter with many small fishes is the umbrella-like disc of the larger sea-jellies, the stinging properties of which probably cause them to be avoided by the other denizens of the deep. As many as twenty fishes have, according to A. Agassiz, been counted swimming within the fringed margin of one of those pulsating umbrellas. Dr. Collingwood, when sailing in the China seas, once observed a large number of individuals of the sea-jelly popularly known as the "man-of-war," each of which had beneath its bladder, and protected by its long tentacles, a cluster of about a dozen small fishes. He also observed that while every "man-of-war" had its shoal, the fishes under small specimens of this sea-jelly were small, while those under larger ones were correspondingly big. The same naturalist traveller was among the first to notice the existence of a fish-sheltering sea-anemone. He discovered on a reef in the neighborhood of Labuan an anemone which, when expanded, measured fully two feet in diameter. Over this monster zoophyte there hovered a pretty little fish, which, when driven off, invariably returned to its former position. Suspecting some connection between fish and anemone, he began raking about with a stick in the body of the latter, and succeeded in dislodging six similar fishes from the body cavity of the zoophyte.

From the ease with which they allowed themselves to be captured, they were evidently unaccustomed to swimming far beyond the protection of the stinging tentacles of the anemone. The holothurians, or sea-cucumbers, are another group of lowly marine forms which afford shelter to fishes. The eel-like fishes forming the genus *Fierasfer* have this habit; but they are not the only commensals of those accommodating sea-cucumbers. Professor Carl Semper, when investigating this subject among the Philippine Islands, found shrimps and pea-crabs as well as the *Fierasfer* living within the respiratory cavity and sharing in the food supply of a single holothurian. He further states that he has seen specimens which, in this matter, bore a considerable resemblance to an hotel with its *table d'hôte*. A copartnery, profitable to both parties, exists between several species of crabs and sea-anemones. In the China seas there is a crab which invariably has the same species of anemone on its back, while the latter, it is said, is never seen apart from the crab. By this association the normally sedentary anemone becomes as locomotive as the roving crustacean, while the crab gladly bears the burden for the protection its commensal fortress affords. Further, there is the hermit crab, which tenants a molluscan shell, but which also contrives to have a particular species of anemone always attached to its adopted home. How friendly the two are was shown by Mr. Gosse, for when he removed the anemone he found that the hermit invariably took it up again and held it patiently in its claws, against the shell, for about ten minutes at a time, until it had fairly taken hold again. There are other two species of crabs noticed lately by Professor Möbius, which have the singular habit of taking a sea-anemone in each claw and of thus carrying them about. With their tentacles expanded, these zoophytes probably serve to screen the crabs from the observation both of their enemies and of their prey, just as certain other crustaceans cultivate a colony of polyps on their backs with the view, or at least with the result, of deceiving the creatures for whom they lie in wait. Other instances might be given, such as that of the little pea-crabs found occasionally in mussels and other bivalve shells, which, in return for the protection afforded by the molluscan shell, gives its host a share of the food it captures. These, however, will suffice to show how widely prevalent commensalism is throughout the animal kingdom.



















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